

THIS TIME, IT'S NOT SANTA  
THAT'S COMING...



ALL

*of Santa's  
Reindeer*

KELSEY SOLIZ

All of Santa's Reindeer

*A Reverse Harem Christmas Novella*

Kelsey Soliz

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*May your holiday season be filled with more cheer than you know what to do with, and may your family gatherings only be awkward because you're imagining the scenes within this book when everyone's gathered around to sing innocent carols. You're so welcome.*

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## One

### *Clara*

Okay, it's a bit colder than I expected.

Cue a massive gust of wind sweeping in and blinding me further, as if the white-on-white-on-white color scheme wasn't burning my retinas already.

I lurch forward, trying to pluck my hat from the thievery of the wind, and somehow end up ass deep in a snowbank.

"Perfect. That's actually exactly how I wanted to end my long day of travel."

It takes me a minute to get up, because at this point I'm exhausted. One long flight from the lower forty-eight to here,

one flight in a plane I'm pretty sure was only intended to be used as a toy, only to end up in complete darkness in air so cold that it hurts to breathe. This is what I signed up for though, so I really shouldn't be surprised.

Eventually, I do get up. Only because the promise of dry pants is calling to me. The cabin that I up and bought on a whim stands in front of me, tricking me into thinking it's going to be cheerful.

At this point, anything is better than the dumpster fire of the life I left behind. I have been pining over my best friend for years, and somehow I convinced myself those feelings were reciprocated. News flash: they weren't. When I asked him over for dinner and poured out my heart to him, he looked at me really awkwardly, scratched his neck, and told me that he was seeing my sister.

My *sister*, who knew how I felt about him, and hooked up with him anyway. My sister, who does nothing but break hearts, and take things just because she can. Oh. And they're expecting.

Basically, I felt like my life was over, which I know is a bit dramatic. So I did a very adult thing and threw a giant hissy fit by running away in hopes of starting over.

My parents took my sister's side, telling me that a guy like Matthew would never want me. My sister was thin and beautiful, whereas I'm the kind of girl he would describe as having a nice personality.

Here, at least, where it's constantly cold, I can hide behind chunky sweaters and sweatpants, because it's too cold for anything else. Here, where I'm nearly completely isolated, I won't have to worry about dating.

Instead, I'll get to focus on my art. I'll be paying way more for Internet up here than I ever did back home, but since I need it to take commissions and talk to my customers, it was kind of necessary.

Right then. I guess all that's left to do is to put the key inside the lock and enter my new home. The pictures of this place I saw had it all lit up and warm inside. Of course, it's been sitting empty for a long time, so there's no lights on now. It's as dark as

the landscape I'm standing in still. The very real threat of bears and moose nearby has me shoving my suitcases through the door and locking it behind me, giving me the opportunity to investigate my new home further.

It's definitely not a modern space, but it does come fully furnished. Once the lights are on it's... cozy. Just enough space for one person, it's what most people would call rustic. Wood walls, plaid furniture, oak cabinets, chipped Formica countertops; but I don't need anything fancy. I just need a space that's mine, somewhere I can hide away from the embarrassments of the life I left behind.

I unpack, filling about half of the drawer space with the clothing I brought. When that's done I look around to see a shelf with beat up paperbacks left by guests in the past, because this place belonged to an Airbnb host who got sick of renting it out. Or rather, not renting it out as it were.

The town of North Pole, AK seems like it should be this quaint little village, full of Christmas magic. The town itself is semi-commercial, with an ice sculpture competition and a gaudy Christmas gift shop that boasts 365 days of Santa visits, a few fast-food restaurants, the obligatory used car lots, and that's about it.

It's not the actual North Pole, it's just a town named that, so it thrives on tourism. The house I purchased is on the outskirts, past all the comings and goings of tourists. I look through the window in the kitchen, noticing that the closest neighbors are built out of light on the horizon, not close enough to be substantial.

The place came with a snow machine since that's the main mode of transportation in the winter here. My rental car made it alright tonight, but winter's just getting started. The roads won't always be plowed, especially the one leading to this house

When I finally make it to bed for the night, I debate on whether or not I should remove the bracelet I purchased at an antique shop last month.

It's full of small silvery bells that make a tinkling sound as my wrist moves, and for some reason I was drawn to it. It seems silly, but it was kind of my inspiration for moving here. I've



always been obsessed with Christmas, so when I did a search for the best places to visit at Christmas, and North Pole came up, and my decision was made. Easy as that.

The bracelet stays on because it feels like a Talisman. It came with me from my old life, so I want it on.



## Two

### *Clara*

I drag myself to the grocery store the next day, telling myself it will be fine. Going into unfamiliar places freaks me out sometimes, but my cupboards are completely bare.

The closest market is pretty little, but the bigger one in town was farther than I was willing to drive. I had enough travel yesterday, and all I really want to do is be snuggled up at home with a hot cup of tea.

There are only a few other cars in the parking lot when I get there, but the light inside is welcoming. It's ten AM, and the sun has just risen, but it's so weak that I don't think you can say that

it's up yet. It's going to take some time to get used to the near constant darkness of winter, likely throwing my circadian rhythm into chaos in the process.

It feels strange to be outside in the dark, but the sooner I make myself do this kind of thing, the sooner it will become normal.

I grab a basket and look around the small place, trying to get an idea of where things are located. The produce section is about the size of my kitchen, but surprisingly everything looks really fresh.

I wince when the wheels on my cart let out a rather loud squeak, announcing to everybody in the store that I'm here. It would be more awkward though to go and exchange it for another one, so I power on. Needing enough to get me through at least most of the week, I start grabbing the basics, heading to the canned aisle next. I'm just about to go down it when I feel eyes on me.

There's a group of stupidly attractive men in plaid lumberjack shirts, all of them frozen as if they suddenly turned to stone. My own body freezes as well because all of their eyes are on me. Along the back of the store there are a few, down the aisle I was heading there are a few, and as one of them beckons, a few more exit a row up ahead to gawk as well.

Their mouths all open in shock, the grocery items in their hands forgotten. I can't stop my eyes from bouncing around them all, my face flushing. They are like, insanely beautiful.

Reminding myself that I could never pull any of them, I snap myself out of it. If I couldn't even get the one guy that I've known forever interested in me, the one that actually *knows* my personality, then what hope do I have with a bunch of random guys that are about five times hotter than him?

I tug at my sweater, suddenly wishing I didn't feel so frumpy. I didn't do my hair or my makeup because I figured there was no point. I have nobody to impress. I didn't even bother with real pants. Leggings are my go-to choice, because they always fit over my body. They stretch over my legs, hug my waist nicely, and there's never any chafing.

I push my cart bravely past the lumberjack closest to me, feeling his eyes on me as I walk past. I stare at the canned soup display for an inordinate amount of time, not even really reading the labels. My mind is racing, wondering why they're looking at me like this. I know the choices are slim up here with the smallish number of full-time residents, but surely other women exist here. Right?

Looking behind me, I find that there are even more pretty men now. Including the ones in the aisle with me, there are nine altogether, closing off the aisle completely. They're all gathered together, just watching me pick out tomato soup like it's the most fascinating thing they've ever seen.

I extend an arm upward, trying to get a can of chicken noodle, when one of them is suddenly there, grabbing it for me and holding it out like an offering.

I try to take it from him as he extends it toward me, but when my fingers hit it, he doesn't let go.

I stare at him; my cheeks are burning brighter and brighter before he finally releases the soup into my custody so I can place it in my basket. "Thank you..." I trail off.

He follows me to the next location, and when I reach for a can of green beans, he gets it before I'm able to, once again offering it up to me. He places it in my basket for me reverently, watching to see where I'll go next.

"I'm sorry, what are you doing? Not that I don't appreciate the help because my arms are kind of short and those shelves are kind of high up, but I've actually survived on my own doing this for the last thirty-two years of my life. I can get my own items."

He shakes his head, blinking. "Of course you can. I just wanted to help. That's all."

"Right..." I say. When he says nothing else I continue down the aisle, putting a little speed in my walk. I go to get bread next, then stock up on some pantry essentials to get me through the dark days ahead.

With their eyes on me I skip past the cookies, even though I really want one package of chocolate chip. I feel too self-conscious purchasing them in front of these guys, knowing

they're going to criticize every choice I make. It wouldn't be the first time at a grocery store I've been called out for buying junk, people commenting on my body shape as if one package of cookies is solely responsible for the way I look. They'd never imagine it's merely genetics, they need something else to blame.

I must have lingered too long in front of the sweets though, because another one comes up and grabs the exact package I'm thinking about purchasing, placing it in his own hand basket and following behind me. This is getting weirder and weirder.

When I open up the cooler to grab some milk, I'm all but shoved out of the way as they fight for the chance to do it for me.

"Let me."

"No, let *me*," they say.

They nearly have a damn wrestling match over the white gallon of milk, ending up placing it in my basket together. It's like this through the rest of the store, through the coffee, the meat, everything.

When I get to the register, the lady working there has a smile on her face like she's privy to insider information. I'm not allowed to put any of my items on the belt though, because the mob of mountain men do it for me. They bag the purchases as they're scanned, going so far as to try and purchase my groceries for me.

"Okay, no. I'm not sure what's going on here, but I'm not comfortable with you paying for my things." I jam my credit card into the machine before they can, and a few of them flinch like I've deeply offended them.

My cart is pushed out of the store for me, and I'm then provided an escort in case I somehow have forgotten how to walk across the ice. But apparently I have. The first step outside on the non-linoleum ground, and my foot goes swinging, trying to take my body with it.

Two sets of burly arms save me from injury, catching me reflexively.

The second time it happens, I get scooped up, into arms that don't seem to care that I'm far from petite.

"What are you doing? You can't carry me like this. Put me down."

"What? Why can't I?" He stops walking, but his arms don't even feel like they're straining.

"I'm far too heavy to be carried like this. Please, just put me down." I'm getting embarrassed now, the body shame that's been pushed on to me time and time again rearing its ugly head.

"Who said you were too heavy? You're perfect. If I want to carry you, I will."

And that's exactly what he proceeds to do. He carries me to my car as if I'm my sister's more palatable frame with no exertion visible. He doesn't fall, completely staring at me the entire time as well.

"This is the strangest afternoon I've ever had. Do you do this often? Shop for random women then carry them to their vehicles?"

"Is that a normal activity to do?" He responds.

"Not typically..." I leave off.

"Then no," he says with a perfect grin.

"Right, well this is me, so you can, you know, just put me down." For a second, I'm not sure he's going to. He looks at the ground and frowns at it as if it's grown teeth with which to bite me with.

Without explanation, they kiss me on the cheek one-by-one before walking back toward the store in perfect formation, side by side. The last one to leave is the guy that carried me, and I almost wish I had a name assigned to him.

"We'll see you tomorrow," he says as he too kisses my cheek, joining the others in their strange formation back to the store. I stand and stare for a minute, not moving until all of them disappear completely.

"What the hell was that?" I ask out loud. Then I have to look around me, to see if there's anybody here to bear witness to

whatever strangeness just happened. When I see it's just me, I have to shake my whole body out, in case the weird energy clings to me any longer than necessary.



## Three

### *Clara*

When I wake up the next day, I feel like I've slept better than I have in weeks. It's one of those mornings when you just know it's going to be a good day because of the way you're vibing.

At least, I believe it until I get to the kitchen. There, I find a steaming mug of tea standing on the counter, next to a plate of fresh cinnamon rolls. There's steam coming off of them still, and they smell really fucking good.

It would be weird to eat them, right? I just don't know how they got here. I check my doors, and they're definitely still



locked. I open the front door, and the snow isn't disturbed past what I did walking into the house yesterday. The back door is a bit of a different story.

What looks like hoof prints are all over the snow, going away from the house towards that light that was on the horizon the other day. The neighbors.

I know there's lots of wildlife here, so it's not a strange sight. I gasp though when I turn my head to see two reindeer standing not that far from me. Not exactly something you'd see back home in the city. They're beautiful.

Nervous about scaring them off, I remain still, watching them. They graze for a minute before wandering off, and then I'm right back to thinking it's going to be a good day.

It takes me a solid hour of resisting before I give in to the temptation, nervously trying one of the mystery cinnamon rolls. And then I kick myself for not trying them while they were hot. The second the pastry hits my tongue, it melts and wakes up my whole palate. They're so much better than anything I've ever had before, making me moan out loud.

"You know what?" I say out loud. "If these kill me, I won't even be mad about it. Fuck these are good. How are these *this* good?"

I spin around when I hear a knock on my door, because not only are there no other houses nearby, but I also never heard the whir of a snow machine to announce someone's imminent arrival, and I don't even know anyone here yet. Unless you consider the strange men that accosted me in the grocery store yesterday acquaintances.

I'm definitely still in my pajamas- short shorts with Christmas lights all over them, fuzzy socks with bells on the top, and a baggy t-shirt sans bra, but if they wanted me to be dressed, they should have warned me they were visiting.

I shouldn't be surprised, because they *did* say they'd see me today, but standing on my porch are three of the guys that stalked me at the store.

"Umm...hi?"

The three of them are huge, burly men that look like they have more in common with the mountains I had to fly over to get here than the men I'm used to interacting with, especially when they just stand there, staring. Oh, yeah. They've all got these ridiculously attractive smiles on their faces as well, just in case their stupidly perfect bodies weren't doing it for me.

"Good morning, beautiful," one of them says. I don't know how to distinguish them all from each other to you, because they all have similar facial hair- moustaches and beards of varying lengths, and dark hair. Of course, their eyes are different and the way they carry themselves is different, but until I get to know them, they'll be tricky to tell apart. Er, no. I won't be doing that, so there's no conflict.

"I'm sorry, I think you're at the wrong house," I say, checking behind me on the odd chance I missed the invisible person behind me that might be worthy of such undivided attention.

They laugh, taking my statement as a joke. "No, we're here to see you. To start getting to know you."

I take a page out of their book and stare, dumbfounded for a minute. Then I promptly shut the door in all three of their faces and put my back to it, heaving in gulps of air. Is this some sort of practical joke?

I hear them argue quietly through the wood, then a shrill whistle, and then after a few moments there's a soft knock on the door and sweet-sounding voice says, "We didn't mean to frighten you. I'm the least intimidating of all of us, may I come in? The rest will stay outside, I promise we just want to talk. Did you like the cinnamon rolls we brought you this morning?"

Damnit. Now I have to be nice to them because if I'm not I might not get more cinnamon rolls. I carefully open the door a few inches, coming face to face with a different guy that wasn't standing there previously, and he's definitely less intimidating looking. Compared to the others he's much fairer, but that's not what does it. It's the look of innocence in his blue eyes, the dimple that pops when I involuntarily smile at him, and the clean-shaven face that makes him look younger.

"Please? Otherwise, we'll just have to talk through the door, and I don't think that would be too comfortable for you."

I just, don't even know what to say. But I do open the door further. "Why? Why are you here?" I look around, noting no footprints coming up the drive by my rental car. At least, no human ones. Guess those reindeer got closer than I realized. "How did you even get here? Where did you come from?"

He sticks out his hand. "I'm Rudy. Why don't we start there?"

I carefully place my hand in his, feeling a bit of a shock from the warmth of his. Something electric passes between us and I let out a small gasp, watching his eyes widen before a slow smile takes over his face again. "I'm Clara."

One thing he doesn't do is give me my hand back, but I don't think I mind. It feels good wrapped around mine. "My brothers can stay outside. It's cold, but if you'd rather talk outside, we can do that too."

My mother would throttle me if she saw the way I was treating these guests. The temperatures are in the single digits, so making them sit outside is rude when they clearly went out of their way to come see me, for whatever reason.

I open the door all the way now, stepping to the side. "Come in."

They all kiss my cheek as they walk by, and it's not until I'm closing the door that I see yet another reindeer standing a way off, watching my house. Which is odd because I didn't think that would be something a reindeer would enjoy doing.

"Can I get you anything? Coffee? Tea?"

"No, sweetheart. You just relax. We'll make you something." One of them produces a paper bag and heads to my tiny kitchen, and I watch in confusion as he whips out a bunch of vegetables and...starts making soup?

"Don't mind him. He loves cooking, and we figured it's about lunch time so if we were going to stop by unannounced we could at least feed you."

"Look, I don't know if you just assume I'm hungry because of my body shape, but I promise I eat like a normal person. This shape stays with me no matter what I do, so you don't have to give me food. I will find a meal for myself when I'm hungry."

The cinnamon rolls were delicious, but just because I'm extra curvy, doesn't mean I need them."

I'm embarrassed because food is always a subject of contention for me. For some reason, there are people out there that think being in a larger body means you eat everything. It's simply not true.

"It's actually a *mate* thing, wanting to feed you— and we happen to think your body shape is sexy as hell. You're... perfect."

The one that talks is looking at me appreciatively, but the others are checking me out as well.

It takes me a minute to register what they said, because I'm still feeling shameful for my tirade, when they might very well just be trying to be nice, but when it clicks, I immediately backpedal. "I'm sorry, did you just say *mate*?"

The sweet one that let that rip gets smacked across the shoulder by another one, who's rubbing his forehead like he's exasperated. "Good job, Rudy. We were supposed to wait to tell her that, so that we didn't freak her out."

"I'm sorry! I know we said we'd wait but look at her! She deserves to know what she is."

I deserve to know *what* I am.

I stumble to the couch, super uncomfortable. "Why are you all so weird around me? Why did I let you into my house? You should know that yesterday was the absolute strangest grocery shopping experience I've ever had. I mean, I was just trying get groceries, and there you all were staring and reaching and strutting and...what is happening?" My hands are shaking and being around them in an enclosed space is making me feel something I can't quite explain.

The very air around us feels charged, leaping into my veins, trying to animate all my limbs so I can use them to propel myself closer to the men taking over my house. I have to physically sit on my hands in order to keep them from reaching out, because all they want to do is rip all that should-look-ridiculous plaid off their bodies and feel every inch of them.

Sweat dots my forehead and my heart starts to race, my whole psyche quickly spiraling out of control until the sweet blonde one comes to kneel in front of me, placing a hand on each of my knees, getting into my personal space and looking into my eyes.

“Breathe, mate. Look at me and breathe.”

I don't know why he's ripping phrases out of romance books, but his command is unavoidable. I blink through the stupor, finding an anchor in him. The change is immediate; the room stops spinning and my body relaxes a bit.

“Better?”

I nod, my eyes getting stuck on his mouth. What would it feel like to have it pressed against me? What would it feel like if the hands that are so innocently perched on my knees were to press me back and find handholds all over my body?

“I think I need to find a doctor. There's something wrong with me.”

Another one comes up behind me, and he smells like a snow-scented candle. “You don't need a doctor; you just need us to be closer to you.”

I whip my head back to see him better. “Excuse me? What are you guys doing to me? What is happening? I think you n-need to go. Maybe me moving here was a mistake, everything feels all wavy and unsettled.”

I use the heel of my hands to push into my eyes, rubbing in circles to try and ease some tension out of my body. “You all notice me too much. I'm uncomfortable.” Rudy leans closer, pulling my hands away and replacing them with his own. He gently massages my temples, running his rough fingertips all over my scalp, convincing it that it's not holding onto any tension at all. Like magic, I sink a little further into the couch, putting my head in such a position that the back of it is now resting against the belt buckle of the snow man behind me.

“It's difficult to explain...” Rudy breathes, keeping his voice nice and even, helping me to stay in this strange Zen zone they've created. “Do you believe magic exists in this world?”

I only have to look outside at the snowy landscape to have an answer for that. “Of course. It manifests in different ways for different people, but absolutely.”

“That makes it a little easier, then.” Another one says, scooting closer also and sitting beside me on the couch. He moves close enough that our shoulders are pressing against each other, the length of his arm pressed against mine, and it does something to relax me even further. They’re making me feel as if I imagined the strange anxiety attack just moments ago.

“I’m Dash, by the way. The one behind you is Dan and the one keeping his distance is Puck.”



## Four

### *Rudolph*

We all sigh and relax a little as our mate responds to our nearness. We knew the second she showed up in our market that she was ours, because she wouldn't have found that place if she wasn't magical.

That grocery store? It only exists for those of us who work for the big guy. It's magically replenished and to the civilians, it looks like an abandoned hut. But that doesn't explain how we knew she was ours.

Being who we are, we are exposed to fantastical things on nearly a daily basis. It's easy to get complacent, to not find

wonder in little things that others would never take for granted. But when this woman, our Clara? Walked into that store, it was like she set off a detonation.

The doors opened, she strolled into view, and all nine of us were drawn toward her like magnets. Then, her scent hit us. Christmas is always full of cinnamon and warm spices, so the fact that she seems to love Christmas, judging by her attire and her name, the fact that she smells like juicy pomegranates and rich cloves meant we were all instantly lost to her.

We know she needs time to adjust, but we stayed away as long as we could. It hasn't even been 24 hours yet, but we were all going crazy not being able to see her. We snuck in the cinnamon rolls because we want our mate to want for nothing. We didn't want her to have to get up and cook, we wanted her to wake up and relax. We showed up at lunchtime because we just couldn't stay away anymore.

We've all been hanging around her place in our other forms, keeping watch to make sure she was safe. No doubt the rest of my brothers are chomping at the bit to get in here, but we thought all of us showing up would overwhelm her again.

But right now, the mating frenzy is starting to hit her, and she'll need us nearby if she wants to stay in control of herself. Now that she's been exposed to us, and the magic of mates has been activated, she'll get shaky and confused until we complete the bond if we're not close together.

"Some magic is easier to feel than others," Dash tells her. "It might sound cheesy but love at first sight is one of the most powerful magics out there."

"Love?" She asks with no small amount of derision. "What are you talking about? And don't try to ease me into it. I'm on edge already, I do better with all the information at once."

"In that case," Dash continues, "I'm sure you're aware that there are several species of animals that mate for life. Gray foxes, beavers, puffins, bald eagles, seahorses, gibbons, coyotes...we're in that category as well."

She scoffs, then tries to stand up. She gets halfway across the room before she wavers, spinning to look at us with her eyes



narrowed a bit. “What am I feeling right now? What is this?” She asks, waving her finger in between us to indicate what she’s referencing.

Dan steps towards her, keeping his normal reserved façade in place, even though he’s as frantic to be near her as any of us. “You’re feeling the pull. You’re our mate, so even though you’re human, the magic hits you as hard as it hits us. You just don’t understand it yet, so you don’t know how to react to it or filter it.”

“Because I’m human?” She asks confusedly.

“This is probably the hardest part,” Dan tells her. He walks towards her slowly, never dropping eye contact. “Will you let me show you something?”

She nods, and he leads her toward the window where we can still see some of our brothers out there keeping watch.

“You can see him out there, yes?”

He gets close behind her, leaning into her and placing his hands on her hips. Her gorgeous, curvy hips that I just want to grab onto. He speaks nearly into her ear, and I feel the need to cover myself at the sight of it. Just the fact that my mate is in here, that I can get close to her if she wants me to, has me turning harder than I’ve ever been in my life.

“He’s one of us. He was at the store yesterday too,” he says so quietly. His voice initiates a shiver, and I watch in fascination as it rolls in almost slow motion down her spine.

“That’s Comet.”

She does a double take, twisting her head sharply to the side to catch Dasher’s expression. “Comet? A reindeer named comet. How gullible do you think I am?”

“I don’t think you’re gullible. You said you wanted all the facts, so I’m trying to provide them for you.”

We all get closer and watch as her eyes swing to another one of our brothers farther out on the horizon. “And I suppose that one over there is Rudolph. The one with the shiny nose?”

“Actually, I’m Rudolph,” I say sidling a little bit closer, daringly. “And it was one of my ancestors that had the shiny

nose. My shining part, while hereditary, isn't really family friendly enough to be in a Christmas carol."

As always, having attention on me makes me nervous. It's not so easy to hide a glowing dick, but that's why I have my undergarments sewn specifically from blackout curtain material. If I was in my other form, I'd be lighting up the whole room.

She chokes. "Okay, I think we need to get to know each other better before we have that discussion. You said your name is Rudy... as in short for Rudolph. Look, you all seem very nice," she says as she backs away slowly, "and wow this house is isolated, isn't it?" She laughs nervously. "You know, I just remembered I'm supposed to be bringing back my rental car to the airport. Umm, yeah. It's my mom's birthday in a few days, so I need to get back."

"Please don't leave." Puck pleads. "I promise you we're not crazy. We're not trying to feed you stories, we're just trying to be honest."

"Puck? Is that another nickname?"

"We don't get to choose our names. I'm Prancer, just like my father was before me, his father before him, and his before him. There has been a lot of Prancers, so sometimes we use nicknames."

She spins to look outside again. "But that's a wild animal. Those are reindeer. You're clearly men."

I can tell the idea is floating around in her head, but she's still too scared to admit it. She doesn't want to have the lid ripped off of her reality, to know that humans aren't not the only ones walking around on two legs.

"Actually, we're shifters," Dash says confidently but quietly.

"Shifters? As in you..." She busts out laughing. "Okay yep, time to pack. It was a bit dramatic running this far away, I'll admit. It will be embarrassing to show up back home, but it's better than whatever's going on here."

She's talking to herself as though she's the only one in the room. I use my hands to gesture to the guys to stay here, to wait in this room while I go talk to her. We knew it was a possibility

that our mate wouldn't be from our world, so we've had a plan in place for once we found her.

All nine of us agree that dragging it out and trying to convince her is not the way to go. The sooner we get her to understand what we are, the faster we get to start our lives together.

She has her suitcase on the bed when I get in there, throwing clothes behind her. She doesn't seem to care that she's not even hitting the suitcase, but instead they're just flying around. I try and scoop some up, folding them neatly so I can put them back on the bed. Once her drawer is empty, she turns to face me, and freezes.

"What are you doing? I'm trying to make a dramatic getaway. You're not supposed to help me organize my mess."

I smirk at her, separating her clothing into piles by type.

"You just said you ran from home. What are you running from?"

I continue to fold, trying not to linger too long on the Christmas themed panties strewn about the bed. Damn she's cute. Can't wait to see these on her delectable ass.

"Ah..." she says, watching my hands flex in fascination.

"See something you like?" I ask, carefully folding a soft red sweater.

"I told my best friend I was in love with him. In return, he told me my sister and him are having a baby and moving in together."

I'm normally a very laid-back guy, but the thought of her offering any part of herself to another man has me forcing myself to freeze so I can calm down. "Well," I announce, proud of how even my tone is, "you can't accept something that's not meant for you. You can't give yourself to somebody that will never understand what you need."

"How do you know what I need?" I'm not crazy, her eyes are dilating. We're stuck in the small room together, and she seems to have taken an unconscious step towards me. She's feeling the pull again.

She's not throwing clothing anymore, so I carefully remove her suitcase to the ground, stacking all her clothes on top of it whether they're folded or not. I turn her and angle myself so she's between me and her bed. "We were chosen by fate to complement each other perfectly. I don't know you yet, but I already know I can't live without you."

"What?"

Now it's my turn to take a step toward her, deleting this space that should not exist between us. I grab one of her hands, manipulating it so we're palm to palm, fingers extended. Then I slowly twine our fingers together, and then carefully pull her hand toward me so I can kiss her wrist.

"We were talking about magic out there. You may not believe yet what we are, but you feel this undeniable need to touch me. I know this, because it's the same for me. I'm sorry you experienced something that hurt you. I would take it from you if I could, but I wouldn't change it. That was one man that never would have been able to make you happy, because you're not the same as he is. You found us, so now you have nine men who will do anything to make sure that you're happy. You may not be able to shift like we can, but we're still the same."

"Whoa there, back up. Nine? You're coming on to me with all of your brothers? How the hell do you expect that to work? I can't even make a normal relationship function properly. And you expect me to try one with *nine* of you? There's no way."

I take one more step toward her, and there's still an unfortunate amount of space between our bodies, but I can feel the heat of her now. I take the hand I'm still holding and prop it up on my shoulder, encouraging her to curl around my neck. My hands find her hips, kneading the flesh there and grounding myself with how real she is.

"You don't have to try anything," I tell her. "All you need to do is understand that you own us. Now that we've found you, there's no one else for us. We exist solely to make you happy. To fulfill you in every way possible, to play out all your dirtiest fantasies and make sure you want for nothing."

"With nine of you?"

“It doesn’t have to be all at once. At first anyway,” I say with a grin. In truth, I’m a little nervous too about how the bedroom stuff will work out, because I’m always too awkward take to make a woman interested in me. I’ve never had to compete against my brothers for attention from a woman, but I’ve also never tried to. We may not be blooded brothers, but we are born brothers. Our family is all interconnected so tightly that we might as well share blood.

“Don’t worry about that right now.”

“Well, what should I worry about? It seems to me like you’re not really offering me any choices here.”

“Can I persuade you to give us a chance?” I have no idea where this confidence is coming from, but I’m glad it’s being used well. Her cheeks flush with warmth, and her eyes drop to my lips. She’s quite a bit shorter than me, so I have to strain my neck to see her this close, and everything about the way she’s looking at me right now tells me she wants what I’m laying down.

“How would you do that?” she stammers.

“Like this,” I say, holding her head gently so I can kiss her.

The second our lips meet, explosions occur. Nothing in the entire world matters except for this connection between us. The feel of her breath on me, the way her other hand sneaks its way to my neck as well to hold on better, the way she’s standing on her tippy toes to reach me, I exist solely to experience her. And let me tell you, I could become an expert. I could study and train and research, and never get sick of the subject matter.

She lets out a surprised gasp but doesn’t pull away. I don’t know which one of us is more shocked at how good it feels, how *right* it feels to kiss each other, but all at once I know that I found my home. The only thing that could make this better, is if she really understood what she is to me.

“My mate, mine.” my animal demands.



## Five

### *Clara*

I swear to God I've never felt the need to do this before. I've never been with somebody that tempted my entire being so wholly as this man in front of me does. I don't understand it, but I don't want to fight it either. It feels too good, and even if it shatters tomorrow, at least I get to know in this one moment what it feels like to be wanted.

His kiss is lighting me up in ways I didn't know was possible, his hands on my hips for once not making me self-conscious about my size. I feel...sexy.

“What are you doing to me?” I don’t understand any of this. Not what he’s telling me, not how far in over my head I am, and certainly not why I want what’s happening so badly.

I’ve never, not *once* in my life, had a one-night stand. I’ve never met someone and wanted to immediately drag them to the nearest flat surface and just fucking take them, and I’ve never met anybody that lit up my senses the way all of these guys seem to.

“I could be doing a hell of a lot more. I just want to sate you and leave my scent all over your body.”

He blushes as he says all this, like he wasn’t planning on letting those words fall out of his mouth. Earlier I got the impression that he was a little bit more reserved, a little bit shyer, but nothing about the man in front of me resembles those qualities right now.

“I need to know what I’m signing up for before this goes any further. I hate being rational at a moment like this, but I’ve learned from the past to always ask questions.”

He pulls me over to the window, the one that looks over the front of my new property. There’s a pine tree standing by itself, guarding the property not too far off. I can just make out two figures underneath the boughs, movement suggesting that one of them is— “Oh my God. Are they...”

Rudy chuckles in my ear, coming up behind me. “They’re doing exactly what you think they are. You’ve got all of us so worked up, it’s nearly impossible to not do anything about it. And we’re not *actually* brothers, I just want to throw that out there.”

“I’m doing this to you. How? And where did they come from? Aren’t they cold? Wait a minute. The reindeers...” I can’t finish any more sentences, my brain missing all kinds of connections.

But I land on the big connection, one that seems too implausible to be real. I’m talking about them not being human, calling the animals by name... speaking with the familiarity that only close friends would.

Whichever one is in the front is bent at the waist with his hands propped onto the tree. The guy behind him has his hands on his hips, his pants at his ankles, and is just ramming into him from behind so hard I'm surprised the snow isn't falling off the tree on top of them.

They're too far off to make out many details, but I'm almost positive that they're looking right at me.

"Do you believe me now? We're shifters. I know it's wild, I know you probably think it sounds crazy, but how can something be crazy if it's true? This is the life we live in, the one you've been hidden from. If you accept us, you'll be thrust right into it."

"What does accepting you entail?" I still can't pry my eyes away from the two men enjoying each other.

"You'll let us fight for you, to battle each other for who gets the rights to you first. You'll turn us down several times until you give up the game suddenly, when it becomes too much to handle. Then we'll consume you, gorging ourselves inside this body, filling you so full over and over again.

"We'll keep you in bed, until each and every one of us has had their turn, until your individual scent is so mixed up with ours that everyone around will know who you belong to."

I feel something hard press into my backside, my body flushing from the images he's presenting. I want it. I want it so badly.

I always take so much time to make decisions. It took me a solid four months to work up the nerve to confess my feelings for Matthew. Four months of agonizing torture, going back and forth while chastising myself for being too weak to tell him.

It took me an entire year after I graduated high school to pick a college, because I had to make sure that it was the perfect fit. I looked at cars for months before I found the one that had everything I wanted.

So far in my life, every time I've taken time to make a decision, it's mostly worked out. I'm careful with my money, I spend it very specifically. And the times that I don't, I regret it.



I look down at the bracelet on my wrist, the one with the tinkling bells. I hold it up to inspect it again, because it's a reminder of one of the few impulse purchases I've made. I don't buy things unless they're on my list, unless I know I have a spot for them. But something about this called to me.

"That," Rudy says. "That's what brought you to us."

"How could a bracelet bring me to you?"

"In the shifter world, when mates are born or exist far apart from each other, fate will intervene and give one of them an object that will draw them together. There've been legends of a dragon kingdom with an enchanted ring that brought their lost queen to them, helping to destroy the curse on their kingdom. You have *this*. You're not royalty, but we weren't sure if the prophecy was true or not. This proves that it is."

"Of course there's a prophecy. Because that's how it goes, isn't it? Hot shifter men, rippling muscles, obsessive tendencies, magical objects, and a prophecy that exists solely to bring anxiety to everybody who knows about it."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's the basis for every fantasy smut book out there. Trust me."

"Well, that's because it's grounded in reality then," he says with a satisfied smile. And no, I didn't suddenly develop eyes in the back of my head. The tone of his voice tells me he finds what I said amusing.

The pair of men who clearly enjoy exhibitionism suddenly throw their heads back, and while I can't hear them from here, waves of pleasure run through me as though I'm over there with them. They maintain eye contact as they finish, tying me to the moment with them.

"Do you still want to run? Or go back out into the living room?"

I look at my suitcase longingly, almost wishing that things were simpler. But now that I know about the secret world, I'm flooded with excitement. Could I really have all that he's offering?



## Six

### *Blitzen*

Holy fuck. It's still hard. I don't even understand how that's possible.

I zip up my pants, trying to make myself stop staring at Vixen's ass that he's taking his time to re-cover. I can see myself leaking out of him, which is probably the reason I'm still at full mast.

"Normally you're pretty high octane," he says with a lazy stretch, "but that was something else. Not quite sure if I can walk yet, but damn was it worth it."

I have to jump around and shake my hands out in an attempt to dispel all this restless energy pooling in my stomach. It's killing me to be so far away from her, especially when I know she was just watching me.

"You're going over there, aren't you? I thought we were going to wait. What happened to the whole 'let's not scare her off' thing that we agreed on?"

"Yeah, fuck that. She enjoyed the hell out of the show she just got. So, fix yourself up unless you want me to carry you over there with no pants."

He reluctantly pulls his pants back up, tying his drawstring and then wincing ever so slightly as he moves around. Whatever, I don't have time for this. He can take care of his sore ass somewhere closer to our mate. I throw him over my shoulder and bound toward the little house, my heart pounding the entire way.

I don't knock, because I can sense my brothers in there. I open the front door at the same time she opens her bedroom door, and even though there's a room full of people between us, my eyes lock on hers, and everything stops again. Just like it did in the store.

"Here, catch this," I say to whoever is sitting on the couch so I can unload Vixen on them. I register some sounds of surprise as his huge body goes tumbling down to the sofa, a kind of splintering sound happens and I almost divert my eyes to see if I broke the couch, but all I care about right now is the woman.

I cross the room in what feels like two steps, pulling her to me so I can see her face even closer. She's got these big brown eyes that seemed to sparkle, dark lashes that fan out. Her cheeks are rosy and slightly round, and her lips, oh *fuck*, those lips. Those lips were made for sucking cock.

I crash my mouth onto hers, turning her and backing her up against the nearest wall. Something crashes to the ground, but once again I ignore it. All I can focus on is her. I sink into her soft body; I'm loving everything about the way we match up. My hips flex, independent of my brain. When she gasps from the feel of me pushing into her stomach, I use it to my

advantage. I slide my tongue into her mouth, trying to consume her.

“I’m Blitzen by the way,” I tell her in between kisses.

I feel her hands clawing at my shirt, trying to find something to hold onto. I just want to continue this, to get lost in her. But that’s not how this has to go.

I pull back enough so I can talk without yelling in her ear, but no further. “Where are we at? Are you running, or are you giving in to us?”

“Are those my only two options?”

I go serious, because even if she’s speaking playfully, she still needs to know that she’s in control here. “If you tell us no, we stop. Do you understand that?”

“If I say no, you stop,” she parrots back.

“I’m going to tell you what none of us want you to know. What none of us want to say or acknowledge. There is a third option. Even if you run, you have to know we’re going to chase you. We may not be predators, but your scent tells us you’re ours.

“If you don’t want this, if you don’t want us, you can reject us. You can sever the bond between us and live out your life as you choose to. You’ll never have to see us again.”

A knife stabs straight into my heart as I speak those words, but I don’t tell her the rest. I don’t tell her that if she rejects us, we’re all as good as dead. I don’t want that kind of pressure on her, and I don’t want her to accept to simply to save us. If she chooses to reject us, we all lose everything, because the insanity will slowly eat away at us until fate finds a way to end it.

Rejected mates never live very long, there’s always a freak accident, or something else unexpected that you could never plan for. It’s a mercy really, because rejection is the most painful thing a shifter can experience.

The room behind me is completely silent, because you don’t play around with this subject.

“I... wouldn’t see you again?”

“Not once. We’d be forced to leave you alone, to get far enough away so we couldn’t feel you anymore. And relocate so you couldn’t find us. You wouldn’t have to worry about crossing paths with us ever.”

Tears drop from her eyes, flowing down her cheeks as she looks around the room. I don’t know if she’s crying because that’s what she wants and she knows it’s going to hurt us, or because just the thought of doing something that heinous breaks her heart.

“How do I already feel you in here?” she asks with her hand clawing at her chest.

“You activated the mating bond. It will get stronger the more we’re around each other, a full connection made if you decide to claim us.”

“So that’s it? All or nothing?”

“This is a life sentence. Once you tell us you’re ours, that you’re *really* ours, everything will change.”

Silence rings for a few minutes as she looks around. She seems to make sure she takes time to look at everybody’s face, cataloging them. I think she’s trying to read how they feel about the idea of rejection. Once she makes it through the room, a decision has been made.

“Yeah, I want this. I won’t run. Yet. I need you to convince me to stay. That is, if you want me to.”

Her words ring, music to my fucking ears. It’s akin to that first leap when the big sleigh takes off on Christmas Eve, because a miracle has just happened here.

“You won’t leave?” I ask again, wanting to hear it in plain speak.

“Not unless you give me a reason to.” I search her face now, wanting to see the truth for myself. She’s resolute, and because she’s mine, I believe her.

Vixen saunters up beside her, that ever-present smile on his face.

“Did you just ask us to convince you to stay? Do you understand the ramifications of that request?”

She gulps, looking back and forth between the two of us. Her cheeks flush when she realizes it was him I was with outside. Pretty hard not to come to that conclusion though when he's wearing a neon green T-shirt.

“You two are together. How can you want me?”

“Who, this guy?” I ask. “Psh. We just fuck when we're horny because we're available. And do you really think even if we *were* together, that that would stop us from wanting you? This delectable morsel that you are?” I trace her collarbone through her shirt. My hands drift to lower, testing the weight of her breasts.

I groan, their heaviness more than welcome.

“Fuck, those are magnificent. I've never wanted to suffocate myself so badly as I do right now,” Vixen says, staring at them longingly.

“What, these old things?” Her hands trace her sides, then brazenly trace the outside swells of her breasts before squishing them together. The entire room groans this time, entranced by her actions.

“Damn, you all really like these, don't you? Never had that reaction before. Huh.”

“That's because you've been messing around with humans.” Comet says, suddenly appearing from outside.

“I thought you idiots were going to feed her. You've been in here forever, and I smell nothing. Do you want her to think we're incapable of caring for our mate?”

Dash looks mortified. “I am so sorry my lady. I'll right this wrong immediately. Forgive me. We'll make this the best chicken soup you've ever tasted.”

He scurries back to the kitchen, banging around some pots and pans as she watches confusedly.

“Don't worry about him,” Comet's deep voice tells her. He bows low, taking her hand and pressing a kiss to the back of it. “If I heard right while I was hiding out front, we have to prove ourselves to you, prove that you should stay here. So, let's do that.”

He walks out of the room, toward the bathroom, and we all snap to attention. We know our roles.



## Seven

### *Clara*

I'm not sure how to feel when the intense man pulls me toward the bathroom, and I watch as he opens cabinets, looking around and frowning.

“I just moved in,” I explain. “I haven't really had a chance to get much.”

“Hang tight. I've got it.”

He turns and takes a few steps, then just full on disappears. I can't move. If I needed proof that magic was actually real, I've definitely just received it.



Before I find my ability to move again, he reappears, seemingly walking through an invisible doorway with all kinds of bottles in his arms now, bath type things that he starts setting on the edge of my bathtub.

“What was that?”

He freezes and smirks, looking back toward me. His hair is dark, a little bit of scruff covering his angled jaw.

“What. Was. That?”

“We’re magical, remember? And I just portalled to a store to get these for you. I had to get my girl some smelly bath stuff to make her happy. Because apparently I need to convince her that I want her.” He smiles as he says this, as if he’s looking forward to it.

“Your girl? Is that what we’re calling this?”

“That’s what I’m calling it.” He fills my bathtub for me, looking all dark and broody as he does.

“That should do it. We’ll give you some privacy, but please call if you need anything.”

He kisses my hand again and walks out, leaving me to slip into the exquisitely nice bath. I check out the products he retrieved, loving that he chose seasonal scents. I soak into my hot cocoa scented bath, telling myself I’m not allowed to freak out. There’s nothing to be worried about, right? How harmful could they be if they’re drawing me baths and cooking me soup?

When I reemerge sometime later, it’s to a house full of men that definitely don’t have enough room to squeeze in here. I would laugh at the scene if I wasn’t so nervous about what all of them being in here meant.

As promised, the soup is stupid it was so good. Much like cinnamon rolls they fed me for breakfast. Did grilled cheese ever truly exist before I ate that one? Who knew you could put brie one of those



## Eight

### *Donner*

*I'm not running, not yet. Convince me...*

Those words have been running through my mind ever since she spoke them. Everything's been happening so quickly, that it's hard for me to really wrap my mind around it.

I've been on the fringe of everything all day, trying to figure out how to impress a woman like that. People confuse me. There're so many complexities to understand, so many minute personalities to unthread and figure out. Just because we're fated, doesn't mean we get an automatic 'I like you' card.

My brothers are inside wooing her by running her bubble baths, making her laugh, and feeding her. None of that stuff really suits me though. Sure, I could do it, but it wouldn't feel like a genuine offer of affection.

Instead, I've been slowly shoveling her driveway all afternoon, letting the manual labor allow my mind to roam freely and come up with some sort of game plan. The only problem is that I can't figure it out. I don't have the slightest idea of how to make the woman I'm destined for look my way, or smile at me, or want me. I don't even know how to decide if I like her back. Want her back.

The place she just got has been vacant for a bit, and with all the snowfall we've gotten lately, it needed a good amount of shoveling. At least now I know she'll be safe if she comes outside. Not that the shoveling will last, because around here it's almost a daily chore. I guess that'll give me a reason to come back tomorrow.

"Wow, did you do all that?"

I pause, startled by the sudden intrusion on the quietness of being outside. The problem though, is that I pause with a shovel full of snow at a forty-five-degree angle to my face up in the air. It's definitely embarrassing being an Arctic shifter that's forgotten how physics work. Good thing there's a reminder in the pristine shovelful of white fluff that is now covering my face and hair. So smooth.

"Oh my God, are you okay?"

She's running toward me, and I want to tell her to be careful and slow down, because even though it's shoveled, it's still slippery. I'm trying to brush off my eyes as she reaches for me. Then, because we are standing on compacted ice, we both go down. At least I'm able to cushion her fall, letting her land on top of me in the fluffy powder. I'm expecting her to shriek or freak out at the cold, but instead she just holds still for a second then busts out laughing.

"This amuses you?"

"We just reenacted like every holiday movie ever. Of course I'm amused. Are you alright? That's a lot of weight for you to

absorb into the snow.”

She tries to get off me, but my hands seem to have other ideas. They snap to her hips, preventing her from moving.

I guess it was worth it then. Her hands move to my face, brushing the snow off of it finally so I can see her. This is the closest I’ve been to her yet, and I’m momentarily stunned by her eyes. I know that more than half the world’s population has brown eyes, but nobody has eyes like hers. While the majority of the iris is a darker brown, there’s a pattern that dances around her cornea that reminds me of a snowflake. It’s more golden in color, making her eyes almost sparkle.

“What? What is it?”

“I’ve never been this close to such a pretty woman before. Sorry that I’m staring.”

She blushes, and I can’t help but lean forward and kiss the blushes on her cheeks. “You must be freezing. Let’s get you inside.”

I make sure she’s stable before I stand up, checking her to make sure there’s no more snow clinging into her.

“I can’t believe you did all that shoveling by yourself. You must be exhausted. You should come relax on the couch or something. Maybe we can put a movie on?”

The hopefulness on her face is adorable and impossible to turn down. She wants to sit with me? When there’s all these other guys around?

“That sounds perfect,” I tell her. After I get rid of my wet outer gear, I’m stuck standing in the long Johns that my brothers make fun of me for wearing. They tell me arctic shifters shouldn’t need long underwear, but they’re so damn comfortable. It’s not my fault that the cold air makes me chafe without them. Anyway, I’m grateful for them now, because it means I have a dry layer to wear on the couch. After removing my outer flannel shirt and hanging it up, I try and warm up my hands so that I can actually touch the girl if I’m so lucky.

“I can help with that if you want.”

I think she's talking to someone else until she's right in front of me, grabbing my hands and blowing hot air on them. The downside to long underwear? There is no hiding my carrot nose. Wait, that's the wrong arctic creature. Boner. I have a boner.

I can feel some of my brothers laughing at me, so I have to flip them off. Like they all haven't sported one at some point today?

"Just ignore that," I tell her. "I promise he has a mind of his own."

Her eyes trail down, widening. "Holy shit. I don't know if it's physically possible to ignore that. What the hell is it?"

"At least mine doesn't glow, I say cheekily.

"What are you..." she starts off, looking around the room until her eyes land on Rudy who's studiously ignoring us. "I thought he was joking," she whispers.

We all have to laugh, because as much as we like to give the guy shit, it's a part of him. And it's kind of cool, I'm not going to lie.

"You keep talking about candy canes like that sweetheart, and all my good intentions are going to disappear. Come on, let's pick out a movie."

Which actually goes pretty well. In the few hours that I've been outside, she seems to have come to a decision that we're not all that bad. She starts off sitting pretty close to me, but halfway through the movie her head is on my shoulder and her whole body is turned toward me.

They feed her again and put on another movie, and by the end of the night she's more or less in my lap, our hands intertwined, and her face tipped up toward me as she snores lightly.

"We should get her into bed so she's more comfortable," Dasher says. He looks anxious having her there, like he's just itching to lay her out and tuck her in, so everything is in its place. That dude loves routines.

There's no shortage of volunteers to pull her out of my lap and carry her, but I am surprised when it's Comet that gets there first. If the broodiest of us is taken with her, then things must be

going pretty well. With gentleness I've never seen him use, he brushes the hair away from her eyes and tucks it behind her ear, carefully pulling her quilt over her and making sure her pillows are nice and fluffy.

He tries to pull away, but a hand shoots out and grabs him, yanking him down to her.

"Nope. If you guys are mine, you're staying." Her voice is half-toned, whispery, and full of sleep and dreams, but she doesn't let go of Comet's shirt. At least he put her in the middle so I'm able to slide in behind them, taking the spot before anybody else can. I'm sure we'll all be in a puppy pile by the time morning comes, but hopefully soon we'll get her to our bed that's big enough for everybody.

As I fully expected, I wake the next day to see everybody up and about already, cooking a big breakfast and tidying up her house even more. She had mentioned yesterday how the house came fully furnished, and it didn't smell like her. It smelled like a bunch of transient families that have used the place for vacation over the years, and none of us overly liked any sort of extra smell around here.

Therefore, it's a deep clean day. Judging by the sounds I'm hearing, the guys have been portalling everywhere they can to get all sorts of cleaning shit. I can hear someone shampooing the couches, mopping the floors, vacuuming rugs, and doing laundry.

All I'm concerned with though is the woman in my arms. She was humming Christmas carols on and off through the night, which might be the cutest thing she's done yet. She doesn't wake up slowly, she just sort of pops her eyes open and looks around, deciding to be awake.

"Good morning angel," Comet says, still clinging to her on the other side. She's tilted toward him, one leg hitched over his hip.

"Wow, who knew I liked to snuggle so much in my sleep? Sorry about that." She tries to move herself, but he growls at her and pulls her closer.

“What on earth is going on out there?” She asks, apparently deciding not to fight us on the proximity thing.

“They’re doing their best to convince you to stay,” I try and explain.

“By... cleaning up dust bunnies?” The door is cracked so she’s got a good view of somebody sweeping out there. I can only see a broom handle and a jean-clad ass, so I’m not sure who it is.

Comet tells her, “Our sense of smell is a bit stronger than yours, there’re too many extra scents in this house from other people that have stayed here. We don’t want to smell anybody else on you. Don’t tell them I said this, but it’s kind of a selfish act.”

She watches the cleaning for another few minutes in silence before figuring out how to feel about it. “That’s not weird at all. What other strange things should I get used to?” Her tone implies she does think it’s weird, but I’m over it.

“When it gets closer to Christmas, we have to sleep with weights on or else we’ll float to the ceiling while we sleep.” There’s a truly weird thing for her to think about.

“Wait, what?”

“Magic always intensifies around Christmas, leading up to it especially. It’s harder to control some things, because we were made to fly the sleigh. If we’re not fully conscious and in full control of our facilities, it’s pretty easy to sort of just float off.”

“I can’t tell if you’re joking or not.”

“Santa’s a pretty powerful man. You’ll see.”

“I’m still having a hard time believing he actually exists.”

“Just don’t mention that when you meet him and you’ll be fine,” Comet says.

“What do you mean? You expect me to... *talk* to him?”

Dan slips inside the room, sitting on the bottom of the bed. “We were going to ask you to come over for a family dinner tonight. The big guy doesn’t usually eat with us, but there’s always the possibility he’ll stop in to say hi. We all told him

where we were today, and he's going to be curious to meet you. If not today, then it will happen soon, I'm sure."

"Right, and I thought meeting the parents of past boyfriends was nerve inducing."

"It'll be fine, and we'll be right with you. Let's worry about that later. For now, let's get some breakfast and talk about what we need to do today."

"Oh, I need to call the rental place and extend my contract on the car. I was hoping to look for one to buy, but I just haven't had the chance yet."

"We can take care of that," Dan tells her. "We're neighbors and we've got cars. Just let us take you where you need to go, save your money."

"I don't want to be an imposition to you guys if I need something though."

"You're ours to care for," I explain. "Nothing you could want, or need, would ever be an inconvenience at all. Plus, you don't know the area that well, and have you ever driven on snow other than driving from the airport?"

"Well no, but—"

"Let us care for you. Trust us with some of these things so we can start to build something."

"It would be nice not to have to pay for that. Rental cars are so expensive."

"Done. Some of us can drive you later to return it and I can follow behind and pick you guys up."

"Just like that?"

"Of course. You ask and we provide."

"What if I want to provide for myself?"

"If you find a car you want to buy, a car that's safe, and you feel comfortable driving around town once you've been here for a bit, nobody's going to stop you. We know you're an adult and we have no wish to make your decisions for you. We simply want to help you in any way we can."





## Nine

*Clara*

Nobody has ever wanted to do anything like this for me before. And it's not that they think I'm incapable of doing mundane things, it's like it honestly makes them happy to do it for me. That's the main reason I'm trying not to feel guilty, but I suddenly find myself with nine men that seem to want to wait on me hand and foot. I guess they're taking it very literally when I asked them to convince me to stay.

Not that I would stay just for what they can do for me, but after constantly feeling like I'm merely someone to be tolerated by everybody around me my entire life, it's nice to let that go.

I considered Matthew my best friend, and it's killing me that we haven't talked in so many days, but he had his own life to live. Asking him for favors was usually not worth it, because he always had to rearrange his schedule to make it happen. Even though he didn't complain about that, I could always tell that he wasn't doing things simply because he wanted to, but rather because he'd feel guilty if he didn't.

It makes me sort of sad that we didn't have the friendship I thought we did. I can't stop thinking about the way his face looked when I mistakenly admitted I had feelings for him.

It's a complete one-eighty from what these guys' faces tell me they're here for as we enter what I'm not convinced isn't a giant gingerbread house under all the snow.

It seriously looks good enough to eat with all the icicles dripping off the roof lines like frosting, whimsical lights breaking up the otherwise black sky, and the tasteful evergreen wreaths on every window. Did I mention it was the size of a castle?

"This... this is where you live?"

"This is where everybody who works for the big guy lives," Cupid says. I'm getting better at remembering their names, but Cupid is easy to remember because he has a freckle on his right cheek that looks like a heart. It's so fitting it's not even funny.

I know these guys were all named because of their family line, and their order of birth, but I swear to you that the personalities seem to match their names so well. Cupid for instance, seems to be incredibly romantic. He's the one to pull my chair up before meals, he lit candles before I was allowed to eat my lunch, and he loves nothing more than to pull me aside and give me a quick shoulder rub whenever he finds the time to.

It's also kind of funny though because he looks like the definition of a bad boy. He's got ears pierced and a perpetual five o'clock shadow, his dark hair always messy. He also he has this smirk that lives on his face, daring me to give him an opportunity to do anything at all.

"Because of the weather here, our community is all under one roof. Makes it easier when the weather's really extreme to get

messages out and make sure everybody's safe.

“We just have a wing that we stay in, a suite of rooms that all connect so that we can spend time together and make sure that we live and work as a team always. It helps for the big event if we're all as close as possible, that we know what to expect from each other. I need to know how to anticipate the exact way the guy next to me is going to move. There's two of us per room for that exact reason. We all share a room with the person we fly next to.”

“Except for me,” Rudy explains.

“Because you have a glowing dick,” Blitzen retorts.

I'm getting curiouser and curiouser as the minutes go by.

“Let's get you inside, they can argue right here if they want.”

It feels strange to address somebody as Cupid, even in my head, but it doesn't stop him from giving me a dazzling smile and opening the massive ten-foot doors that look hand carved.

“Well, well, well, would you look at that,” he murmurs, pulling me close. I'm not even mad because he obviously knew this was here, but a few feet above us is a giant bough of mistletoe.

Time seems to stop for minute as he wraps a hand around the side of my head, the other on my hip. He's definitely confident which is attractive, but then his lips are on mine, and it feels like a Christmas miracle.

I'm not sure if it's mandatory for them to always taste like candy canes but including the other men that I've kissed so far, everyone has tasted like they just got done sucking one down. I chase the flavor with my own tongue, leaning up on my tip toes to try and pull more out of him.

Whatever this connection between us is, it's intense. And it's odd, because the feelings being evoked don't feel manufactured by it, it's like the connection is merely opening my eyes to them, making me aware that there are souls out there that match my own.

When we finally pull apart we don't go very far, hovering so we're not too from each other. His gingerbread eyes stare into

mine, and even though he initiated the kiss, he seems taken off guard by it.

“Wow,” he says in wonder.

“Damn it, why didn’t I think of that?” Somebody else complains.

Apparently brazen from his earlier claim of me, Blitzen slides between us, taking over Cupid’s spot so that we’re both angled under the mistletoe again. “Well, well, well, would you look at that?” he repeats before completely stealing Cupid’s move. He gives me a wicked grin, going in for the kill. Like the others, he’s massive, making me feel small as I push up into him.

“Okay, there will be more time for this later. We don’t want to make everybody else wait for dinner,” Dasher says, taking my hand and looping it over his arm.

“Just a warning,” he whispers into my ear, making me shiver, “there are alcoves tucked all over this place with secret mistletoe hanging. Be ready for that to happen a whole bunch more times while you’re here.”

We get maybe fifteen or twenty steps down a long elaborate hall before he pulls me out of the way, a blur of a body flying past us. It’s clear immediately that someone was trying to push me into one such alcove when Dash smiles at the guy he evaded, swinging me around to plant one on me before resuming our stroll.

I’ve never been with anyone that overly enjoyed kissing, but I’m finding that I’ve missed out.

After passing dozens of picture windows framing the dark and snowy landscape outside, we finally emerge into an enormous dining room that looks like it could serve a double purpose as a ballroom.

There are two incredibly long tables that I’d imagine were popular styles back when castles and lords were the thing, everyone cheering when they register our presence.

“Everyone, this is our mate, Clara. Clara, this is the rest of our family.”

My first impression is that everybody sitting is ethereally beautiful. They're all wearing similar silk-like fabrics in various shades of cream, green, and red, and their faces are a mix of all different shades. Every single one of them is looking our way with huge smiles on their faces, but they don't exactly look... human.

Dash pulls me to an empty seat in the middle of a bunch of other empty seats, the rest of the guys filing in on either side of me. I didn't really think about it before, but seeing the spread before us, it seems that most of the people here must eat a mostly vegetable-based diet. There are no meats on the table, but instead we've got loaves of fresh bread that look like they'd melt in your mouth, trays upon trays of roasted vegetables, and mixed cheeses spread throughout.

Prancer takes the spot next to me, filling my water glass and heaping food onto my plate while I watch him. His fingers are long and elegant, and I can't help but wonder what they'd feel like running over my body.

"You keep thinking like that and you're going to get more than a kiss the next time we find some mistletoe," he warns me.

"And how is it you think you know what is going through my head?"

He leans closer, getting bolder than he has all day, sniffing purposefully along my neck. "Because your scent sweetened and intensified."

I squirm uncomfortably, wondering why this is the first I've heard that they can smell when I'm turned on.

I stare at his profile for a moment, imagining how it would feel to run my fingers through his dirty blonde curls, or what his big, curled moustache would feel like rubbing against the really good parts I have.

A deep growl-type sound emits from Dash on my other side, and I know already this is a game I'm going to lose.

"Blame the kissing. If you lot didn't want me to get all worked up in front of company, you should have avoided all those bundles of mistletoe."

Dash and Puck put hands on my thighs, apparently deciding they only need one hand to eat with.

I try and get out of the way they're making me feel, not wanting to embarrass myself further, so I'm looking around the room, trying to take in details.

It's an incredibly happy atmosphere, everyone laughing and smiling. Some maybe a little bit too much.

I've gotten the impression that Vixen is a flirt, but I don't like it so much when it seems to be aimed at somebody else. He's seated at the end of our row of seats, speaking with one of the beings that basically looks like an angel. They're smiling at him, using their delicate features to enhance whatever story they're telling. And Vixen seems to be eating it all up.

I don't feel like he's doing anything untoward, but I do get a wash of sensations through my chest that tells me he's mine. Which is ridiculous because we just met.

I try to avoid looking, but my eyes keep seeming to find their way back to them as they talk throughout dinner. At one point Vixen is leaning closer to hear what's being said, because the room has gotten very loud. The wine is flowing freely, and the person he's talking to seems to be well inundated by it.

"You alright love?" Dash leans in to ask me.

Unable to eat any more, I'm starting to wonder how I could possibly keep all of these guys happy. I know that them all being with me wasn't even my idea, but if I'm having this difficult of a time with only one of them talking to somebody else, how can I expect us to actually build something together? How can I ever go anywhere with them knowing others could just flirt with them? No one would ever believe someone like me had them tied up.

"Yes. I'm fine, thank you." I say the words, but I don't mean them. I feel like there's a storm raging inside of me, lighting all my doubts on fire and waving them in front of my face. There's also the fact all these beings I'm surrounded by are incredibly attractive. There's not one single homely feature on any of them, they'll have these big blinking eyes with long lashes, rosy

cheeks, and laughs that sound like sleigh bells. They almost look like dolls, but in a sexy way.

I'm used to feeling less than around people because my mother has always made it clear how she felt about my size. I've gotten a couple of comments saying that I have a pretty face, as if it's separate from the rest of me. I've never understood that type of compliment; as if people with larger bodies can't just be beautiful? It's like they have to evaluate the face by itself, because the rest of the body attached to it isn't worth looking at.

As the meal wraps up, everybody starts to get up from their chairs, wandering the room in groups of twos and threes to talk to friends. All the guys are engaged in conversation with either each other or somebody they're sitting by, and everybody's so at ease and comfortable that I feel like an outsider.

"Stop getting inside your head baby," a voice says in my ear. I stiffen, sitting straight up to try and get closer subconsciously.

"Even if I wasn't taken, elves are non-sexual beings. They reproduce by magic, so there would be absolutely no reason for us to fraternize. And before you ask why I'm reassuring you, I could read everything on your face every time you looked my way during the meal."

I can't tell Vixen that a huge wave of relief washes over me at his words, so I twist my head to try and see him.

"You guys can do what you want. I don't own you. You don't need to worry about my reactions, they're mine to have and experience alone."

"That's where you're wrong," Dash intervenes. "You're ours to worry about now. Even if you're not one hundred percent sure about us yet, we need no further persuasion. We know this is all new to you, so we're trying to ease you into it, but it's likely going to be a while before you feel like you fit in with us. But that's only because we've lived with these people our entire lives, and you need time to get to know them, and they you."

"Also," Prancer adds, "you actually *do* own us. There's no one you could wave in front of us that would be even slightly

tempting. Not when we have you. Let's get her out of here, help her relax."

At that, all the guys are now scooting their chairs back and standing, apparently ready to all depart with me. Wherever we are going.

"May I?" Dan asks, suddenly before me.

"Where are your shoes?"

He looks down and frowns. "You know, I'm not quite sure." He extends his hand toward me, and it feels like second nature to wind mine into his. He's got sort of a free spirit about him, and out of all of the guys he seems the most laid back. He's got light brown hair that is always smoothed back, a reddish beard that he seems to take great pains to keep neatly trimmed, and blue eyes that remind me of a crisp winter morning.

"So those were elves?" I ask as he guides me away.

"Yes, they're the heart and soul of our community. They excel at making everybody smile and making sure everybody is taken care of. They take joy in what they do, and I don't think I've ever seen any of them throw a temper tantrum or have a bad day."

I take in this information as we walk somewhere, and I don't even bother asking where we're going.

Maybe they just picked up on my less-than-enthusiastic mood, but we make it to a room with glossy black doors without hitting any mistletoe.

"Welcome to our home," Dan says as he opens the doors. He scoops me up and carries me over the threshold, making me blush.

I take in the space, enthralled by the Christmas splendor dripping everywhere. I get the feeling it's not a seasonal choice, but that it adorns the walls year-round. Everything is in shiny golds and champagne, with splashes of red and rich, emerald green. But it looks luxurious, not chintzy.

The doors open into a large common room with a nearly full circle of seating around a massive stone fireplace. There's



enough room for all of these guys and then some, the TV screen bigger than I've ever seen in my life within a private residence.

There's a dining space in the open concept room behind the couch with plenty of room in between to move around. The kitchen is large and white and open, with shiny silver finishings and a little bit of sparkle in the countertops. They have a huge, six-range stove and double oven, a farm sink and Christmas lights outside the little picture window that faces outside. A massive island finishes the space, and I just bet it's perfect for rolling out dough and making cookies.

"You look like you like it," Dan says a little shyly.

"It's... beautiful. I've never been in a home that looked like it belonged in a magazine more than this."

"Let's go sit by the fire and relax for a bit. Unwind from all the socializing."

"Are you introverted as well? Most people don't understand how draining it is to be around a bunch of people like that."

"Definitely. I'm never the loudest voice in the room, but that doesn't mean I don't have thoughts to share. Right now, I just want to hold you and enjoy the quiet."

Dan pulls me into the giant couch that's covered with throw pillows and snuggly blankets, sitting with his back to the armrest. He extends his legs and pulls me in between them, so that I get to recline against his chest.

It's nice to sort of just look at the fire for a few minutes, watching the flames dance around to some unknown beat.

"You know there's something I can't figure out," I tell him. All the other guys are moving around, some in the kitchen getting something together, others wandering in and out of rooms, so we get a moment that feels one-on-one.

"What's that?"

"Why are you all here? I know that this town is called North Pole, but it's not *actually* the North Pole. Isn't Santa supposed to live at the *actual* North Pole?"

He thinks for a minute, running his hands through my hair as he does so. It does even more to get me to unwind, quieting my

thoughts.

“We used to be at the actual North Pole. Most of us were born there. We had to move though because some humans were getting too close to discovery. It came down to either moving or resetting all the magic; if we did that, there would have been a huge fallout we’d have to deal with, and so many protections we’d have to redo.

“All of us are able to relocate at will, so it was easy to bring things with us that we needed. Including the house. It probably doesn’t seem like it, but that requires less work than resetting everything where we were. It would have gotten really complicated to confuse the humans that were getting too close.”

“Wait, you teleported your entire village?”

“Well we didn’t do it all at once, it took several weeks and lots of energy, but yes. That way we got to keep all the protections we already had built, reemerging here on land nobody would think to actually look for us. It’s one of those things that is too simple for people to consider being real. What else do you want to know?”

“You guys mentioned a prophecy. What’s that all about? Should I be concerned?”

“You know by now that all of us are fated to be yours. The magic of the reindeer shifters has been fading slowly over the last several hundred years.

“With the first team of reindeer that Santa trained, they too were all mated to one woman. The magic was strong, and this lasted for a long time.

“Slowly, the magic that makes Christmas happen started slowing down. Flying took more effort, and the more time went on, the more difficult it was to get to all of the houses in one night.

“Yes, the population is growing, but our energy is waning, our speed lessening. It’s not too long before we’ll have to consider cutting down which houses we can actually deliver to or try and come to different conclusions like maybe somehow stretching it out into two nights.”

“But you said you weren’t all actually brothers, right? How does that work?”

“So back when all of the reindeers all felt the mating pull to one person, the reindeers chosen to fly for Santa was a random selection made by fate. The strongest of us were called to service, coming together to make Christmas happen. They would bond as a team and live together like we do now, finding their fated mate eventually and making their connection even stronger.

“The camaraderie makes it easier to work together on a such a high stakes night like Christmas Eve, because it means we all trust each other and know each other inside it out, so nobody gets hurt when we’re flying from roof to roof, trying to land and take off over and over again.

“As the original magic began to fade, less people were called into service. It became a hereditary thing then, and the magic of selecting the flight team became something passed down to children.

“Those shifters began finding their own mates, pairing up in groups of two or three before giving the mantle to their children. This is how it’s done now.”

“What is the prophecy about?”

“The prophecy tells us that bells will one day herald the return of the original blessing if our hearts can stay open.”

“Bells? What bells?”

Dan carefully lifts up one of my hands, bringing it to his mouth to press a kiss to the underside of my wrist. The bracelet I picked up at the antique store is still sitting on my wrist, dancing gently from the movement.

“Where did you say you found this?”

I look at the bracelet closer, noticing not for the first time the sheer number of details in every single bell. It looks as if whoever crafted it used a magnifying glass to etch minute designs into every single tiny bell, the delicate chains linking them together too fine to be mass produced.

“It was an antique shop; I was looking for a side table when I found it. It seemed to pull me towards it, shining under a display case.”

“And how long after you found it did you decide to move here?”

“Are you insinuating it’s *these* bells the prophecy is talking about?”

“I don’t know for sure, but it makes sense. It looks like it was crafted by elves.”

“I bought this the day before I confessed everything to Matthew. Two days later I was on the plane to come here.”

“And we’re so happy you did,” he says as he wraps his arms around me.

“So if I’m the answer to this prophecy, which seems a bit farfetched to me, I’m supposed to herald about a resurgence of your magic? Help you return to the way it used to be?”

“Exactly,” Rudy says, sitting down next to us and scooping up my feet to put them on his lap. “We’ve waited a long time for this to happen, getting more desperate every year. We weren’t sure which generation of flyers the prophecy applied to, but then you walked into that store and every single one of us felt the pull. Of course we had all discussed the possibility we’d all have one mate, but we weren’t sure until that moment if it would happen or not.”

“I don’t know if I’m the solution to your problem, I hardly feel magical, but I can’t deny that there’s something about this bracelet that makes me feel safe,” I say with a yawn. I’m not even sure why I’m so tired, because I’ve hardly done anything the past few days. Is it possible for emotional ups and downs to exhaust you?

Maybe they put something extra in those kisses— that mistletoe must have done something to me, doing more than just inciting a lip lock. I can still taste those mouths on me, and I wish I felt bold enough to initiate more. Sitting here like this with Dan, whom I barely know but somehow feel so comfortable with, his hard body against mine, and all the

attentions of these other guys that keep finding excuses to walk by and touch me, has my body alive and sparking.



## Ten

### *Prancer*

*“Fuck, I don’t think that’s what the mistletoe is meant to make you do.”*

Sleep is impossible. Ever since Clara fell asleep a little bit ago, she’s been dreaming something good. She keeps muttering absurd things that everyone but me has found a way to sleep through.

I can smell her arousal permeating the room, a fresh wave surfacing every time she starts speaking again.

*“I want to suck that candy cane so badly, just give it to me. I promise I’m not always naughty.”*

Fucking *hell*. This might be the absolute definition of torture. My cock has developed its own heartbeat from how much blood it's collected, and I'm sure that if I were to slip it out, I'd come near instantaneously.

I always seem to feel emotional things harder than everyone else on a day-to-day basis, so it's no surprise that I was the first to recognize Clara when she appeared at that market. I want her to be comfortable around us, but I'm dying to just hold her and kiss her everywhere and claim her.

*"Puck, are you thinking of me right now?"*

Her tone of voice is the same it's been this entire time, but I wish she were awake so I could hear her say my name like that for real. Everyone is camped out on the floor with cushions everywhere and the coffee table pushed to the side, and even though Clara is somewhat wrapped around Vixen and Comet, her slightly parted legs are right above me.

I'm watching her chest rise and fall, creepily mapping out her curves and coveting everything about them, when she blinks awake and rubs those glorious thighs together, making me want to get trapped between them.

*"You okay, sweetness?"*

She finds me in the glow of the white lights strung across the beams, giving me a shy smile. *"Umm, yes. I just—"*

*"Were having the most amazing dreams?"*

I can't truly see many colors right now in the dark, but I imagine her cheeks are blushing up from thinking about it. *"How'd you know?"*

*"Has anyone ever told you how much you talk in your sleep?"*

I love this secret midnight conversation, just for the two of us. *"I've never slept over with a date before. There's been no one there to find out."*

I flip over, crawling towards her on hands and knees, careful not to bump into any of my brothers. *"Is my mate feeling needy?"*

*"Will you kiss me?"*

I groan, my head falling forward. “I will do anything you want me to do.”

I approach her slowly, making her feel every second of tension before I’m hovering over her, ready to strike. “I don’t think it’s just a kiss you’re really needing.”

“It’s too soon for anything else.”

“Is it too soon because you’re not ready, or is it too soon because you don’t think you should give in so quickly? The distinction matters, I promise.”

“The latter. Men don’t treat me the way you all treat me; in my experience, I’m a novelty, something somebody tries out to say they did it. I’m ridiculed more than I’m wanted.”

Anger rises in me, wanting to seek out anyone who’s ever planted even a seed of negativity in this creature’s mind. This is a woman that deserves to be worshipped, not torn down. “Can I show you exactly what you make me want to do?”

Her hips push up against me, helping to lead our conversation into action. “W-what do you want to do?”

“If I had my way? I’d make you remove these pants so I could see this gorgeous cunt on display, then I’d lick it inside and out until your legs start to shake and we wake someone else up to play. I’d have you dripping all over my tongue, all over my face, painting me with your decadent scent. I’d fill you with my fingers, letting you coat them as well so I could lick them clean and start all over again.”

Clara whimpers, thighs rubbing together like she’s searching for relief.

“I want that pretty little clit you’re hiding to make you feel positively high, to play with it until you’re begging me to stop.”

“And here I thought you were sweet earlier. You’re filthy though, aren’t you?” Her hands slide over her breasts slowly, head tilted back so I can see the column of her throat exposed. I sit back so I can watch her thumbs brush across large nipples that are trying to escape the confines of her sweater, then they glide down to her waist and land between her legs, her hands kneading the flesh there as her hips push up once more. “This is



what you want? You can really look at me and think sexual things?”

“The mating bond is strong, telling me to claim you. Even without that though, you’re fucking beautiful. So goddamn tempting, it’s almost all I can think about when I look at you. The only thing that pushes that down occasionally is the need to provide and care for you, to make sure you’re safe.

“I want everything with you, you’re my future. Of course I want you, especially after I’ve had to listen to you nearly coming in your sleep for the past few hours, engaging in illicit acts in your dreams.”

Her breath hitches at my admission. “What about the others?”

I grin wickedly, not giving a shit about anyone else but me and her right now. “They’ll either wake or they won’t, but either way I’ll hopefully be buried up to my neck in you, so what they do or don’t do won’t matter to me.”

“You drive a hard b-bargain.” Fuck I love how she trips on words when she’s worked up.

“It’s only a bargain if I want something in return. Tasting you, touching you, this is all I want. I just want to make you feel good.”

I lean forward once more, brushing kisses along her stomach. She tenses under me as if uncomfortable, but I know it’s going to take more than a few days to undo all the negativity that others have taught her to feel toward her body. She has nothing to hide from us, nothing to be ashamed of.

I take her mouth, thrusting my tongue inside on a mimic of what I want to be doing somewhere lower, using my hips to show her how badly I want her right now. That does the trick; a flip switches and she starts clawing at me, right as Comet seems to get privy to the situation and immediately wake.

He doesn’t say anything, he simply starts kissing her as well, forcing me to either give up her mouth or share it. “Yes or no sweet mate. Will you allow me to explore you?”

“How am I sure this isn’t still a dream?”

Comet chuckles, reaching forward to pinch one of her hard nipples through her clothing. “If this were a dream, you’d already be naked.”

“Good point,” she says breathlessly, chasing his mouth eagerly. “I...want you.”

I already knew that because of what her body’s doing right now, but that verbal consent is somehow the sexiest thing anybody’s said so far in this tryst. “If at any point you want me to stop, or you want Comet to stop, you only need to tell us.”

Comet’s hand lands on her lower belly, his thumb slipping under the hem of her top. “Can we see you, love?”

She pulls back and measures his face, one hand coming down to catch the side of mine and do the same. “Don’t make me regret trusting you.”

She takes her own sweater off, then her soft cotton bra, and the flesh on display is impossible to resist. Comet and I both take a breast, getting lost in their softness. They’re maybe half the size of my head, maybe more, and they’re so fucking *fun*.

“These are incredible,” Comet whispers against her skin. “I wonder how sensitive we can make them?”

I follow his lead, sucking on one nipple and alternately biting down on it. Each time I repeat the cycle she’s whimpering louder, her hips undulating into nothing.

“Please, somebody touch me.”

I find the button on her pants, making sure she’s following where my hands are going. “Can these come off sweetness?”

“Please, yes, get rid of them. They’re so constricting.”

I rid her of them gladly, pulling them off her legs so she’s left in a pair of cotton panties that say, “don’t open until Christmas,” right over the crotch. “I’m definitely not waiting that long,” I murmur. Her scent is even more intense without the cotton covering her legs, but her skin is irritated from the waistband. I kiss along it, licking to soothe it. “I don’t want you wearing anything that does this to your skin. You’re too precious.”

“We can talk about the absurdity of shopping for plus size jeans later. I’m soaked and dying to see what it feels like to have

two of you touching me in different places.”

“*Fuck* these panties are adorable. I have a weakness for boy shorts on this ass,” I say, reaching under her to grab said ass. It, too, is soft and pliable, large, and absolute perfection.

“I wear Christmas panties year-round...it’s all I own.”

“You were fucking made for us,” Comet growls before taking her mouth again.

“Remember, you tell us to stop, and we will.”

“If I don’t want something, you won’t do it. Got it. Now will you get these off me? It feels wrong to have any part of me covered when your hands are all over me like this.”

I pull the panties down and inhale her scent, nearly coming in my pants. Her pomegranate-clove scent has a darker, richer texture to it with no barriers, a creaminess like vanilla hiding in the background. With my hands in place, I dive in headfirst, ready to try to wake up more of my brothers.



## Eleven

### *Comet*

“Why do you all taste of peppermint? Every kiss.”

“Magical creatures, remember? It has something to do with the mate magic, it makes us taste appealing to you to encourage us to complete the bond.”

“Will that wear off then, once we do?”

I catch it before she does, smiling like a jackass as I nuzzle her neck. “Getting more confident in keeping us, I see.”

“Hard to think otherwise in the dark of the night with a—fuck!”

“I’ll finish that sentence for you while you come apart. You were going to say it’s hard to think otherwise when Puck’s tongue is in your pretty pussy but that, it’s undeniable how incredible of a life we could have?”

She nods even as her mouth drops open on a silent scream, no air flowing in or out of her. I glance down to Puck, watching her coating his face in her slick. Lucky asshole. He looks like he’s clamped onto her clit, thrashing his head back and forth.

“You’ll see tomorrow that it’s more than just sex between us, we want to be your whole world.”

“What else tastes like peppermint? If you tell me your cock tastes like a candy cane I’m going to scream.”

“You want to lick it and find out? And to answer your question, our flavor won’t fade if we do complete the mating bond. It might morph if your tastes change, or intensify the longer we’re together, but that’s it.”

Her head turns sideways, searching. “I want to lick it. I want to feel you in my mouth.”

I start palming myself, wondering how the hell I’m going to last. She doesn’t seem overly comfortable talking about sex, but with this many mates, she will be soon.

My cock is granite in my palm, pre-cum leaking out the top of it in an attempt to get to her. “I think you can get a little more creative than that. No need to be shy.”

She eyes my hand, staring at where it’s disappeared behind my belt. “I can be creative.”

I can’t believe she’s making me smile this much, making me so damned happy this soon. “Let’s hear it then, love. Tell me in detail what you want to do to me, and maybe I’ll let you.”

I look over in time to see Puck plunging two thick fingers inside her, making her call out. Vixen sits up and rubs his eyes, and it’s comical how big they get when they see a very naked Clara right next to him. “Shit, you let me sleep through all this? I’m getting you back for that.” He immediately kisses her sweetly, then gets busy playing with her breasts, having the time of his life even though he was dead asleep ten seconds ago.

She looks a little unsure now that there's another player on board, so I reassure her. "Don't let him stop the fun. He's more hands to tease you with, more ears to hear the proof of results."

I unbutton my jeans and free myself, hoping to tempt her back into speaking her mind.

"I want...I want you to push against the back of my throat..." she starts.

I get on my knees and crawl closer to her face, staying out of reach. "And then what?"

"I want to feel you sliding over my tongue, gagging me."

"You paint such a pretty picture, love. What happens next?" I crawl even closer, giving her a slight taste. My crown is so engorged and overly ready to engage, and she actually whimpers when I hit her tongue.

Emboldened by my offering, she finishes her scene. "I want to feel you lose control, I want you to come undone and fuck my face like you would my cunt. I want to feel you pulse and explode, your hands holding my head in place like you own me. I want to swallow you down so you're with me for hours after."

How the fuck would I turn that down?

"What the hell did you do to our sweet little mate? She's filthier than Blitzen right now!"

"That might be true if our boy Puck wasn't doing such a fantastic job of licking her clean. How's it going down there, man?"

He lifts his head up just enough so he can make brief eye contact with Clara, holding her eyes captive as he licks one long stripe through her. "She tastes like Christmas cider. I reckon I can get her to come again though, can't I, baby?"

"Fingers. I want the fingers again."

He's inside her in the blink of an eye, three fingers stretching her out this time. She opens her mouth and squeezes her eyes shut, enjoying the sensation. I take advantage of her position, sliding inside her mouth.

“Fuck, it does taste like a candy cane. I was ready to swear off dicks after everything happened back home, now I’m ready to take up a crusade and fight for the right to access them. But only these ones,” she back pedals quickly.

“Good girl,” I growl, shutting her up with my cock. She gags around me but doesn’t pull away. She takes me so beautifully.

It’s not long before Puck’s fingers turn into him full-on fucking her, sliding home with a strangled cry. Being a part of this feast is changing me. I knew finding our mate would come with a whole new host of exciting things to try, but I never realized how kinky you could get just by adding in more hands and body parts.

And even as we sit here and alternate which one of us is pumping into her when, and I’m fighting with my body not to come immediately, I still feel a bit of the mating bond trying to sink deeper into us. We can’t fully claim her without the intent behind it, but this is definitely making me feel like I have something precious entrusted to me right now.

It might be just her mouth that I’m sliding in and out of, but my entire soul is trying to merge with hers, to latch on so she’ll never want to run.

Then her eyes flash up to me as I guide myself in and out of her, and I can tell she feels it too. This goes beyond sex. The few days we’ve known each other now feel so much greater, so much more important.

I can feel my priorities shifting even more, wanting to do everything in my power to take care of this woman and make sure she’s incandescently happy at all times. I need her to accept us, because it’s already too late for me— if she were to walk away now, I’d never recover.



## Twelve

### *Clara*

I sleep in late, but nobody was trying to wake me. There are different sets of arms surrounding me than there was when I finally fell asleep in the early hours, a pouting Blitzen and a Dasher who seems to just be waiting for me to wake up so he can smile at me. That would be creepy if I didn't feel such a supernatural pull to him and didn't know how it feels to need to see his eyes for myself. Something inside me settles at the connection made, the shakiness I remember feeling locked away.

“Don't worry about him, he's just mad that he missed out on all the fun last night.”



Blitzen has his arms crossed and everything, exactly like an overgrown child might behave if you told them they couldn't have ice cream for dessert.

“It wasn't exactly planned.” I have no idea why I'm trying to reassure him.

Dasher blushes a little bit, scooting closer to me so he can kiss me. “Whoever you choose to share yourself with is your business. He'll get over it. Don't feel guilty.”

“I wasn't...”

I look over my shoulder to see Cupid behind me, an arm draped over my hip. “We don't want to embarrass you and make you talk about it, but regardless we're all happy you're forming connections with the group, however deep they may reach.

“We have a big day today; you want to come have breakfast and take a shower? I went and portalled to your place, I wanted to make sure you had things that were familiar and comfortable to wear. I'm sorry if I over stepped—”

“I mean, I was sleeping in your living room, literally on top of and also underneath some of your...um...brothers? I don't think you being thoughtful and getting some clean clothes for me is offensive at all. I actually really appreciate it. I didn't realize I'd be sleeping over when we left for here last night.”

That's definitely not all I did with his brothers, but I feel oddly not concerned with the fact that Cupid was touching my things. There are no alarm bells going off telling me my privacy was compromised, but instead there's a bit of a possessive hue coloring the interaction, making me feel like he belongs with my things, just like I feel oddly comfortable here where his things are.

After using the bathroom and taking a quick shower, I look through the small bag perched on the counter, pulling out another soft Christmas sweater and some thick fur-lined leggings. I'm not sure what they have planned today, but it's guaranteed to be cold. Even if we stick indoors, I can always take the sweater off and just wear the cami I have on underneath it.

There's a full breakfast spread when I finally emerge with damp hair, Dash helping me into my chair as Blitzen fills my plate with fruit and pastries.

"So, what are we doing today? You said there were plans?"

I do a happy dance that those amazing cinnamon rolls from the other day are on my plate once more, this time with the addition of some red and green shimmer sprinkles. Yum.

"Um, fuck. We did have plans, but now I'm thinking we should just wait until next mealtime so we can hear those sounds come out of your mouth again. How the fuck do you make it so sexy to eat a cinnamon roll?"

I pause with my final bite halfway up to my mouth, not even fully aware I was making noises. I normally would feel ashamed for enjoying my food like this, but these guys are doing wonders for my confidence. Blitzen's jaw is tense and there's a little twitch in his neck, and overall, he looks just very...affected.

I put the bite down on the plate, dabbing the corners of my face with a napkin to make sure there's no errant frosting trying to decorate me. "Please don't do that. I want to do whatever you all had planned."

"Maybe we could fit something unplanned into the schedule, then, hmm?" Blitzen says with a wag of his eyebrows. All I can see is him driving into Vixen against that tree, and my whole body instantly heats up at the memory. I want to know what that feels like, to be taken that roughly in such a random place, simply because it was the closest surface.

"Okay, now I can tell you what we're doing because I feel confident that you're thinking dirty thoughts about me," Blitzen says with a self-satisfied smile.

"I would ask what gave it away, but I've learned my lesson."

He grabs my hand and kisses the back of it, making me feel hungry for something entirely different.

"You're going to come watch some... games."

"Games? What kind of games do you play up here? Hockey?"

"It's in that stupid song. You know, how Rudolph never got to play reindeer games? That was one time, concerning his great

grandfather or something. He only got left out because he had a sprained foot, and it got taken way out of context.”

“Right...reindeer games...”

Dasher picks up his soapbox again. “It is a time-honored tradition for Santa’s reindeer to compete in the Games every season a few weeks before Christmas. This year will be different though because we’ll be playing for you favor.”

“How does that work?”

“You get the seat of honor, we compete, and we try to win. You crown the winner with a laurel wreath at the end, and if you’re satisfied with the entertainment, you can also choose to bestow a kiss on us all, signifying that you accept our bid for your hand. It means you know we’re pursuing you, and that you’re okay with it. That is all, it’s not an agreement to be mated.

“If you watch and decide you can’t be a part of the life that we live and want to share with you, you can choose to end the courting by exiting the podium and offering the laurel wreath to someone else so they can place it on the winner.”

“So like, no pressure whatsoever then, right?”

Dasher stands and comes to me, kneeling before me. “It is merely the first step in courtship. You can also agree to be courted in front of everyone and then later change your mind and end it. You just have to do what feels right to you.”

I look at his face that is somehow at nearly the same height as mine is even though he’s kneeling, seeing a myriad of emotions swirl through his eyes. He seems hopeful that I’ll want to agree, but also accepting if that’s not what I want. My heart breaks though at the thought of not having any of these faces to wake up to again, because I’m already so attached somehow.

I know I said I wanted them to prove to me why I should stay, but as odd as a moment as it was to make the decision, when Comet was using my mouth and holding my face so tenderly last night, our eyes met, and I could see a whole future with them spinning forward.

At this point, I'm looking for a reason *not* to stay, because I'm not an impulsive person, this just isn't me. I never make decisions this quickly, especially not ones that affect the entirety of the rest of my life. I believed them when they told me that once done, the mating was for life. Somehow, that doesn't scare me though.

Warmth pulses through me as I look at the other hopeful guys at the table with me, a dancing mirth in my chest that is fucking ecstatic to have found who I was always meant to find. I guess when it's right, making decisions comes easily.

I don't want to tell them yet that I'm very nearly all in, because voicing it feels scarier than knowing it, and I'm not quite that brave yet.

“Let's go watch some reindeer games, then.”

Dash kisses like he acts and speaks- with a politeness that somehow infers dirty things. He's so sure in the way he kisses me that I have to question how long we've been doing this. It almost feels like he's been kissing me this way forever.

After being pinned to another wall under three separate boughs of mistletoe by Blitz, and then one more time by Cupid, I finally make it outdoors to a stadium, which is where the rest of the guys disappeared to this morning apparently.

I'm shown to what I'm sure could be qualified as a throne in at least ninety percent of the fairy tales I've read. It's got faux furs draped all over it so it's warm and cozy, and then there is a basket full of blankets next to me as well to drape over myself, which I eagerly dive into.

The boys keep passing me off so they can warm up and get things set up, but then eventually Rudy leads a few elves over, and they bow low to me before introducing themselves.

“It is such an honor to be chosen to be your companions today. I am Trixie, and this is Elara.”

“Please, ask them for anything you want. They love to help others, and they had to compete amongst themselves late last night to be chosen for the honor of being your personal companions. You would make their day by allowing them to do anything at all for you.”

“Oh, that’s...quite nice of you both. I’m Clara, it’s so nice to meet you.”

“It’s all just so romantic and exciting, having you here. Elves don’t marry or fall in love, but we do love a good story. We are all so anxious to see how yours will end!”

Rudy kisses me on the cheek before jogging off, joining all the other guys in a lineup that looks similar to a racetrack.

“Would you like something hot to drink, to warm you up? Our machine can make anything you wish- coffee, tea, hot chocolate...just name it.”

“Can it really? The magic up here is incredible. I’m not sure why I’m not freaking out about all these changes, or why I hardly blink an eye when I’m reminded how real it is.”

Trixie, the elf with pale purple hair, smiles warmly at me. “It’s because you’re their mate. Your heart must have known what you were destined for, that’s why this transition isn’t feeling so shocking.”

“That must be it,” I agree, and I find that I actually mean the words. I can almost feel the magic that surrounds this place trying to embrace me. It’s comforting.

“You look like you’d enjoy a cup of earl grey tea. May I?”

“That’s...oddly enough my favorite. That would be wonderful, thank you. I don’t suppose you two know what I can expect from these games, do you?”

“The first event is a shifting race,” Elara the pale greened hair elf tells me. “They must start when the horn goes off in their human forms, and then when they hit that marker up there, they have to shift and get skyborne as fast as possible. Then they fly up to the bells on the platform way up there and retrieve one and fly it back down and change back at the second marker, returning to the finish line as humans once more.”

Now the shock sets in. I haven’t seen them shift yet, it’s all a theoretical knowledge at this point. I find that I can’t quite move and that my eyes are riveted to the line of shirtless men in the arctic air, afraid I’ll miss something vital if I blink.

“It may be unsettling I suppose, to see men you’ve begun to get close with change forms. That is normal, and understandable. This is a way to sort of expose you to their gift, to acclimate you so you understand what they are. As well as show off their prowess,” Trixie tacks on with a giggle.

And then the horn sounds and they do exactly as the elves just described. Men one minute, all out racing towards a line on the ground, then their bodies fluidly transform as they continue to propel themselves forward, covering impossible distances while I try to keep my breaths flowing into my body.

They’re absolutely beautiful. Thick grey and white fur, antlers that I’m pretty sure wouldn’t still be on this late in the season if they were ordinary reindeer males, and then they do something even *more* impossible; they begin to float.

Their legs kick through the air the way I’d expect a mermaid to propel themselves through water. Their breaths are visible in the frigid temperatures as they push themselves higher and higher.

I can’t tell who is who when they’re in these forms because I’d have to see them closer to study their features, but I feel like I’m a part of something *huge* at the moment.

One by one, bells are plucked from the platform where they’re dangling, then the guys fall to the ground elegantly and with little impact, somehow cushioning the land so they’re uninjured. The next instant they’re off once more towards the finish line, the second line in the ground telling them to switch to their other forms, which comes just as quickly as the last transformation did.

I’m so amazed by what their bodies just did that it takes me a minute to realize every single one of them are nude.

The tea I’m holding is suddenly quite hot, and I don’t know if it’s better etiquette to look away from the giant dangling dicks, or to ogle them like the mate I supposedly am.

They all allow themselves a few extra feet to slow down their momentum, and then one by one their eyes find me in my enormous chair, a moment of truth waiting to be had.

I find I'm shaking, because seeing them look to *me* after racing like that makes me feel...important. I feel important to them, and my smile must convey that. They all let out a relieved breath, tension falling from their shoulders as I smile down to them, letting them know it wasn't enough to freak me out and send me running.



## Thirteen

### *Cupid*

I wasn't sure what I'd see from Clara once she watched us all shift, but I was hoping it wouldn't be outright revulsion; what we got was a hell of a lot better.

It's taking everything in me to not rush up to her right this second and pledge myself to her, make some sort of grand gesture and sweep her off her feet; because the way she was looking at us once she decided we weren't freaks? It's everything I've always wanted from a mate; like she was proud and in awe.



Now we're gearing up for the next event, and I'm hoping we got it right.

Working for Santa gives us access to insider perks, such as the workshop that fuels nearly all online shopping experiences. Sure, maybe they're branded differently or say they're from "Amazon", but most of it originates with us, as a concept that can be portalled directly once ordered. It's quite handy, actually.

Once we're all back in our animal forms, we're hitched to the mock sleigh to show Clara how good we are at what we do. The goal is to pull the sleigh full of gifts (that are all for her, of course) up into the air, fly around the perimeter of our magic border that hides us from civilians, then land the sleigh on the platform directly in front of Clara. Bonus points if we won't frighten her in the process.

Part of the challenge was also selecting things we thought she'd enjoy, so when we gathered clothing for her the other day we had a little bit of a snoop to see what sort of things she likes to surround herself with. It was a bit tricky since she travelled with so little but working for the Big Guy means we're pretty much expert gift givers.

Just like before, I can't look at Clara as we take off. I don't want to know what she thinks right before I fly in case seeing proof of who we are is too much for her to handle. I need to make sure I'm doing my part in pulling the sleigh, helping the whole operation to run smoothly.

We all get the sleigh off the ground no problem, making the circle with ease as we lean into the turns and regulate our breathing. This is nothing, just a mere sprint compared to what we'll do in a few weeks, but it still feels good to stretch these muscles and feel the weight of the sleigh behind us.

This is what we were born to do, and every time we get hitched up like this, magic happens. We're able to communicate a little like this so that flying goes smoothly, the magic that makes us a sleigh team working hard to bind us further by granting us the ability to speak into each other's minds.

No one speaks now, though, and I think it's because we're all anticipating Clara's reaction. Will she want to be with men that spend part of their lives as animals? Or is that a concept she

won't be able to embrace as normal? It's hard to imagine that someone that didn't grow up in the community of shifters would willingly want to be a part of it—not when there are options out there that promise a fully human experience.

Maybe she knew, though, that giving in to us would be so much more than it would with anyone else, because of how perfectly we all fit with her.

No one could appreciate her like we do, not when it's ingrained in us from such a young age how much we should revere our mates, that they're a gift that is unequaled by anything else.

We make the landing, smooth as always, and I know our speed caught Clara by surprise. We weren't nearly at full throttle, but to her human eyes, it would have looked as if we just took off, and now we're landing in front of her.

We wait for Rudy to shift back and step out of the reins, grabbing a robe from the front of the sleigh before helping us all into one as well as we do the same.

"These are yours, and we know it's early for Christmas gifts, but you get special privileges since you're our mate. First official gifts of Christmas," Rudy tells her, handing one over.

"All of them? What? I don't—"

"Yes, all of them. Consider it a courting gift."

"But I don't...what?" She looks around the pile in alarm, her eyes widening more and more as we remove them from the sleigh and begin to stack them next to her.

"You don't have to open them all now, they'll be brought to our room later. Just open this one for now, and then a little every day if you like."

"A little at a time...yes...I suppose...are you all crazy?"

I laugh because she seems genuinely surprised anyone would want to give her this many gifts. I step closer to her, scrubbing a hand through my scruff to hide my insecurities. I've never tried to woo a woman before, so I'm just running off instincts right now.

“If you’re concerned about cost, don’t be. Courting gifts are covered as part of our gig as Santa’s reindeer, which I only mention because you look as if you’re about to insist on taking some of them back. Which we can’t do because they were all retrieved specifically for you. There is no giving them back, unless you want to find people to shove them off to instead, because we chose each and every one with care. We really would like you to have them, because if you choose us, if you choose to stay here, we really want you to be comfortable and to have your own things.

“We want to make you ours, and you should have anything you possibly want or need. No questions asked. You have no idea what it means to us that we’ve found you, showering you with gifts is only a minor token of our heartfelt affection in having found you.”

She blinks a few times before kissing me on the cheek, apparently deciding to take me at face value.

“I was raised to be polite, and I’m not going to be ungracious about gifts...but this is...a lot. Okay, I can do this. Let’s just...” she tears into the one Rudy put into her hands, pulling out a comfy jersey hoodie with all of Santa’s reindeer’s faces, the cartoon versions, with their names printed across the front in a cheesy font. It’s silly, but it’s sort of a tongue-in-cheek way of marking her.

“Oh my god. This is happening right the hell now.” She slips it right over her current sweater, the current below zero temperatures necessitating as many layers as she can manage.

“I know this is a bit silly, but I really do love it. Thank you, all of you. I’m starting to feel like you actually want me here.”

Fuck. That.

I leap toward her, pushing her over into the sleigh. I don’t care who can see, this woman needs to know *right now* how serious we are about her.

I catch her off guard, which is excellent, because that means she’s too startled to put up a fight. She lands on her back on the cushioned bench of the sleigh, just as I intended, and then she’s

all I can see or smell or feel as I climb right on top of her, using the wide bench as a support.

“Whoever made you feel unwanted should be taught a lesson. The way you make us feel, just by being nearby? It’s unlike anything else I’ve ever felt before.” I kiss her then, putting everything I have into it.

Clara’s legs part easily, like she’s unable to prevent access to her sweet body. I hold myself above her, taking her lips and using them until they know the exact strength and feel of mine. I slide my tongue against them, instantly addicted to her sweetness.

She whimpers, hands uselessly clawing at the robe I’m wearing that’s doing very little to hide the enormous erection I’m currently working on, and I don’t stop kissing her until we’re both entirely breathless and in danger of giving the nearby elves a sex ed lesson they never asked for.

“We want you. Now, tomorrow, always. The ball is in your court.”

I slide off, somehow pulling off acting like she didn’t just tilt my universe on its axis, helping her up to a sitting position. I sink to my knees in front of her, grabbing her hands and putting them to my chest, right above my heart.

“This beats for you. The gifts are nice, but this is what you’ll be agreeing to if you tell us yes. All of us, every day, kissing you, touching you, while giving you whatever space you need to grow. You’ll never be lonely, you’ll hopefully never be sad, and you’ll have nine instant new best friends ready to hear whatever it is you have to say.”

She’s speechless, staring down at me with watery eyes. Then, I get an idea.

Reaching under the bench in what’s basically a sled glove box, I grab a permanent marker, find the reindeer on her new hoodie that has my name, and I sign it. If I have to grope her in the process because my face is directly centered over her right breast, that is so not my fault.



## Fourteen

*Clara*

“What. Was. That?”

I know I’m speaking to myself, but holy shit am I turned on right now.

I have never, not once, been manhandled in such a way. The way he just pounced on me? Oh, mama. Definitely making the rest of them sign this sweatshirt now that Cupid started it. That has me letting my mind wander to dirtier places, such as how it might feel to have all their hands on me with less clothing on. Or no clothing at all.

Could I really feel comfortable in front of them, nude? I normally prefer sexy times to happen in mostly dark spaces because I've never felt truly good about my body, but they make me feel like nothing matters but how we might connect.

I have to fan myself I'm so worked up, despite the frigid temperature. After Cupid pulled me back out of the sleigh, a few of them groped my ass as they walked by, winking at me, and blowing kisses before getting ready for the next event.

I don't know how in the hell I'm going to keep up with this many men, but fuck do I want to try.

I flash back to after the grocery store, how Dasher was able to just hoist me up like I was a bouquet of flowers or something, carrying me with ease to my car. These aren't regular men, and I need to remember that.

An easy lesson to remember when they're currently standing in groups, battling in various circles that have been painted onto the snow.

Every single one of them has done some sort of magical partial shift, sprouting enormous antlers that holy shit do I want to yank on and use as handlebars.

Deciding to put my apparent erotic love of anything non-human that I wasn't aware I possessed on hold, I watch as the men step into the circles and begin to wrestle. It's not violent or overly serious, they almost look like they're shit talking each other and enjoying it. The way they all interact with each other is sweet. I love that they're as close as they are, that if I'm with them I won't have to worry about hurt feelings or jealousy amongst them.

Anytime one shows me attention, he only gets egged on or one-upped, and no one has made me feel as if I was doing something wrong by kissing one in front of the other.

I wonder how far that extends?

My thoughts are spiraling to a dirty place fast. Surely it has nothing to do with the shirtless men with ripped muscles that are rolling around with each other in the snow, and nothing to do with the fact that most of them keep flashing fiery smiles up at me, determined to make me soak through my panties.

It *might* have something to do with the silicone dildo I just happened to peek at inside a gift bag that looks an awful like a reindeer with a red nose. Well. I guess they never said they were *chaste* gifts. What else will I find?

I find myself itching to open more now that I've found something dirty, but I can hold off until later.

The elves that have been hanging out with me all day seem completely un-phased by all this romance in the air, looking just as perky and fresh as they did when I arrived. "You said you don't fall in love or marry? How does that work? I'm sorry if that's an inappropriate question."

"Not at all," Elara says. "We love sharing our culture with friends. We are created magically in a chamber in the mountain, surrounded by crystals. We were luckily able to transport that as well when they moved the entire village here so many years ago, because that's the magic that fuels us.

"We are all more or less siblings and are all close. We are unable to feel many human emotions such as jealousy or anger, but instead we thrive on service and community. We have no need to fall in love, because that need to be part of something is already fulfilled by our family life."

"Huh. You must find it pretty strange then, this whole mating thing?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, we find it so exciting! We love love, love stories, and this feels as if we are all experiencing one for ourselves. To witness Santa's team finding their forever partner, watching you all get to know each other and test limits, it's so sweet. We truly want this to work out for everyone, we just want everyone to be happy."

It's odd. Humans are not this self-sacrificing, this selfless. It's...refreshing.

"I think I would like living here. I don't know what there wouldn't be to like, assuming the cold doesn't deter me."

And it *was* cold. Every breath sort of felt like tiny razor blades scraping through me, though the tea and blankets helped. I'm pretty sure the throne I'm on is heated as well.

My eyes are still stuck to the shirtless men as I finish my conversation with the elves, just in time for a bell to be rung and the men to move circles. It seems the winners are matching up, and I watch with bated breath as the whole thing starts again.

The men that are removed from the games are the ones that got pushed out of their circles, heading to a stage area to sit and wait. And stare at me; some of them lean forward, as if they need to be as close to me as possible even though there's an entire battleground between us.

My eyes are torn between the men wrestling shirtless that look sweaty, even though the temperatures out here are below freezing, and the men without shirts with nothing better to do than stare at me and psychically plant filthy images in my head.

Blitzen is the worst. General consensus is that he's sex mad, but I don't hate him for it. He keeps licking his lip as I try to avoid his gaze, in a way that should be gross and cringey but isn't at all.

When Vixen sits beside him he wags his eyebrows at me, rearranging the robe he's wearing to frame his dick better. Can we talk about how inappropriate this is? Why am I so into it?

Trying to stay focused on the guys still going at it...while wishing they were going at me...I squirm in my seat until the final wrestler pushes his competitor out of the ring. Donner looks neither smug nor surprised at his victory, helping Rudy up from where he was pushed over, then they talk to each other like him winning changed nothing. It's such a change from the toxic atmosphere that is normal human men, most often.

When all the guys are finally on the stage they stand, sinking to one knee as... "Holy shit, is that him?"

Elara and Trixie giggle, apparently amused by my spluttering. "Yes, that's Santa."

"Wow. He is...surprisingly attractive."

"He likes to perpetuate the image of him as round and white haired because it helps his true visage blend in more. You should see the Mrs. She is just as lovely to look at. They really are the best people we've known."



Santa, apparently going by Nick as the elves inform me, has nothing but smiles as he congratulates the reindeer on the wrap up of the games, slapping them on the back like they're all buddies.

Then, he turns to me and gives me the same smile.

Donner jogs over and jumps over the gate, springing up the steps to get to me. He pulls me into his arms, kisses me and manages to swing me around, effused with joy. "Winner gets a kiss, no?"

I wrap my arms around his neck, knowing for sure that I have to stay. He smells like another sort of Christmas candle, fresh evergreen with some spicy pepper notes, his arms feeling like home.

"If you say so. Nobody got hurt, right?"

"Not at all. We don't go that hard, we have to be pretty careful with our bodies during December so we're all in top shape for the big flight."

"Right...for the trip around the world...how could I forget?"

Donner laughs, warming me up further. "You're really cute when you realize how different our lives are than yours. I know this is all so crazy for you, but you're handling it so well."

"Am I? I feel like I'm hanging on by the seat of my pants."

"Not at all. You want to come meet our boss?"

"You'll stay with me, right? What even is my life right now?"

"Here, take this. Don't let go." He gives me his hand and leads me down, his firm grip keeping me grounded as we near the stage. My legs shake a bit, my body freaking out at the fact I'm about to meet one of the arguably most powerful men in the world. That no one knows exists or not.

"Clara McKinstry. I am so happy to have you in our home."

He holds out a hand for me to shake, which I take, obviously. "Th-thank you for having me, sir."

He bats away the formality, living up to the jolliness I'd expect him to have as he continues to smile. "I've been waiting on this day a long time, Clara. I knew you'd find your way here

somehow, and I knew my boys would be taken with you instantly.”

“You did?”

“Well of course! The council of fates is made up of lots of figureheads, all of us pulling strings to make sure you all find your destiny. I’ve known for a long-time what choice you’d be faced with once you were ready. You couldn’t find more deserving men, or anyone more determined to give you the world.”

I find myself blushing, my heart swelling from the high praise he’s heaping on the guys. “Thank you, we’re still getting to know each other, but—”

“Yes, I know. If this isn’t the lifestyle you want though, you still have my full support, you hear me? They are my family, but you matter just as much. Whatever you decide, you are welcome.”

He says a goodbye to the guys and strolls off to do what is no doubt important Christmastime stuff, and I just don’t know what to do with myself.

“You’re totally fan girling right now, aren’t you?”

I blink at Vixen, who has that constant smirk firmly in place, but I don’t feel like he’s making fun of me. He’s amused. “Absolutely, yes.”

“You ready for the crowning?”

I glance to Dan, looking as relaxed as ever in his red satin robe, his hair still immaculately smoothed back. I have a sudden urge to tug on his red tinted beard, so I do. I give into the feeling before it bubbles out of me and explodes, pulling myself as close as I can and hoping he uses the gentle tug as an encouragement to get closer.

I kiss him, just because I want to. It’s the first I’ve allowed myself to do without reason, and it feels really fucking good. But my decision is made, and that should be celebrated in some way.

“What was that for?” He asks, his hands going to my hips.

“Just felt like it,” I say with a shrug. He keeps his arm around my shoulder as Dash hands me a laurel crown. Donner is seated in a smaller version of the chair I was in, up on a little dais.

As I make my way towards Donner, it feels like I’m walking toward my future. I’m giving him the crown, then kissing every single one of them to tell them I’m accepting their courting proposal.

All of the guys stand with bated breath as I draw closer to Donner, forming a circle around me.

“Clara, this crown symbolizes your desire to pursue things with us further. By gifting it to our champion, Donner, you are accepting your place as our potential mate. You will then seal this with the others with a kiss. If you don’t wish this to happen, now is your chance to hand the wreath to one of the elves so they may crown the victor of this year’s Reindeer Games.”

An elf steps forward, this time with icy blue hair, and I don’t even feel the slightest inclination to use them. This wreath is staying in my hands, so I offer a polite smile and a slight shake of the head, denying their help.

The guys all lean in closer to me, closing in the circle more. I step toward Donner, trying not to shake, not looking away from his eyes as I step up onto the platform.

“I name thee the Victor.”

“Do you accept our courtship?”

I lean forward, placing the crown directly on his head. “I do.”

He snags me around the waist, pulling me onto his lap to kiss me. My lips are a little sensitive and swollen from all the kissing they’ve been doing lately, but each one still feels so individual and so important, by body already knowing the difference between the different mouths I’ve tasted.

I can feel the unique way he applies pressure to my mouth, tugging on my lips in a different way than Blitzen. How he’s firmer with his hands on my waist than Comet, but still just as all-encompassing as any of the others.

“You wish to move forward with courting then?”

I nod, feeling a surge of love wash off of them. The me that thought of running (was it only yesterday?) is completely gone. The woman sitting here now knows without a doubt she can't leave them, that my heart is lost to the nine men that have become an integral part of my soul in just a few short days.

They all hold still I said go around the circle and press a kiss to their mouths, skipping right past their cheek. Having to kiss this many of them in a row is a stark reminder exactly how many men I'm pledging myself to. Every single guy tries to take the kiss further, and I have to give in at least a little bit every time.

This newness is so fresh, so exciting, that it's making the kisses taste so much sweeter. And tasting like peppermint, they were already sweet before.

I love how happy my acceptance makes them, and I can't wait to see what happens next.

I'm about to leave with them when I'm made aware of a gentle red glow that seems to permeate the now dark sky, stopping in my tracks when I realize where it's coming from. "Oh my God. Your dick really does glow."

"Baby, you're playing right into him. He knows you're going to touch it now, just so you can examine it closer."

"Damn right I am. Is this thing for real?"

Instead of looking embarrassed, Rudy owns the hell out of his glowing member, which is not contained by anything save for the red robe that swishes around his legs as he walks.

"How have I not noticed this yet?"

"I wear special undergarments to contain the glow. Which were shredded with the first shift. And then, it only glows when I'm too distracted to control it."

"He means when he's horny. It's awkward as fuck when he lights it on purpose when it's foggy out, but at least we know it happens in other situations, not *just* when he's horny. That would make flying behind him even weirder."

I feel the need to sink to my knees before him, but we're not that close yet. I'm stuck halfway between taking a step toward

him and continuing on the path I was already on, until he steps towards me and says, “You want me to light you up like a Christmas tree later?” And dips me, holding all my weight so he can kiss me. Yikes. I’m a goner.

# The End

Oh my God, I'm totally kidding. I fooled you though, right? Don't worry. I wouldn't let you go without a group session or two, and you're definitely going to see some antler action.

Be honest with me: are you imagining their dicks like giant candy canes right now? I could have gone so much harder- they could have ejaculated glitter. Maybe in the next book I write.



## Fifteen

### *Dasher*

“Where are we going now?”

I glance back at the woman who just decided to officially be courted by us, my breath hitching in my chest at the sight she makes. With her cheeks pink from being outside all day, her smile huge from her seemingly easy acceptance of us, and her festive Christmas garb on, she is a study in perfection.

“Another tradition,” Dan tells her. “Every year, after the Reindeer Games, we spend the night at a cabin that’s isolated from everything else. Another bonding to just relax before the

stress of the season really starts. This time, you get to be part of that bonding,” he says with a wink.

I have to let out a little laugh at the easy way we’re all able to flirt with her, the vibe circling between all of us impossible to replicate. Our team has never been this single minded, never this focused on the same goal. Sure, we always get our job done well, but this time our heart is in it, which means there’s so much more at stake.

“Okay, okay, I can get down with the cabin,” she says. “As long as it’s bigger than the one I’m in.”

I slow down a bit so she can catch up to me, throwing an arm around her shoulder and pulling her close to me. I don’t care that she’s still linking hands with Cupid, she can be both of ours. “We haven’t really asked you, but what do you do for work? Do you have things you need to be doing?”

We’re headed out to the stables, and she looks around in confusion as we all go about casually undressing. There’s a room here where we can leave our things out so that they’ll be undisturbed until we get back.

“Are...” she leaves off, torn between looking at us and closing your eyes.

“You can look,” Donner says. He stretches his arms above his head all languidly, pushing his pelvis ever so slightly forward. The man is stacked, and I’m not sure if waving that around is a point in our direction or away from it.

“You’re hopefully on your way to becoming ours officially,” Donner continues, “so sampling the goods has to be part of your decision, right? Just don’t be surprised when all of us are sporting flagpoles. The look in your eyes is hard to escape.”

“Work?” She says dumbly.

I step behind her, robe still on but exposing a big expanse of my chest. I sweep her shoulder length hair away from her neck, wanting to find that sweet spot where she smells the best. I inhale deep, letting my fingers find their happy place on her hips. “You know, the thing you do to make a living? The way you spend your time and then get paid for it.”



The poor woman is so flustered, but it's fun. I brush my lips along her skin and relish the deep way she sinks further into my hold and the way the breath in her body is offered up to the night.

"...the thing I do." She agrees. She angles her head more, giving me better access. Taking her cues, I press closer, making sure every inch of my chest is plastered to whatever parts of her I can reach.

"Umm, no. I don't have any projects due for a while."

"What sort of work are you in?" Usually the gentleman, but now boundaries being pushed, Dasher steps up to her fully naked. He mirrors the post I've set up, taking the other side of her neck.

"I draw stuff?"

I laugh, amused that she phrased that as a question. "You sure about that?"

"I... yes. I think so. Not that I'm complaining, but why are you all...*you know*. I thought we were going somewhere."

Her hips are wriggling in between us now, and now that I'm the last one with clothes on it's time for me to take them off. Without adding any distance between us, I remove my hands from her hips and unfasten my robe, letting it fall to the ground.

Vixen has a wry grin on as usual, his hair all messy with his hands on his hips, absolutely unashamed that his whole body is saluting her. "Ever heard the phrase 'Save a horse, ride a cowboy?' darling? Well, it's too cold for horses here, but you get the Idea. We're going to fly you up to the cabin."

"Wait. Hold up, what? I'm not... you can't...what?"

"Relax, you know we'll take care of you," Dasher informs her. "It's new, but you won't be in danger at all. We promise."

"You mean, you're going to find a sleigh to put me into, right? Like the one you were pulling earlier?"

"No, there's not a good enough landing strip where we're going. You can strap a saddle on one of us if you want, or else you can just sit."

“But... I can't just sit on your back. I'll break it.”

Donner pushes his way through the other guys, taking his place as winner of the games. “I don't know if I should be insulted or not. Come on, hop up,” he says, turning around and lowering so she can jump onto his back.

“You don't understand. I'm not like other women. You can't just pick me up and toss me around and carry me where I need to go. If it's somehow escaped your notice, I'm on the fluffier side. Why don't you just go and have your night of bonding, and I'll stay here and relax? I don't want to interrupt your tradition.”

“You're not staying here baby. We want you with us. And have you seen the size of the actual sleigh that we pull on Christmas? The one we were with today was just a toy in comparison. We're built to carry that huge sleigh, in addition to the all the gifts that we keep on hand in the sleigh.”

“How does that work?” she asks, trying to get us off topic. “I've always wondered how Santa could carry that many presents at once.”

“Magic portals, remember?” he says. “Back to the other topic. Unless you're somehow insinuating that you weigh more than that, I promise we can handle it. You're not going to hurt us, but if you *don't* climb on willingly, you will be tossed around a bit. Now, are we going to have to toss you on, or are you going to get on willingly?” His face says he's almost hoping it's the former.

He bends down again, and this time she hesitatingly puts her hands on his shoulders, then leans forward to test her balance. Once she's more on him than the ground, he runs with it, standing up and hefting her legs around his hips. Man, I just want to do that. Throw her up against the wall and pin her to it. But you know, with us facing each other 'cause that would be way more fun than what he's got.

She gasps as he lifts her up, scrambling to hold on to his neck. She's a bit over enthusiastic, choking off his airways a bit, which she immediately apologizes for and then says, “Sorry. That scared me.”

“Hold on tight,” he says before turning to walk outside, falling forward into his shift as he does. Before his hands hit the ground they become hooves and she’s firmly centered on his back. The sense of wonderment that sparkles in her eyes is priceless, but he’s not slowing down. He starts his descent, running forward so he can get enough momentum to leap into the air.

We’re all right behind him, making sure that we’re surrounding them in case anything happens. For the first few minutes she’s so terrified that her face is pressed into his scruff, her arms like vice grips around him. Comet nudges her leg with his nose, making her head snap up. Finally, she takes the time to look around.

She gasps loudly, taking in her surroundings.

It really doesn’t take us very long to land then, but even after we do, she stays right where she is. I’ve seen this view so many times, and I imagine that for her it’s completely alien. Sure, she can see the northern lights from where we were closer to town, but out here where there’s nothing but snow and trees? It’s almost like being on a different planet. The sky is alive as the neon lights dance across it, the whole thing feeling incredibly surreal.

“Do you ever get used to this view?” She asks on a whisper.

“Not really,” I tell her, helping her off of Donner’s back. “But let’s get you inside where it’s warm. The whole back of the house has this big, amazing window so we can see the light show from inside where it’s more comfortable.”

We all throw on some sweats and shirts that we keep handy by the door, even though it feels like a missed opportunity to remain naked.

“*This* is your getaway? This looks like a freaking resort.”

“We’re definitely lucky to have it. Why don’t you go look around with a few of the guys and we’ll get dinner started?”

“Is there anything I can help with?”

I lean down and kiss her on the forehead, loving how easy touching her is becoming.

“Just go relax. You’ve been outside all day, get warmed up and cozy. We’ve got it. Don’t worry.”

Rudy, Dan, and Blitzen guide her down the hall, then I go to the kitchen to help Dasher and Cupid with dinner.

Our portal magic is seriously handy, because it means we were able to fully stock this kitchen ahead of time.

As we prepare the big family style meal, I feel like everybody in the kitchen is sort of dancing around the topic at hand. Having Clara as our official mate isn’t a done thing yet; and it’s completely possible she could change her mind. Kind of puts a lot of pressure on us to do everything right, even if that’s not realistic.

By the time the table is set and everyone’s eating, there’s not a whole lot of conversation happening. There’s still lots of little touches between us, smiles exchanged and heat building, but if we don’t bring up the topic, then we can keep hoping for the best outcome, right?

“Thank you for bringing me here. I feel like ever since I’ve met you it’s been a bit of a whirlwind, even though it’s only been a handful of days. Time has never passed so quickly, while at the same time felt like it’s taken so long to get here.”

“Do you really think you could see yourself staying up here, long term? This environment we live in, it’s pretty extreme. There aren’t a lot of places you could live that are farther north. The darkness gets to a lot of people, and the endless light in the summer is also hard to adjust to.”

“It would be naïve of me to say that I can handle it. The truth is I don’t know if I can or not. I won’t know that until I’ve lived it for at least a year or two. I will say though, that I imagine being with people that make you truly happy would have a big positive effect on it. This is also going to sound naïve of me, but if I consider the way that I feel when I’m with any of you, I can’t imagine there’s much that I could surround myself with that would diminish that feeling.

“This crazy pull that you guys described to me, it’s pretty all-encompassing. I feel like I could truly walk away if I actually wanted to, but I also know I’ve been waiting my whole life to

feel this way about anybody. I know you meant to scare me when you said that once I accepted and it was a done deal, that there was no going back, that it was a life decision; but that almost makes this easier for me. If you truly do mate for life, or whatever it is you said, then maybe I don't have to worry so much about one of you being duped by my prettier younger sister or finding someone that suits you better. I might actually be able to relax into the relationship and enjoy myself, so we can build something healthy."

"Most shifters mate for life. Once they find they're mate, they're anatomically unable to cheat. Sure, they could *mentally*, or they could *choose* to leave their partner, but in the entire community, being rejected is such a small occurrence that there's not even a parameter set for it. Being shifters means that our animals are at the heart of everything we do; we are ruled by our beasts' instincts. And our beast wants nothing more than to cherish and protect our mate always. If you choose us, we can promise you that nobody else will exist for us. Even if you don't choose us, nobody else will exist. You're the only mate we'll ever get, and we would never stop mourning you if you chose to build a life elsewhere.

"And I'm not saying that to pressure you," Prancer keeps explaining, "but rather, I'm attempting to explain to you how deep this connection runs. It will probably take a while for you to truly grasp, but I suppose time is all you'll need to believe us. We can talk at you all night and tell you all the things you want to hear and all the things we want you to hear, but at some point, you'll have to take a leap of faith and just live it."

"I don't need any more time though," she tells us unwaveringly. "I've been trying to think of a way to describe the emotions running through my body all day, watching you all perform and compete. I've obviously never been a part of anything like this in my life, and it definitely feels like I just traveled to a different plane of existence.

"It might take me a while to come to terms with the fact that there's a whole other world living parallel to the one I thought I lived in, but I don't need time to come to terms with the fact that I know how I feel about all of you, and I know what I need to do."

“You... do?” I ask quietly, bracing myself, wondering how this is going to fall. Whatever she’s about to say could make or break the rest of our life.

She sits up a little bit straighter, pushing her finished plate away from her. “All my life, I’ve had a hard time making decisions. I will deliberate over decisions of any type until I’m blue in the face and can’t possibly consider another option. And for as long as that’s been my mode of operation, all I have to show for it is an unfulfilling life that I had to run away from.

“For once, I feel alive. I feel like everything I’ve ever missed out on is within my grasp, and that’s thanks to the nine of you. You make me feel like I might be somebody special, like I could deserve everything you want to offer me. For once, I’m not worried about other people, I’m thinking about myself and what I want. I don’t care how this affects other people; all I care about is that at the end of the day I have made the decision that makes me rest easy at night.”

Everything she’s saying could go either way. I imagine this speech could easily end with ‘which is why I’ve decided to move back home’, or ‘why I’ve decided that I’m better off without you, without the complications that being with this many people entails. But instead, she makes eye contact with each and every one of us in turn, and without hesitation says, “I want to be your mate.”



## Sixteen

### *Vixen*

“I fucking knew it!”

Do I care that the entire table is staring at me like I’ve lost my mind? Not at all. Because Clara just agreed to become my mate. Mine.

I launch myself at her, unable or unwilling to wait any longer. “It was the semi-naked wrestling that sealed our fate, wasn’t it? You know, we could easily replicate that out back.”

She laughs and wraps her arms around my shoulders, holding on to me tightly as I lean over her. I’m ready to steal her upstairs to the bedroom so we can make everything official. The others

can come along if they want or not; at this point all I care about is making her mine.

I stand up and kiss her properly, threading my fingers through her hair and securing her face to mine. I start backing her up, walking her across the living room and down the hall, only stopping when we get to the staircase.

“Excuse you!” Blitzen yells, no doubt storming after us. “You can’t just run off with the merchandise!”

“*Merchandise* did you just say?”

He drops to his knees in front of her, putting his face right in front of the promised land. “If I lick it, I have to buy it, right?”

The guy is ridiculous. But Clara definitely isn’t hating that suggestion. “I’m actually a human being, not merchandise, but —”

We hear the other guys storming towards us now that they’ve re-gained their composure. Vixen and I make an instant joint decision. Each of us grabs half of the girl, carrying her up the stairs, easily, to the bedroom.

We get her into the bedroom and throw the lock on the door. “That won’t stop them for long,” Vixen tells her, “so we better make the most of this time we have together.”

She only looks at the locked door for a few seconds before she gets with the program, her eyes glazing over as she looks at me and Vixen. “I can’t get the picture out of my head of both of you both together. The way you pinned him to the tree, the way you just took him...”

I prowl toward her, feeling way more predatory than I have a right to as a reindeer shifter. “Is that what you want, pet? You want me to bend you over and take you roughly? Show you who you’re giving this pretty pussy to?”

Her knees wobble as she backs into Vixen, letting him keep her upright. “Is that wrong? For me to *want* to be treated like that?”

I whip off my shirt, gripping myself through my pants. “It would only be wrong if we treated you that way and you didn’t like it. We’re about to teach you all kinds of things about being



mated to nine men. You first lesson starts now; whatever kink you think you want to explore is our greatest wish to grant. I want you in absolutely any way you want to give yourself to me.”

“Then y-yes. I want you to bend me over and fuck me like you fucked Vixen.”

I growl, my cock tingling with anticipation. “I need you naked. Now.”

Vixen slides his hands all over her as she de-robes, maintaining eye contact with me the entire time. The look in her eyes tells me this is a test- she wants me to prove to her how attracted to her I am, that I find her body pleasing. She’s looking for me to flinch or do something to that resembles the way she’s been treated in the past- which isn’t fucking happening.

“You’re so fucking pretty, baby. Just like this. Nothing on, your arousal thickening the air around us, high on thoughts of what we’re about to do to you. Do we need to ask about birth control?”

“I have to take it to regulate my cycles, so I’m good.”

“Thank fuck. Now, you’re going to follow Vixen to the bed, where he’s going to sit. You’re going to pull out his cock, and you’re going to suck him good, and then I’m going to fuck him further down your throat from behind you.”

She whimpers, floating towards the bed in an almost dream-like state, spinning to Vixen with an adorable amount of shy trepidation painting her features. “Are you okay with this?”

He barks out a laugh before stripping naked, roughly grabbing her breasts, and pulling her on top of him onto the bed. “You’re about to touch me, right? Yeah, I’d say I’m okay with that.”

I watch them kiss, going at it until she relaxes once more. In this position, she’s opened herself up beautifully to me, and I can see her beginning to drip arousal already. She looks fucking amazing.

“So pink and inviting. Put your mouth on him and I’ll give you everything you need.”

“I’m going to fuck these later,” Vixen tells her as he thrusts into her breasts, before threading a hand through her hair and guiding her to his cock. He stands tall and hard, looking as painfully erect as I am.

I don’t know what level of experience Clara has with giving head, but the way her mouth sinks onto Vixen has him making his ‘O’ face near instantly. “Fuck. This might not have been the best idea, there’s no way in hell I’m lasting more than a few minutes.”

“Do what you need to do, I’ll make sure she’s taken care of.”

Vixen looks at me over the bent form of our mate, his eyes devouring everything that’s happening between us. I tease Clara with two fingers, easing inside and making sure she’s ready for me.

When she immediately bucks back and tries to swallow my hand whole, I quickly give up that endeavor and rub the slick I gathered onto myself, wanting to make this as comfortable as possible for her.

She widens her legs when she feels me nudging her entrance, hips wiggling in anticipation. She stops moving for a moment while I find my way in, giving her tiny little thrusts to get her body used to me being inside of her.

When she starts making little mewling noises I nearly lose it. She pushes herself all the way onto me, taking me by surprise. I watch her mouth pull off of Vixen completely, a trail of drool connecting them while her face illustrates exactly what me being inside of her feels like.

Instead of forcing her back down, Vixen goes with it, stroking himself as I begin to pound into her exactly like she asked for. With every thrust, the bed rocks against the wall, telling everybody listening in at the door exactly what we’re doing. I love how smug that makes me feel, that I’m in here fucking our mate while they have to sit outside and wait. It won’t always be this way, so I’m going to enjoy it while I can.

“Fuck. These hips are the greatest things I’ve ever held onto, baby. You have no idea how obscene the sight of me sinking inside of you over and over again looks. You’re squeezing me so

tight, aren't you? You trying to make me come as fast as Vixen wants to?"

I nod towards her, and Vixen takes the cue, using one of his hands to reach forward and massage her clit, making her grip me even tighter while I hiss out a breath.

"You like that? You like your mate just fucking taking what he wants from you? You going to scream for us and tell all our brothers how good we're making you feel?"

"It's so good...so...ah!"

At her first guttural scream, Vixen explodes all over her face. That's when I use the mirror above the bed, getting an eyeful of how she looks painted in cum. Like a fucking sex goddess that has the powers to command all nine of us to do her bidding.

Being covered in his spend doesn't slow her down in the slightest, but instead seems to push her higher. She starts pushing against me harder, telling me she wants me deeper and faster. "Hold on baby, I'm about to take you on a ride."

Vixen dives down and starts sucking on her nipples, and that seems to be the last thing she needs to fall apart. With the image of her face covered in Vixen, of Vixen tonguing her nipples and grabbing handfuls of warm skin, I fuck her like I want to break her.

Her voice goes silent right before I feel the first contractions, then let out a wild cry before tapping out all my reserves, letting my dick explode inside of her through her own orgasm.

When I finally stop spurting inside her, I'm half afraid to pull out in case the top of my dick blew off with that orgasm. "Fuck, baby. Your pussy just tried to eat the top of my dick, I'm sure of it. Holy shit you feel amazing."

"Open the damn door, dickheads!"

"You can't see me right now because I'm balls deep in our mate, but I'm flipping all of you off," I tell them, doing just that.

"You like calling me your mate?" She asks, somehow still finding a bit of shyness to lay on.

I flex inside of her again, refusing to let my boner die down. "Does it *feel* like I enjoy calling you that?"

“Valid point,” she replies breathlessly.

The door finally opens then, and I’m guessing its’ because someone went to retrieve the key to it we had hidden downstairs. They don’t get too far into the room before they stop, freezing in their tracks at the sight the three of us make up.

“Welcome, boys. Kindly take a number.”

Donner smacks me on the side of the head, immediately going into the bathroom to retrieve a washcloth.

Once her face is clear again, I finally find the strength to separate from her, pressing kisses up and down her spine in the process.



## Seventeen

### *Dancer*

“How are you feeling sweetheart?”

I gently coax her away from the now completely useless Blitzen and Vixen, leaving them to fend for themselves. Our girl is walking on shaky legs, so I wrap an arm around her waist and guide her to the bathroom.

“That was...that was incredible. Am I allowed to tell you that?”

I guide her into the shower, warming it up for her and removing my own clothes in the process. “Of course. You can always tell me anything.”

“Right. This dynamic is strange to me. Do you...have you all shared women before? Is that why this comes easy to you?”

“No, never. Sharing a woman is sacred. It’s only you.”

She perks up a little at that, letting me shampoo the reindeer spunk out of her hair.

“Were they too rough? The two of them get a little out of hand sometimes.”

“I...asked for it. I enjoyed it.” She bites her lip, as if nervous to hear my reaction to that statement.

“That’s all we ever want for you, for you to be happy and enjoy yourself. This heat should help with the soreness.”

I massage the spicy soap we use into her skin, giving her all the aftercare she deserves. When the water shuts off, Donner and Rudy are there with a glass of water and a towel, putting our team work to the best use it’s capable of.

Once the other two are cleaned up and Clara has had time to relax in bed a bit, we all find a spot on the enormous mattress we arranged for when we met her in hopes it would end like this.

“Are you all angry that I went off with them and locked you out?”

Prancer is the first to reassure her, his sensitivity the best option for this kind of question. “We only were pounding on the door because we needed to see for ourselves you were okay. We trust them, but now that you’ve told us you want to be ours, we’re all going to need to be near you until we complete the bond. Once that’s settled, our neurosis should calm a bit.”

“How do we do that?”

“Are you serious about wanting to form the bond with us, about keeping us?” I scoot closer to her, unable to sit near her and not touch.

“It’s crazy, right? That I could make that kind of decision after only a few days...but this is what feels right.”

I kick my legs out around her so she’s sitting between them, then my arms are able to wrap around her and I’m able to

completely encompass her. “Like actual reindeer might do, we have to compete to be the first one to bond with you. Even though we’re shifters, our inner animal needs that hierarchy to feel confident in our place.

“The games served that purpose, and you crowning Donner is proof of your approval. If you are feeling more in-tune with somebody else though, you choose who you want to start with. Your choice trumps anything we decide.”

Her head turns towards Donner, who is sitting across the bed from her, his eyes locked on her. For as relaxed as she might look, I can tell he’s actually incredibly tense; being the first to bond is a huge responsibility, but also a huge boon.

“I don’t want to mess with the way you do things, and it doesn’t matter to me who goes first— I want all of you, and I look forward to making you mine, one by one.”

I feel the truth in her words, the way she squeezes my hand as she says them further encouragement that she’s looking forward to being with us.

“So since the fight for first is over, the next thing we have to do is to ask you officially to be our mate. We’ll stand in a circle so you can see everyone, but again, mimicking the natural reindeer, you can’t say yes right away.”

“That doesn’t make sense. Why can’t I?”

“Because,” I try and explain, “you have to make sure we’re worthy of you. We’ll ask you, and the first time you will say you aren’t sure yet, that you need us to prove we’re worthy. Or something like that, whatever words feel natural.

“We’ll undress you, surround you and touch you, so you can feel who you’re pledging yourself to and what kind of relationship we’re going to have. Then we’ll ask you again, when you’re vulnerable, but you still can’t say yes. You should be in the moment, feeling our hands as they ease you and caress you all over, and with whatever words feel the best to you, you will tell us that you’re not sure that we’ll be a strong unit.

“We’ll simulate the fight we held earlier, with Donner coming forward as we speak words that will start getting the magic

involved, which will help ease any soreness or discomfort you might feel during the process of bonding.

“Then if you’re ready, you’ll mate with Donner, and before either of you finish, while you’re in the throes of it, he’ll ask you the third and final time. If you accept, we’ll all lay hands on you and the magic will bind us together.

“To seal it, each of us must finish inside of you, but if we do it right you won’t feel any discomfort from taking all of us back-to-back. You’ll feel it when it kicks in and makes us one, and then we get to live happily ever after.”

Her breathing pattern changes, and I can smell her arousal. I’m not sure what’s turning her on the most right now, but she lays her head back against my shoulder, lifting my hand and placing it on her breast, forcing the towel to fall down.

I groan into her ear, using my other hand to leverage myself closer to her.

“What do you think? Can you take all of your mates in one night? Are you going to accept us and tie yourself to us, making damn sure we’ll get to keep you forever?”

“Please. I want that so bad. I want to feel each and every one of you move inside me, to use me so good that I forget I ever had a life before you. I want to feel the connection to you all on a deeper level, to know what it is to finally belong somewhere.”

“We’ll be with you with or without the bonding, just so we’re clear. There is absolutely no rush to do this tonight, we can just spend the night wrapped up in each other’s arms, making you bliss out over and over again, and you can still have time to think everything through. We’re not going anywhere.”

“There’s no point in waiting when everything I’ve ever wanted is right here in this room. I know I’m going to pursue this regardless, so putting it off will be pointless. I want this. Tonight, right now.”

There’s a volley of groans and curses around the circle as Clara voices her intentions, every pair of eyes locked into the nipples she’s letting me play with. I cannot get enough of her in my hands and feeling her so full in my hands is really fucking addicting.



Donner crawls across the circle on hands and knees, staring her down. “You want to come stand over here then, and we can make that happen?” I’ve never seen him this intense before, his body so wound up that every muscle looks locked in place.

She puts her hand in his when he extends it to her, and he kisses it reverently before sliding off the bed and pulling her to the middle of the large room, walking backwards so he can maintain eye contact with her. The rest of us follow suit, circling them and scooting in so we’re all shoulder to shoulder.

“Are you ready?”



## Eighteen

*Clara*

My heart feels like it's about to beat out of my chest, and the feel of it is almost drowning out the words Donner is speaking. This moment is going to change my life, I can feel it.

The air feels ripe with a magic I can sense, wisping around the room curiously.

I look into Donner's eyes, seeing my future.

"Yes." He cracks a smile that threatens to make my heart beat even faster, and his happiness is contagious. I'm nervous and have no idea what to actually expect, but I'm trying not to think too much about the fact I'm about to sleep with nine guys in

succession— I'm not sure I've even slept with nine guys period. It doesn't feel dirty or wrong though, it's exciting. All of their faces are telling me that they are just as anxious as I am to complete this bonding.

“Clara, can you accept us as your mates like this? Strong and ready to care for you?”

I want to shout ‘yes!’ and just throw my arms around him, but something holds me back. I replay what Dan told me just a moment ago, how I had to make sure I found them worthy first and turn them down two times before accepting so that my heart would be open to accepting them.

I breathe in the moment, soaking up all their silent support. I don't know where the words come from, but they fill my mind and demand escape. “I'm not convinced yet that we're a perfect match. All of you, come closer, so I may be persuaded.”

I'm already naked thanks to my shower, but they all intentionally undress, removing whatever they're wearing and throwing it out of the circle so it's out of the way. Then they step forward until their bodies are pressing into me, and their hands begin to brush across my skin, planting tripwires all over it.

There are hands touching every part of me from my feet to the top of my head, and the sensation is akin to floating. I have to close my eyes to absorb the full impact of it, chasing each caress and pressing of fingertips with my mind. I can feel hot breath fanning across me everywhere they are, adding another layer of sensation.

Time seems to put itself on hold as their touches grow bolder and needier, fingernails now rasping across my instep and my inner thighs, between my breasts, along my neck, other fingers gripping my hair and gently tugging it from the roots.

Kisses come next, brushing across my shoulders and belly, the tips of my nipples, the apex of my sex, but always, there are hands holding me up and making sure I stay firmly planted. Donner is a constant presence in front of me as well, felt even with my eyes closed.

It's his hands that grip my face, I know it. I blink open my eyes, unsure how much time has actually passed, letting his features come into focus.

“Will you accept us now? Do you believe we can care for you and love you? Do you believe we can make you feel how cherished you are?”

His words, so softly spoken, make my blood race. The magic that was peeking up at me a while ago is now actively seeking me out, electrifying my senses.

Like before, words spring forth in my mind, and I relay them unto my mates. “I'm not yet convinced that my heart can hold you all. Will you prove to me how we can all work together? How we can build a family?”

Donner smiles another dazzling smile at me, telling me I said just the right thing. He leans forward to kiss me again, gently holding my face between his palms.

Then shit gets crazy.

The hands that were raising goose bumps find certain handholds, and they lift me up into the air, propping me up onto the shoulders of six men. Rudy holds my head, and as I look down the line of my body, for once forgetting to be nervous about how heavy I might be for them to hold, I watch Blitzen pry my legs apart so Donner can step in between them.

Blitzen then proceeds to hold an ankle in each hand, winking at me as Donner stares down my sex. He licks his lips before diving in, using his thumbs to separate the flesh so his tongue can get the best access.

I suppose this is a show of teamwork, and even though the others are all holding me up between them on their shoulders, they still find ways to use their hands to explore me further.

I can feel two hands on my ass, two on my breasts, and two others skating over my mid section and stroking around my clit as Donner begins feasting. I'm not sure why we're not using the perfectly good bed directly behind us, but who am I to question their methods?

My head falls back as his tongue starts working a different kind of magic, all of them working together to completely destroy me. I feel exactly like a sacrifice splayed out and lifted like this, or like a goddess as Donner worships me.

I can't catch what they're saying, but after the warmth from my first orgasm rushes through me, my body pulls taut as my back arches higher into the air and my head falls back, my voice breaking right along with the rest of me.

The guys carry me to the bed finally, just as I was about to wonder if they were going to hold me up as they took turns fucking me— but Donner is the only one that gets on the bed with me.

The rest of the guys stand sentinel as Donner crawls between my legs, making me gulp at the sight of him hanging thick and ready. Like before, he crawls toward me, letting me know with his eyes how thoroughly he's about to claim me.

He doesn't speak out loud, but his eyes are asking permission. He doesn't move until I widen my legs further reaching for him to pull him in for a kiss. He kisses me as if he's starved for it, the tip of him brushing across me and making me gasp.

My cunt is dripping all over the damn place thanks to his ministrations, so when I angle my hips to accept him, he slides right in. He pushes forward until he's completely sheathed, brushing my cervix and making me clench at him without thought.

It looks painful for him to hold the position, to feel me tense around him without moving, but once he gets himself under control his eyes lock on mine again. "I ask you a third time. Are you ready to become our mate in body, name, and soul?"

There's nothing stopping me now, nothing preventing me from taking what I want. I may be answering Donner, but it's as if each of them asked the question. By agreeing to Donner, I'm accepting all of them.

I look around the circle of men, feeling even more sensual as I lay here with their brother completely inside me. I don't feel any shame or embarrassment at the scene they're watching, which is just further proof that this is what I need.

When my eyes make it back to Donner, I know what I need to say. "I now know there is no other way."

At that point, everyone crawls onto the bed and lays a hand on my body somewhere, all of them closing their eyes and bending over the contact as if in prayer. Their palms almost feel like brands, heating up to just under the point of being too hot. Donner begins to thrust, and with every snap of his hips, I feel an invisible tether begin to tie me to him, to tie me to all of them.

Donner rides me until I'm falling apart, screaming my release into the thick atmosphere of the room. The tether grows stronger and stronger, until it feels as though Donner and I are one entity. I feel an echo in my soul as he moves within me, and if I didn't think it was crazy, I'd say I could feel each drop of cum that he released inside my body, marking me as his.

Blitzen takes Donner's spot the second he pulls out of me, kissing me just as fervently. I can feel the size difference, my eyes once again sealing shut to experience the full gamut of sensations he's pulling from my body.

His long, thick cock pumps in and out of me, driving me so high I'm worried I'll fall and smash into tiny little pieces. But once again, I feel the link between us build and build, until I'm positive he's going to catch me when I fall.

That's when I'm able to let go, convulsing even harder as he fucks me into the mattress, taking a part of my soul for himself as he also marks me as his.

It should be a blur after that, but every detail is so clear when Rudolph the shy, sweet one that was the first to ease my fears, flips me over and takes me from behind, snapping his hips into me like he has something to prove.

"Fuck, I can feel her. I can feel her right here," Blitzen is saying as he holds my hand, his other one rubbing his chest. "The way she squeezed me..."

"You going to squeeze me too, mate?" Rudolph asks, tauntingly. Ask, and ye shall receive.

My face falls forward into the mattress as another orgasm wrecks me, my muscles clamping down on Rudolph so hard I

wonder how he's able to move within me at all. He starts cussing before shooting his load, building that link between us piece by piece until it's unbreakable and he's filling me up once again.

Their combined releases are absolutely dripping out of me, and there's something so deliciously naughty about that that just elevates the act of Dasher taking me, without bothering to clean up at all.

"Do you need a break, love?"

His voice is quiet and controlled like it usually is, but I hear everything he's not saying. He's about to break from needing me. I roll over onto my side, wanting to see his face. He pulls my leg over his hip and slides in, not moving until I shake my head no.

"Don't stop," I beg.

"Oh baby, that will never happen." He moves his hips like they're made of water, rolling into me while he kisses me. I can't get enough, and I'm chasing his mouth and using my tongue to convey how elated I am that I get this with them.

I swear, at this point, I'm so sensitive that they could probably make me come just from *looking* at my pussy. "I can't come again... I can't... Dash!" I scream again, bucking my hips against him as he fucks me deep, an obscene squelching noise ringing in the room from all the cum I'm currently attempting to swim in.

"What was that about not being able to come again?" He asks in a polite tone that sounds incredibly sexually pleased. I know, I know, that's a complete contradiction. It's no less true, though.

"That's it. I'm boneless."

He flexes his cock inside of me again, proving me wrong. "You really need to start getting your facts right, love. Getting a bit sore?"

Am I? Hm. I do an evaluation on myself, still feeling the buzz of magic coursing through my bloodstream. "What happens if I say no?" I ask, almost afraid to hear the answer.

The answer, of course, comes in the form of five naked reindeer shifter I haven't claimed officially yet. Dasher finishes with a growl, which is so completely out of character for him, his hands gripping onto me tightly and marking up my skin.

"I don't understand why I'm out of breath when all of you have been doing most of the work." I let my legs fall closed, needing a reprieve.

Dancer is there, soothing me with kisses and some hair stroking. "Why don't you drink some water and—"

"And shower again. Marvelous idea. Can somebody hand me a towel? No amount of pelvic floor muscles will keep this mess from falling all over your floor as I waddle to the bathroom."

"I'll do you one better, mate." Comet scoops me up, carrying me to the bathroom without seeming to care that his brothers are gushing out of me. "What else do you need right now?"

I look up into his eyes, letting the hot chocolate-colored orbs steady me. The whole night has been a tumultuous mix of strong emotions and sweaty balls, body fluids and screaming. It's nice to just look at one of the men I get to call mine now, without any expectations.

The problem though, is that he's naked. And I'm somehow still very worked up, this magic they keep talking about doing it's worst to make me crave each and every single man here.

"Just you," I whisper honestly.

A slow heat pumps through me as he starts the shower, letting me use the bathroom before he's in the stall with me, massaging me again with their spicy soap. Then he gets on his knees before me and very gently cleans me with the water flowing out of the shower head and his hands.

I know he's only trying to make me more comfortable, but he's touching my pussy and it would be impossible to remain unaffected.

Reading the shifting mood I'm in, he eases me against the back of the shower so I have something to lean against, looking up at me through his thick lashes that men always seem to be blessed with as he rains kisses along my belly.





## Nineteen

*Clara*

“How are you feeling?”

“Mmm. Warm. Tingly. Good. Happy.”

“You’re not sore?” He pushes a thick finger inside of me as he asks, testing my response.

“N-not really. Will it always be this way? Why am I still going? Why have none of them quelled the fire burning inside?”

“Because you’re in the middle of claiming us. Once we’re bonded you won’t have to be with all of us in order for that need to lessen. It’s the mating magic’s way of ensuring the bond is completed properly.”

“Well, the mating magic is a needy bitch.”

He laughs, lowering his head to where my all my blood is pooling. Comet lefts one of my legs, propping it on his shoulder so he can open me up to his mouth.

I reach for his hair but it's hard to remain balanced with the water sluicing over us and the slippery tile at my back.

I look for different ways to hold onto his head so I don't fall over before I feel sharp protrusions, looking down to see he's shifting his antlers on.

I'm struck completely dumb. Wasn't I picturing using them as handlebars earlier?

“Fuck. How sensitive are these? I don't want to hurt you.”

“Grab them, baby. Use them to shove me right where you need me, use them to keep your body from falling over.”

Then he swings my other leg on to his shoulder and becomes semi-aquatic when he stops breathing, licking me and nibbling at me as I wrap my hands around his antlers. It's a stark reminder how non-human they are, but seeing him like this, with his beast front and center, wakens something in me.

Dancer walks into the shower as well then, getting Comet to scoot back so he can sandwich himself in between me and the wall. “Had to see what was taking you two so long. Now I find I want to play.”

I throw my head back, and his shoulder cradles it perfectly. “Not my f-fault.”

“I can see that.”

Dan's hands begin to wander, squeezing my ass and working himself against me. “Have you ever been fucked back here, sweetheart?”

I nod my head no, not even caring what's happening right now. All I know is that I need *more*.

With Comet's head tunneling into me and Dan's dick rubbing along the seam of my ass, nobody is putting anything anywhere fun and I'm getting a little restless. What they're doing feels amazing, but I need something harder, something rougher.

Even using Comet's antlers to shove his face into me more doesn't give me what I need, but when Dan slides his fingers into my soaked pussy, then uses them to prod at my ass, I know exactly what I want.

"Yes. That. More. Now. I want you both, need you both so bad."

Comet stands and carries me out of the shower, using the tall ceilings in the cabin to his advantage. It's like a shoulder ride in reverse with my legs wrapped around his head, but his strong legs keep us from stumbling over as we make it to the bed, soaking wet.

Dan follows, grabbing a bottle of lube on the way. I'm lying on my side as Comet disentangles his face from me, leaving the antlers out.

"I'll go slow, but tell me if it's too much," Dan whispers into my ear.

"It's not," I immediately tell him back.

He laughs, his finger probing me and slipping inside slowly. I have to make myself relax, but then Comet starts stroking my clit with his fingers, and all I want to do is force myself back onto those fingers seeking entrance, to feel them deeper inside of me.

"So needy. Does my mate want more?"

I nod to Dan, panting and thrashing as Comet seats himself in prime position to fuck me. He winds my leg high up onto his hip, letting my foot dangle. My hands fly to his antlers, loving the rough texture and the way it lets me force my body harder onto his.

It's not long before Dan's prep work lends itself to full on anal, his cock sliding slow and deep as lube coats me and drips down my skin. When both of them are stuffed to the hilt, I'm suddenly desperate to get to all of my mates, to complete the bond. I feel like the magic is getting antsy, and if it runs out before I finish with everyone then the bonds might not set correctly.

I seek out Vixen's eyes, and he seems to know exactly what I want. I don't even have to do anything, he gets Comet to roll onto his back, gets Dan to straddle his legs so he can continue fucking me, leaving me upright and open in the front so I can suck him off.

My mouth feels empty, needing the pressure of something thick and hard rubbing against my tongue.

"Damn, when you go all in, you really go all in, don't you? You like taking three of your mates at once?"

I nod with my mouth full, sucking him down eagerly. There is so much happening to my body right now, but holy fuck how have I gone this many years without being stuffed full of cock like this? It's as if a whole new world just opened up before my eyes, promising endless orgasms and muscly men that want nothing more than to shower me with them.

"Fuck, you feel so perfect around me. I knew you'd be perfect; I knew you'd take all of us. This perfect pussy is stretched around me so beautifully right now. I can feel Dan moving inside of you. How the hell are you so damn *good*?"

I can't really answer Comet, so I squeeze him instead, which backfires because it makes all my muscles start to seize up, and I end up squeezing Dan as well, which makes them both pump in and out of me harder, chasing that high, and without realizing it I'm also sucking down Vixen with a scary amount of enthusiasm, ignoring the gagging in favor of riding out this epic climax that seems to hit every part of my body.

I didn't realize before how many different types of orgasms my body could give me, but these men seem to be figuring out each and every one in rapid succession.

"Shit, I wanted this to last so much longer." With tears running down my face from having my mouth fucked, Vixen forgets to be careful with me and takes what he wants, pouring his release down my throat as I'm silently screaming through the never-ending release happening in my lower body.

I'm barely over that multi-gasm when I'm snatched from all of their bodies, Cupid throwing me on top of a waiting Prancer, putting me in the exact same position I was just in with Comet

and Dan, and he slides into my ass easily as I slide onto Prancer, the magic going haywire as they start claiming me.

Magic or no, my body is wrecked. Every part of me feels completely useless, so as two more almost-thicker-than-necessary cocks work together to ruin me further, all I can do is experience the absolute destruction that they're forcing upon my body.

The orgasms at this point are nearly painful they're so intense, so drawn out that I can't even tell if they're stopping and starting again, or if I'm just experiencing one supernaturally long one that won't quit.

"You made us wait until the end, but that's okay mate." Comet's voice is soothing and rough, exposing how worked up he is.

"You look so pretty right now, all used up by us and ready to collapse. You're not going to though, not yet. You're going to let me and Cupid use your body one more time, and you're going to look me in the face as our bond snaps into place. Then you're going to feel what happens when all of our bonds are in place, and you can never think of going anywhere."

I do as Prancer says, using every bit of concentration I have left to watch his face.

"Next time, we're going to draw this out and take you slowly and carefully, but you have no idea how difficult it is to watch seven other men take you, to hear you scream and watch you thrash, and not be able to touch you or give ourselves relief. Just being inside of you is enough to make me lose it, but when your skin is this flushed and you're so clingy and over-worked? Letting me just fuck your ass like it's nothing? Baby, that's dangerous. You're about to learn why because I'm going to come deep inside of you, wear out those vocal cords more, and leave you feeling the echo of me as I slowly drip out of you the rest of the night."

"Cupid, you're declaring war with those words, I just want you to know that."

He responds in kind by savagely rutting into me, and holy shit am I doing the splits? My legs are so open that they're beyond

cramped and seem to have gone straight to gymnast mode. My breasts are almost sore from how hard they're bouncing against my chest, so I cup them to try and lessen the devastation but end up playing with my nipples instead.

“Shit. I'm done. She's pinching her nipples. Fuck!” Prancer bucks up into me a few more times before his neck strains and he yells, and after they're both done, I feel that magic that Prancer was warning me about begin to settle.

I have felt each and every tether form between me and the guys, regardless of which part of my body they mated with, and those all felt as if my heart was being strengthened, growing larger.

Now though, the magic rushes across my skin, rustling my hair, and as all the guys lay hands on me because I was too distracted to notice them getting closer, it claims me, marking me indelibly.

My whole body arches, leaving me to grab onto whatever body parts are closest, and it feels as though volts of electricity are being pumped into me, sustaining me. Each individual tether I felt get attached earlier is now braided together, and I'm filled with an immense amount of joy, pure love and happiness filling me up and then leaving in one big rush.

It's impossible to stay conscious after that, not after the magic that was keeping me going is finally satisfied and I'm left with my human stamina. Lights out, Clara.



## Epilogue

*Clara*

“Clara?”

Fuck. Out of all the places Matthew could have chosen to be right now, he has to be in this grocery store, at the same time as me?

I stall too long, trying to decide if I can just run out of here and pretend he didn't see me, or if I need to actually talk to him. He catches up to me, and for the first time, looking at Matthew does absolutely nothing for me. There's no heart patter, no swooning, no nervousness. It's oddly comforting.

“Um, hey Matthew. Long time no see.”

He goes in for an awkward hug, and I just know the guys are going to freak out later smelling him on me.

“Wow. You just...you look incredible. Your sister said you moved to...Alaska? You kind of completely cut me out of your life, didn't you?”

I gaze towards the frozen vegetables, who are about to be the audience for this depressing conversation.

“Um, yeah. After everything that happened, you know, between us, I just needed a fresh start.”

“I should have apologized so much sooner, it's been making me sick, not having you to talk to. We were pretty close; I hate that I can't just call you or text you and see what you're up to. And look, I messed up. I messed up big. I knew you had feelings for me, but I just thought that they'd go away, you know? When you...told me you wanted to be with me, I panicked. I should have told you about your sister before then, you deserved better.”

I square my shoulders, banishing the former Clara that would have caved and tried to brush him off. But he's right, I absolutely did deserve better. “You're right. I was a damn good friend, and if we're going to be honest, you kind of weren't. My sister, Matthew? How many times had I talked to you about the way she treats me? She's always bullied me, and I thought, stupidly, that meant you'd support me. You didn't have to reciprocate my feelings, but shit. To have been sleeping with the girl that made my teenage years absolute hell? Yeah, no thanks. I'm good. I have somewhere to be, but it was good seeing you.”

I try to walk away, willing the irritation to dissipate. This was supposed to be a fun trip back home, because the guys wanted to meet my family. I had the good sense to rent somewhere that wasn't my parents' home so that we had space to ourselves, but I do not want to dig up the past. Matthew hasn't reached out to me once to see if I was okay or check on me, which tells me we weren't the type of friends that did stuff like that.

“I'm so sorry. That was pretty messed up of me. I just...girls like her don't give me attention, you know?”



I snort, spinning back toward him. “Girls like her? What does that mean? Pretty girls with shit-awful personalities? I get that you’re not attracted to me, but like—”

“I said I messed up. You really do look fantastic. I’m sure you heard by now, there was no pregnancy. I’m sure you’re not surprised to know she made it up, and that she was never serious about me. I got excited about settling down, and I completely overlooked what was right in front of me. What can I do to fix things? I hope it’s not too late for me to tell you I’ve realized where my heart really lies. I want you, Clara. You’re perfect. You always make me feel better, and you are always so good to everyone. I miss you. Can I take you out for dinner or something? Can we give this a real shot?” Jesus Christ. What is up with me picking up men in grocery stores?

I take a decided step back, wanting to end this before one of the guys catches up to me and overhears anything. That will not end well. “That ship has sailed, Matthew.”

“But, Clara, we’ve been friends forever. You told me you were in love with me just a few months ago. There’s no way you’ve moved on that quickly.”

“The heart is a fickle thing, isn’t it?” Calls a deep, masculine voice from the end of the aisle.

*There’s* the blood-racing, heart-pounding, shiver-inducing voice I need. On autopilot, I pivot toward Comet and Donner as they walk down the aisle toward me, eyes scanning me and scowling at the small distance between me and Matthew.

Comet wastes no time in throwing an arm around me and kissing me on the side of my face, claiming me as his.

It’s comical how big Matthew’s eyes get, and it’s obvious that he’s checking these guys out as his competition, trying to do some math.

He’s trying to figure out how I snagged them. I know he is, because I get this exact look whenever I’m out amongst other humans.

“You must be Mark,” Donner says, purposely not extending a hand. “I’m Don. There a problem here, babe?”

Matthew's head swivels, now trying to figure out why Donner is calling me pet names while Comet has his arm around me.

"It's Mat—"

"Look, we've got to get our girl home because it's been almost three hours since we got her naked. She's kind of a freak in the sheets, and we don't want her to be kept waiting. Thank you for sending her our way, she never would have found us if you hadn't treated her like shit. So thanks, for that."

"But how, what?"

"Good luck with my sister."

I don't even care to know what else he has to say. I'm too wrapped up in these guys that have spent every waking moment they're not working in making me feel more loved than I could have possibly ever imagined.

"I thought you said your sister and him broke up," Comet grunts as we go to the checkout line.

"Oh, they did. She was never going to be monogamous to Matthew, she only wanted him because she knew I did."

"That is so fucked up."



We show up at my parents' house with a whole shit ton of food since the guys have bottomless pits for stomachs, and I really wish I would have thought to have my camera out for when my mom opened the door.

"Clara? Who...I thought you said you were bringing someone special over...not a rugby team."

"I specifically told you how many I was bringing over, but we brought food, don't worry. It takes a lot to satisfy them." I instantly blush at the accidental double entendre, but the guys all offer my mom the politest hellos I've ever seen as she lets us in the house.

"Oh, Clara! I'm so happy you're here!"

My sister comes bounding down the steps, clearly having already scoped out my guys. She makes a big show of kissing me on the cheek and linking our arms together, but I know she's only trying to look good in front of the guys, hoping she'll hook one or two.

My sister is beautiful, there's no denying it, but beauty is no match for being mean.

"You can drop the act, Kendra. I promise you they're not interested."

She huffs, straightening her shoulders more and pressing her breasts out a bit. She only knows how to snag someone based on her looks, but she looks ridiculous preening in such an obvious way.

"Don't be rude in front of our guests. You simply *must* introduce me to your friends." She stresses that last word, making sure I know that there's no way they'd be interested in me romantically. Thanks to the bond though, I have never been more secure in my life. Nothing could tempt these guys away from me, so I don't need to drape myself all over them and defend my territory.

The guys barely look at her as they mumble their nicknames to her, but them ignoring her is unfortunately only going to make her work harder.

"Girls do come sit down. Dinner is ready, and we all know how Clara gets if she doesn't eat on time."

The guys growl, but I stop them with a hand, shaking my head. It's not worth it. It never has been.

Kendra smirks at me and takes her spot in the middle of the table, making sure that the guys will have to sit by her. Mom has brought out a card table to make sure there's enough room for all of us to sit, and I'm sure that Kendra would love nothing more than for me to get stuck over there while all the guys sat at the big table by her, but she doesn't know what loyalty looks like, could never understand it.

"Oh, hello Clara. Wonderful to see you, dear."

My father gives me a hug and a smile, I actually believe it. Him and I have always had a better relationship than I have with Mom or Kendra, but he never believed me when I told him the way they treated me. He never saw it.

“Hey, dad.”

“And who are all these young men, hmm? Suitors? What are you, on some sort of game show to find a boyfriend? Clara, you don’t need to resort to that. I promise you, that special someone is out there for you.”

“Matthew’s available,” Kendra smirks. She just has to rub it in my face that he chose her over me.

“Yes, I ran into him at the store. Dad, Mom, might as well just get this out of the way now. I was nervous to tell you over the phone, but I sort of...eloped.”

Mom’s eyes flash to my ring hand, eyes widening at the enormous diamond ring I found under the tree on Christmas. The guys wanted to adhere to my human traditions, so Santa performed a ceremony for us on New Year’s Eve.

“You’re MARRIED? To one of THEM? No. I don’t believe it. Who is it, really? Clara, you didn’t have to buy yourself jewelry to perpetuate this silly story. It’s sad, really. You should have chosen someone more believable.”

“I’m sorry for my language, but are you fucking blind?”

Kendra blinks at Vixen, trying to figure out her role. Then her stupid superiority complex face emerges, and her game is figured out. “No, but clearly *you* are if you’re with her. I’m sorry you got roped into all that...but hopefully you had a good prenup because I don’t know how the hell you could have ever consummated anything with her, not when you probably couldn’t even find the place you need to stick it.”

“Kendra!”

“Dad, sorry to be crass, but you know I’m right. It’s no secret she’s a total fatty. No way in hell she’d attract a good-looking guy unless she somehow paid them off or is just faking it to try and make some stupid point.”

I'm beyond embarrassed, my old insecurities finding their way right back to where they've always been. Until Rudy and Dash grab one of my hands and remind me I'm theirs, then all this bullshit in front of me doesn't matter.

Mom eyes the hand holding and seems to snap as well. "Enough, Clara. I don't know what you're trying to pull, but we know you better than this. You're not marriage material. You're much better off as the...friend. You're embarrassing yourself."

Tears spring to my eyes, complete shame washing over me. I know my guys don't see me like this, but I hate that they have to see the way I'm used to being treated.

"I really thought you could be my mother, for once, instead of an angry bitch that hates me for no reason. I've tried so hard, to be the perfect daughter to you. I'm always around to help out, to drive you places, and all I've ever wanted was for you to love me the way you love Kendra.

"I'm sorry I'm not the daughter you asked for, that my body is so repulsive that you can't see past it into the heart of me, but that is *your* shortcoming, not mine.

"Kendra, rot in hell. I hope Matthew gave you crabs.

"Dad, sorry to leave like this, but I won't be treated this way. Believe me or not, I don't really give a shit. I didn't invite any of you to the wedding because I wanted it to be a *happy* day. Their...customs from where they live...are different than ours. They share wives up north. So, yes, I'm married. To all of them. And you know what, Kendra? Their dicks are fucking huge, and I almost feel sorry for you that you'll only get all the wimpy ones that fall for your bullshit.

"We will not be joining you for dinner after all, because as it turns out, I've lost my appetite. Oh, and I have somewhere much better to be. Dad, if you want to visit sometime, let me know."

The guys grab the dishes we brought over, not wanting to feed the assholes who just spoke that way to me. The door's not even shut before Prancer is grabbing me, kissing me as he pins me to one of the cars we rented to keep up appearances. "That

was sexy as hell. How good did that feel to tell them off that way? I'm so proud of you for sticking up for yourself."

I breathe in and out, loving the crisp winter air. "Really fucking good. Did you see their faces when I snapped? Oh my God!"

Blitzen kisses me next, dipping me and everything. I hear a scream and look up to see Kendra and Mom in the doorway with their mouths gaping and their eyes horror struck, watching the proof in front of them that these guys actually want me. Cupid swings me up into his arms like I'm just a delicate little flower, and I wink at my sister as he carries me to the car, doing a very adult thing. I hold my hands perpendicular to my body and give her a two-handed crotch chop, the age-old way of telling someone to 'suck it'. I know I will be later. And *that* is how I sleep at night.

I know my men are beautiful beyond words, but really it's the way they look at me that means the most. I can only hope that Karma takes care of the mean people of the world, because I'm too busy to be spending my energies teaching them a lesson. I'll be chasing my happy-ever-after, mated to Santa's reindeer.

And later, when it's dark enough outside to fly undetected, I'll let them fly me home, where we'll spend the night testing the fortitude of the giant-ass bed we share and screaming my lungs out from all the orgasms their eyes are promising me.



## Ten Years Later

### *Rudolph*

We're all sitting around the conference table, brainstorming ideas for next year's campaign when it finally happens. A young teen bursts through the doors, scratching his chest and looking around in confusion.

"Can we help you, son? Are you alright?"

"I...I think I'm supposed to be here. No, I *know* I'm supposed to be here. I'm just not sure why."

Some of the guys look at each other, hope lighting their features.

“Why don’t you come take a seat and explain to us what’s going on?”

The kid makes it about three steps in before his right index finger begins to glow, making him stumble and fall on his ass. “That’s never happened before,” he says in a terrified whisper. Thank God it’s not another glowing dick; the world does not need more than one of those.

The kid might be confused by his new lightbulb finger, but we all know what it means. We all start clapping and cheering, now on a countdown for when the rest of our new proteges will show up.

Since we all mated with Clara all those years ago, our flight times have gotten better and better, proof that Clara was our prophesied cure-all. We’ve been waiting ever since for the wild magic to claim the next generation of flyers from our community, and it looks like we’re starting with the team leader.

“You’re our new Rudolph.”

“That cant’ be right. I’m just a shifter from Ohio; I’ve never even kissed a girl.”

“That glow in your finger tells me that’s not all you are, not anymore.”

“Why me? One minute I was making my bed, and the next I felt pulled into a portal, and I just knew to walk down the hall and find you all. You’re saying I’m...going to be one of Santa’s flyers? Me? No, that definitely can’t be right.”

I get up and extend a hand. “I’ll be your mentor. The magic doesn’t choose wrong. As soon as the rest of your team gets here, we’ll get you all fitted out with your own team suite so you can start bonding while we train you.”

No sooner do I finish than another gangly teen pops out of nowhere, in a football jersey, just as confused as— “What was your name, kid?”

“Um, Randy.”

The football player waves and looks around, taking in his new surroundings. “I’m Dominick.”

“He’s mine,” Donner says, sizing up his new mentee.



“You boys are in for a wild ride,” I tell them both, giddiness trying to take over.

One by one, all our new flyers arrive, and after all the years we’ve given in service to the cause, it’s an unexpected joy to know that in maybe five to seven years, we’ll be able to retire and spend more time with Clara and the four kids that we worked very hard to put in her.

I only hope that whoever out there that’s destined for this new team will settle into their role as easily as Clara did. For now though, we’ll share the good news and most likely engage in celebratory sex, because what even is the point in celebrating this win any other way?

The End



I really hope you enjoyed my super inappropriate Christmas story! I wasn’t planning on doing this, but the idea popped into my head, and I couldn’t not say yes. You always say yes to making people cringe over beloved childhood memories like Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer!

Now that I’ve officially ruined that Christmas carol for you, I hope you’ll go and give me a glowing review (ha! Get it?) on amazon, because Indie authors can’t exist without all of your support!

If you want to see what I’m up to next, follow me on Facebook at [Facebook.com/KSolizAuthor](https://www.facebook.com/KSolizAuthor), or on Instagram or Tiktok, both [@kelseysolizauthor](https://www.instagram.com/kelseysolizauthor). If you go to any of those, you’ll be able to see my linktree with other info, such as my etsy shop when I get it going, book signing events I’ll be at, and the other pre-orders I have open! Also, I’ve got a reading group you can join at [facebook.com/groups/bookmarksmakemerandy](https://www.facebook.com/groups/bookmarksmakemerandy) and a newsletter you can sign up for, also on the linktree.

I really hope your holiday season is full of love and laughter. I love you dearly!

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