

JINGLE MY

*Bells*

SANTA'S NAUGHTY WORKSHOP

MORGAN LYSAND

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# AUTHOR'S NOTE

Alrighty, so I'm trying to think of what could be triggers and what needs warnings and this is what I came up with. If there are any you think should be listed please let me know at [morganlysand@gmail.com](mailto:morganlysand@gmail.com).

- Explicit scenes.
- Destruction of home. It's off page, but does bring a bit of trauma to Snow's life.
- My guys have kinda depressing backstories, so abandonment issues.
- Dylan is a cis male, but changed his name for personal reasons. His parent given name is never said, but Snow does ask him why he chose Dylan. The question doesn't bother Dylan.

# CHAPTER 1

DYLAN

Sweat drips down the naked skin of my back under my red leather chest harness. Trans-Siberian Orchestra's version of Carol of the Bells blares through my headphones, blocking out intrusive thoughts as I follow the flow of the music. If I wasn't working a metal rod with a length of molten hot glass to form my client's dream dildo, I'd shut my eyes and let the electric guitars take me to another dimension.

I lift an arm and wipe the sweat from my brow. Everything would be much better if I had a person to test my toys like I asked Santa for months ago. While I love working on special orders, my passion is developing new and innovative toys. Whether glass or silicone, it doesn't matter. Testing my own designs doesn't work beyond the initial... I like this. Because I'm bias. That's why I need a tester. All the other elves in the Naughty Workshop have one, no matter their area of expertise. Why not me?

A ghost of cool air runs across my skin, and I shiver. Pushing off the creepy feeling of being watched, I start



shaping the dildo to the specifics of my client's request. An S shape, which is easy enough.

Something brushes along my arm, and I go to swat it away, but I get a whiff of cinnamon and sugar cookies before the something steps into my line of vision.

Santa.

In my studio.

He nods to my headphones and I slide them off with one hand while the other keeps track of the metal rod holding the glass.

Santa's paler than usual but the tips of his pointed ears are red from being in the cold. His black leather pants hug his muscular thighs in all the right ways. Leather jacket splayed open to display a hard chest and chiseled abs. The iconic white beard is neatly trimmed. He's not exactly the guy people imagine him to be. At least *this* Santa isn't.

Santa hasn't gone around the world since the eighties. 1980s. Before I was born.

With technology booming, he hasn't needed to. Parents and consumers do all the gift buying, and he's repurposed his workshops to provide for the Naughty and Nice adults around the world all year long.

I have to look down at him. He's average elf height at around five foot two, while I'm a freak of elfin nature at six foot three.

“How can I help you?” My voice’s all scraggly since I don’t talk much. Why bother when no one wants to talk to me?

“I’ve finally found you a toy tester.”

My stomach does something funny. Santa didn’t forget me.

“Thank you, sir.”

“You’re not one of my boys. No need to call me sir.” Santa waves me off and chuckles. The jolly sound vibrates through the whole studio. He clasps his hands behind his back and paces in front of me. “I didn’t want to give you just anyone. You deserve someone that’s a good fit. And I think I’ve found him.”

I should have known Santa wanted to make sure we’d be compatible. I’m not exactly normal in the elf community, which has caused me a great deal of stress. To the point I don’t have many people I trust. Santa and my friend Tinsel—who works in the leather studio—are about it.

“He’s eager to work with you.”

I cock a brow. “He’s eager to work with *me*?”

Santa squeezes my bicep. “Dylan, you’re a good kid.”

“I’m twenty-eight.”

“Exactly.” Santa laughs, his hand pressed to his flat belly. “Still such a young’yun. Don’t let the other elves get to you. You have the most successful studio in the North Pole. Be proud of your accomplishments. And yes, Snow *wants* to be a part of it.”

Snow? *Which* Snow? My heart flutters. It couldn't be...

"Snow, sweetie, why don't you come in?" Santa's boots echo as he saunters back to the door.

When Snow doesn't enter, Santa throws the door open, bringing more cold air into my studio.

With the fluctuating temperature changes, the dildo will have to be remade, but I don't care. Because standing in my door is the beautiful elf I've been crushing on for years.

Snow Gumbdrop.

Dark curls halo his head. There's a pink flush to his pale skin. His bright red wool peacoat hangs to mid-thigh. Hunter green jeans hug his legs. His leather boots ride up his calves. The tips of his slightly pointed ears are red, from the cold or embarrassment, I'm not sure.

Snow and Santa have a quick conversation I can't hear. Santa grips Snow's shoulder and gives it a squeeze, then turns the elf to face me.

Those piercing brown eyes steal into my soul. They widen before dropping back to the floor. He's shorter than Santa, but not by much. Which means I'm a literal giant looming over him.

Santa gives him a shove toward me and winks. "I think you'll find you have a few things in common. Why don't the two of you get to know each other?" With that, Santa leaves. Despite the cold air swirling in my studio, the heat of desire burns across my skin.

## CHAPTER 2

### SNOW

I stare after Santa. He just... leaves me here? With the guy I've had a crush on since before I started jingling my own bells. *And* tasks me with bringing more fun into said crush's life? What the heck, Santa?

"Uhm, so, would you like a tour of the studio?" Dylan's voice is deep, rumbly, yummy.

When I look at him, he's ruffling a hand through his short, dark hair. *Icicles*, he's gorgeous. Abs and muscles ripple under the leather harness. Black jeans hang low on his hips. A light trail of dark hair disappears beneath the denim. The big silver belt buckle flashes as he moves closer to me. His combat boots are polished to a shine.

I nod. What else can I do? My voice stays locked away.

Dylan starts the tour, hanging left where there's a little room separate from the balls-melting heat of the glass studio. My gaze zones in on his toned ass.

"What made you decide to leave the barns?"

When I don't answer, he turns back to me. We stare at each other until I open my mouth to speak. "I felt it was time for a change." Not entirely the truth.

"Fair enough." He leads me to a tiny locker room. Four lockers line the longer wall and a wooden bench sits at the opposite. "You can claim one of these if you'd like. It gets hot in the studio. Not that you'll be in the studio much, I don't think."

I shuck off my coat and shove it in one of the empty lockers. Much better. I smooth down the front of my festive sweater. He's tracking my movement with those pretty brown eyes.

"Mom made it. It's my favorite." My cheeks heat. The sweater's bright red, displaying a calico kitten playing with a shiny gold ornament.

"Cute."

Cute? *Cute*? Did he call *me* cute or the sweater cute? Because I need to know. It had to be the sweater. Of course it was.

We circle back. "This is where I design and create the silicone toys."

The room's big enough for two black top workbenches. Wire shelves line the walls from floor to ceiling. Each shelf contains several boxes labeled with the type of toy inside. My eyes widen as they pass over every label: dildo, stroker, round

plug, tapered plug, cock ring. The far wall has a table cluttered with curing toys of all shapes and sizes.

I walk up to a shelf and rummage in a box labeled “butt plugs, tapered” and pull one out. The toy slides from the silk bag. *Oh*. It’s bright purple. The plug itself is about the size of my pinky, but there are pink nubs along the sides. I rub the toy over my palm. This will feel exquisite.

“What do ya think?” Dylan’s watching my hands.

“I think I’ll enjoy this job quite a bit more than the stables.”

A bright smile washes over his face. I could get used to this. When he smiles, all thoughts float out of my brain.

“All the boxes contain prototypes. I’ve tested them, but I need an outside opinion. Think you’re up to the task?”

There are *so many* boxes. “That’s why I’m here.”

He leads me through another door. My stomach drops to my feet. A two-way mirror lines the wall, looking into a room with a full sized bed. There’s a table set up with water bottles, snacks, and a huge bottle of lube with a pump. A layer of dust covers everything and the bed’s not made.

“This...” Dylan swallows audibly. “Is the testing room. If you want to use it. But I’m sure your own bedroom would be more comfortable. I’ve never had a tester before, and we can work out something that makes you most comfortable.”

“Sounds good.” I’m not entirely sure how this works, but I’m willing to try any of his suggestions.

I follow along until we stop again. We're surrounded by walls with more wire shelves and half a dozen free-standing shelves in the middle of the room. All loaded with full boxes labeled by date to go out, and country. A single workbench with pens and stationary and tubes of glitter sits in the front of the room.

"My mailroom." Dispair colors Dylan's voice.

The place is organized, but there's obviously a lot of orders still needing to go out.

"You know..." I look around. "I can only play for so long every day." My cheeks flush with heat at the thought of him *knowing* I'll be shoving his toys up my bottom. "I can help with shipping orders."

I can't tell what his face is doing. Is he horrified? Did I cross a line?

"If you want, that is. I don't want to impose."

He lets out a breath. "Yeah? I could really use the help."

"I'd love to." My heart gives a flutter again. I can really do some good for Dylan.

"I was too embarrassed to ask Santa for a tester *and* shipper," he mumbles.

"Now you have both."

"Thanks." He tips his head, and we go back out into his glass studio. "This is where the real magic happens."

He has two workbenches, a giant terrifying furnace, and various tools I have no idea what they do. He explains the pieces and parts of the workshop and how he creates each glass order, but I'm mesmerized by the toys in a display case in the corner. They're pure art.

"They're my favorites." He opens the case and pulls out a hefty dildo with what looks like a spiraling galaxy inside. He passes it to me. Half a dozen toys are displayed and none are as stunning as this one. What would this feel like inside?

"You're talented." When I hand the toy back, there's a light blush on Dylan's face.

"Apparently, I'm one of the best in the world." He settles the dildo gently into the case, adjusting it to sit on the pillow just so. "People wait months on the waitlist and then longer to even receive their toy."

"Because you don't have a shipper, since that's not where your passion lies?"

"Nailed it. I have two months worth of shipments to go out and I'm frozen by the thought of sitting at that table and going through the orders."

"Show me what to do."

"We should negotiate the testing first. Then I will."

Negotiate? What the *nutcracker* are we negotiating? But I nod in agreement and follow him back to the silicone toy room. He pulls out a chair for me at the workbench and goes



around to sit on the opposite side. I'm still staring at the chair, and how tall the table is.

When I hop into the seat, my legs dangle uncomfortably and the table hits me at a strange spot. It's like I'm a child at the adult table.

"Sorry," Dylan starts. His hand's back in his hair. "Everything's sized for me. I'll get you a proper elf-height table and chair to work in the mailroom."

"Thanks. I can work with what you have though, I don't want you to—"

"No, I want you comfortable, so I'll make sure you are."

That's settled, though I feel a little bad about him changing his space for me.

In the middle of the table, there's a stack of papers I hadn't noticed.

"I have everything laid out." Dylan taps the papers and slides them over to me. "We just need to check the yeses and x the nos. We'll go through everything together. Then we'll both sign once we've agreed on everything."

"This feels a little like a Dom/sub contract."

A tiny smirk plays on Dylan's perfect lips. "In a way, I guess it is."

"I know my way around one of those." I give him a wink, then grab the papers to look them over.

His throat bobs when he swallows, and I'd like nothing more than to drag my tongue along this neck. Instead, I pull my attention away from what my dick begs for and listen to his voice.

"I require a field report after each usage of a toy. And at least three reports on the same toy. Different days."

"Field report?" I pass the papers back to him. I'd rather he read to me.

"That's what I'm calling it. Lab report? I need to know your mood when starting, your enjoyment and pleasure levels, how you used it, what kind of lube, if any. With or without a partner. A report from them. Atmosphere of the room—"

"Atmosphere? Why?"

Dylan smooths invisible crinkles from the papers. *Twinkly lights*, how cute.

"Moods change depending on the atmosphere. I need to know if the toy requires adjusting or if the experience was because of the surroundings."

"You've really put a lot of thought into the feedback you want." I'm impressed.

"Is it too much?" He makes eye contact again, and I get a bit lost in the tiny gold flecks buried within the brown. When he blinks, I come back down to Earth.

"No, gosh no. I hadn't known what to expect. You're giving me a lot of instructions. I like it."

Of course, he's blushing. "The report is non-negotiable. Is that a problem?"

"I'm good with it." And plan to have tons of fun while being informative.

He drops his eyes back to the papers in front of him. "Now, what kind of toys do you enjoy? I don't want to give you anything you won't like."

"I'm fond of it all. Right down to testing gags if you need."

Dylan squirms in his seat as he makes a mark with some notes. "Good to know. Moving on. Sizes."

"I don't mind a stretch, but I'm not a size queen. If it helps, I'm vers with a preference for topping."

Dylan scratches more notes and swallows again. "I have a few cock rings, masturbators, girth enhancers, and various other non-penetrative toys." *Mistletoe*, his voice is strained.

"Lovely. And I'm very interested in all that, too."

"Next question." He coughs into his fist before asking, "Types of anatomy you don't play with."

"Like... horse and dog shapes?" Never tried 'em.

He nods. "A few people have asked for fantasy dildos and before I offer them, I want to make sure they're actually useable. I've been working on tentacles and people seem to like them, but I want to diversify my fantasy offerings."

"Sounds yummy."

"This is a negotiation, Snow. What don't you like?"

*Stuffed stockings*, I love the way he says my name. Swiping my hands down my shirt, I compose myself before I answer. “I don’t want something the size of a soda can.”

“Same,” he mumbles and my cock twitches. “That it?” He sounds incredulous, like I’m lying.

“For now, yes. If something comes up, I’ll let you know. But so far I haven’t found much I don’t enjoy.”

Well, *tree topper*, that makes me sound like I sleep around. Okay, so... I *do* sleep around. A lot. Santa’s Village is like an Olympic Village. Instead of athletes, it’s full of hot young elves.

Dylan’s already moving on. “Where would you like to conduct the testing? I’m happy to lend out the toys for use in your bedroom. Or you can play in the testing room. I can observe or not, up to you.”

I tap a finger to my lips, thinking. What *do* I want? “I’ll take the toys home and write up the reports. But I think two reports from home use and one observed in the testing room.”

His breath catches. “You’re sure?”

“Yes, especially if there’s a design that *almost* works, but not quite there. If you’re observing the way I use it, you might be able to figure out how to make it better.”

“That’s a good plan.” He writes his notes on the contract. “Do you want to test daily, every other day, weekly, monthly?”

“Daily works. I can go at least...” I don’t want to oversell my ability. “Twice a day, maybe three.”

“I don’t want you to burn yourself out.”

“I’ll be fine. We’re talking, play until completion, correct?”

“Yes. Speaking of which.” He goes back to making even more notes on the contract. “In the report, indicate level of orgasm.”

My lips twitch. “Will do. What else is in this contract?”

“Not much, duration of contract.”

“Until you don’t need me anymore? Or we decide we’re not a good fit.” The thought makes my stomach drop.

“We’ll put down six weeks and come back to it at... Christmas, it looks like. But after a week, we’ll evaluate to make sure we’re working well together. If you have concerns before then, please speak up.”

“Makes sense to me. Do you have your own lab reports of each toy?” I absolutely want to read through them.

He fiddles with the edges of the contract. “I do.”

“Can I see them and compare notes?”

His mouth opens and closes, then he nods. “After you’ve gone two rounds. I don’t want to influence your experiences.”

“Reasonable. What else?”

“We just need to sign. Unless you have more questions?”

“Nope.” I glance over the changes and his written in notes. His handwriting is small and neat, slanted.

I sign and pass the contract back to him. He signs, then pushes to his feet and holds out his huge hand.

“Welcome to Dylan’s Pleasure Shop, Snow. It’s a pleasure to have you on board.”

He has to lean way over the table to shake my hand. When he does, his palm’s warm. Slightly clammy. My cock twitches because I want those fingers wrapped about me in other places.

Get a grip, Snow.

“Glad to be here, but I feel like you learned all about my likes and desires, and I don’t know anything about yours.”

“I’m your boss.”

“*Santa’s* the boss.” I wiggle my brows to coax him into telling me *something*. “We’re collaborators.”

His shoulders drop, making himself smaller, and he gives me a tiny smile. “Okay, one secret,” He whispers. “Everyone always assumes I’m a top.”

*Not* what I was expecting.

“Because you’re so tall.” I hop off the chair, take a step back, then lean back to exaggerate my point.

“Yep. I’m not even vers. I’m a bottom, but if I want—This is too much, isn’t it?” He rubs his face, a bright blush moves from chest to hairline.

“If you want sex, you gotta top.”

“Yeah, and I’m not a fan. But I *like* getting off with other people.” He lets out a sexy little groan and slumps back into his chair.

“I get it. Same way with me.” I sweep a hand down my slender body. “People take one look at me and decide I’m bottoming. Even when we’re both vers. It’s bullshit I say.”

“Agreed.”

Dylan finally relaxes. Then the door to the room slams open, blowing in hot air.

## CHAPTER 3

DYLAN

Tinsel walks in as if he owns the place. Pale blond hair lays windswept across his forehead. He wears a leather harness like me, displaying scars on both sides of his chiseled chest with pride. He's still shivering from walking around outside in practically no clothes. Leather shorts, a harness, and combat boots aren't nearly enough in the North Pole.

He stops dead in his tracks, to-go cup at his lips. "What's this?" He circles his finger at Snow and me. "Did tall, dark, and handsome finally open his mouth and—"

"Shut it, Tinsel." A legit growl rumbles from my throat.

"*Oh* maybe, the pretty—"

Snow snorts and tells Tinsel to shush.

A smile creeps on Tinsel's face. "Whatever this is, it'll be fun to watch."

"Why are you here?" I ask.



He holds out a second to-go cup, giving it a little shake.  
“Your usual.”

Dark hot chocolate with mint and a ton of whipped cream. White snowflakes dance on a field of red on the cup. Hunching over to make myself smaller, I take it from him.  
“Thanks. Sorry for snapping at you.”

“No worries. I know how you are. So, what *is* this about? You never let anyone in here besides me. And Santa, but he hardly counts.”

Snow and I look at each other, then we explain.

The biggest grin rolls over Tinsel’s face. “Two for one. I like it. Plus, you’re in for a treat. Dylan’s got the best toys. The strap-on he built me. Sublime. And the packer feels so natural.”

The praise jacks up my anxiety. “It was nothing. You designed them, I just—”

“Hush.” He gently squeezes my arm. “You’ve got skills. I just reap the rewards of those skills.”

“The glass dildos are pretty amazing,” Snow chimes in.

“See. Let people admire your abilities.” Tinsel hops onto the workbench, letting his legs dangle. He hums into his cup, taking a long drink. “Are you gonna make Snow wear your uniform?”

“Uniform?” Snow asks.

“There’s no uniform.”

Tinsel cocks a pale brow. “You *always* wear jeans and one of the chest harnesses I made you. Always. That’s a uniform.”

“That’s what I like to wear because I get hot.” And don’t mind the occasional burn...

“I can wear a uniform if you want,” Snow offers.

Snow wearing a harness, that would be delightful. “Unneeded, unless you want to. But... I like your sweaters. Always have.”

Snow goes pink. “Me too.”

Tinsel cackles before taking another sip of his drink. “You two are gonna dance around each other, be all blushy and cute, then one of you is gonna snap and you’ll—”

“Language,” I growl.

Tinsel narrows his eyes at me. “Like I was saying, one of you is gonna snap, then you’ll get to cleaning each other’s chimneys.” He grins as if he came up with the most clever euphemism.

“Maybe only one chimney.” Snow bites his bottom lip.

Tinsel opens, then closes his mouth. Somehow, Snow surprised him.

My face is hotter than my frickin’ furnace. *My* chimney. That’s what Snow’s talking about. I don’t mind one bit, but we *will* be working together, and we shouldn’t mix business with pleasure in that way. Nothing good ever comes out of it.

I set my cup on the workbench, feeling bad about drinking the treat in front of Snow. “I was just getting ready to show him around the mailroom.”

“Okay, well, that sounds boring.” Tinsel hops down from the workbench. “So I’ll leave you two to lick each other’s stamps in peace.”

I choke on air. Snow’s so flushed the tips of his slightly pointed ears are Rudolph’s nose red.

“That’s not the plan,” I say. “We’re—” I wave my hand between Snow and I. “Not getting intimate. He’s testing my toys and shipping the orders, that’s it. We’re not... licking each other’s stamps.”

I must be imagining things because Snow’s shoulders slump. Does he *want* to... lick my stamp? I shake my head. He’s not here for that.

“Okay, we’ll see how long that lasts.” Tinsel snorts, then he’s gone from the room as quickly as he arrived.

My hot chocolate sits on the workbench and I’m tempted to chug it, but it’s still too hot if the way the steam curls in the air is any indication.

“You don’t want it getting cold.” Snow nods at the to-go cup.

“Do you like hot dark chocolate with mint?”

Snow lets out a sensual moan. “It’s my favorite.”

“Mine too.” I stroll to my little locker room. On top of the lockers I keep a supply of various useful products and extra to-go cups are one of them.

I snatch one from the top—green with white silhouettes of evergreens—and dump half of the hot chocolate into the new cup, trying to keep the decadent whipped cream even. When I’m satisfied, I pass him the green cup.

Snow holds the drink with both hands and blinks up at me. “Thank you.” He tips the cup back and moans.

I take my own satisfying swallow, stifling my own sound. Tinsel really does order it perfectly.

“Are you and Tinsel...” Snow lifts his brows, not finishing the question.

“No. Love the man, but he’s like a brother to me. We got each other through some of our worst times, but we’ve never been attracted to each other.”

Snow gestures behind me. “So, mailroom?”

“Mailroom.” We stride in silence.

The room’s organized, otherwise I’d never get anything done. I show him the procedures. Making sure he understands we do *not* put glitter in or on the packages. The glitter is just for desktop decoration. Because I like it.

Snow’s nimble hands grip a sparkling blue glass dildo. He twists with the cleaning cloth to make it presentable before carefully placing the toy in a silk pouch. The tip of his tongue

pokes from between his lips in concentration as he finishes the package.

I'd like to drag my hand through his short curls. They look so soft. So does his skin. And his lips are so kissably plush.

“—right?”

I shake my head to clear the lustful thoughts. Snow holds the package carefully, waiting for me to inspect. His big brown eyes watch my every expression.

Taking the offering, I turn the small box this way and that, making sure the toy doesn't shift inside. “Perfect. I do like the shipping label as centered as possible, but this is great.”

*Evergreens*, Snow's grin radiates warmth.

I watch as he goes through three more orders to my specifications. His elegant fingers polishes each toy. Throat bobs with each swallow. He works in silence.

After examining the last package I can't decide on an excuse to stay. “I'll leave you to it. If you have questions don't hesitate to find me. Don't work yourself too hard.” I nod to my glass workshop, jam my hands into my pockets, and step back to leave.

“Thanks.” Snow's already onto the next order, humming a happy little tune that fills my heart with joy. The song wraps around me, tempting me to stay. *I need to stay. Must stay.* Get closer. Do as he asks, whatever it is.

I stagger to the furnace, brain clearing. Must have been my imagination.

I don't dwell on the strange sensation. Snow seemed to be unaware and I need to rework the dildo I'd abandoned. I scrap the original piece, and start over. Mandy from Tennessee will have perfection if it kills me.

## CHAPTER 4

### SNOW

My brain hurts. Tomorrow I need to remember my headphones to drown out all thoughts floating through my head.

With a sigh, I seal up the last package of the day and look over my pile of work. The crowded shelves taunt me.

*So.many.orders.*

It's okay. I agreed to work in Dylan's mailroom and have no regrets. Other than my mind wanders, and I don't like what it wanders to.

I'm not good enough for anything besides the barns and one night stands. Not even one night stands. More like thanks for the O. Goodbye. Don't tell anyone or you'll regret it. What right do I have to ask for a different job? I'm a misfit. A halfling. No one will *ever* choose me for anything. What makes me think I can do this? I should just go back to the animals, they don't judge me. They might actually like me.

I shake my head to clear my thoughts.

Shut it, Snow. You keep lying to yourself. None of those thoughts are true. That internet chick says to believe in yourself and your worth and that's what we're doing. I puff out my chest, but deflate. It's a lot of hard work to hype myself.

I hop off the chair and stretch. My legs ache from dangling. While I said I didn't want Dylan to purchase an elf-height chair and table, I'm glad he insisted. The new furniture should arrive first thing in the morning, and I'm grateful for it.

The walk to Dylan's glass studio takes less than a minute. He's finishing a bright orange dildo. His eyes don't leave the toy, but his body language indicates he knows he's being watched.

Sweat glistens along his sculpted arms. I'm grateful he doesn't wear shirts, keeping to the chest harnesses Tinsel makes. Heat radiates through the room. Sweat beads on my brow. Usually intense heat would irritate me, but I'm mesmerized by the grace of his actions. Dylan is so peaceful at work.

Finally, he detaches the dildo from the rod and places it in a special machine that cools the glass gradually so it doesn't crack from rapid temperature change.

"How can I help you, Snow?"

I'm dazed by his brilliant chestnut eyes and have to force myself to speak. "I'd like to take a few toys home with me, but wasn't sure how you want to go about it. Is there a checkout system like a library?"



Dylan scratches the back of his neck. “Actually, yeah.”

I hide my smirk. How organized. I follow him to the silicone toy room where there are boxes upon boxes on shelving units. Luckily for me, these don't get shipped out. No, they're all for my pleasure. I swallow. Can I get through them all?

“You can start anywhere.” Dylan grabs a box and brings it with him to the table against the back wall. He pulls out a silk bag and shows me a tag sewed into the side. “Each toy is assigned a number. Make sure the number is on the field report.”

There's a tablet on the corner of the table. He taps the screen and opens an app then types in the number. A picture of the toy pops up on screen along with field reports of his own underneath.

“Impressive.”

Dylan shows me how to check out and return toys. Then how to write up a report.

“You can take as many as you want at a time, just make sure you note which ones in the program. Do you need anything else?”

“I think that's all?”

Dylan gives me a sharp nod, then turns on his heel and walks out. I'd be sad, but his bottom in those jeans is such a treat I can't be bothered.

What do I want to play with? Each box contains a treasure trove of fun, and it's so overwhelming.

Anal beads are always enjoyable. I pull a box from the shelf and shift through the offerings. Then move on to dildos. And finally strokers. I select four toys, which might be overkill, but I'm a bit stuck in my head and an orgasm... Or several, would be a welcome distraction.

There's an empty box on a bottom shelf the perfect size, and I dump the toys inside then head out to grab my coat.

Dylan reaches the locker room door at the same time I do. He waves me in first.

"I hadn't realize it was so late. Must have forgotten to set my alarm to keep from overworking. Did you find something?" he asks without looking at me.

"A few somethings." I give the box a shake. The blush is just so delightful on the apples of his cheeks.

Dylan slides on his coat and wraps a fuzzy bright pink scarf around his neck. "Do you want me to walk you home?"

The question catches me off guard. "I'm good. Wanna swing by the barns before I head home. See a few of my favorites. Tell them I still love them."

That earns me the most adorable lopsided smile, one that shows the cutest dimple in his right cheek. "I haven't been to the barns in years. Used to enjoy feeding the little ones when Santa allowed it."

“I shut that down.” My shoulders drop. “It interfered with their feeding schedule and kept them up at night when someone fed them something they snuck in.”

“You really love them, don’t you?” Dylan asks.

“I do. But...” I smooth a hand down my coat. “I... Can’t any more.” Shaking my head, I clarify. “I can’t work with the elves there anymore.”

“I understand. Want me to go with you?”

My heart flutters. Is he trying to find a way to spend time with me? “I think I’d like that.”

I pull on my coat and gather my goodies, letting Dylan lead.

But instead of ogling his bottom, my stomach turns. I always intended on visiting the barns after my first day with Dylan, but hadn’t thought how that’d make me feel. What will the other elves say? Will they say *anything*? I hope not.

## CHAPTER 5

DYLAN

Snow's quiet beside me. Our breaths come out in clouds and I pull my scarf across my mouth to keep warmth in me. Luckily, the air's not as cold as it *should* be.

Santa's magic keeps the elves of the North Pole comfortable under a dome that protects us from the harsher weather. That's not to say it's not cold as all get out, we just don't have to deal with the terrifyingly dangerous temperatures outside the barrier.

"Is it colder than normal?" Snow shivers and I have to admit, it does feel nipier than it should with Santa's magic.

"Maybe?" Oh, how I wish to take Snow's hand into mine, maybe help warm him up.

The deep grunts and honking of our reindeer herd bray louder the closer we are to them. We have dozens of reindeer. During the day, they have a huge field fenced off from the rest of the North Pole to roam around. At night, they sleep in

barns. Right now they're still roaming even though the dome above us dims to simulate night.

Upon seeing the animals, Snow begins his happy humming, and immediately, I want nothing more than to do his bidding. Some of the reindeer catch sight of Snow. Perhaps they even hear his song. Almost the entire herd runs to the fence to watch us approach.

Elves shout from inside the barns. A few pop their heads out then scowl and return to their tasks.

We approach one of several gates. Snow leaves the box of toys at the entrance. A huge grin slips his face as he holds up his hands, and hums a high note. To my surprise, the reindeer back away.

Snow unlatches the gate and waves me inside. As soon as I enter, two small reindeer come to nuzzle my sides with their adorable fuzzy noses. Snow laughs behind me as one licks his face. They surround him. He talks to them softly, petting each head he can reach. The joyful sound of his continued laughter unfortunately goes right to my dick.

“What’s all the commotion about?” Fruitcake, one of the stable hands—who I may or may not have had a roll in the hay with a few months ago—comes out. Hands land on his narrow hips. A sneer washes over his cherub face. “I thought we got rid of you, Snow.”

“Oh, you did. But I came to check on the sweeties.” He scratches a small antlerless one under the chin.

“We don’t need you anymore.” Fruitcake stomps closer. “*They* don’t need you. You *abandoned* them. For what? *Him*?” He waves his hand at me. I was good enough when he bent over a hay bale begging me to take him. Granted, I may or may not have been desperate for connection with someone so I may or may not have done what he’d asked.

Snow’s face drops. “I didn’t abandon them.” He wraps his arms around the little one’s neck and murmurs against him.

“They clearly like him,” I say. “Or do they come running to any elf they see?” I know that not to be the case.

“I’d like for the both of you to leave.” Fruitcake’s lips form a thin line.

“Just a few minutes, please?” Snow begs.

“Two. Then you need to leave so we can herd them to the barns for the night.”

“Isn’t it a bit early for that?” Snow’s brows scrunch.

“Not really your concern anymore, is it?”

Snow takes a deep breath and mumbles to the calf in front of him, “You’ll always be my concern.”

I hate seeing Snow’s face crumble. I’d like to crush Fruitcake’s chestnuts in a nutcracker for stealing Snow’s smile. Stealing his laughter. “Why don’t you go back inside and let Snow have some time?”

“Why don’t you go back where you came from, Freak.”

Snow stiffens.

“Oh. Ouch,” I deadpan. “That hurt.” I roll my eyes and press my hand to my chest. “How original. And you liked me just fine when I—”

Fruitcake growls and holds up a hand to stop me from saying he liked me when I turned him into a *cream-filled* Fruitcake. “Fine. Ten minutes, then we really need to get them inside.” He turns and leaves us to the reindeer.

“Thanks,” Snow says still stroking the young calf. “I really wanted to spend some time with Valentine. The other elves don’t neglect him, but they don’t treat him as nice as they do the other reindeer.”

I look over the calf. The name’s fitting. There’s a patch of white fur on his forehead in the shape of a heart. He’s also the smallest of the young.

Snow steps backwards, and Valentine follows him, as do all the rest of the reindeer. Again he holds up a hand, but this time hums a lower note while keeping a palm on Valentine’s chin. All the other reindeer scatter.

“How do you do that?”

“Hmm?” Snow drops his attention to Valentine, who continues to follow him back towards a tree where Snow sits. Valentine follows suit and lays his head in Snow’s lap.

“You’re a magical reindeer herder.” Mostly I’m joking, but I’ve seen his ability with my own eyes. Experienced how his hums fill me with the need to follow directions. Only magic can explain what he does.

Snow's jaw tenses. "I trained them."

He stops shivering. Probably because he has a reindeer in his lap. They're both so peaceful now, but elves lurk in the corners of the field. Watching. Not to mention Fruitcake glaring from the barn. What *is* their problem with Snow? He's obviously great with the reindeer. Is it jealousy?

I keep petting the few curious reindeer that come up to me. There are some I recognize. One with a dark patch on his left leg named Lucky. And another named Skippy from the way she sorta skips everywhere.

There's a snuffle from the ground, and Snow's buried his face into Valentine's neck. I can't hear what he's saying, but he's mumbling something.

What can I do? What do I do? Do I stay? Go? I want to make sure he gets home okay. Now he's sad and I hate it.

He gives a low hum as he pets Valentine's head one last time. The reindeer stands, then saunters off like nothing happened. Snow pushes to his feet and wipes at his eyes.

"We're leaving," he says loud enough all the other elves should hear him. Dropping his voice, he says to me, "Thanks for being here." I'm lost in the beauty of his big brown eyes.

"No problem."

Snow grabs his box of toys on the way out. "I'm good. I'll see you tomorrow. Bright and early."

"Are you sure? You don't have to come in every day."



“I wanna keep going in the mailroom. I made great progress today, but there are still so many orders to get ready.”

My cheeks burn. I’m incredibly embarrassed I let the problem get so bad. “Tomorrow, then.”

We go our separate ways. I keep my eyes on him as long as possible, but lose him behind buildings.

I live behind my workshop. A perk of having one of the most successful studios in the North Pole. Tinsel lives next door, his leather business *almost* as popular as mine.

Doesn’t take me long to get home, but I can’t stop myself from going back to the studio to work on a few new designs. No one has to know I worked a bit more today. Besides, it’s the perfect distraction to keep me from remembering Snow took toys home. And hopefully keep me from fantasizing about what he’ll look like using them.

## CHAPTER 6

### SNOW

I wish I hadn't cried in front of Dylan. The heat of anger and shame curls through me right to the tips of my *slightly* pointed ears. Everyone reminds me my appearance is lacking, might as well remind myself.

Fruitcake didn't have to act like that. He *knows* how much I care and bullying me was just cruel. But after schlepping myself up the six flights of stairs to my apartment, excitement bubbles. I have the evening to myself and a box of fun to enjoy.

I kick off my boots as soon as I pass through my door.

My place isn't messy. It's a perfect blend of lived in, yet still doesn't feel like a home. The empty silence is deafening. A plain green blanket is rumped on my couch from my last binge watching session. Used tissues form a sad pile on my end table from when I cried about some stupid prank. Pairs of shoes and boots clutter the the wall next to the door. The carpet could use a vacuum. I should probably dust. But none

of that matters now. No. Now I'm washing the last thirty minutes away from an otherwise great day.

I rush to my bedroom to drop my box of goodies on my nightstand.

Someone somewhere cooked something fishy, not a pleasant smell to get down and dirty with floating around. I light the half-empty gingerbread scented three-wick candle that sits on my dresser to hopefully dissipate the stench by the time I'm out of the bathroom. I sigh at my unmade twin bed. The quilt's all bunched after a nightmare. I couldn't be bothered to straighten everything this morning.

Squeezing my eyes shut I take a deep breath. Today started a new path in life and I'm going to take the adventure. Even if that means the road comes to a deadend at Christmas, at least I tried something new.

I strip and shower as fast as elf-ly possible. Then give the toys a good scrub.

The dildo is my first choice. It's a medium firmness. Neon blue marbled with hot pink. Thick, but not too thick base. Wonder what Dylan based the shape on.

I give the tip a lick, for fun. Lovely. Not the best flavor, but it's not a real dick.

Only the gingerbread scented candle lights the room as I crawl into bed. I kick the quilt and sheets to the floor to give me the most space. Then retrieve the bottle of lube from my nightstand. On my knees is my preferred position to play with

toys of this nature and my bed gives me cushion to keep from hurting.

After dribbling lube over my fingers, I reach back to slick my hole, working a finger until I'm ready to try the toy.

Breathing heavy, I prep the dildo with lube, then drop back into position. Spreading my knees wider to give me better stability.

Head pressed to the pillow, bottom up, I slide the toy inside and moan.

I hold my breath and sink the toy in further, taking my time.

The silicone stretches my hole more than anticipated, but it's oh so yummy.

Panting, I thrust shallowly, hitting that spot inside that makes the world spin.

There's something about the dildo I've never experienced before. Something I can't put my finger on. Something *magical* lighting me up inside. But maybe it's all in my head. My annoyance at Fruitcake melts away. Everything's going to be fine. Just fine. Perfect really.

I shift to take my cock in hand.

Dylan prefers to bottom. What would it feel like to sink into the heat of his body? We've known each other since we were kids, always staying on the fringes of each other's social circles. Not that either of us really have social circles.

His bottom in those jeans. Sweat glistening on his skin as he works glass. The way his cheeks burn red when he's embarrassed. Those soulful dark eyes. What would it be like to run my fingers through his hair?

I'm so close, just—

I spill in my hand with a gasp and drop to my tummy. The dildo slides from my bottom to settle between my shaking legs. I'm too exhausted to move. This was just what I needed. My brain has turned to mush, but I still have to write the report.



### **Snow Gumdrops Field Report 1- Silicone dildo, plain Toy #369**

Lube: water-based

Mood: horny :wink wink:

Partner: solo :(

Atmosphere: quiet. candle burning.

Usage: anally

Position(s) used: on my knees

Orgasm scale: 6 on 10 star scale

Design feedback: The toy grows bigger towards the base which I enjoyed. The design allowed me to decide how thick I wanted it, but I felt the thickness could have been more gradual. It was bigger than anticipated upon insertion. That

doesn't distract from the absolutely silky feel of the toy and how much I loved the way it slid in. My legs shook so hard, and I collapsed to catch my breath. A few nubs or a gentle curve would make this a ten out of ten. I can't say I've had a human-made toy that's better. Because I haven't. There's some sort of spark. Magic, if you will, poured into your toy no other studio will ever be able to replicate.



DYLAN

I'm just finishing guitar practice when I get the notification Snow created a field report. My heart pounds. Do I read it now? Do I wait? I haven't thought this through.

I slide my guitar back to its stand in the corner of my room, contemplating what to do.

Curiosity gets the better of me, and I open the message.

Spark? Magic? My brows scrunch. I'm just an elf. There's nothing magical about the toys.

That I know of.

## CHAPTER 7

### SNOW

It's been a week of bliss. Okay, other than the constant bullying from my neighbors every time I come and go from my apartment building. Or when I sneak over to check on Valentine.

“Snow's too good for animals now. He left. Did you hear?”

“Oh Gummy can't feed animals anymore?”

“Did you get tired of shit on your boots everyday?”

One day someone smeared my doorknob with something... questionable. I can only hope it was pumpkin filling like it smelled like.

Tinsel comes to the shop every morning with hot chocolate and I could kiss the man. We've gotten closer as friends and I'm learning to open up to more people. Shocker how much I feel better when I talk to others.

Dylan and Tinsel understand why I left the barns. The last prank... the other elves made it look like one of the reindeer had been badly hurt. Valentine to be exact. My poor sweet boy

was instead covered in deep red, sticky strawberry jam I painstakingly washed from his fur. He wasn't harmed. Fruitcake just wanted to scare the daylights out of me.

Carrying my box of toys, I power walk past everyone. Giant glowing fake candy canes line the winding path from sector eight to the working sectors. The benches along the way are modeled to look like two gumdrops. I've always found the decor adorable. The air's scented with cinnamon and nutmeg which always soothes my soul, even in the vicinity of people that spew mean words at me.

I'm *not* human. But I'm not full elf either. Why would it matter in the first place? We're elves, we're *supposed* to be nice to each other.

I loved the barns when no other elves were around. Animals don't give one fig what you are, as long as you're kind to them. But there were *always* other elves around.

We have more than just reindeer barns. There are fields for cows and pigs and horses and goats. We sustain ourselves in the North Pole and each animal needs care. I was part of the prestigious reindeer crew looking after the calves and other young, but this year the bullying and pranks from my fellow elves broke me. So when Santa started looking for a tester for Dylan I put in my application. I'm not sure anyone else applied to the job. Dylan isn't exactly popular, but most elves know if they want a toy he's the one to go to. He won't make fun of your desires. Now I wonder if the magic imbued within the toys is what draws everyone to him for their pleasure.



I'm almost to sector three, where Dylan's workshop is, when I realize I forgot my headphones. I really should just leave them at the shop. Dylan's mailroom is much different from working with animals. I can zone out for the most part. My headphones don't matter today, though. I made a lot of headway in his mailroom over the last week. Today, I'm spending time in the testing room. *Hopefully* with Dylan watching. The thought puts a bit of pep in my step.

The warehouse of Dylan's workshop is impressive. Dylan's Pleasure Shop is painted onto the side of the building in bright orange. A deviation from the white, greens, and reds everyone else uses. Dylan's always walked to his own drumbeat which is one of the reasons I admire him.

I push the heavy door open. Dylan's working with glass. His muscles are on full display under the natural brown leather chest harness. He must feel the change in temperature because he lifts his head and looks my way. I give him a wave before dropping off my coat in the locker room, then take the toys to the testing room.

Once done with my tasks, I smooth a hand down my sweater to gather my courage. I'm not sure why I'm so nervous. We agreed I would test the toys twice alone, then have him watch. But today is evaluation day as well. What if he doesn't want me to continue testing for him?

My boots are heavy walking to his glass studio. He's working on a toy—butt plug this time—but looks up to greet me with a smile.

“I enjoy working with you and have no complaints.” There, I got the ball rolling.

“I’m happy with your work. I also have no complaints.”

“Then we’re in agreement, I’m a good fit and I’m staying.”

Dylan nods. The tiniest smile tips his lips.

I let out my breath, then gather my courage for my next statement.

“And I’m ready to be observed.”

Every muscle of Dylan’s body tenses. His throat bobs as he swallows. “I’ve read your reports. Good insight. Are you sure you want me there?”

“It’s in the contract.” Can he hear my heart pound?

“It is.” He swallows again.

“I’m ready when you are.” Prepped and everything. Even brought my own lube, since it’s what I’ve been using.

“Give me ten minutes. Have to finish this.” His voice is gruff. My insides twist.

Maybe this is a bad idea?

## CHAPTER 8

DYLAN

As soon as Snow is out of sight, I race to the bathroom.

Since I started reading his reports, I haven't been able to concentrate. I turn up my music, but can't stop imagining what he sounds like. Or looks like as he enjoys the toys. Especially since his reports tell me exactly what positions he plays in. Now I get to experience what I've only thought about and I'm overwhelmed.

I swallow back a moan.

Nope. Nope. I can't join him, not yet. I need to take care of a problem.

Leaning against the closed door, I sigh as I unzip my jeans and push them to my knees. The front of my jockstrap's wet from pre-cum. I slide my hand down my straining cock to pull myself free from my underwear. It's been a few weeks since I've touched myself. No reason for the accidental celibacy other than I got sidetracked by work. Then I was exhausted.

I lick my palm before taking myself in hand properly. Envisioning each moan and whimper Snow might make in the other room has me pumping faster. My hips thrust of their own accord. I tighten my hand and slam the other to my mouth when I groan. Snow *can not* know I'm in here masturbating because of him.

It really has been awhile. My orgasm builds until it blows through me. Cum coats my palm. My breath stutters.

That felt amazing.

I slide down the door to let my heart rate slow to something normal.

What would Snow's hands feel like on me? What would he feel like filling me?

A sharp knock startles me out of my silent reverie. Pushing to my feet, I end up smearing my forgotten cum on the floor.

"You okay in there? I heard a shout." Snow's voice is full of concern.

My cheeks burn. Surely I wasn't so loud he heard me?

"Dylan? Come on, you okay?" Snow knocks again.

Quickly I pull up my jeans and stuff myself back in.

Taking a deep breath, I open the door. "I'm fine." *Holly berries*, is that my voice?

Snow's eyes rove over me, taking in every inch. He nods when he's satisfied.

I wipe my hand on my jeans, and he tracks the movement.  
“You’re sure?”

His face is flushed. *Please* do not tell me he knows what I just did.

I pull my hand through my hair and grimace. Wrong. Hand.  
Snow looks so kissable right now.

“Give me a minute, and I’ll be ready.”

Snow nods and takes a step back so I can shut the door again. He’s going to be the death of me. I grab a wad of toilet paper and go to my knees to clean the mess. Then wash my hands. I’m not sure how much cum made it into my hair, but I swipe water through just in case.

My reflection stares back at me. Dark hair. Dark eyes. High cheekbones, sharp jaw, pointed ears. I get told all the time I’m handsome, just too bad I’m a freak of nature. Their words, not mine. It’s been like this my whole life.

I snap in my ear to literally snap me out of my downward spiral. I concentrate on each part of the sound. A clicky pen does a better job, but I don’t have one on me.

Another deep breath and I pull open the door. Snow’s at one of my workbenches typing on the tablet. His tongue pokes between his lips as he uses a single finger.

“Uh, let’s get to it.” I wave in the general direction of the testing room.

“Don’t sound so enthusiastic,” Snow deadpans.

“Sorry. Nerves.”

“You’re not the one putting on a show.” Snow bites his lip when he nudges his shoulder into, well, he can’t reach *my* shoulder, so it’s a strange rubbing against my side.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“It was my suggestion. I’m not shy. I’ve seen you lurking at the house parties, you know how I am.”

Some nights the memory of him pressed against a wall or draped over a couch is all I need to get off. But he always has clothes on, only moving the necessary items.

“I know how you are at parties, but I don’t know the real you.”

That silences Snow. His pretty mouth forms a thin line before he puffs out a laugh. “No one ever wants to know the real me.”

That hurts my heart. “I do.” As desperately as I want someone to know the real me.

We’re at the threshold of the testing room. I cleaned the suite the day Snow started. New sheets. Restocked with fresh snacks and water. A new bottle of lube too. The room’s ready, even if I’m not.

“I’d like you to stay in the room with me, if you don’t mind,” Snow says. “I don’t like the idea of you watching from behind the glass.”

He must have brought in the old chair from the mailroom some time after the elf-height table and chairs arrived earlier this week. I sink into it, rubbing my hands along my thighs.

“You look so uncomfortable.” Snow laughs as he saunters towards the bed.

“Sorry.” I fist my hands and let them go.

“I want you to...” Snow begins to unbutton his cardigan. I only now notice it’s blue with a humongous yellow church bell. He shimmies the sweater off his shoulders. Snow doesn’t usually wear a button-up. Usually he wears a pullover. A smile parts his lips. He chose that sweater for a reason. “Enjoy yourself, Dylan.”

The t-shirt under the giant bell is white, but the print is a string of fat Christmas lights across his chest and stomach as if he’s tangled in them. His arms cross over his tummy and tugs the shirt off. Glorious pale skin comes into view. His nipples are peaked and rosy. He’s slim, no abs or ridges here. Which is just fine by me.

He turns to fold his shirt and sweater on the bed, giving me a view of his beautiful bubble butt in the skinny jeans. The boots go next. Each back muscle working as he pulls them off and drops them next to the nightstand beside the bed.

Then all that’s left is his jeans. He still doesn’t face me. No, the sound of his zipper fills the air. His fingers loop the waistband, and he pulls down, shaking his bottom as he goes, as if the jeans are hard to get off.

He's not wearing underpants.

The full glory of his bottom is all I see. A dusting of fine peach fuzz graces his skin. His thighs are thicker than his jeans make them out to be.

I may have come less than ten minutes ago, but the sight of his body has me hard again already.

Snow turns. His cock—flushed and plump—stands proud.

He's beautiful.

"I'm small and soft. Not one muscle in sight. But this is me." Snow shrugs.

"You're perfect."

His breath catches. "What?"

My feet move without permission, but before I can reach him, the blue security lights in the ceiling flash, startling us both.

The loud jingle bells of the security alarm sounds out. Every room of every building in the North Pole has the lights and alarms.

Mr. Claus's voice calmly says, "Santa to sector eight. Santa to sector eight. Magic degradation. I repeat. Santa to sector eight. Building thirty-two."

Snow's eyes widen as he runs for the door.



## CHAPTER 9

SNOW

“Snow, wait!” Dylan shouts behind me, but I can’t stop. Before I can yank the big warehouse door open, Dylan grabs my shoulder and turns me to face him. “You can’t go outside naked, you’ll freeze.”

I look down. Of course. Dylan follows me as I rush back for my clothes and boots.

“Snow—”

“That’s my apartment building.” And everyone will blame the magic degradation on me.

My hands shake as I dress. It’s taking too long, and I yank my boots up as fast as possible. I run past him. We’re at the locker room now.

“Snow.”

I move around him to yank my locker open. The clank as the door slams into the locker beside it is loud.

The blue security lights continue to flash, bouncing the color over Dylan's handsome face. I thread my arms through my coat sleeves and button it closed. Instantly I'm too hot, but it won't matter as soon as I step outside.

Mr. Claus's voice comes over the speaker system again. "All elves remain where you are. Do not approach sector eight." He repeats the words several times.

"*Candy canes.*" I pace and scrunch my hair under my fingers.

Dylan drops a hand on my shoulder, stilling my actions. His warmth soothes my nerves. "Is your family safe?"

"Yeah, Mom, Dad, and Pops live in Greece." I let out a small laugh. "Mom retired and wanted someplace warm." After so long she wanted to finally be reunited with my father in his home country. But who could imagine leaving perpetual winter? I love the harsh kiss of the cold against my skin. Hot chocolate to warm me up. Snuggles under fluffy blankets. And sex to get me sweating and breathless.

"Is there anything irreplaceable in your apartment?"

I shake my head. "Just necessities." Nothing worth saving, really.

"Good thing you're not in your apartment then."

My cheeks heat. Dylan's cheeks flush and he looks away from me.

A loud groan of the earth moans out. No. No. No. No.

The ground shifts. I grab onto the locker in front of me.

“Do not panic,” Mr. Claus says over the speaker. “Do not panic.”

“I’m panicking,” I whisper. My legs quake.

Dylan draws me to him and rubs my back. I cling to his muscled form. The apartment building is crumbling in sector eight, I just know it.

“Santa will do what he can. He’ll make sure everyone gets out safe.”

I nod into Dylan’s... I’m not sure where my head rests, he’s so freaking tall compared to me, but the bare skin of his chest is warm. And oh boy, does he smells good. Like peppermint scented chocolate.

I’m not sure how long we stand like this before Mr. Claus makes another announcement.

“Residents of sector eight, building thirty-two, please calmly make your way to the main common room in sector three within the hour.”

My heart sinks. “This can’t be good.”

“Want me to come with you?” Dylan offers.

His eyes plead for me to say yes. So I do. I’d like someone there whose on my side. Someone that won’t fling mean words at me.

Dylan grabs his coat from another locker and we head out. I have to run to keep up with his stride until he realizes and

slows. He drops his head, sheepish look on his face. “Sorry. Tinsel always calls me out.”

“It’s fine,” I puff. The air clouds in front of my face before I walk through it. “Gave me something else to concentrate on other than what Santa might announce.”

Dylan holds out his hand. I hesitate. “I wish everyone was as nice as you.” There has always been a handful of elves that have never poked fun at me. Never said anything mean to me and he’s one of them. Though I guess he gets his fair share of bullying.

He shrugs. “We’re supposed to spread good cheer and happiness, not cause pain and heartache. But I think some elves forget. Gran raised me to be kind and that’s what I strive to be.”

My heart pounds. I take his hand. *Fruitcake* it’s huge, mine swims against his palm. His touch calms me though. Soothes the rumbling in my head.

I try to keep from looking towards sector eight, but fail. A whimper falls from my lips. Building thirty-two no longer stands. Santa couldn’t save it. My legs tremble.

“Snow?”

“They’re going to blame me.” The words fall from my lips.

Dylan’s brows furrow. “For the building? That’s impossible.”

Shivering, I pull him into the alley between the fudge and cupcake shops. “My ears.” I fiddle with one.

He cocks a brow. “What do your ears have to do with anything?”

Of course that was a dumb place to start. “They aren’t right for an elf. The points are too soft.” My heart pounds. “The other elves make fun of me for it. Call me *human*.” I drop my hand. “I’m a halfling, but not part human. I’m elf and... siren. No one knows what I am except for Santa and Mr. Claus. And now you.” I turn and lift the hair on the back of my head to show the short downy feathers that grow on my nape. Except for the ears and feathers, I pass as elf.

I glance back to find Dylan lifting his hand as if to touch my feathers, but he drops it before making contact. “Thanks for trusting me with this. I won’t tell anyone. Not unless you want me to.”

I shake my head and face him again. “It’s bad enough people want to poke at my flaws.” My hand goes back to my ear. “I’d rather—”

“Being a halfling isn’t a flaw.” Dylan’s eyes dart across my face as if examining my features for more signs I’m not a full elf.

His words make my tummy flutter. He’s not rejecting me.

“I still don’t understand, though. Why would anyone blame you?”

Of course, I’m not making any sense. “Santa’s magic works on kindness, right? The magic must have thinned because

there's no kindness in that apartment building. It's because *I* live there."

"You are not the problem, Snow. If anything, the elves that are mean to you are the ones that caused the magic degradation."

I stand straighter. "Hadn't thought of it like that."

A charming half-smile tips his lips. "When the magic degraded in the building of my first apartment, I felt like you did. But Santa told me in no uncertain terms I was part of the solution. To just keep doing good. So that's what I do."

"Makes sense." I fidget with the cuff of my coat.

"Come on, we'll want a seat up front."

We walk in silence, my small hand in his big one. He's so comforting and I feel so dumb. I've admired him from afar, too scared to really interact until I started at his shop. Because this is Dylan. Beautiful, giant of an elf, purehearted Dylan.

It doesn't take us much longer to reach our destination. When we enter, everyone turns to look at us and the murmuring begins.

"The misfits. This is *their* fault."

I grind my teeth. Dylan squeezes my hand as he walks us right to the front, passing row after row of elves snickering and making rude comments.

The bright scent of peppermint hits my senses. I feel it in my eyes more than smell it. Chairs creak as everyone settles

in. Dylan towers over us all, yet we remain right in the center. He's too big for the chair and clutches his knees to his chest. I'm not sure his bottom even fits on the seat properly, but he's not complaining. Elves grumble behind us. He doesn't seem to care, and I find myself feeling the same. I lean into his gentle energy, hoping I don't come across as needy.

Mr. Claus—Jack—stands on a dais. His black hair is twisted in locs that hang to his broad shoulders. A sheen of sweat coats his brown face. His hunter green sweater stretches across his wide chest. Green slacks grace his thick legs. Crinkles at his eyes are deeper than usual.

The twin thrones of the North Pole are behind him. They're striped in red and white with plush green velvet cushions and arm rests. They look so comfortable compared to the hard wood we sit in.

Finally, Santa arrives. He's pale. Sweat beads on his forehead and he wipes it off. Mr. Claus holds him in a long embrace before they separate.

Santa takes a deep breath before he begins. "I'm sorry to say we lost the building."

My heart drops. The elves behind me gasp.

"But not one elf perished."

It's an impressive feat. A round of applause goes up.

Santa lifts a hand. "We'll rebuild, but it'll take time. I need to replenish my magic, and we need more builders. Do we have any volunteers?"

Hands shoot up all around us. I've already committed myself to helping Dylan with his shipping problem, and of course being his toy tester. He waited so long I won't back out now.

"Fantastic." Santa claps. "Please join us tomorrow morning at six. We'll have a plan in place by then. In the meantime, see Candy for new living arrangements while we sort everything out. We anticipate the build to take around three months. If we can get supplies." Santa sighs and wipes his face. "But don't worry. We'll do what we can, no one will be homeless."

Tension vibrates down my spine. I no longer wish to live around the people that bully me. Dylan must sense this, his comforting hand goes to my shoulder and he nods to a quiet corner. I follow him like a lost puppy.

I fiddle with my pocket, not looking at him.

"You're welcome to stay with me if you want. I know what it's like to keep living with my bullies after something like this."

Swallowing, I process what he said. "You don't mind?"

"Nope. It's a studio apartment, so there's not much room. But you're welcome to the space. I can shut down production today and we can go buy you necessities. New clothes—"

Tears well in my eyes. All the sweaters my Mom made me. Gone. I hug myself, good thing I wore another of my favorites today. "Sorry. I'm usually much more put together, but—"



“It’s been an emotional morning. Your home being destroyed is a pretty big deal. Don’t be sorry.” Again Dylan’s big hand squeezes my shoulder.

Nodding, I say, “I’d like to take you up on the offer.”

“Good. We’ll just let Candy know you have accommodations and we’ll go shopping.”

“You don’t have to go shopping with me.” I scrub a hand through my hair, the softness of my curls always makes me feel better.

“I don’t like the idea of you being alone right now.”

All I can do is nod again. “I’ll be back.” I join the line in front of Candy. There are thirty elves at least in front of me, and they all glare my way.

Candy’s sharp voice cuts through the mumbles. “We’ll get through this much faster if everyone pays attention.”

I give her a silent thanks. All the elves turn to face her and the line moves quickly after that. Candy marks on her paper where I’ll be living for the time being, and I make my way back to Dylan.

# CHAPTER 10

## SNOW

Dylan's apartment smells like fresh baked cookies. I breathe it in as I look around. He really does have a small place. To my right is a kitchenette with an oven, stove, and refrigerator. He has a bistro table with two chairs, both too tall for me to sit comfortably. There's a door I assume goes to the bathroom. A couch sits on the long wall. Then to the far left is the biggest bed I've ever seen.

The place is as clean as his workshop. Not one thing out of place. I spin, taking everything in. There's a beautiful glittery tapestry of an evergreen woods behind the couch. A TV stand has a tiny elfin village dusted in even more silvery glitter underneath the massive flatscreen. Shiny ornaments in all colors of the rainbow hang from the ceiling.

"You really like glitter."

"I do." Dylan slides his coat off and hangs it on the coat tree then holds his hand out for mine. I pass it to him, still taking in the glory of his apartment.

“And you’re sure you don’t mind me staying here?” With effort, I lift my shopping bags to the table.

“Not at all. Why do you ask?” Dylan fidgets as he loads the fridge with food we purchased.

“Your place is immaculate. I’m not a trash goblin, but—”

“Messses make me anxious.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” I start unpacking the clothes I bought, folding them neatly. The sweaters aren’t as good as what Mom makes, but a few of them make me smile.

“There are a couple of free drawers you can use.” Dylan nods towards the giant bed where there’s a dresser against the wall.

I carry my new belongings to said drawers and fill them up. The bed is daunting. It’s practically on stilts. He never said I’d sleep in the bed with him, though. So I turn my attention to the equally huge couch.

“So...” Dylan starts. “You have your choice of places to sleep. As you can see the bed is rather large. We won’t even touch if you want to sleep there. Or you can have the bed and I’ll sleep—”

“I’m not sleeping in your bed without you in it.” I slam my mouth shut. Yep, that came out.

Dylan’s face flushes. “The bed *is* comfortable.”

“We’ll share the bed, if that’s okay with you.” I scrub my hand over my face. “Do you mind if I take a shower? It’s been

a long day and a shower usually helps.”

“Go right ahead. There are towels and wash cloths in the cabinet. Take what you need. You’ll find fresh bars of soap there too.”

I rummage through my new clothes to find pajamas. It might be too early to put on night clothes, but I think I’m allowed to lounge about after my apartment building’s been destroyed. I’ll get back on my feet tomorrow.

Settling on a pair of green and red plaid I take my pjs to the bathroom with me.

Behind me, Dylan’s on the phone ordering what sounds like several step stools. He’s so thoughtful.

The bathroom is just as clean as the rest of the apartment. Smells citrusy in a fresh way not a chemical clean way and I breathe it in as deeply as the fresh baked cookie scent of his apartment. I fold my clothes as I strip. Not sure how we’ll deal with the laundry situation, I don’t want to assume I can put my clothes with his.

His towels and wash cloths are stacked in perfect towers in a skinny closet and I take what I need.

Just as I grab the shower curtain, Dylan cries out.

“Wait!”

There’s a thump and a curse.

“Wait. Wait.”

I wrap a towel around my waist and open the door to find Dylan tangled in a blanket by the couch. I rush to his side. “Are you okay?”

“More embarrassed than anything. Just... I need to get something from the bathroom.”

I unravel the blanket from around his ankle, and he springs to his feet to retrieve the item. The tell-tale sound of a suction cup tells me he had a dildo attached somewhere in that room, and I’m a little sad not to know where.

His face is bright red as he leaves the bathroom, hands behind his back. “All yours.”

It takes everything in me not to laugh. “We’re both adults and we both know you make sex toys. Plus, I test your toys. There’s no need to be embarrassed by the fact you use them too.”

“You’re right.” Dylan lets out a sigh.

His hands drop and the dildo is gorgeous. I take a step closer. The silicone is lime green marbled with gold and hot pink. Not too big, or too small, shaped like a real penis. I hold out my hand to see if he’ll let me hold it. When he passes it to me, the heft is wonderful. The firmness exactly what I look for in a toy.

“It’s clean,” Dylan offers.

I give the toy back to him. “We need to negotiate a few things since we’ll be living together for a little while.” I nod to

the bistro table and hop onto one of the chairs, making sure the towel keeps me covered.

“What kind of things?” Dylan grabs a notebook from who knows where and joins me.

“For one, I’d like to think we’re friends.” I want to be closer than *just* friends, but we’ll start slow.

“Me too.”

“I’m not your employee, Santa’s the boss. You and I are collaborators.”

“Agreed.”

“We can be more open with each other. Don’t feel like you have to tip toe around me.”

Dylan scratches a note onto a blank page.

“Sometimes I like to kiss my friends.”  
Why.did.I.say.that.out.loud? I don’t even really have friends, aside from Tinsel.

Dylan licks his lips. “I need you to spell out what you’re saying Snow.”

“I’m saying we could make this a really fun time. Friends with benefits kinda fun. If you want.” I shrug as nonchalantly as I can. “It could help with your toy development process.”

“It’s not professional,” he says.

“When we’re off the clock. It doesn’t matter, remember? Collaborators helping each other scratch an inch. Or push past creative blocks. *You’re* not my employer, Santa is.”

He taps his pen to the paper. “What does friends with benefits look like to you?”

“Blow jobs, handys, screwing, playing with toys together, anything. Kissing.” I enjoy kissing, and my imagination runs wild coming up with images of how Dylan’s mouth would feel against mine.

“And you like to top.” His tongue darts out to wet his lips again. But he shakes his head. “Let me think about it.”

“Okay.” I drop to my feet. “The offer stands if you change your mind.” I sashay all the way to the bathroom hoping he does, indeed change his mind.

# CHAPTER 11

DYLAN

My mind blanks. Snow proposes friends with benefits and I balk. Why? Because I'm afraid if I follow through he'll decide he doesn't want to be my tester or shipping assistant. But I think I was going to kiss him before the security lights killed the mood.

Snow wouldn't have proposed the arrangement if he wasn't somewhat attracted to me, would he? I'm not entirely sure. His sexual exploits aren't exactly a secret. Not that I care. I'm glad he gets what he needs. I'm usually more discrete in my search for partners, and it's been awhile. Years since I've gotten what I *actually* crave. And Snow said he tops. Prefers it.

But he's just been through trauma. What if he suggested friends with benefits as a way to help himself process that trauma and he doesn't really mean it? I can't take advantage of him like that.

I look up to find Snow watching me from the doorframe of the bathroom.



“You’re really cute when you’re over-thinking something.”

“Thanks?” My heart pounds.

I don’t know if Snow knows how beautiful he is. His eyes sparkle beneath the glittery ornaments hanging from my ceiling. The fact everyone makes fun of him for not being a full elf just makes me so mad. And sad. I always thought he was like me, but instead of being tall he has short ear tips. I’m honored he trusted me with the secret of him being part siren.

“Wait, you’re really stressed out by this aren’t you?” Snow takes the few steps back to the table and hops into the seat again. “Talk to me. I don’t want to make things weird between us.”

I chew on my lips. Then spill everything.

Snow wipes at his eyes with the heel of his hand. “Those are some of the sweetest words anyone’s ever said to me. No one’s ever cared if they were using me or not.”

“I care. A lot. I don’t want you to feel pressured in anything because I offered my apartment. You’re not obligated to—”

Snow holds up a hand. “I appreciate it. I really do, but you don’t have to worry. You don’t have a manipulative bone in your body.” Snow slides from his chair. “How about this? I’d love to snuggle up on that big couch of yours and watch a movie.”

*Me too.* “Hot chocolate?”

“And cookies.” Snow turns, and I watch him pad back to the bathroom.

The shower turns on, and my stomach twists. I can't bring myself to join him, not yet anyway.

## CHAPTER 12

### SNOW

I have no shame about coming in Dylan's shower. He was so frustrated, it was adorable. Hopefully he'll be less stressed once we get the movie going. He's a bit high strung, but it's one of the reasons I like him. He's disciplined and ambitious, which can't be said about me.

I scrub the towel through my hair and get dressed. The scent of hot chocolate permeates the air, as does fresh cookies. Everything is the perfect distraction from the fact my apartment building no longer stands. If what Dylan says is true, I shouldn't feel guilty about it, even if I do.

When I leave the bathroom, Dylan's wearing a pair of gray sweatpants and a white t-shirt that pulls across his muscles. Other than a coat, I haven't seen his chest covered in years. He's still sexy as sin, though I'm a little sad I won't be cuddling to naked skin.

"I may have gone overboard on cookies."

There are three cooling racks with dozens of cookies of all kinds. “You didn’t have to do all this.”

“I keep batches in the freezer, so it wasn’t much work.”

I grab a chocolate chip cookie and take a bite. “Holy horseshoes, Dylan. Did you make these?”

He nibbles on one of his and nods. “Family recipe from my Gran.”

“She’s a culinary genius. Is she still around?”

“Nah, moved out to New York when she retired. Wanted away from the North Pole. We video chat every month, though.”

Elves live so long we all just assume everyone’s still alive.

Dylan hands me a mug of hot chocolate, and I breathe in the steam between bites of my cookie. We add an assortment of treats onto a plate. I can’t wait and take a bite out of a snickerdoodle. Dylan watches as I lick the cinnamon and sugar from my lips.

“What movie did you decide on?” I ask as we make our way to the couch.

“The Fifth Element.”

Strange choice, but I’m here for it. “Classic. Haven’t seen that one in years.”

“It’s one of my favorites. I always watch it around this time of year.”

“Crush on Bruce Willis?”

Dylan shakes his head and flushes a bit. “I’m absolutely a gay elf, but Milla Jovovich’s performance is perfection. Plus, while it’s a bit insta-lovey, and Korben Dallas is sort of a pig, I like the whole love saves the world message.”

“You’re a romantic.” I sip my hot chocolate, it’s so good I moan into the mug.

Dylan swallows, I like watching his throat bob every time. “You could say that.”

“I like taking you apart layer by layer.” I pass my mug to him and climb up the couch. It’s not much of a struggle, just a little embarrassing.

“I have step stools coming to make life easier for you. I get all my furniture custom made to my measurements. Bigger than average humans.”

That answers that.

He hands me back my mug, and I scoot close until I’m snuggled into his side. His breath catches, though, and I lean away.

“Sorry, I don’t—”

“No, no, please get comfortable.” He lifts his arm, and I cuddle close to him again. He.Smells.Amazing. This time like apples and pine. I breathe him in.

He gets the movie going. It really is a masterpiece. We finish our cookies, and I settle my mug on an end table before I make my move and lay my head in his lap. He stiffens for a moment before relaxing, and his hand threads through my hair.

This is the life.

## CHAPTER 13

DYLAN

I fell asleep before the movie ended. Snow did too if the soft sleep sounds he's making from my lap are any indication. He's so peaceful I don't want to move, but he must sense I'm awake because he pushes to a sitting position and rubs at his eyes.

A yawn escapes Snow's mouth. "Sorry, must have been more tired than I realized."

"Same here, fell asleep before the epic Diva concert slash fight scene."

He sits straighter. "That's the best part."

"I know," I groan.

"I wouldn't mind watching it again."

A smile pulls at my lips. "Another time." I'm about to propose we move to the bed, but someone bangs on my door, startling us both. "One sec," I call out before pushing to my feet, reluctant to leave Snow's side.

Bright morning light filters through the door when I open for our visitor. Tinsel bounces on his toes and grins. He's got on more clothes than I've seen him wear in awhile and holds a clipboard in his hand.

"A little birdy told me Snow's with you."

"Yeah?"

Tinsel lifts his brows a few times. "Having fun?" His eyes drop over my body, and he frowns. "You're dressed."

"Tinsel?" Snow shuffles up beside me. "What's going on?"

Tinsel pushes his way through the door and makes a beeline for the cookies still out on the counter. Snow and I are hot on his heels. Tinsel grabs a cookie before tapping his clipboard.

"Do either of you want hot chocolate?" I ask as I grab a pan to heat the milk. I need the wake up.

Tinsel shakes his head. "Just here to tell Snow I signed him up for a slot in the talent show."

"What?!" Snow yells. "What makes you think I want to be a part of some talent show?"

Tinsel's face drops, but he puts on a good front forcing a smile back to his lips. "Everyone from building thirty-two is a part of it. It's a fundraiser. The show'll be streamed to other supernaturals around the world in hopes they'll help raise funds for the new building. Or send supplies. Something. That's what they decided at the meeting this morning. I volunteered to organize the show."



“You don’t even live in building thirty-two.” Snow threads his fingers through his curls. “I can’t. Take me off the list. I don’t have any talents. You should have asked first.”

Tinsel frowns at the cookie in his hand. “I didn’t think you’d be so upset.”

“It’s not like I can get on stage and spread my legs. What other talent do I have?”

“Everyone can sing,” Tinsel says. “You can train animals or something.”

“I don’t work in the stables anymore, remember.” Snow flexes his hands before deciding to fist them.

“Yes, but—”

“If you sing, I’ll...” I can’t believe I’m offering, but... “I’ll join you. Play the guitar.”

Snow drops his gaze. “Yeah?”

“Absolutely.”

The tension bleeds out from Snow.

“I’ve got an electric guitar, been practicing for years. Mostly for myself. We can have fun with it. Write a song if you want, or sing something classic.” I turn my attention to Tinsel. “When’s the show?”

“Two weeks.” Tinsel wiggles his clipboard. “So you don’t hate me?” He pushes his bottom lip out and pouts at Snow.

“I could never hate you. But Dylan saved your bacon.” Snow wraps his arms around Tinsel in a tight hug. They *fit*

together. I'll never have something like that unless I go live with humans. No, thank you.

“We'll be...” Snow taps his finger to his lips. “Misfit and the Toy Maker.”

Tinsel and I both snort. “Little on the nose don't ya think?” he says.

“They won't pay attention anyways. Everyone hates me.” Snow grinds his teeth.

“Not everyone,” Tinsel and I say together.

“I know *you two* don't hate me.” Snow sighs. “Sorry, I'm still shaken about the building. I shouldn't be such a downer.” He grabs a cookie and sighs into the bite.

I pour milk into my pan for hot chocolate. “I think you're allowed to still be upset.”

“Agreed.” Tinsel gives me a look, and I'm not sure I'm going to like what he says next. “I thought I'd show up and Dylan would have made you feel better, but—”

“He did,” Snow chimes in. “We watched a movie, ate cookies, drank hot chocolate. Cuddled. It was an amazing night.”

I keep my attention to the hot chocolate. “I enjoyed myself.”

“But that's all you did?” Tinsel's back to pouting. He hops onto one of the kitchen chairs and kicks his legs like a child.

“It's all I needed.” Snow joins him at the table. “Better than getting railed against the wall at a house party.”

I wish neither of them brought up sex because I'm fighting my body to keep from getting hard.

The milk's ready for the chocolate, and I add in a cinnamon stick. Someone drops from their seat and pads over.

Snow's next to me, sniffing. "You added cinnamon."

"I like the kick in the morning."

"I do too." He grabs another cookie.

I should probably make a proper breakfast, but rather munch on cookies.

"I'll let the two of you get ready for the day." Tinsel drops to his feet and heads to the door. "Sorry for causing drama this morning, but hopefully you've forgiven me."

"Of course," Snow says.

Then it's just Snow and me in my kitchen again. He leans against the counter and watches me stir the hot chocolate. His eyes are zoned on my arm.

"I really do appreciate you taking me in. I'd probably be grouchy if I had to stay around all the people that continue to make me miserable." Snow fiddles with the end of his sleeve, keeping his eyes to the floor.

"Tinsel did the same for me, and I'm happy to pay it forward." I grab two mugs from the cabinet above the sink. "Besides, now you're closer to the workshop and don't have to walk as far. It's really a win-win for me."

A grin lights Snow's face. "You did it for yourself. And here I thought you were all gallant coming to my rescue."

Fishing out the cinnamon stick, I chuckle at his words. I pour equal parts of hot chocolate in the mugs, then pass him one.

Snow rummages around the fridge until he finds the whipped cream. He piles a good amount on top before passing the can to me.

"I could really get used to this." Snow lifts his mug and we walk back to the couch.

This time he doesn't scoot to my side. I miss his warmth, but don't say anything. We sip our hot chocolate in silence. It's still early, so I'm not in a rush.

"I'm going to start with toys today," Snow says. "I made great headway in your mailroom since I started so I'm comfortable with splitting my day into two parts."

"You could take the day off. You just went through something traumatic."

"Nah, this'll keep me occupied."

I nod and ask, "Do you have anything in particular you'd like to play with?"

Snow bites his bottom lip. "I'm thinking non-penetrative toys for the first rounds of the day. Strokers would be great. Maybe nipple clamps? Then I'll end the day with anal play." He says the words so casually.

My cock stirs in my sweatpants.

“Or we can play hooky and get frisky here.” Snow lifts his mug to his lips, side-eyeing me.

“I have orders I need to get through.” Taking yesterday off already set me back, but I’m happy I could be there for Snow.

“You’ll always have orders. It’s what you do. And... that’s not a no.”

It’s really not a no. I want to say yes. “Not today.”

Snow shrugs. “Okay. What are your plans for dinner. Because I want to cook you something. Or take you out.”

“You don’t need to do that.”

“I want to. Please?” Snow gives me puppy dog eyes, so I say yes. “Good.” He bounces off the couch. “I need to get ready. All this talk about what I want to play with has me horny.”

Me too.

We take turns in the bathroom, dressing out of each other’s line of sight. The sweater Snow chooses today is bright red with giant snowflakes. His dark hair’s a chaotic mess he didn’t bother fixing, and I like it this way. We coat up and walk in peace to the workshop. Snow hums a happy little tune the entire way, and I find myself leaning closer, needing the sound to fill me up. I’d do anything he asked of me in this moment.

*Oh*, the pull must be the part of him that’s a siren.

We drop our coats in our lockers, and I move to the glass studio, but Snow has other plans.

“I want you to show me which are your favorite.” He takes my hand and guides me to the toy room.

We stand in front of the shelves. My pulse races.

“I have three.” I keep them separate from the rest and pull the hidden box from a cabinet.

Snow’s fingers dance along the toys. “You really like bright colors.”

“I do.”

“So do I.” He grabs the toys and the tablet. “See you later.” Then he’s gone.



### **Snow Gumbdrop Field Report 23- Silicone stroker Toy# 009**

Lube: water-based

Mood: so horny. Can’t get you out of my head.

Partner: solo, unfortunately

Atmosphere: lonely

Usage:

Position(s) used: on my back

Orgasm scale: 7 on 10 star scale

Design feedback: The soft nubs inside were divine. I thought they’d be weird because it looks like a bunch of

cooked spaghetti, but they offered enough of what I needed to get me off quickly. This toy is perfect. Didn't realize it'd glow in the dark.

Note to self: This is one of Dylan's favorites, and I can see why.

## CHAPTER 14

DYLAN

I go looking for Snow a little before noon. My stomach rumbles, cookies and hot chocolate weren't the best for breakfast, but I have no regrets. When he's not in the mailroom my cock thrums to life, and I know where he is.

Snow said I could watch before. Did the offer extend to whenever?

He proposed friends with benefits *and* "play hooky and get frisky" this morning. Of course I can watch him whenever.

Or join in more than likely. I'm just stubborn. He's willing. I'm willing. What exactly is my hang up?

The closer I get to the testing room the louder he moans. Then my name's on his lips. And my resolve goes out the window.

Snow has the lights off, so I can't see much, but he left the door cracked. I step closer. The damned floor creaks, and he startles.

"Dylan?"



“Yeah,” I croak out. “I was looking for you to go to lunch, but I can come back.”

“You. Don’t.” The distinct wet schlick schlick sound of a cock in a toy starts again. “Have. Mmm... To. Leave.”

“*Holly berries.*” I shift my hand through my hair then push the door open.

Snow’s naked, and his knees are gloriously spread wide, both hands on the stroker as he thrusts into it. “I’m not going to last.”

“Come for me, Snow.” I have no idea why I say the words.

Snow throws his head back. Mouth open, he moans my name. His hips stutter as he draws the orgasm from his body. Once he’s gone still, he drapes an arm over his eyes. Smile on his lips. The toy still in the other hand, he pulls it off, leaving a trail of cum.

I want to lick him.

“That was glorious. Ten out of ten.” Snow keeps his face covered, his breathing’s heavy.

His legs are still spread. A sheen of sweat on his skin makes him glow in the dim light.

“I enjoyed the show.”

Snow drops his arm from his eyes and pushes to his elbows. “Yeah?” He drags a finger through the cum on his thigh, then brings it to his mouth.

Before he can pop the finger in his mouth, I take two steps and grab his hand. His eyes go wide when I draw my tongue along his digit. The salty cream hits my taste buds. My eyes shut as I take him in.

I'm not sure if he's the one that moans or me.

Doesn't matter.

I suck his finger as if it were a cock. There's still cum on his thigh, and I spread his knees wider. "I'm going to lick you clean."

"Please do." Snow's breath catches. His hands go to my hair as I lave at his skin, keeping clear of his spent cock. He squirms beneath me, mewling and moaning. I breathe in his scent, musky and sweet, a touch of cinnamon and vanilla. The taste of his skin on my lips is salty and delicious.

Soon he's hard again. I'm tempted, *so* tempted to touch him. He's beautiful, cock flushed, skin pink, lips swollen though I've not kissed him.

"Let. Me. Touch you, Dylan." Snow pants at my ministrations.

He wants to touch me. Me. Him. *Touch.*

I nod and pull back to sit on my heels. He tugs at my harness, drawing me on top of him. I brace myself with my arms to keep from crushing him.

*Candy canes and frosted cookies* I want him to touch me everywhere.

I let him manhandle me to my back. His hands work my jeans open. He shoves them to my knees, and I kick them off along with my boots. My cock throbs in my jockstrap.

Snow nuzzles me with his cheek. Exquisite.

“Yes.” *What* am I saying yes to?

Snow takes it in stride, kneading me through the silky red fabric. “Can I taste you?”

I nod again. “Yes, please.”

“So polite.” Snow tugs at the waistband of my jockstrap and pulls me free. “Wow.” He licks his lips. “Even your dick is beautiful. And huge.”

I tense. I hate when people comment on my size.

“What’s wrong?” Snow gives me space. “What’d I—*Holy angel choir*, sorry. I wasn’t thinking. I’ll see myself out.”

He moves to leave, but I grab his hand and tug him closer.

“You don’t have to go. Just... I don’t enjoy being reminded of my size. Anywhere.” I cup his face. Touching him is like nothing else.

“Noted.”

“But I do like that you think I’m beautiful.”

“*Chimneys*, you are a gorgeous elf, Dylan.” He squeezes my biceps. Thumbs my bottom lip. “Can I go back to touching you?” he whispers.

“Yeah. Yes, please.”

That earns me a grin. Then I'm lost to anything other than Snow. His warm tongue licks my cockhead. He expertly works my length before taking my balls in hand. Trying to take too much, he gags. The sound makes me harder if that's even possible.

He hums, which shoots right into my soul.

"Snow," I grit out. "Whatever. Whatever you want, it's yours."

His eyes blow wide and he pulls off me with a pop. "What?" He gives me a quizzical little smile, his head cocked. "Am I that good?"

With the humming gone, his spell rolls off me, sinking into the bed. "You're amazing."

"Is that so? Tell me more." Snow climbs up my body.

His light weight feels right. Calloused hands stroke my chest. I can *not* think with his gentle touches.

I can only do.

Taking our cocks in hand, I stroke. Long and slow. Snow's long lashes flutter.

His silky cock slides against mine. We moan in unison. Snow thrusts, adding more delicious friction.

"I'm going to come," I say, squeezing my hand.

"Me too." Snow grinds harder and buries his head in my chest.

We're both panting. Snow shouts and cum coats my stomach. I follow him down the path of ecstasy. Once I've wrung every drop from him, Snow flops on top of me, finger circling my pec as he watches me drift back down to Earth.

Holy heck.

"You okay?" Snow asks.

"Yeah, just. Now I need—Where's my sketchbook?"

Snow's brows pinch. "Sketchbook?"

I squeeze his sides. "So much inspiration. Need to get it down."

"Or, we could take a nap?" Snow snuggles closer, wrapping his legs around me.

Nap? A nap sounds divine.



## **Snow Gumdrop Field Report 24- Dylan :wink wink: Toy#000**

Lube: Dylan's tongue

Mood: ecstatic

Partner: Dylan

Atmosphere: lively

Usage: tongues and hands and cocks

Position(s) used: my back, Dylan's knees, Dylan's back

Orgasm scale: 20 on 10 star scale

Design feedback: Dylan's by far the best toy he's let me experience. Not that you're a toy, Dylan. That orgasm was amazing. Curled my toes. I don't think anything artificial will ever top that.

Note to self: Don't mention his size.

# CHAPTER 15

SNOW

Dylan's been distant ever since our mutual coming and napping through lunch. I *know* we have a connection. So why is he all silent and broody?

I turn and wave my spatula at him. "*What* is your problem?"

Dylan looks at me from the couch all wide-eyed. I almost forgive him. "I don't have a problem." He goes back to sketching. I guess he really meant it when he said inspiration struck. But then why give me the silent treatment?

"You do. You've barely talked to me since we got back home."

"I've been distracted." He wiggles his sketchpad.

I must admit, my heart flutters knowing *I* did this to him. But... "Santa's tasked me with teaching you how to have some fun, and I think I have my work cut out for me."

"What?" Dylan pushes to his feet.

“Yes, he said...” I drop my voice to imitate Santa and say, “Snow you know how to let loose, I want you to help Dylan do the same. The boy is all work and no play.”

“Santa called me boring?” Dylan’s shoulders hunch, and I feel bad.

“No one can accuse you of being boring.” If they did, they’d be wrong. There are so many facets to Dylan, and I’m happy to discover each one. Like this latest facet. Food.

I grilled Tinsel on a few of Dylan’s favorites, and I’m making him scrambled eggs with cheese, toast, crispy bacon, and sliced tomatoes. Everything but the eggs are ready. And according to Tinsel, Dylan likes them *very* done. Something about being paranoid about salmonella. I don’t mind, I think Dylan’s quirks are endearing.

I crack six eggs into a big bowl and scramble them with a whisk, making sure nothing goes over the side.

“So I work too much.” Dylan leans against the counter and watches me.

Nerves rattle up my spine. I’ve only ever cooked for myself. I had to get Tinsel to tell me how much to make. Four eggs for Dylan, two for me.

“You *are* a workaholic for sure. And I understand your passion, I really do. But I’m worried about you. Tinsel and Santa too.”

“Tinsel’s worried?” Dylan stands straighter. “He never said.”



“Would you have listened to him?”

He swallows. “Probably not. But... I do take breaks and—”

“Dylan, from what I’ve seen so far you fill your entire day with things to do. You hardly have *any* downtime.”

“I practice guitar, that’s—”

“Do you ever just read a book? Or binge watch something on TV? I have a feeling watching *The Fifth Element* with me last night was the first time you’ve done something like that in a long time.”

“It was,” he mumbles.

“Then tomorrow, we *are* playing hooky.” I nod sharply and pour the eggs into the frying pan.

“I have orders to fulfill.”

“Dylan. Dilly. Dill Dill. The orders will still be there. And everyone knows there’s a wait. You can take a day off for yourself for once. The workshop didn’t explode when you shut it down for me.” I still feel bad about that.

He sags again. “What do you propose I do all day then?”

I shrug and push the eggs around in the pan. “I know what would be fun to me, but it’d make you blush. We could go shopping? Hop through all the cafes to find the best hot chocolate. Go to a movie. Read. Color.” I take the sketchbook still in his hand and set it on the counter. “Not draw toy prototypes.”

“It relaxes me.” He looks at the sketchbook longingly.

“That I can believe, but it’s still work. So, no.” I give the eggs a few more pushes then plate them along with everything else.

Dylan lets out an appreciative *mmmm* as he follows me to the table.

“Hopefully you enjoy it. Tinsel was a lifesaver because I had no idea what to make.”

“Breakfast for dinner is the best.” He takes a spoonful of eggs, because of course he uses a spoon. How cute. His eyes light up and he moans into the bite. “Perfect.”

I have to agree, I did good. “We start Project Lazy Dylan *tonight*.”

“Fine,” he mumbles around a bite. “But I won’t like it.”

I chuckle and scheme. “What if you do?”

“Then you win I guess.” He shovels more eggs in. “We should discuss what we want to perform at the talent show.”

“That’s work.” I point with my fork.

A smile curls his pretty lips. “But not *my* work. *I* can sit back and give suggestions and not do anything else.”

“You’ve found a loophole it seems. And you do have a point. We need to decide what to do for this disaster.” The thought sours my mood. Love Tinsel, but I’m still salty he didn’t ask first.

“It won’t be a disaster. You’ll see. It’ll be great.”

I just nod. When we finish dinner we eat a few of the left over cookies for dessert. They're still so good even after being left out the night before.

“If you insist on talking about the talent show, I want to sit in your lap.”

Dylan swallows hard. “Okay.”

Didn't think it'd be that easy. But I also didn't think he'd let me blow him, or we'd get off together before lunch. He's constantly surprising me.

I quickly wash the dishes. Cooking dinner as a thank you would have been horrible if Dylan then had to do the clean up. He tried, but I waved him off. I don't mind the task really. But it lets me think too much.

Dylan takes his sketchbook back to the couch. “Ready when you are.” Then his eyes drop to the paper, and he's back to working.

It might take a bit more to crack him of his overworking problem.



## DYLAN

When Snow finishes the dishes he dries his hands and saunters his way to me.

“I'm thinking...” Snow climbs up the step stool then crawls my way. “Something classic for our performance.”

I open and lift my arms, not sure how he wants to sit. He needs to drive this because it's outside my norm. I'm not usually one to be all touchy feely, but with him, I'm comfortable.

Gingerly, Snow maneuvers so he's sitting across my lap with his back against the armrest. This is nice. *So* nice. And I have to talk my body down from getting too excited.

Snow waves to my sketchbook, and I hand it to him along with my pen. "Christmas music, since it'll be close enough."

"Maybe something to show off your range?" I offer.

Snow opens the sketchpad and his breath catches. "Oh. You weren't drawing toys."

No, I was drawing him. Face in pure ecstasy as he came. His bright eyes. Plush mouth.

"You're talented." He traces the lines. "And brave doing this in ink. What can't you do?"

"Crowds overwhelm me. If I don't set alarms to eat I forget or get sidetracked. Eye contact is hard. But not with you or Tinsel. Sometimes Santa, but he intimidates me so it's iffy. I'm anxious *all.the.time*. Hyper-focus and obsess." Why am I sharing so much?

Trust. I trust Snow. He shared his heritage with me, I can share more of myself with him.

Snow squeezes my bicep. "I had no idea."

“I hide a lot.” Literally. In my workshop, and I’ve masked my entire life, hiding the parts of me that makes me even more different from others. I can’t look at him when I tell him this next part and drop my eyes. “In human terms, I’m autistic and have ADHD.” Just one of several reasons my mother dumped me on my Gran after my dad left. She couldn’t deal with my strangeness. Things that didn’t bother other kids, did me, so I learned to hide.

Snow shifts to look at me better. He takes my face in his hands and presses his forehead to mine. “You don’t have to hide from me.”

We sit like this for several heartbeats, breathing each other’s air. Snow’s warmth radiates into me. He’s not scared by my admission.

Tinsel is the only other person that knows everything about me. Now Snow does too, and my heart swells. I wrap my arms around him. “Thank you.” The words come out a croak.

Snow leans back to look me in the eye. “Why did you offer to do the talent show with me? This must be terrifying for you, and I’m just annoyed because I don’t want to do it.”

“I give myself a challenge every month, this is the perfect one. Plus, I think it’d be good for both of us. Take us out of our comfort zones and show everyone we’re not so different from them.” Even though the idea *is* terrifying.

“You’re sure?”

“I’m good. But we still need to decide what we’re doing.” I flip the sketchbook to an empty page.

Snow scratches out a few notes on the pad. I can’t see what he’s writing. He makes a list, then draws lines through different notes. “What can you play? I didn’t think about that.”

“I’m a fast study, so whatever you want I’ll learn. But I know quite a few Christmas songs as it is.”

He nods with a smirk. “Show off.” He scratches a few more notes then hands the pad to me. “I think any of those will work. Leaning more towards Jingle Bell Rock because it’s fun.”

“Jingle Bell Rock it is. It’s one I know by heart. So, that’s done. What now, oh teacher of fun and being lazy.” I drop the sketchpad to the empty cushion next to me.

Snow shifts in my lap again, this time to straddle my thighs. His legs spread wide. “I can think of a few things.” He trails his hands along my chest and pulls at my harness forcing me to lean down. “Can I kiss you?”

I nod, and his lips press to mine. He’s sweet when he licks my mouth open. Then I’m tasting his tongue. His hands roam my body. Mine stay on his slim hips.

Snow trails his kisses along my jaw, licking at my skin. *Nutcracker*, I want more. So much more. But—

“What’s wrong?” Snow pulls back. Concern mars his features.

I squeeze his hips. “We need to discuss something.”

Snow pulls off my lap entirely and scoots the sketchpad to the end table to sit next to me. That's not what I wanted at all.

I take a deep breath and push it out slowly. "I don't want to be friends with benefits."

"*Oh.*" Snow slides from the couch and threads his fingers through his hair. "Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. I'm not getting this out right. I want something *more*. I like you Snow. I want to *know* you."

"You do?" Snow's eyes widen. "No one ever wants more than a quickie."

"You've said, but that's not me."

Snow climbs back up the step stool and settles on the far side of the couch, crossing his legs to watch me. "I want to know you, too." A smile quirks his lips. "I don't hate that you're playing hard to get. Wanting to stay professional. But you're not my boss. We *can* be more. If you want."

*Pine cones*, I want that. I want *him*. "The thing is... I don't really know what a relationship looks like. My folks split when I was so young. Gramps was always gallivanting around, so growing up all I had was Gran. Watching other relationships from the outside, some of them don't make sense to me. But I'd like to try with you. Something our own."

Snow's breath catches. "You're really asking *me* to go steady?"

"I am. We *are* living together." A smile creeps on my face, and I let out a laugh.

“So, say we *are* partners, do I get to sit in your lap whenever I want?” He crawls towards me again. “And kiss you? Touch you?” He squeezes my thigh.

“Yes, please.” I pull him back to my lap and press my lips to his. He moans and melts into me.

Real passion this time. He’s not trying too hard anymore. I cup his face, brushing my thumbs against his cheekbones. He grinds against me. We lose ourselves in each other. *Stars*, he feels so right.

“Why don’t we...” Snow starts, but gets sidetracked with kissing me. “Go to bed?”

“I’m not ready for bed.”

“I’m not talking about sleeping.” Snow winks.

*Oh.*

When I lift Snow, he yelps and wraps his arms around my neck. His lips find my throat and nibble. My hands cup the lovely globes of his bottom and squeeze. He grinds against me. I want his hard cock in my mouth so bad I can already taste him.

“So squirmy.” I place him on the bed and lean over him.

My eyes roam his body. His leggings hug him perfectly, not hiding the erection. “What do you have in mind?” Boldly, I cup him, and thumb the head of his cock. He’s already leaking pre-cum.



The moan he lets out goes right to my dick. I lick my lips and tip my head to his nether region. “May I?”

“Please.”

“So polite.” I smirk.

I roll down the stretchy fabric of his leggings, and Snow’s cock springs flushed and proud. Perfect.

But Snow looks away. His hands scrunch in the quilt, bunching the fabric. His breath comes faster and not in a good way.

“Talk to me.” I squeeze one of his thighs. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s dumb,” Snow whispers.

“Nothing’s dumb if it bothers you.” I take a seat on the edge of the bed.

He swallows and finally makes eye contact. “Does it bother you I’m so small?”

My brows knit together. “Small?” *Everyone* around me is small.

He grabs himself.

I lean in and capture his lips. My hand joins his and starts a slow stroke. His eyes shutter closed, and he sighs.

“You have a lovely, perfect cock. One of the most beautiful I’ve seen.” I pull our hands away before dropping to my knees between his legs. “Flushed so pretty for me.” I dart out my tongue to lick the bead of pre-cum at the tip. “Mmmm. You taste good too.”

That makes Snow laugh.

“I always thought you had dick confidence,” I say before sliding my tongue up his shaft.

He gasps, then laughs again. “I usually do.”

“Why not now? You were confident in the testing room.” Another lick. “We were naked.” Lick. “We’ve done things already.”

“Ah! So good.”

“Answer, Snow.”

His hands fist the quilt. “Because before, I wanted to impress you. I pushed away the insecurities. Now... now I don’t want to disappoint you.”

That stops all my playing. “You *do not* disappoint me.

He snuffles and drapes an arm over his eyes. “Thanks. And... sorr—”

I rub his thighs. “Nothing to be sorry about.”

Snow sits and pulls me into a deep kiss. The velvet softness of his tongue against mine heats my skin and plumps my cock. His hands roam my body, rubbing my shoulders. The softness of his sweater feels exquisite.

“May I go back to worshipping you?” I ask.

Snow blinks up at me.

I rub his kiss swollen bottom lip with my thumb. “Please?”

“Always so polite.”

I slide between his legs again. No more teasing, I take him in my mouth. He moans and grows as I suck.

## CHAPTER 16

SNOW

My hands go to Dylan's soft hair. I try to thrust, but he grabs my hips to still my movements. His calloused thumbs caress my hipbones.

Curse words sink onto my tongue, but I bite them back. He's amazing. I've never had anyone care about *my* desires. They've always just wanted to use me. I let them. Always. Because I *wanted* to be needed.

I'm not a need for Dylan though. No, for Dylan I'm something else. Something more. He's lost in his task, humming around my cock. Driving me wild. I try again to move, but he has me good and stuck. I like it this way.

"Dylan, if you keep going, I'm going to come." I gasp as he continues.

One hand strokes my cock while he sucks as the other massages my balls.

"Fuuu...dge, don't stop."

"Will you come for me, Snow?"

My balls draw up. “I’m—”

I shoot my load on his waiting tongue. His hands never still, working the orgasm from my body. So. Attentive.

When he does pull away, I can’t stop myself from leaning up to capture his lips in a salty kiss.

“Come here so I can take care of *you*.” I try to haul him next to me, but he does the work for me.

Dylan lies along the short side of the bed, his legs hanging off the side, but he doesn’t look uncomfortable.

*Christmas carols*, he’s a treat for the eyes. Sweat leaves a sheen on his bare chest. His hair’s messy from my pulling. His lips are swollen and flush. He’s erect, and there’s no way his sweatpants would ever hide the evidence.

Dylan cups my cheek as if I’m the only thing in the world that matters. He thumbs my lips, and I take his digit in my mouth. His breath catches as I suck.

I start to pull off my sweater, but Dylan stops me. “Keep it on. If you don’t mind. It’s so soft.” He bites his bottom lip. How can I resist that request?

Speaking of bottom. “Hands and knees.”

Dylan takes no time to follow my instructions. I almost get flopped out of the bed in his enthusiasm.

His peach is glorious. When I pull his sweatpants to his thighs, we both sigh. The same dark hair of his happy trail and

legs covers his globes. I bite one cheek playfully. Give the other a slap. The sound resonates through my body.

But I want more. Kneading both cheeks at the same time, I read Dylan's body language. His back arches. He drops his head to the pillows.

As I press kisses to his skin, his phone rings. We both look to his cell on the nightstand. Tinsel.

We ignore it. I love Tinsel, but we're in the middle of something.

I swipe my tongue along Dylan's crack, then blow. He shivers and moans. I love watching him come undone.

Spreading Dylan's cheeks, I lick his hole, burying myself into the task of bringing him pleasure. By his mewling and gasps, he enjoys it.

I roam lower, to take Dylan's balls in my mouth. One, then the other. Taking my time. Letting him bask in being taken care of.

Continuing my exploration of his body, I lay on my back to suck his cock. I can't take the entire length in this position. The girth stretches my mouth uncomfortably, but I don't mind. He doesn't try to force himself deeper. Such a gentleman. His thighs shudder around me, and I move out from under him to reclaim his hole with my mouth.

For a heart beat he tenses before sighing into the sensation of me pressing in.

This time *my* phone rings. Tinsel again. Again, ignore. If there's an emergency, other people are more equipped to deal with it. I have an incredibly sexy elf to make come.

"Don't stop," he mumbles.

Encouraged, I fondle his balls. He pushes back, seeking more touch.

Dylan's blasted phone rings again. Tinsel. Damn. Him.

"He must really need something," Dylan pants out.

"If you answer that phone, I'm not stopping." I squeeze his cock to emphasize my point.

That doesn't discourage Dylan. "Okay." Cheeky.

"Hey, Tinsel, what's up?" Dylan says into the phone. On speaker.

"Hey Tinny," I say.

"Now you answer!"

"We're kinda in the middle of something," Dylan says.

"I need to talk to someone. Please?" Tinsel pleads from the other side of the call, and I *almost* feel bad.

"Shoot," Dylan answers. "We're both here."

Before I start up again—because what if Tinsel needs to talk about something serious—I let him tell us why he's calling.

"Noel is driving me crazy. He's trying to run the entirety of the talent show."

Not so serious. I lick Dylan's hole again causing him to shiver. Then I suck one of my fingers.

"What's he doing?" I ask.

When I sink my digit into him, Dylan tries to stifle the sound. His back arches deeper.

"Ugh! What isn't he doing?" I can imagine Tinsel throwing his hands up.

Dylan rocks himself on my offering, breath coming heavy as Tinsel launches into why Noel sucks.

"He's supposed to be just a part of the tech crew, but—"

"Didn't you *just* get this organized?" I ask. "*Today*. How is he annoying already?"

Dylan nods below me. He's trying not to let out his sexy sounds, and now I want to milk them from him. I add another finger. His breath catches. If I wasn't paying attention I wouldn't have noticed.

"Well, he's supposed to *just* be tech."

"What kind of... input. Is he... giving you?" Dylan gets out.

We need to wrap up this phone call. Or make Dylan come. I'm not sure which I want more.

"Oh you know..." Tinsel deepens his voice to imitate Noel to say, "It'd look better if you used this sort of lighting." He puffs out a laugh. "As if we need to talk about lighting yet. I collected the crew to bounce ideas off of for the set and he's already—"



“It doesn’t really sound like he’s trying to drive anything. Giving suggestions,” I say as I feel for that spot inside Dylan to make him squirm.

I can practically hear Tinsel’s teeth grind.

“Oh! Ohhhhh,” Dylan moans out.

I bite back a laugh.

“Uh, Dylan you okay over there?”

“Yeah. Yeah. Keep going.” Dylan looks back at me with a challenge in his eyes.

Oh, he’s having fun.

“Okay, well, Noel suggested *I* host instead of Santa, and I told him that didn’t make sense.”

“Why not?” Dylan asks, his voice too normal, can’t have that. I add another finger to his perfect hole making him whimper.

Tinsel scoffs. “Santa’s the bigwig, no one cares about a silly little elf like me.”

“I beg to differ, you’re highly entertaining,” I say, before I remove my fingers from Dylan’s hole.

Dylan lets out a sad little sigh. But my tongue gives him something to moan about again.

I purposely make my noises loud and sloppy.

“There’s no way I can lead the show. *Santa’s* the star.”

“Ahhh. Mmmm.”

“Dylan?”

“You’re a star too, Tinsel,” Dylan’s voice is strained.

“I agree. You’d be a great host,” I add. One hand goes to Dylan’s cock. Slowly. So slowly.

“Awe shucks, you guys really know how to make me feel good about myself.”

“It’s...ahhh..mm. True. You’re—”

There’s a strange little excited sound that shoots from Tinsel. “OMG! You two are screwing aren’t you?”

“We did say we were in the middle of something,” I say as innocently as possible.

Tinsel laughs on the other end. “Called it. You two didn’t dance around each other very long.”

“Uhm. So—” Dylan says.

“I’ll let you get back to doing what you were doing.”

“We never stopped.” I stroke harder.

Another laugh and Tinsel hangs up.

“I don’t know why Santa says you don’t know how to have fun.”

Dylan pants, not saying anything.

“On your back. I want to see your face when you come.” I stroke his cock a few more times before he obliges.

“Oh. Wow.” Dylan takes my breath away.

With Dylan on his back, knees bent and spread for me, glorious muscles on display... I thought his backside was mesmerizing. I run my hands along his spread thighs.

“I’m so close you’re not going to have to do much.” Dylan flings a hand over his eyes.

“No. I get to see your face.” I tap his elbow. He smiles, and follows my instructions.

I get back to his beautiful cock. It really doesn’t take much. A few slurpy sucks and he’s coming down my throat.

I climb up him and steal his lips. His arms wrap around my waist, then pull me down.

Dylan’s mine, and I’m never letting him go. We’re made for each other.

## CHAPTER 17

DYLAN

I agreed to keep the workshop closed today too. We're going on day three. There's an itchy feeling in the back of my head. I *need* to work glass or pour silicone. If not for orders, then for myself. The routine is ingrained into me.

"You okay?" Snow asks. He saunters to the bed in one of my t-shirts that hits below his knees. I love his sweaters, but he got too hot last night cuddling.

He passes me a mug, a chunky smiling snowman wearing a tall black hat. Steam tickles my nose. "Yeah. Just. I'm not used to taking so many days off. It's weird." Cinnamon bursts over my tastebuds waking me further.

"You're allowed breaks." Snow eyes the bed, then passes me his mug and hops up, bypassing the step stool I purchased to help him.

I frown as I watch him get settled. He needs a bed more suitable to him. What if he rolled off in the middle of the night? It's a long way down.

“What are you thinking about?” He knocks his shoulder into my arm before his lips graze my bare skin.

“I don’t know.” It’s not entirely a lie. My thoughts bounce from one to another, never staying long. “We should practice at least a little. We can’t just wing it the day of the talent show.”

Snow shrugs. “Whenever you want.” He eyes my guitar in the corner.

“I have questions though.” I swallow down a marshmallow before continuing. “The trick you do with the reindeer, that’s a siren thing, isn’t it?”

Snow stiffens beside me. He goes to slide off the bed, but I stop him. “Snow, I’m just curious.”

“Yeah. I never trained them like I said.” He wipes a hand over his face. “I figured out I could manipulate all the animals. It made life easier to work with them. But they can always override my commands. The hums are just suggestions.”

“Have your hums ever influenced other elves?” Maybe I’m not the only one.

Snow barks out a laugh. “I’m not a real siren. Just a cheap imitation of one. I can’t influence anyone. Just animals.” His shoulders slump as he sighs.

“You’re not a cheap imitation of anything. You’re exactly who you’re meant to be.”

Tears glisten in Snow’s big brown eyes.

“And... you have influenced at least one elf. Me.”

“What do you mean?” Excitement widens those pretty eyes.

“I mean every time I’ve heard you hum, I feel like I would do anything you ask.”

Snow jumps to the floor. A tiny smile tries to creep on his face, but he forces it back. “That can’t be. I’ve never influenced anyone. *Only* animals.”

“I don’t know how to describe it. A pull. A need. Desire. It’s overwhelming. I don’t hate it. What’s your family say about your siren abilities?”

“All my family’s ever said is since I’m a halfling I’ll never manifest a true siren call. They’ve never been cruel to me or anything.” Snow paces in front of my bed. “I don’t think they said it maliciously. They just don’t believe I’ll ever *be* siren in any way. I’ve never had hope to sing a siren song. Never tried. But... What if me singing does something to you?”

“Let’s find out.” I set the mugs on the nightstand, then slide from the bed.

My guitar’s lemon yellow with chunky gold glitter. I plug it into the amp and give it a strum. Snow’s eyes light up. Literally. His skin takes on an ethereal glow.

“Did you know you light up like a Christmas tree?”

“What?” He looks down his body and gasps. “That’s never happened before.” He spreads his fingers, arcing light between each digit. “What the heck does this mean?”

I have no answers and start plucking notes. “Sing for me Snow. Let’s see what else you can do.”

He lets me play the opening notes to Jingle Bell Rock again. His head bobs as he takes in the sound. Eyes shut. Then he opens his mouth.

I’ve never heard such a beautiful voice. He’s calling to my soul, wrapping around me. Tying me in knots.

My knees buckle, the only thing that saves my guitar from thinking to the ground is the strap.

Desire pulses through my veins.

“Dylan!” Snow squeaks my name, which snaps me from the trance.

I flop to my back, breath coming heavy. What the *fireplace* just happened?

When Snow presses a hand to my chest, his touch is electric. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, but I wonder if a talk with Santa would be a good idea.” I push to a seated position.

Along with all his other responsibilities, Santa is a world magic historian, surely he’ll know what Snow’s capable of.

Snow takes a step back. “Sorry. Sorry. I should—”

“I’m fine. You didn’t hurt me, that was... intense. I wasn’t expecting it. Nothing like when you’re humming.”

He squeezes his eyes shut and nods. “I don’t know if I should be terrified or excited.”

“I’d go for excited.”

Snow shifts on his feet. “I think I am.” He nibbles his bottom lip, and I want to kiss him.

Gingerly, I stand. My guitar’s fine, thank goodness, but it’s replaceable. Snow is not.

Keeping one eye on Snow—he’s still glowing, slightly—I stride to the door of my apartment and press the big red Santa Button under the light switch. Every residence and business has one. It’s directly connected to Santa’s secretary.

“Santa’s office. This is Merry, how can I help you, Dylan?”

“Hi, Merry. Does Santa have an opening today? I’m not sure how long we need, but Snow and I—Snow Gumdrop and I need to speak with him.”

Merry taps away on her keyboard. “Looks like he has an opening in an hour. Does that work?”

Snow nods. “We’ll be there.”

“I’ll put you down for an hour. See you soon.”

“Thanks.”

There’s a soft jingle bell sound and the communication cuts off.

Snow leans against my bed, mug clutched in his trembling hands. “Did I hurt you? Be honest.” He keeps his head bowed, but he’s examining his hands again. The glow growing fainter.

“I’m fine. Really... I don’t think sound canceling headphones will work if we’re going to keep to a music act for



the talent show.” I know they won’t. I felt him in my soul. Bone deep inside. Claiming me. “Unless you want to change to a different talent?”

“Like I said before, what talent do I have?”

Plenty, but he’s not in the right headspace to hear my praises.

I rub his shoulder, needing to feel him. “Besides, you deserve to know what abilities you have. I think Santa will be able to help with that. So, let’s finish our hot chocolate and get ready.”

Snow nods and takes a few gulps. “Slow, Snow.” I cup his cheek, his skin’s so soft. “Slow. Everything is okay. Who knows, maybe you can sing a siren song.”

He bites his lip and nods, a smile spilling over his face.

## CHAPTER 18

### SNOW

The pair of us walk to Santa's office now. Dylan's hand radiates warmth erasing my fears momentarily, giving me hope. What if I do have siren abilities? What if I just manifested a siren call? And why the *chestnuts* did I glow?

Santa's office is an inconspicuous cottage in sector one, right at the front gates of the North Pole. If you think of a Thomas Kinkadee cottage, that's what it looks like.

Big bay windows face us. A golden light comes from the interior. Glittering snow-covered evergreens dot the small yard. The red door welcomes us with a cheery ornament filled wreath.

Dylan pushes the door open, and Merry greets us. Her short cropped red hair shows off the long points of her ears making me jealous. She pushes her glasses up her nose and gives us a bright smile before standing from her desk.

“Good morning, boys. Follow me. Santa will be in shortly.”

My stomach tumbles. I haven't had many interactions with Santa lately. In my youth it was a weekly occurrence. Then during my teenage years, I lived with him.

We trail behind Merry to a cozy room that contains two plush couches with blankets draped across the arm rests. Ornaments hang from the ceiling reminding me of Dylan's place. A gingerbread scent lingers.

"Have a seat anywhere. Hot chocolate?"

"Yes, please. Thank you," Dylan and I echo each other as we walk around a coffee table and drop onto the far couch.

With a nod, Merry hustles out.

A tip of a grin lifts Dylan's lips, and he knocks his shoulder into mine. "Jinx. You owe me a kiss."

"I thought it went, 'jinx, you owe me a coke'?" I say.

"Yes, but I don't drink soda, so I wanna kiss."

"I like this much better." I push to my knees so I can reach him. Cupping Dylan's face, I lean in and plant the kiss on his lips.

Someone coughs from the door way. Then a chuckle makes the air around us vibrate with joy. *Santa*.

"Looks like Snow was the right person for your workshop. Am I right?" Santa watches the pair of us as he saunters in the room. He's in black dress slacks and a bright red button up with his sleeves rolled up. But he's so pale. There are dark circles under his eyes and beads of sweat at his temples.

Something's not right. Or maybe he's tired. That has to be it. Santa always overworks himself.

"I'm very happy with his services."

I snort.

"But that's not why we're here." Dylan drops his eyes. He did say Santa was a difficult one for him to maintain eye contact with sometimes.

I hop from the couch, needing to pace. "We're part of the talent show for the fundraiser."

Santa settles into the couch across from us and waves for me to continue.

"We started practicing. And Dylan—"

"What's your act?"

Dylan grabs my hand and kisses my knuckles. The touch is so soothing, I sit back into the couch with a sigh.

"Snow's singing, and I'm playing guitar."

A smile spreads over Santa's face. "Tell me what happened."

I open my mouth, but Dylan beats me to speaking. "When he sang, it was the most beautiful sound I've ever heard." He tips my chin towards him. "My heart was so in tune with him in that moment. He's a shining beacon." Dylan lets me go, to look at Santa. "His hums just feels like dumping commands in my veins. But his singing... I felt like he claimed me." Dylan's

cheeks flush. He drops his eyes. Hands clench in his lap. “I liked it. Snow always makes me feel wanted.”

Santa leans forward and clamps a hand on both our knees. “My boys. You’re always wanted.” He squeezes.

“It’s hard to believe when there are bullies talking in our ears about how much we’re different from everyone else,” Dylan mumbles. “But I know you love every one of us.”

“I do. And I hate when any of my elves hurt. I’ve done what I can over the years.” Santa sighs and sags deeper into the couch. “But it’s not enough. My magic drains from me faster these days. The apartment building never should have toppled, yet it did. I fear I’m too old to keep up with everyone. To keep everyone happy and safe.”

Rumors he and Mr. Claus want to retire have floated around the North Pole for years.

“It’s not your job to keep everyone happy,” Dylan says.

There’s a sad glint in Santa’s eyes. “I know.” He turns his piercing dark gaze on me. “What do you know of your siren heritage?”

That causes me to snort. “Not much. You were my legal guardian for years. You tell me.”

Santa frowns, and I mentally kick myself for being snarky.

“You were thirteen when I took you in. Surely, your mother told you something? Your father? Grandfather?”

“All they told me was not to bother with learning about my siren side because nothing will ever come of it. The elf is too strong.” And I followed the instructions like a good little boy.

Santa shakes his head. “I’m sorry. I should have done a better job.”

“It wasn’t your responsibility to raise me, though. And I never asked questions.” Too afraid of the answers. Too afraid to find out I would never truly be siren in any way.

“Do you know why your mother left the North Pole though she loves you dearly?”

Another laugh puffs from my lungs. “Not... really. One day she asked if I wanted to move with her to Greece to be with my father and Pops. The thought of leaving the North Pole was too terrifying so I said no.”

Santa’s lips form a line. He draws a hand through his slicked back hair. “It was becoming physically painful to be away from your father. She’d accepted his siren call. She was slowly dying of a broken heart.”

My own heart breaks for her. “And my father couldn’t come here because of responsibilities in his homeland.”

“That’s an understatement,” Santa says.

“What am I missing?” Dylan asks.

“My father serves the King of the Sirens in Greece. They refused to release him from his contract to be with mom and me.”

“Oh.” Dylan wraps his arm around my shoulder and brings me closer.

I snuggle into him, taking all the comfort he offers.

Santa dabs at his forehead with the back of his hand. “She came to me for advice. I told her what I know of accepted siren calls. Your father won’t be released from his contract for another fifty years. Your mom was either going to die, or be with him. She didn’t want to pull you away from the life you know. Because—” Santa shakes his head as if to stop himself from saying something. “I told her Jack and I would take you in if you wanted to stay.” He’s looking worse for wear by the minute, but keeps going. “Let me ask you another question, Snow.”

I nod, trying to process what I’ve learned. Mom could have died.

“Have you ever *wanted* to leave the North Pole?”

The thought steals my air and throws me into a tailspin of anxiety. “Never. Never ever.”

“Thought so. How long have you liked Dylan?”

I bury my head in my hands. “Since I laid eyes on him.” He was beautiful. Tall and gangly in a class of short elves, he stood above the rest of us. So awkward, but I always found it endearing. Adorable. And he’s always been humble. Nice. Never a bad word came from his lips.

“And you Dylan.” Santa waves to him. “How long have you liked Snow?”

Dylan drops a kiss to my forehead. “Same,” he whispers.

I gulp in a breath. *What?*

Santa’s cups my chin and draws me to look at him. “There are reasons you chose to stay, and one is Dylan. The two of you have a pull. I’ve seen it. You’ve danced around each other for years. I tried to get you together for so long.” He rolls his eyes. “But you’re both *so freaking stubborn.*”

I cross my arms. He’s playing with us. “Are you trying to convince us fated mates exist?”

“Halfling sirens can *only* use their siren call on their true love.”

That gets my attention. I sit a little taller. Dylan squeezes me closer. I’m already practically in his lap as it is.

“That’s why,” Dylan starts. “Snow never affected another elf?”

“Exactly. Snow’s call will only work on you.” Santa points right at Dylan’s chest.

My heart pounds. “So why did I glow when Dylan started playing? My dad doesn’t glow when he uses his call. Mom never mentioned it.” Because I think I’d remember that detail.

Santa’s grin grows wider. “Halfling sirens glow when their hearts are happy with their true love. But only after their true love has offered them a song.”

My heart’s happy now. Dylan holds out my hand. Faintly, I glow. Not nearly as much as when he played for me, enough to



notice. But reality crashes down around me. Glowing in public would be very bad for both of us.

“How do I keep from—” I wave my hands. “We’re already outcasts, if I show up someplace with light dancing along my skin—” I can’t finish the thought. “I don’t even want to participate in the talent show, but I can’t let Tinsel down. *But* I can’t have Dylan passing out or being hypnotized the entire time I sing on stage either.”

I have access to siren abilities and already try to give them back. Totally makes sense.

Santa boops my nose before standing. “For the glow, no idea. Because I won’t tell you to be less happy. But to keep from hypnotizing Dylan, it takes exposure to your siren call. A close connection. Your mother accepted your father’s call. It could be, he needs to accept yours.”

“Gladly.” Dylan pushes to his feet, and I follow him.

“Don’t take this lightly.” Santa squeezes our shoulders. “Is there anything else I can help with?” Sweat has soaked through his shirt.

“You need rest,” I say.

“Too much to get done.” Santa sighs and ruffles his hand through my hair like he used to. “Nothing else?”

I start to shake my head, but Dylan offers a request. “Fruitcake is making it hard for Snow to see the reindeer.”

“I’ll put an end to that.” Santa gives a sharp nod. Then he’s gone.

“You didn’t have to—”

Dylan kisses me. Slow at first before he licks at my lips. I open to him. His tongue is sweet like always.

Another chuckle comes from the door. This time Merry. We break apart. Dylan’s cheeks are as flushed as mine feel.

“Sorry to be so slow with the hot chocolate,” Merry says. “Santa wants you both to stay and enjoy it before you leave. He also said to eat a few cookies. There’s no one else expected today, so take your time.” She sets her silver tray on the coffee table, turns on her heel and leaves. The door shuts softly behind her.

“I propose.” Dylan leans in for a steaming mug and a snickerdoodle. “We drink, eat, and be merry, then go home to practice again. Then, maybe we grab a few toys from the workshop and have fun again tonight.”

“I like that plan.” My mug warms my hands. Flavor bursts over my tongue. “Cinnamon,” I whisper.

“It’s like Santa knows you.” A smile lights Dylan’s face.

“He’s great. We used to be a lot closer, but I put up a wall.” I drop my head. Embarrassment courses through me. I know every time I’ve had a problem, Santa’s been there to help. I really am stubborn.

We nibble on cookies and chat. Taking our time like Merry said to. By the time we leave—hand in hand—it’s past noon by the way the protective barrier lights the sky.

We swing by Dylan's studio before going home, each taking a box and giggling as we grab whatever toys we want. Dylan disappears from the toy room, only to return with a huge grin on his face. I can't wait to see his surprise.

# CHAPTER 19

DYLAN

This time, I'm sitting on my couch as I strum my guitar. Snow chews on his bottom lip, letting me play the opening chords over and over before he joins in.

His song slams into me. I gasp, fingers twitching. I force myself to keep playing. "Don't. Stop. Singing."

Snow continues, trusting I can handle his siren call. I can't take my eyes off him. His eyes are gold rimmed brown. His skin shines brighter than a candle.

"Again," I say when he finishes the song.

We go on like this for hours. Snow's voice only growing more beautiful each time.

"I think we're done for today." Snow gulps down water and wipes his brow. "And I'm calling this a fail for Project Lazy Dylan. We did too much work." A smile tips his pretty mouth.

"Are you saying I need to take *another* day off?" I settle my guitar in its stand, then take him by the waist and nuzzle his neck while he squirms away from me.

Snow tries to smooth his face into something serious, but fails. “Maybe a whole week. At least. Just to get you started into this whole lazy business. But I’ve come to the conclusion Santa is wrong about you not knowing how to have fun.”

“I could have told you that.” I shrug. “Besides, fun is subjective.” I grab a bottle of water from the fridge and lean against the counter. I’m grinning before I can stop it. “Personally, I have lots of fun. It doesn’t look like it to outsiders. When I’m working glass or blending colors for a silicone toy, I’m beyond happy.”

Snow’s mouth turns down. “And I’ve taken you away from that.” He drags his hand through his hair. “Sorry. I—”

“What? No. There are different types of fun. Different people to have fun with. You haven’t taken me away from enjoying myself. Far from it.”

I take his hand and pull him close, then lift him to the kitchen counter.

Snow swipes my bangs from my eyes. “Would you show me what you do in the glass studio? I’m curious, but the furnace is... Okay, it’s huge and terrifying. You could stuff me in there and make roast elf if you wanted.”

I stifle back a laugh. “I won’t stuff you in the furnace.”

“Good. I’m probably chewy.”

“Now you’re making me a cannibal?”

“Well yeah, if you’re making roast elf—”

I snatch his water bottle and press into him. “If I’m gonna eat elf, I’m not roasting him first.”

“Oh is that so?” Snow’s voice goes rough.

I kiss his mouth, then drop to his throat, to lave at his skin. He doesn’t even have to sing, and I want to know everything about him. Playfully, I bite his shoulder before standing to my full height again.

Snow’s hands go to the waistband of my jeans, but I stop him.

“Tonight, we get to know each other *before* we play.”

“Or, and hear me out.” Snow presses a finger to my lips. “We can get to know each other *while* we play.”

“What would that look like?”

“To ask a question we have to strip off a piece of clothing.”

I really like the way Snow thinks. “I’m game.”

“More exposure means bigger questions. A sock reveals your favorite color, a shirt gets something deeper.”

“Good thing I’m wearing more clothes than normal otherwise the game wouldn’t last very long,” I say against his lips. “So what happens when we’re naked?”

“We both win.” Snow leans away and pulls off a festive green and red striped sock. “What *is* your favorite color? And why?”

“That’s two questions.”

“But they’re connected, so it counts.” Snow scoots along the counter to get away from me when I try to tickle his sides.

“Bright orange. It’s like happiness in a burst of color. I can’t get enough.”

“Huh, I would have thought yellow by the color of your guitar.”

“That was my favorite color about three years ago. Same reason. I like the happy bright colors.”

“You’re adorable.” Snow taps his fingers on the countertop.

“Oh. My turn.” What do I want to ask him? I pull off a slipper. “Favorite reindeer and why.”

Snow’s smile lights up. “That’s like asking a parent to pick their favorite child. I love them all. But I’m sure you’ve figured out Valentine is my favorite.” Snow drops his eyes and rubs a finger along the edge of the counter. “He reminds me of me, and I want to make sure he has a good life, ya know? He’s so small. And the other reindeer are nice to him, but the elves leave a bitter taste in my mouth. If I could take Valentine away I would. But he has reindeer friends so that’d be cruel.”

Snow has such a pure heart behind his sometimes frosty exterior. He takes off the other sock. “Silicone or glass, which is your favorite to work with, and why?”

“Glass. I like the heat of the furnace and the precision of creating exactly what I want. I don’t use molds for glass. I do for silicone. Silicone is fine and lovely, and gives me all the

bright color combinations I can dream of. But there's a spark of danger with working with glass that I enjoy."

I take off my other slipper. "If you had to choose between a library or a movie theater to spend all your free hours in which would you choose?"

Snow snorts. "You didn't ask and why."

"It's implied now."

He nods. "Hmm. I'm not much of a reader to be honest. So theater. Mom and I used to go every weekend before..."

Before she left him to the care of Santa and Mr. Claus. I remember that. It's always an exciting day when an elf decides to leave for their retirement. Most don't stay in the North Pole unless they have children to raise so I always thought it was strange she left when she had a teenage boy to take care of. But it was Snow's choice to stay and I'm glad he did.

Snow laughs. "Everyone thinks my family abandoned me. But that's not the case. We have a good relationship despite our strange dynamics. I was given the choice to stay and I did. Some days I have to remind myself.

"And Santa was great. Him and Mr. Claus—Jack—are amazing. Every night ended in cookies and milk and well, we talked. A lot. Not usually anything meaningful because I didn't want to hurt. Then our class graduated, went to our assigned jobs, and I... stopped talking to them."

"Why?"



Snow drops his eyes and squeezes the counter with his hands. “You didn’t take something off.”

So I strip my shirt and throw it to the floor. It’s a big question, requires more skin. Snow’s fingers dance along my chest.

“I was mad,” Snow whispers. “At myself mostly. I’m a halfling outcast and that affected their lives too. So when I started in the barns I left them to their lives.”

“That breaks my heart.” I pull him closer and wrap my arms around his waist. Snow threads his fingers through my hair, ruffling slowly.

He sighs, shoulders dropping. “I’m a dummy making dumb mistakes. I *chose* to stay here. Honestly it never made sense. I think I broke mom’s heart when I rejected moving to Greece. I couldn’t explain the need to stay, and she wouldn’t explain her need to go. The thought of leaving put me in such a panic I couldn’t breathe.”

“If you had moved, we wouldn’t be getting closer.” I press a kiss to his forehead.

A soft smile lights his face. He’s glowing. It’s a few heartbeats before either of us talks again.

“I have what might be a big question,” Snow starts. “But I don’t want to ask if it’ll make you uncomfortable.”

“I’ll be fine. But you have to pay the tax.” I give him a wink.

Snow slides from my grasp and off the countertop to remove his pants.

Okay, really big ask I guess. His sweater is so long his bottom is still covered, which is a shame.

“How did you decide on the name Dylan?”

Oh. Not so bad. “I was never close to my father and being latched to him with the same name always irritated me. So I became Dylan Frost Jolly instead of—”

“You don’t need to say it, I remember what it was. And how people mocked you for it.” Snow squeezes my hand.

“I’m not that person any more. I don’t think I ever was. I took back my life when I changed my name, even if it meant more ridicule by choosing a human name instead of something traditionally elf.” And I still haven’t answered the question. “About a decade ago I was reading an article in a guitar magazine. I don’t even remember what, but the author’s name was Dylan and I liked the way it sounded. Looked up the name meaning—son of the sea, apparently—and I claimed it as my own.”

Snow snorts a laugh. “How fitting. Sirens call to sailors.”

“Except for you. You’re *my* siren, and only *I* can hear your call.” I smother him with kisses until he’s laughing.

“Two more articles of clothing each.” Snow eyes me.

“I’m down to one, sweet cheeks.” I pull him close and squeeze his bottom.

His eyes light up. “Commando, interesting.”

I shrug. “Usually.”

“Good to know.” Snow skates his fingers along the ridges of my abs. “My mind is blank right now, I want to get you naked.”

“I’d like that.” But before I can yank Snow’s sweater off, the security system lights flash, and the jingle bell alarm goes off.

“Be advised,” Mr. Claus’s voice starts over the intercom system. “There is a weather advisory. The barrier is thin. Please keep inside for your safety.” The warning repeats over and over.

Snow’s lips form a thin line, his brows scrunch. “Something’s not right.”

“Santa hasn’t looked great.” He’s been too pale and sickly every time I’ve seen him the last few weeks. Not to mention earlier today he looked downright awful.

Slowly, Snow goes to the door and presses the Santa Button.

“Hello, this is Garland, how can I help you Dylan?” His voice is too chipper.

“Hi, this is Snow Gumdrop.”

There’s an audible swallow on the other side of the communication. Everyone knows—even if Snow doesn’t—Santa and Mr. Claus thought of him as their own. Too bad the

connection didn't keep him from being mocked. "What can I do for you Snow?"

"Is Santa okay?" Snow's voice is soft.

The communication buzzes, then clicks off. We stand in stunned silence. No one has ever hung up on anyone before.

"Something's definitely wrong." Snow starts to pull clothes back on, but Mr. Claus comes on the speaker.

"Snow? Santa is... he's unwell. The magic's thinning. He's..." Mr. Claus takes a deep breath. "He's unconscious."

"No," Snow whispers. "Will he be okay?"

"Should be. There's been too much stress in his life lately, and I think he just needs the rest. It's happened before. Last time was about thirty years ago. He always pulls through. When he wakes, I'll let him know you asked about him."

"Tell him I love him. And I love you. And thank you. Both of you. Sorry I've been such a jerk." Snow snuffles and wipes his nose.

"We love you too, sweetie. Stay inside where it's safe. There'll probably be a snow storm tonight. Be careful both of you."

"You too," I say as the communication cuts out.

"I wish there was a way we could help." Snow leans into me.

"We can help by doing what they said to do. Stay inside. We have plenty of food, water, and blankets in case the electricity

goes out. I'm gonna give Tinsel a call to see if he's good."

Snow lets me go so I can. Tinsel answers on the first ring, concern laces his voice, but he's fully stocked when I ask if he's good for the coming storm. We wish each other well and it's just Snow and me again. But we're both worried about Santa and what this might mean for the future of the North Pole.

## CHAPTER 20

SNOW

Worry dampens my mood. Santa's always been someone I could go to, even if I was too stubborn to seek his advice.

"What can I do to turn that frown into a smile?" Dylan's warmth presses into me.

"Hot chocolate? Cookies? Sex?"

"How about all three?" Dylan moves around me to preheat the oven.

I love this man.

*What?*

For a split second I panic. Love? Yeah. I *do* love Dylan. But it's entirely too soon to say it out loud. At least I think it is.

"I came up with another question." I tug off my sweater, leaving me standing in the tiny kitchen in my rainbow panties.

Dylan swallows as he looks me over like he'd devour me if I let him. I'd definitely let him.

"What's a toy you haven't tried yourself, but want to?"

Dylan's smile is all teeth, it's so wide. "I actually brought it." He strides to the table where we left our boxes, and pulls out a bright pink double dildo. "Will you play with me?"

My mouth goes dry. "Absolutely. Leave the cookies. We're playing now."

I beeline for the bed while he turns off the oven.

Dylan takes his sweet time. Sauntering as if he has all the time in the world and not me panting on the bed wanting to get at him.

"I like the pride panties," he says, thumbing the waistband of my underwear.

"They're my favorite." But now I want them off. "Grab the lube and get your jeans off."

"Patience, Snow." He drops a kiss to the top of my head.

Again taking his sweet time, he walks to the nightstand to grab the lube.

"I don't know if you know this, but I don't have patience."

Dylan passes me the lube, then *finally* he removes his jeans.

Yep, commando.

His thighs draw me in. And that glorious cock of his.

He waves the dildo. "I've watched a few videos about how this works, but... I'm still not sure how this is gonna work."

"Never tried one, but happy to experiment." I take the toy from his hand and give it a squeeze. It's wiggly, and there's a few bumps along the dildo that'll feel lovely. The heads aren't

too thick, which I appreciate. The entire toy is the length of Dylan's forearm.

I pop one end in my mouth and hand the other end to him. He crawls across the bed to take it between his lips.

Okay... this is hot. I layer it on thick, slurping and moaning. As if it's him I'm taking in. He does the same. I can't take it anymore and drop the dildo to pounce on him. I need his lips against mine.

He laughs as I fall on his chest. But my heart squeezes. Santa's unconscious and I'm just blowing it off? He and Jack did so much for me. I really shouldn't... "I don't think I can do this right now." I deflate on top of Dylan.

"That's fine." Dylan's warm hands hold me close, rub my back.

We settle into a comfortable position. He's spooning me, and I feel so safe in his embrace.

"Want me to bake some cookies?" He murmurs against my ear. "Hot chocolate always makes everything better."

I squeeze his hand. "Just hold me. Please?"

"For as long as you want. Wanna talk about it?"

I take a deep breath and hold it for a count of four before letting it out. "I thought I could play away my worry and I don't think I can."

"That's understandable. We have all the time in the world."



I snort because it could be literally. Not that elves are immortal, they just seem that way. I personally haven't heard of an elf dying, but I'm not very old myself. Dylan and I are both only twenty-eight. Our class is some of the youngest elves in the North Pole. Dylan's three months younger than I am and I feel like he has his life together. Because he does. I've struggled because I try to take the easy route and always end up more miserable.

“Let your mind go blank. I'm right here.” Dylan pulls me closer, as if that's possible. His soft cock presses against my cheeks.

I'm so at peace, I fall asleep in Dylan's arms.

## CHAPTER 21

DYLAN

I wake to morning wood and Snow's hands wandering over my naked chest.

"Morning." I press a kiss to his nose.

"I like waking up like this. You're warm." Snow's hands follow along the ridges of my abs trailing further down until he finds the spot on my hip that makes me jump.

"Do you feel better this morning?"

Snow nods and bows his head. "Sorry about last night."

"Don't be, there's nothing to be sorry about."

He looks at me with his big eyes. "Guys usually get mad when I try to back out. They usually make me feel bad about it." Snow fiddles with the sheet.

"They're in the wrong then. Can I kiss you?"

Snow's face flushes, and he leans into me. We start so soft at first. Little nips. His hands roam, and he swipes his tongue

at my lips. I open. Eyes shut, I get lost in his mouth and whimpers.

He pulls away first. “Can we try the toy this morning? I’ve been shirking my tester duties the last few days.” He holds the double dildo.

“I’ll let it pass.” I press another kiss to his lips.

Somewhere the lube found a home for the night, and we both search to find the bottle under my pillow. Everything moves in slow motion. I’ve never used a toy with anyone. Let alone one like this.

“Turn around,” Snow says.

I flop to my stomach and spread my legs. Snow lets out an appreciative sigh. “Or I could take you myself.”

“That. Do that.” Screw the toys, if Snow wants to plow me I’ll take that over anything.

“We could do both?” Now he’s teasing me.

I wiggle my bottom. “Don’t care.”

A breath ghosts over my skin, tickling. I hold my breath, waiting to see what Snow decides. The lube bottle snaps open. The substance dribbles down my crack, then Snow’s finger rubs along my skin spreading the lube. He swirls my hole before entering me.

“So tight for me.”

I push to my hands and knees to present for him. Snow takes the opportunity to tug my balls.

*Don't toy with me too long*, I silently beg as I moan into the pillow.

The lube bottle snaps again, and I look back to find Snow slicking his own hole.

Toy it is. Snow slowly pushes one end of the toy inside me.

“MMmmmm.” The sound is involuntary.

Snow thrusts the dildo shallowly, hitting me in the perfect spot to make me shake.

I drop to my forearms. The toy stops, and Snow's hand presses against my bottom as he gets into position. He moans behind me. I turn to watch him insert the other end of the toy in himself. He's turned so I can see his face. Eyes closed, he bites his lips.

My cock hardens more at the sight. “*Peanut butter fudge.*”

He throws me a playful smile. The toy's at an angle with me being so much taller, even on my knees. Spreading my knees wider to shorten my height, I try to accommodate him. The action moves the toy deeper inside, and I moan into the feeling of being stuffed.

It's awkward at first, our movements stunted, trying to find a rhythm that suits us. We laugh when my end slips out, and I have to readjust. But when we find what works the world stops—it's just Snow and I.

Sweat beads down my back. My arms tremble. Our asses slam into each other as we both work the dildo. But I want to see his face. Want *him* to fill me.

“On your back,” I pant.

The toy slips out of Snow with an obscene sound. We both giggle as we face each other. Our legs tangle as he positions the toy back in his hole.

“You’re glowing again.” I trace my finger along his shoulder.

Snow looks down his arm, smiling. “That’s never happened during sex before.”

There’s even more sparkle to his dazzling brown eyes.

We’re both in a crab walk position. Cocks hard and bouncing, hips thrusting, we’re again trying to find a decent rhythm to work the dildo. It’s awkward good fun, leaving us laughing. But it’s not enough.

“I want you inside me,” I say.

With a nod, Snow takes himself in hand and pumps. “Hop on.”

I can’t stop the smile. “No one’s ever let me ‘hop on’, too afraid I’ll crush them.”

“I trust you.” Snow drops his bottom to the bed. The toy pulls from me as he does, making me moan. He leans back on his forearms, lengthening his frame. “You won’t crush me. And if you do it won’t be for long.”

I know he means it. Snow drops his knees, and I climb over, watching his eyes to make sure he’s ready. He gives me a nod.

I guide him to my hole and sink until we're skin against skin. His hands go to my hips, caressing gently. *Eggnog*.

"You okay?" Snow asks.

I nod, needing time to gather my emotions. His hands roam along my back, my thighs.

We fit perfectly together.

Snow rolls his hips, thrusting into me slowly. He takes the lead, while I keep from putting too much of my weight on him. But he pulls me down.

"Trust me, Dylan, I can take it." A shimmer ripples across his skin.

Trusting him fully, I lean forward and press my palms to his chest so I can work his cock the way I want.

Shifting, bouncing, grinding. We're both writhing in ecstasy.

"I'm not gonna last much longer." Snow squeezes my hips.

"Come in me, Snow."

His shout and the stutter of his hips pushes me over the edge, and I spill on his chest. Warmth floods my insides. Snow's eyes flutter shut.

My thighs threaten to buckle, and I pull off him. Flopping to my side, I bring him with me and nuzzle his neck.

"Holy heck, Dylan."

"No kidding. That was amazing." And I didn't crush his pelvis... or his chest. I have to laugh at myself.

“All the stars. Can I give you a hundred stars? And this toy?” Snow adjusts and drops a hand between his legs to pull the dildo from him with a moan. “I quite enjoyed it still being in me.”

“Don’t forget to write a report.”

Snow snorts and laughs into my chest. “Yes, sir. Can we go back to sleep now?”

I swat his pert behind. “Nope. Time to get ready. We’re going to the studio. You wanted to see how the glass works, and I only gave you a tiny introduction your first day.”

“But the weather advisory?”

“Tinsel and I share a door that connects to our workshops. Come on, let’s get cleaned up and get to work.”

Snow side-eyes me, but smiles and hops off the bed. My cum’s smeared over both our chests. His slides down my thighs when I stand.

Getting to the bathroom and sharing the shower results in me bending over the tub for round two. I think Snow’s stalling, but I don’t care. We’re *meant* to be together. And now I get to share something I’m passionate about with him.

## CHAPTER 22

### SNOW

Dylan's ass is... meant to be worshiped. Daily. Sinking into him was like finding an oasis in a desert. And I can't believe he's mine. After round two and a proper shower, we finally dress and eat a small breakfast.

Dylan ventures a look out the window to find nothing but a wall of snow. The barrier really has thinned. I try not to think about it and what that might mean for Santa. Instead I follow Dylan.

There's a door by the bathroom I hadn't explored, thinking it was a boring utility closet. Dylan unlocks it, and it opens into a tunnel that leads to two doors. One says Dylan's Pleasure Shop, the other Leather Bound, which is Tinsel's shop. The tunnel's cold, but Dylan gets us through the door to the workshop quick enough I don't shiver.

"Why don't you go this way to work every day?" It's so much faster.



“I like keeping my home separate from work. So I only use the back entrance when I need to.” Dylan moves around his studio with grace, getting the furnace started. He disappears somewhere and comes back with the tablet for the toy report. He’s typing up something, then frowns. “Twenty-eight new orders.” He sighs, and taps away at the screen. “And before you ask, I don’t take the tablet home with me because I don’t want to obsess about orders when I’m supposed to be off.”

“That’s a good plan.” I shrug off my coat and take his to the locker room.

Dylan’s brows are furrowed and lips thin when I get back.

“What’s wrong?”

“The program’s glitching, not showing me the orders.”

“May I?” I hold out my hand. “I took a few classes online, I might be able to figure something out.” Of course after taking said courses I refused to try for a job in the field because I was intimidated.

I try the gold standard first, turning the tablet off and turning it on. While we wait for the reboot, Dylan thoroughly explains his process with glass. He calms the longer he talks, and I don’t tell him when the tablet comes back online. Or that his orders seem to be showing properly. He’s so animated and happy.

The furnace takes awhile to heat. In the meantime, we decide to tackle orders in the mailroom.

“I really do appreciate you helping me so much,” he says after we pack a few orders in comfortable silence. “I’d still have massive amounts to go out if it weren’t for you. I owe you so much.”

“You don’t owe me anything. I’m happy to help.” I love being of service to him like this. “We’re almost done.” There’s only one box left on the shelf, and it’s not entirely full.

“Let’s finish them.” Dylan grabs the box. Only four orders left. “You’re amazing, Snow.”

The security lights flash, and I flinch. “Weather advisory lifted. Snow removers are on their way.” Mr. Claus repeats the message several times. “Remain inside until your path is clear.”

“Do you think that means Santa’s awake?” Dylan asks.

“Dunno.” I continue to polish the glass butt plug I’m holding. “I hope so, but he could still be out.”

“We can visit him if you want once the path’s clear.”

“I’d like that.” We fall back into companionable silence. My brain doesn’t even wonder. I’m happy with Dylan. Happy helping him. I’m sure Santa will be fine. Jack has faith that he is. My skin has a soft glow to it, I wouldn’t have noticed if I didn’t know what to look for.

The morning moves quickly into the afternoon. Dylan works on glass orders, and I watch him. He doesn’t blow the glass, much to my disappointment.

No, he has pre-made solid glass tubes he attaches to metal rods and glass he turns molten. The entire process is fascinating. Dipping the heated rods into colors then dipping them in molten glass to make a protective shield against the colors flaking off. He uses two saw horses to spin the rods and shapes them until he gets what he wants. A blowtorch gets involved sometimes. In the end, he pops the toy in a special machine to cool it gradually.

Dylan asks if I want to make one of my own. I decline so I can watch him make order after order. He really does find joy in his job. Every time a color blend works his face lights up. Or his brows scrunch when something doesn't cooperate the first time. He chews his lips when he's really concentrating. And he flashes me an adorable smile between each order he's satisfied with. Which is all of them. I could watch him all day.



DYLAN

I'm calling it a day when Tinsel comes through our shared door.

“Thought I'd find you here.”

“What can I help you with?” I ask.

“Wanted to let you know I got the snow removers to clear your path too. Threatened to black list their names so they can't order anything from either of our shops.”

“Thanks.” My shoulders drop. I try not to let it bother me. There’s dozens of elves given magic shields that literally melt snow as they walk. They’re tasked with snow removal of the entire North Pole any time we have the weather advisory, but they usually skip me to keep me trapped.

Tinsel squeezes my shoulder. “Where’s Snow?”

“I sent him home to pre-heat the oven.” We’re gonna make cookies tonight. “How are things going with the talent show? With Noel?”

Tinsel groans. “Do not ask about that nitwit. He’s infuriating.”

“How so?”

“He just is!”

I cock a brow. “That’s not very convincing. You used to like him. Are feelings coming to the surface you’d rather not deal with?”

His lips go thin, and he deflates. “I don’t know. Maybe? It’s complicated.”

I clamp my hand to his shoulder. “Talk to him.”

“Ugh, I’m not ready. But the talent show is shaping up nicely. We’ll do a run through of the acts soon. I’ll keep you posted.”

“Thanks. And thanks for taking care of the snow removal problem. I owe ya.”

“Don’t even. That’s what friends are for. And I’ll be over for cookies tonight.”

I snort out a laugh. “I’ll let you know when they’re ready. Hot chocolate?”

“Of course.”



## SNOW

Tinsel comes over, and I’m almost annoyed, but he’s always fun. And he’s Dylan’s best friend. We’re all laughing on the couch. Me cuddled to Dylan and it doesn’t feel weird with Tinsel over.

“I said to him,” Tinsel starts. “If you don’t stop I’m going to end up cutting you by accident, so please stop laughing.” He rolls his eyes. “I knew better than to let my new assistant take the measurements without checking them, but she had good references and her samples were amazing. And to be fair to her, she is good. I think she was having an off day.”

Dylan massages the back of my neck, ruffling the downy feathers there, giving me an idea.

Once Tinsel tells us a few more stories, and we’re all deep into the cookies and spiked hot chocolate I gather my courage.

Pushing away from Dylan I sit properly and take Tinsel’s hands in mine. “I have something I need to tell you. Please don’t hate me for keeping it a secret so long.”

“I think the only reason I’d ever hate you is if you took away these cookies.” Tinsel shoves an iced sugar cookie in his mouth. “Continue,” he mumbles around the bite.

“Everyone knows I’m not a full elf.”

Tinsel tips his head. Dylan’s comforting hand rubs my back.

“My dad is a siren. Mom met him on vacation. It was a whirlwind romance that led to me.” I lift my hair and turn to show him the short feathers.

It tickles when he brushes them with his fingertips. “Had no idea.”

“That’s not all.” I go on to explain about my siren call and how Dylan’s the only one that can hear it because he’s my true love.

Tears sparkle in Tinsel’s eyes. “How sweet. I love that for you two.”

“You don’t think I’m even more of a weirdo?” I mumble.

Tinsel’s brows scrunch. “I never thought you *were* a weirdo. Dylan either. The two of you have always shined brighter than anyone else. I think everyone’s jealous.”

“Speaking of shining.” I tip my head to the guitar. “Wanna see something cool?”

Dylan laughs as he pushes to his feet to retrieve the instrument. When he strums the first chord, I brighten as if there’s a faint flashlight under my skin.

“Whoa!” Tinsel grazes his fingertips along my arm. “That’s trippy. I may be drinking too much.”

I start singing, keeping an eye on Dylan to make sure he’s okay. He wears the biggest grin.

“Oh wow wow wow. Your eyes.” Tinsel leans in closer and squishes my cheeks. “They turn gold.”

“But you don’t have the desire to do my bidding or anything?” I ask.

“Uh, no? Should I?”

“Nope, only Dylan’s caught in my net.”

That causes my beautiful elf to laugh. “I’m happy to be your catch.” He settles his guitar back in its stand, then comes to pull me in his lap.

“I’m so happy for the two of you,” Tinsel says. “My besties finding each other. Don’t forget me okay?” He brushes crumbs off his shirt and stands.

“It’d be impossible to forget you,” Dylan says.

“Agreed. You’re the best, Tinny.”

We all hug, then walk him to the back door and watch him disappear into his own apartment.

“You’re shivering,” Dylan whispers in my ear. “Let’s warm you up.”

“My thoughts exactly.”

## CHAPTER 23

DYLAN

The rest of the week is a whirlwind of orders, a day of rehearsing for the talent show, Tinsel deciding what he wants us to wear, visiting Santa, and making love with Snow as often as possible. We've forgotten the toys. He calmly told me one day I had no need for a tester because everything is top notch, I'm just insecure because of how other people treated me. Which... yeah and I agree. He's helping me push away my insecurities and I hope I help with his.

Snow has a way of turning off my anxiety before it gets too much. Not every time. Love doesn't cure everything. Or anything. I have a better support system than before. One I'm grateful for.

We're waiting for my Gran to answer my video call. When she does, her dark hair is in rollers. Bright red lipstick perfectly lines her lips. The violet eyeshadow is a smokey cat eye, though some of the powder creases in her crows feet.

“My sweet Dilly, how are you my boy?”



*Dilly?* Snow mouths off screen. I chuckle. “I’m great, but what has you so fancied up?”

“Oh.” She waves her hand. “I gotta date with your gramps. He wants to take me to a show, and you know I can’t resist dressing for the occasion.” She bats her long dark lashes and stands to show us her dress. It’s glittery hunter green with a simple silver belt. She pulls out a pair of white elbow length gloves and slips them on before sitting again.

“Sounds lovely,” Snow says as he drops into the seat next to me.

“You have company!” Gran leans in and squints at the screen. “It’s that charming young fellow. What was his name?” She taps her finger to her lips.

“Snow,” he says. “Snow Gumdrop.”

“Ah! Yes, that’s right. My Dilly really liked a cute little Snow once upon a time. Are you the same one?” A mischievous smile lifts Gran’s lips.

“One and the same,” I say.

Gran claps. “Tell me all about yourself, Snow.” She sinks deeper into her seat as if she has all the time in the world and Gramps isn’t waiting for her to finish getting ready.

With a smile, Snow launches into the Cliff Notes version of his life. He answers any questions Gran has. She doesn’t even bat an eye when he mentions he’s part siren. No, her only response to that is to ask him to sing, and Snow obliges.

Her face lights, and she calls for Gramps to witness how Snow glows.

“Oh, sweeties, I’m so happy for you both. You deserve the world. I gotta go though. Call me soon.” She stands, and we say our goodbyes.

“I forgot how much I liked your Gran.”

“She’s pretty great. And her cookie recipes are the best in the world.”

“That they are.”

“What about...” I start. “Calling your folks? Tell them what we learned about halfling sirens.”

“That could be good.” Snow chews on his bottom lip. “Okay, yeah. I still haven’t told them about my apartment.”

“You don’t have to tell them anything you don’t want.”

Snow signs into his video chat account and calls his mom.

When she answers her eyes go wide. Her straight dark hair is a mess. We may have woken her up.

“Baby? Are you okay? What’s wrong? You never call so early in the morning.”

“Sorry, didn’t think about the time difference. We wanted to talk about a few things we learned about me being a halfling.”

“We?”

“Dylan and me. We’re partners now.”

“Oh, sweetie, that’s lovely. And good morning, Dylan.” She pushes up to lean against the headboard.

The lighting is bad in the bedroom, but an outline of a lump stirs next to her. It turns to reveal the face of a man. The video isn’t great in the dark, but the man has deep olive skin, such a contrast to Snow and his mother’s fair color. But the same intense beautiful eyes as Snow’s stare back at us. Actually, Snow’s are much prettier, but I see where he gets them.

“Hey dad,” Snow says as the man shifts to a seated position.

“Morning, Snow. Dylan.” He tips his head in greeting before wiping the sleep from his eyes.

Next to me, Snow hesitates. I take his hand and squeeze, which seems to give him the courage to go on. He shares everything Santa told us, and a few things we found out on our own through research. His dad gives me the feeling he knew it all, but for whatever reason never said.

“I’m sorry,” his dad says. “You never presented with feathers as a kid, so I never thought you’d manifest a siren call. I didn’t want to get your hopes up.”

Snow nods. “I understand. The feathers grew in late. Mom had already left. I didn’t think to tell anyone.” He ruffles his hand along the soft ends of his feathers.

“I’m so glad the two of you have each other,” Snow’s mom says. “Do you need anything? What’s your size, Dylan?”

My brows scrunch, and Snow leans over to whisper, “Sweaters.” But Snow stiffens, shoulders slump. “I lost all the

sweaters you made me.”

“What happened?” His mom sits straighter. Her eyes go wide. “Is everything okay?”

We explain what happened. She promises to ship more sweaters as soon as possible.

“Send us a link to the streaming channel. I wanna watch my baby perform with his partner.” His mom’s hand goes to her chest, and she looks all doe-eyed at his dad.

“Will do. Sorry for waking you, hopefully you can get back to sleep.”

We exchange our goodbyes. The room’s quiet now. Just the two of us again.

“I liked meeting your dad. Very serious.”

Snow smiles and knocks into my arm with his shoulder. “He’s great. This week has been great.”

I can’t agree more. And I think tomorrow will make everything even better. Like the sprinkles on a sugar cookie.

Tomorrow is the talent show, and I can’t wait to give Snow my surprise. One I came up with Tinsel. But nerves threaten to tear at me. I know Snow won’t reject me, but the thought of everyone’s eyes on us is still terrifying.

## CHAPTER 24

### SNOW

We look amazing. Tinsel helped us decide what to wear. His fashion sense is impeccable, despite always wearing leather. Dylan's dark hair is messy, just the way I like it. Mine is a chaotic nest, and Dylan smooths his hand through it. The action doesn't do a damn thing except make my heart happy.

Dylan wears a silver glitter-covered chest harness, sparkling under the bright lights of the stage. His dark wash jeans hug him perfectly. The belt buckle is classic silver. I helped him polish his combat boots. He slays. The bright yellow guitar adds to the look.

I wear one of my new sweaters—from the store because Mom's haven't arrived yet—with a pair of glittery jeans to match Dylan's harness.

Dylan adjusts his guitar strap, his muscles on full display. Tinsel bounces around the set making sure everything is perfect. I have to laugh every time Tinsel gets close to Noel, though.

Tinsel thought he had me and Dylan pegged. I bet by Christmas Tinsel will be with Noel.

“Places everyone,” someone yells.

A microphone stands in the middle of the auditorium stage. Dylan’s amp sits next to it. Dylan and I take our spots marked by Xs. There’s a giant decorated evergreen to one side with presents. On the other side a huge TV displays our goal and the streaming chat room. Not much chatter going on. Mostly “good evening” and “happy holidays!” from well wishers. The stench of sweaty bodies crammed together fills the air. Maybe a tinge of nerves and excitement.

A high-end web camera points right at us, no doubt streaming to the millions of supernaturals watching around the world. Hopefully they donate to help us rebuild what we lost.

Off stage, Noel adjusts Tinsel’s bowtie.

Yep, definitely something there. I’m not sure who convinced Tinsel to wear the suit, but they chose well. Tinsel’s hair is slicked back, and he looks rather dapper.

Dylan and I are first because we were... volun-told that was our time slot. Which is fine by me. Get it over with.

“Three. Two. One,” someone calls out.

The stage lights get brighter, and I squint into the full auditorium.

Dylan’s head is tipped down as he fiddles with his guitar, but he’s shaking. *Cracker Jack*. He’s terrified.

I lean into him. “You okay?”

“Fine.” He gives a sharp nod.

“Dylan, look at me.”

He does, but it takes him time to meet my eyes. All the while, Tinsel paces by the Christmas tree talking to the audience about what happened and why the North Pole needs help. I tune him out because Dylan needs me.

“I’ll be fine.” Dylan’s smile is soft.

Even on my tiptoes I can’t reach him, so I tug him down by the harness to press my lips to his. He breathes through me, lighting me up with his essence. That’s what it feels like anyway.

Elves whistle behind us. Curious.

The guitar’s in the way for a proper embrace, so I step back and take Dylan’s hand while we wait for our introduction.

It’s a big crowd. Our little auditorium is full, and there’s something like one million and growing viewers streaming. I’m not sure how Tinsel and the rest pulled it together, but I didn’t go asking to help either.

My cheeks burn in shame. Maybe I should have asked to be helpful, but in my experience, I’ve always been shunned or looked down on. So forgive me for not wanting to actively put myself in that roll.

“Alright folks, I’ve said my part so it’s time for me to introduce you to the first act,” Tinsel says.

My stomach sours. I don't want to be here in front of everyone so they can ridicule me.

Tinsel walks the stage, dragging the thick cord of the microphone with him. "This first act said to call them Misfit and The Toy Maker, but I can't. These guys are my best friends, and they mean the world to me."

My heart flutters. Dylan pulls me into his side. He kisses my temple while making a hand heart. And I can feel him mouth, "We love you, too."

If I could melt like my namesake, I would. Okay actually, I was named after Snow White, not... snow. But hey, whatever.

A round of awww goes through the audience, confusing me, pulling me from being all warm and fuzzy with the few people I care the most about. The elves in the audience are the same elves that look down on Dylan and me for being different from "normal" elves. What's normal anyways? I shake my head. It's fine. Stop over-thinking this. They're just background noise.

"So here are Snow and Dylan with Jingle Bell Rock."

I step away from Dylan, and he immediately strums the opening chords. The sound floods my system. Music has always fueled me. I'd hide in my apartment, singing to myself wishing to have someone to sing to.

Then Santa pushed me into Dylan's workshop and the rest is history.

The audience gasps.



We never could figure out how to stop me from glowing. I no longer care who knows I'm a siren. Dylan and I talked. Everyone can know. I'm not going to be ashamed for what I am any longer.

Chats light the TV screen beside us, and I can't help but read them. Everyone's excited to hear the siren. *Me*. They're excited to hear me. They don't even say half-siren. Because I am siren. Siren and elf. I'm both, and no one can take that away from me.

Dylan tips his head and restarts the opening. I let the words belt out. We practiced a bit of choreography, and I sink into it. Every one of Dylan's strings play through my heart. It may be a silly song, but it's ours. Dylan can play through his fears. I can accept myself in front of the entire North Pole. No, the world.

The song's not a long one. We finish before I know it, and for the first time in my entire life, people are cheering. For me. *US*. The misfits.

Dylan slings his guitar around and grabs me in a tight hug. "You were amazing."

"So were you." I don't think I could have followed through had anyone else accompanied me. I don't think anyone in the audience could feel the emotion he played, but I could. Each note was mine.

"What a great performance," Tinsel says with a huge grin. He goes on about the history of Santa's village while we exit the stage.

Tech crew buzz by us and once we're past the hustle and bustle of everyone getting the next act ready, I wrap my arms around Dylan's waist. "I would like nothing more than to go home and take a hot bath."

"That does sound amazing." Dylan squeezes my arm. "But we can't go yet because I have a surprise for you."

The sound of a cow bell fills the air along with a booming voice saying, "one hundred thousand dollars."

"First goal achieved," Dylan says. "I think you made an impression."

I snort. "Sure."

Dylan leans away to look at me better. "You didn't read the comments did you? They loved you."

"They like the spectacle of watching the light dance along my skin."

"And the sound of your voice. And you are beautiful to look at. But not only that, Snow you have a presence. One everyone *wants* to be around you."

"Yeah?" I look at him. My tender-hearted beauty.

"I love you, Snow."

Tears prickle my eyes. "You do?"

"Absolutely. It has nothing to do with your siren call. I've liked you for years. You persevere and do your best. You're kind. Smart. Funny. A bit snarky and sarcastic. You're adorable among the reindeer herd."

That makes me laugh.

Dylan presses my fingers to his mouth and kisses my finger tips. “I admire you. And all I want is to see you smile and watch you laugh. I won’t take responsibility to make you do those things, but I want to be a part of your life. I think we can make each other happy.”

“I do too,” I whisper.

“Stay for my surprise?”

When I nod, he scoops me into his arms again to smother me with kisses. He leads me to the audience to find our seats, where we get a standing ovation. Tinsel hadn’t started the second act. He’s beaming on stage.

“My friends,” Tinsel says. “After the break, in about an hour, Dylan has a special treat for Snow. Please stay tuned to watch. But for now, on to act number two.” With a flourish, he introduces an acrobatic group.

Dylan and I settle into our seats. The elves around us pat our shoulders. Who are these people and what have they done with the usual *nutcrackers*?

## CHAPTER 25

DYLAN

We watch for the next hour, Snow's hand in mine. My heart full and happy. Each act is a distraction to keep me from thinking about my surprise. It might be silly, but I'm going to sing for Snow. I set it up with Tinsel days ago. Practiced a bit, and I'm confident I won't make a fool of myself up there.

Tinsel cuts for break, promising my surprise is next. Fifteen minutes to build up the courage to follow through.

Tinsel drops from the stage and goes for the refreshments table. I pull Snow from his seat and chase after our friend.

Unfortunately, Noel beats us to him. Tinsel stiffens, then takes a breath and relaxes to listen to whatever Noel has to say. Noel passes a water bottle to Tinsel, urges him to drink it. Tinsel is absolutely giving Noel bedroom eyes.

"You're doing great up there," I say.

Tinsel jumps and turns to us. "Thanks." He gives Noel a sheepish look. "I'm glad he convinced me to MC this thing.

I'm having a blast." He downs half his water bottle in two gulps. "You ready for the surprise?"

"Yeah. Excited for it." I drop a kiss to Snow's head.

"I'm eager to see what you brewed up." Snow gives me a bit of side-eye.

"You'll love it." Tinsel squeezes Snow's shoulder.

"Come on," Noel says. "Gotta do a costume change real quick."

Tinsel doesn't even put up a fight.

Snow leans into me. "They are def a thing."

"Agreed."

We each grab a bottle of water. I do my best to drink slowly.

Too soon, Tinsel is calling us to stage.

"I'll stay—" Snow starts.

"Nuh ah, you're coming with me." I pull him up the stage stairs. The giant throne like chair is for him.

For this moment, I want Snow to feel like a prince.

Butterflies flutter in my heart. The lights shine brighter. Snow smiles up at me. Everything else fades away.

Tinsel's saying something beside me, but I can't take my eyes off Snow.

"We have our lovely Dylan and Snow back on stage."

The audience cheers, and the chats on the TV screen go wild.

Tinsel passes me the microphone. I slide the power off. Snow's brows knit together, he tips his head, confused. I take his hand. "I think it's time to tell everyone. But I won't if—"

Snow squeezes my hand. "Tell them. It's beyond time. I've hidden my truth too long." His voice is so strong, I'm proud of him and can't stop from kissing him one last time before I start my surprise.

I slide the microphone back on. "Hi." My voice cracks as I wave. There are a few chuckles, but nothing that hurts, so I continue. "Before tonight, very few in the North Pole knew Snow was part siren. We didn't want to hide his heritage during our performance. He's too pretty." I try to go on, but the audience laughs. The at-home viewers agree with me, dropping so many comments through the chat. "Actually, we couldn't find a way to keep him from lighting up. But I wouldn't have it any other way. To me, Snow is perfect." I squeeze his hand. "Until recently, Snow never thought he'd manifest a siren call. But he caught me in his song."

Snow kisses my knuckles.

"I did a bit of research. It took some work to reach actual sirens and not humans masquerading as sirens. I may have been duped by being naive and gullible too, so that's on me." Pause for laughter at my expense... "In my research I discovered to accept a siren's call—their song—you must give them a song of your own."

Beside me, Snow gasps. I look him in the eye and nod to the band behind me. I'm not playing guitar this time, which means

one layer of social protection is gone, but I'll do anything for Snow.

My song isn't as pretty as Snow's. I'm no siren, part or otherwise. But I am a decent vocalist... All elves are. Of course because I'm a romantic... Big time, I chose Mariah Carey's, All I Want For Christmas Is You.

Light dances over Snow's skin. His eyes glow golden along the edges of his irises. The biggest grin lights his face, and he jumps to his feet.

The room is electric when he joins my song. His love swirls and blends with mine. There's no one else in the room but him. We play off each other. I let him have the high notes and showy parts. We're dancing, forgetting we have an audience.

Then the song's over. I feel like I'm lit from the inside, fire in my veins. Snow laughs, holding up my hands for me to see I too glow.

I never want to come down from this.

Someone claps. A jolly laugh vibrates through the auditorium. *Santa*. He's awake.

Jingle bells ring through the stage. "We have reached our goal."

The chats on the TV light up. Everyone is in awe at witnessing a siren's call being accepted.

The audience erupts in joyous applause. I soak it all in. Snow too, by the look on his face.

Tinsel's still staring at us when Noel gives him a nudge to continue his hosting duties. "What a performance! And we've reached our goal. We have many more wonderful acts to go. And as decided before, all extra proceeds will go to charities around the world."

Santa leads the two of us off stage as Tinsel continues. We follow Santa to a private room backstage where Mr. Claus waits.

"Have a seat boys." Santa sinks into a chair and waves for us to take the two across from him, while Mr. Claus sits beside him.

"How can we help you?" I ask.

"I'd like to discuss passing leadership to the two of you."



## CHAPTER 26

SNOW

I push to my feet. “What?”

Beside me, Dylan laughs. A real knee slapper Santa pulled on us.

Santa’s wry smile makes me settle back into the couch. He’s been planning this the sneaky sneak. But for how long? He looks much healthier than the last time I saw him. The apples of his cheeks are rosy with color.

“I don’t mean immediately. Something slow, over the course of years. We—” Santa grabs Jack’s hand. “We’ll take you under our wings and teach you what you need to know to be a success.”

“But why us?” I ask.

Dylan nods in agreement to my question. “Elves don’t exactly like us now. Why would they in a couple of years? They’d hate for us to be the ones in control.”

Santa holds up a hand. “Santas are never fully in control. Our magic stabilizes the village. We’re the leaders, yes. The

guiding hand of the community. Someone to make big decisions for the good of the whole. But elves choose their own paths. We never hinder them, never control anyone. That's why..." Santa looks right at me. "Snow ended up in the barns instead of someplace more suited to his talents."

"Not this again." I thread my fingers through my hair, brushing the downy feathers at my nape.

"Snow," Santa starts. "You threw away—"

"I didn't throw away anything. I was being harassed and I couldn't take it. I like animals, so I changed course." My breathing picks up.

I was going to be part of the concert choir. Had my heart set on it, but the hazing never stopped. One incident found me with an unwanted piercing in the tip of my ear. They were trying to "make it longer." Didn't work. I fiddle with said ear. The hole's hidden, thank goodness.

"You never said," Santa's shoulders dropped.

"I dealt with it."

Dylan takes my hand and pulls me back to him. "And you've been miserable. The elves at the barn—"

"They were strict and pulled pranks, but nothing like..." I don't want to think about it. "So I ask again, why us? There has to be more to it."

I finally settle on the couch, elbows on my knees.

Santa presses a kiss to Jack's knuckles before standing. He clasps his hands behind his back. "The standing Santa always chooses the next leader because they see the spark in the next generation. No one else has the spark, but both of you do."

"That's because we literally just glowed on stage." I push to my feet. I know I'm being confrontational, but I can't help myself.

"Snow, sit down and listen for once in your life. Please." Santa's never taken that tone with me and I drop hard. Dylan scoots closer until our thighs touch.

"Like your siren call only works for your true love, the Santa spark only shows up in the right person, or in this case, people, for the job." Santa's gaze flows between Dylan and me.

Dylan won't meet his eyes, but that doesn't seem to bother Santa.

The information Santa shared slides into place. "That's why you took me in when I didn't want to move to Greece." One of the reasons I couldn't leave was because I love the North Pole too much. Now it makes sense. "You could have said something," I mumble.

Dylan squeezes my thigh, and I try not to be so bristly.

"We hated keeping the information from you, but you weren't ready to hear it. Either of you," Jack says. Lightbulbs, he's right.

“The two of you have had the spark since birth. If I thought you couldn’t handle it, I’d find another way. You both have been through so much and you’ve pulled through it all. You’re leadership material, whether you like it or not. But I won’t force the role on either of you. If you won’t take it, we’ll continue on and wait for the next spark.” Santa sighs. “But we’re tired. My magic is fading.”

“If your magic is fading, how will ours fair?” Dylan asks. “I don’t even think I have magic to begin with.”

“Oh you do.” I squeeze his hand until he lifts his gaze. “You’re passionate. That’s magic itself.”

“You’re catching on,” Santa says.

“What does that mean?” I ask.

Santa settles back into the couch once more and lifts his hands. “Each Santa’s magic is different. Mine runs on kindness. The nicer everyone is to each other, the stronger I am. The stronger the North Pole is, and we don’t have incidents like the apartment building. My magic’s been in the decline for years.”

Jack sighs. “Decades.”

“Decades. I hate admitting it.” Santa pinches the bridge of his nose. “With the two of you. Dylan’s magic runs on passion.” Santa holds up a hand when Dylan opens his mouth. “Not sexual passion, but like Snow said, you’re a passionate person. You spark joy in others by being excited by what you

do.” Santa chuckles. “That’s why people enjoy your toys so much, you pour all your love into the creation.”

The blush is adorable on Dylan’s cheeks.

“Then Snow’s magic,” Dylan starts. “Is comfort and love and understanding.”

“What?” I’m none of those things. At least not to anyone other than Dylan.

Dylan maneuvers me so he can look into my eyes. It’s such an intense thing to gaze into the dark pools.

“I think Valentine would agree with me.” Dylan flashes a smile to Santa, then back to me and continues. “When I’m with you, everything else falls away and what’s left is your comforting presence, your love, and... you get me.”

“And don’t you know it.” Santa slaps his knee. “Your combined magics is exactly what the North Pole needs to heal.”

“I’m... but I... I’m comforting?” I don’t believe it.

“Like a soft, warm blanket on a cold winter day.” Dylan cups my cheek. “Or the best hot chocolate. My Gran’s cookies.”

“I’m bristly and short-tempered.”

“That’s a lie you tell yourself to keep people out.”

A knock resonates on the door. “Santa?” Tinsel calls out. “The audience would like for you to say a few words.”

Santa's rich chuckle fills the air, making it vibrate with joy. "My—our—people await." He squeezes my shoulder. "Give being Santa a thought. I don't want either of you rushing to a decision. Make an appointment with Merry or Garland when you've both decided."

Then Santa and Jack are gone, and it's just me and Dylan.

"What just happened?" I crawl into Dylan's big lap and press my forehead to his shoulder.

"I think we were just nominated to be Santa together."

"I don't think that was a nomination. He told us we had the Santa spark. Both of us." I lean back to look him in the eyes. "My true love accepts my song and Santa tells us we have the spark on the same night. What are the odds?" The laugh bubbles out before I can stop it.

"I think we helped wake him," Dylan says. "Everyone generated so much niceness over the last week. It was incredible watching everyone come together for the community. And then the donations poured in from all over the world. I think he finally filled his cup after so long. His constant kindness to everyone served him as long as it could, but his magic needed others to help too."

"I don't know that I can be the leader the North Pole needs," I admit. "I don't know how to show comfort and love and understanding to anyone but you and animals."

"You don't need to know how. We can learn and we'll grow. I'm terrified of the whole idea, but I think we can do it."

The sounds of backstage infiltrate our little bubble through the cracked door. Someone's banging on something. There's a few curse words strung along. People walk past, but the only person that matters is Dylan and his optimism for the future.

"Yeah?" I swallow back nerves.

Dylan presses his forehead to mine. "Yeah. I believe we can do anything we set our minds to. This is our opportunity to stop sticking our heads in the snow and make a difference in how elves are treated. Make the North Pole a better place for misfits like us."

I sigh into Dylan's chest. I want to stay right here for just a moment longer, but someone else has different plans.

"Guys, the audience wants an encore. Do you think you have it in you?" Noel calls out.

"Let's go out in a blaze of glory." Dylan smashes a kiss to my lips. I wrap my arms around him when he lifts me.

We open the door to Noel's smiling face.

"You better treat our bestie right. Tinsel is the best of the best," I say as I drop to my feet and drag Dylan back to the stage, not waiting to see Noel's reaction.

There's mistletoe dangling in the middle of the stage. I don't know where it's hanging from, but as Dylan grabs his guitar, I pull him towards the dangling greenery.

He doesn't notice, so I yank him by his harness and kiss him until the audience melts into the background. I whisper a song suggestion against his lips and he laughs with a nod.

As he strums the first chord, I'm electrified. Every note is attuned to me. Dylan glows as brightly as I do. And I'm singing Justin Bieber's Mistletoe... Because we're under mistletoe and I think it's adorable to call Dylan of all people shawty.

The crowd and chats on the TV go wild again. I don't feel the usual resentment flung at me or hate or anything sinister. Maybe Santa's on to something, with Dylan and me having magic. Everyone's having fun. Me included.



# EPILOGUE

## THREE WEEKS LATER...

DYLAN

“Merry Christmas, Snow.”

THIS is the life, waking up next to the one I love. Snow’s fighting a laugh as I pet his cheek with my thumb, trying to coax him awake.

“Stay in bed with me all day,” he pouts.

I bury my nose in his neck, breathing his soft honeyed vanilla scent. “Gladly, but we need to make a final decision for Santa and—” I sit up straight, all serious, which catches Snow’s attention.

“What’s wrong?” He sits so fast he bonks my nose with his head.

I laugh, but he switches to helper mode. “Oh, I’m so—”

“I’m okay.” I smother his face with kisses. “But today is your last tester evaluation.” I play serious again, just to see him laugh and swat me on the arm.

“You had me worried for a second.”

“Forgive me?”

“Of course. And...” Snow taps his lips. “I think we should talk about being Santa first. And I think we should accept.”

“I was thinking the same thing.” It’s not like we haven’t talked about it. We’ve weighed the pros and cons.

Over the last three weeks, we’ve even gotten tons of apologies from elves all across the North Pole. They didn’t feel empty either. It’s like some kind of veil lifted from the village and elves everywhere saw the error of their ways when it came to being bullies. It’s been a delightful change. I think our performances helped everyone see a different side of us. One we used to hide for self-preservation. But everyone enjoyed seeing us happy and our happiness brought joy to them. It’s just been a big cycle of good tidings and I’m here for it. Snow’s also gotten familiar with my workshop. We’re equal partners in it now and he’s coming up with his own genius designs.

“With the Santa decision finally out of the way. Shall we... evaluate my performance as your tester?” Snow walks his fingers over my chest.

“It’s in the contract.”

“It is. So, a demonstration is in order?”

“I’m never going to say no to watching you. Even if we decided weeks ago a tester wasn’t necessary.” I rummage in my nightstand drawer of toys and hand him a tentacle.

It's yellow marbled with orange. Not too thick at the base, not too pointy at the tip. The suction cups of the tentacles give an amazing texture to the entire thing. Honestly, this is one of my best works when it comes to fantasy dildos. Though my customers like them much bigger, and I oblige them, Snow and I like something more comfortable.

“Mmm, never did get around to the fun shapes.”

“That's why this is the test.” I give him a wink and pass over the lube. “Now show me why you're the best.”



I hope you enjoyed Snow and Dylan's ridiculous story. They came about because I was beta reading a couple of other Christmas stories and was like... I could do something cute and short. Santa's Naughty Workshop popped into my head and I ran with it. I just thought it'd be fun to explore what if the rise of technology put Santa out of a job. What would he do with the North Pole and all his elves?

Anyway, I plan to write a [Santa's Naughty Workshop](#) book every year. The next book will be Tinsel and Noel. So keep an eye out for that. [Sign up for my mailing list](#) to keep up with everything I got going on.

Want more spicy stories? If you haven't read my [Sweet Supernaturals series](#), I def suggest starting there.

[Merman Kisses and Starving Incubi](#) is the first in the series and reviewers are saying it is hot AF and sweet as all get out.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Alrighty y'all, I got some awesome people to talk about so hold on to your hats.

Gotta hand it to my mom. She's a friggin' rockstar.

Bennu Bright. Thank you for being my cheerleader :cries:

Lee Colgin. Thank you for helping the grammars :hides and throws commas at the wall: And thank you for the encouragement to write a Christmas story in the first place ha. *M.M. Scrooge* was my first Christmas read of the year, and I thought it'd be my only. It was only the beginning.

Joelle Lynn. So... I'm pretty sure I was beta reading *Wish Me Home* when I was like... I'M GONNA WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY TOO!! It's so very cute and I adored the story. So... I'm blaming Joelle and Lee ha. (totally kidding). The eye candy in our insta messages keeps me fueled.

Kota Quinn gave me lots of encouragement and excitement. And... another beta read that just spurred my desire to finish

*Jingle My Bells*. Seriously, *Mistletoe Wishes & Hookups* is so freaking good.

Lastly, I'm on insta like... all day every day and these people are super great: rainbowromanticreader, rikkileighton, purely.romantic, author\_gnparker, stephie.writes, jengirlreads, epicbookjoy, \_buzzedonbooks, aparanormalromance. I'm probs forgetting a few, please forgive me if I am, I love you too.

# ABOUT MORGAN LYSAND

Morgan's always been a reader and a daydreamer. Their writer origin story is embarrassing now they think about it. But also kinda funny, maybe. One day they might share. If people ask nicely. It involves a psychic.

They share an apartment with their sister in Southern Indiana where they keep the AC on year round and spend all their money at Target and weekly pizza. Okay, actually their sister spends all her money on K-Pop CDs (YES, CDs) and Morgan spends all their money on books and writerly stuff.

Visit them online: [morganlysand.com](http://morganlysand.com)

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