

Single GIRL RULES

#HOHOHO



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

IVY SMOAK

Single Girl Rules #HoHoHo

Single Girl Rules Book 6



By Ivy Smoak



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IVY SMOAK

WEEKLY NEWSLETTER

Want a behind-the-scenes look at my journey as an author? The ups, the downs, the movie deals...I'll share it all!

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CONTENTS

Title

Single Girl Rule #6

Chapter 1 – Stuffing Mrs. Claus

Chapter 2 – A Minefield of Men and Mistletoe

Chapter 3 – The Special Ingredient

Chapter 4 – Extra Thick to Break Kneecap Better

Chapter 5 – Freezing My Nips Off

Chapter 6 – Mesh and Lederhosen

Chapter 7 – The Royal Spielzeughersteller Hotel

Chapter 8 – A Sexy Baker's Dozen

Chapter 9 – Code9

Chapter 10 – Pornstar at a Christmas Rave

Chapter 11 – Special Delivery

Chapter 12 – Santa's Lap

Chapter 13 – The Cocks I Was Promised

Chapter 14 – Santa's Workshop

Chapter 15 – The More the Merrier

Chapter 16 – A Super Slutty Sleigh Ride

Chapter 17 – Cum Down My Chimney

Chapter 18 – Santa Came!

[Chapter 19 – Motorboatin’ Moe’s Memorial](#)

[Chapter 20 – The Big Black Dildo](#)

[Epilogue – I Love That For Me](#)

[Membership Cards](#)

[A Note From Ivy.](#)

Single Girl Rule #6

Always kiss and tell.

Chapter 1 – Stuffing Mrs. Claus

2 Days Before Christmas, 2013

The text came through right when the Christmas movie ended. My bodyguards had impeccable timing.

I clicked on it just to make sure it was the message I'd been hoping for. And it was. One simple word from Teddybear: "Ready."

Ah yes!

"Food's here," I lied. "Let's go grab it."

"Go ahead," said Ash. "I'll cue up the next movie."

"Another one? Isn't five movies enough for one day?"

"Five Christmas movies? Never."

Christmas movies were fine. But we'd watched so much freaking TV since the semester ended. Ash literally hadn't left our dorm in a week. We weren't even technically supposed to be here until after Christmas. But Ash's parents had ditched her for a couple's cruise, so the poor girl had nowhere to go except a sad empty house. And I couldn't let my bestie be alone on Christmas, so I'd agreed to stay in the dorms with her.

"Come on," I said. "I don't want to get the food alone. What if the delivery guy works for one of Daddy's enemies?"

Ash sprung out of bed and triple locked our door. I'd never seen her move so fast. "The kidnappers can't get us if we don't

leave the room.”

“No one is going to kidnap us.” That was a one-time thing. It was practically a rite of passage for being friends with a mafia boss’s daughter. And Ash had survived the kidnapping completely unscathed. She didn’t even remember it. But she did have a newfound paranoia of kidnappings. “As long as we go down together, we’ll be fine.”

“What about Ghostie and Teddybear?” she asked. “Can’t they get it for us? That’s what bodyguards are for.”

For fetching food? I much preferred being spit-roasted by them, but to each their own. “They’re busy doing something else for me.” *Setting up your surprise.* “Come on.” I grabbed her arm and tugged her towards the door.

“Fine. But only because I’m starving.” She grabbed her can of pepper spray, almost knocking over the framed picture of Santa on her nightstand.

I smiled as I stared at the picture. If that and the endless Christmas movies were any indication, Ash was going to absolutely *love* this early Christmas present.

She tucked the pepper spray into the pocket of her extra poofy sherpa pullover. And then she stared at me like I was forgetting something.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Yup. Are you?” Her gaze shifted down to my chest.

“What?” I asked.

“You don’t have a shirt on.”

“Sure I do.”

“That’s a bra.”

I looked down at my super cute red lacy top. “It’s a bralette. It’s both a shirt and a bra. It’s not my fault my boobs look amazing in everything. I have another one if you wanna borrow it.”

“No thank you.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, staring back at her sherpa pullover and equally baggy sweats. “You look like the love child of a yeti and a sexy ginger model. And I hate to bring it up again, but... Single Girl Rule #16: Either your legs, cleavage, or...”

“...Stomach must be showing at all times. Preferably all three,” she finished for me. “I’m well aware of the rule. And if you look closely, you’ll find that I’m in full compliance.” She gestured down to her legs.

“Those are the baggiest sweatpants I’ve ever seen in my life,” I said.

“Look lower.” She stuck her leg out and wiggled her foot around. “My ankles are everywhere. I’m basically dressed like a whore.”

“We’re not fucking pilgrims.”

“Why would we fuck pilgrims?” asked Ash.

“I meant that we’re not pilgrims, with fucking added for emphasis. But now that we’re on the topic, I’m still pissed that I didn’t get to fuck any of those frat guys at that Thanksgiving costume party.”

“I didn’t stop you. I wasn’t even there.”

“Exactly! I was serious when I vowed not to get any dick until you lose your virginity.”

“I never asked you to do that.”

“Too bad. The fate of my sex life rests in your hands. If you don’t have sex, neither will I.” When I made the vow, I’d hoped it would force Ash to get out of our dorm and find a nice big dick to sit on. But it had totally backfired and ruined the last month of my life. It was very hard to keep my hands to myself when I had two hot bodyguards following my every move. I couldn’t keep going like this. But I had a feeling this was all going to be fixed soon... “Come on,” I said. “The food is probably getting cold.”

I grabbed her wrist and pulled her down the hall.

“Where are we going?” she asked as we passed the door where our food deliveries usually arrived.

“The tracking said he’s at the common room.”

“Weird,” said Ash.

It was weird. Because it wasn’t true. I just needed an excuse to get her to walk down to the common room so she could find her surprise.

“Do you smell that?” asked Ash.

I sniffed the air. It was faint, but the smell was unmistakable.

“It smells like freshly baked cookies.”

Ash nodded and then put her hand to her ear. “And is that Christmas music?”

“I think so,” I said.

Ash started to look excited.

“Whoa,” I said, pointing to the floor. “Are those...”

“Hoof prints,” whispered Ash. She stopped and grabbed my arm. “Chastity. I think we’re about to find S...Sa...Sa... Santa!” She was so freaking excited that she could hardly get the word out. “I knew that Santa used deserted dorms as his local bases of operation!”

“Holy shit. I think you might be right. Should we follow the hoof prints?”

Ash never heard my question though, because she was already halfway down the hall.

I sprinted and caught up to her in the stairwell. The Christmas music was at full blast now. And the cookies smelled amazing.

It really felt like I was running down the stairs on Christmas morning. I half expected there to be a pink Lamborghini waiting for me at the bottom. But alas, my eighth birthday was not to be repeated.

Somehow, though, Ash’s excitement made this feel even more magical. Especially when we passed a window and saw that it had snowed a whole foot this evening. And the snow was still coming down. She pressed her nose to the window for a second, taking in the view of the winter wonderland that our campus had suddenly become. And then she was back to following the hoof prints.

She threw open the doors of the common room and gasped.

“Oh my God,” she whispered.

And I could see why. It looked like we’d stepped into Santa’s workshop. Christmas lights, wrapped presents, three fully trimmed trees, giant candy canes, a full spread of Christmas

cookies... Teddybear had even dressed up like Will Ferrell in *Elf*. The only thing that felt off was Ghostie wearing his usual crisp suit and totally botching the last-minute construction of a gingerbread house. But he looked damn good doing it.

“Merry Christmas,” I said to Ash.

“You did this?” she asked. Tears were forming in the corners of her eyes.

“It was my idea. But Teddybear and Ghostie made it happen.”

“This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me.” She pulled me into a giant hug.

“Ramen with syrup?” offered Teddybear as he cracked chocolate Pop-Tarts over a steaming bowl of ramen.

He looked amazing, even in his costume. But the food did not.

“Ugh,” I said, trying not to gag at the sight. I appreciated him taking the role so seriously, but that was foul. “How about some cookies instead?”

“Good idea,” said Ash.

We started navigating through a sea of giant presents and candy canes on our way to the cookie decorating table.

But halfway there, someone tore through the side of one of the presents and lunged for Ash.

“Die, pervert!” she screamed, delivering a wicked throat punch to the assailant and following it up with a swift kick in the nuts.

And then her eyes got huge. “Kyle?” she asked.

The guy groaned and looked up at her from the floor. “Good to see you too, sis,” he said, trying to smile through the pain.

Ash threw her hand over her mouth. “I’m so sorry. I thought you were a pervert.”

“Who said I’m not?” he joked. “You should have seen what I was going to do to your hot friend if you hadn’t stopped me.” He flashed me a smile.

Holy shit. Ash’s brother was kind of hot. He was giving real homeless bad boy vibes with his trucker hat and long hair.

“Ew.” Ash laughed and offered him a hand.

Give me a second here,” he said, still grabbing his junk. “And fair warning – Rosalie is going to pop out of the next present.”

“Rosalie?!”

“Merry Christmas!” yelled Rosalie as she tore out of a giant present.

I didn’t think it was possible for Ash to look any more excited than she had earlier. But her little sister coming to visit for Christmas had her smiling from ear to ear.

And she hadn’t even gotten her main present yet. Speaking of which... I glanced around to confirm that Teddybear had hung all the mistletoe I requested. *Perfect.* Everything was all set for Ash’s big surprise. Now I just had to wait for him to arrive.

Did I say him? I meant it. Because I definitely didn’t order her a stripper or anything like that... I couldn’t help the smile that spread across my face at the thought of her surprise. Ash was totally going to freak out.

“Who wants cookies and milk?” I asked.

“I do,” said Ash and Rosalie.

“How about burgers and beer?” suggested her brother.

“We don’t have any of that.”

“Oh really?” He reached into the present he’d been hiding in earlier and pulled out two brown bags. One was filled with burgers and fries. The other had a six pack of peppermint flavored craft beer. He cracked a beer open with his eye socket and offered it to Ash.

She shook her head. “I don’t drink.”

So I guess she’s still in denial about Banana Juice being alcohol. Or maybe she got so drunk every time she had it that she legitimately didn’t remember drinking it.

Kyle shrugged. “More for me.”

“I got you a present too,” said Rosalie. She handed Ash a wrapped present.

Ash tore into it and then read the label on the bottle.

“This is the BEST face cream in the world,” said Rosalie.

“Even for sensitive skin like ours. Your skin is going to be glowing after one day of that.”

“Is that a bottle of cum?” I asked. “I used to get that on the black market from Mexico, but customs really started to crack down on it a few years ago.”

Kyle spit out his beer. “What did you just ask?”

“I asked if it was cum. It’s the best face cream a girl could use. Why do you think my skin...” I paused and felt my face.

“Never mind. I haven’t taken a cumshot in weeks so my face is dry as hell.” I shot Ash a sassy look.

“I could help you with that,” offered Kyle.

Ash kicked him. “Stop it. You’re not going to cum on my best friend.”

“I thought I was your best friend?” asked Rosalie.

“You’re my best friend too. But you haven’t visited me all semester.”

“I’ll come more in the spring. I promise. Now let’s go eat some cookies.”

They started to walk over to the cookies, but Ash put her arm out to stop her. “Wait! Is Lauren going to pop out of one of these presents?”

Rosalie shook her head. “No. She’s on the cruise with Mom and Dad.”

“Wow, really?” asked Ash. “What the hell?”

“Yeah,” agreed Kyle. “I dunno why she agreed to go. I turned that shit down so fast. I wasn’t about to go on some old person cruise to Bermuda for Christmas.”

Ash and Rosalie stared at him in disbelief.

“Oh shit,” he said. “Were you two not invited?”

They shook their heads.

“Damn. I always thought you guys were joking about me and Lauren being the favorites. It’s probably because we’re so good at gift giving.”

“Are you though?” asked Ash. “Because it seems like your Christmas present to me is a six pack of beer I won’t drink. And Lauren didn’t bother to send anything.”

“Sure she did.” Kyle reached back into the giant present and pulled out a DVD case with a very sexy Mrs. Claus on the front.

Ash scrunched up her nose. “*Stuffing Mrs. Claus?* Why would she get me this?”

“Probably because you’re in love with Santa,” said Kyle.

“Exactly! So why would I want to see him stuffing Mrs. Claus? I want him to stuff me.” She coughed. “I mean my stocking. Who wants some cookies? I sure do.” She tossed the DVD on the floor and headed over to the cookies.

She was about to take a bite when there was a knock on the door.

“Who’s that?” asked Ash.

You’ll see. “Santa?” I suggested.

“Santa?!” screamed Teddybear. “I KNOW HIM!”

We all laughed. He really did make a good Buddy the Elf. And even in his silly costume, I wanted to climb him like a Christmas tree.

Teddybear smiled at me like he knew exactly what I was thinking.

Gah, I hated my vow of celibacy. If Ash would just go ahead and lose her V-card, I could get filled at both ends by my hot bodyguards again.

“Seriously though, who is it?” asked Ash.

I walked over and opened the door.

Cold air and snow blew into the common room, but I hardly noticed. I was much too distracted by the five gorgeous men standing there in plaid smoking robes and grey sweatpants. One of them started beat boxing while the rest sang a Christmas carol. I'd never found a cappella music attractive before, but they were somehow making it work.

We all gathered around the door and listened to their first carol. As soon as they were done we invited them in from the snow so they could do another.

I nudged Ash in the ribs. "They're super hot, right?"

She nodded.

"Which one is your favorite?"

"Definitely the beat boxer."

"Good choice." He was the tallest and most handsome. And he was obviously quite skilled with his mouth. "You should give him a tip after this song," I said and bit my lip to get my point across.

"I don't have any money."

"That's fine." I pointed to the mistletoe hanging over his head.

But Ash must have thought I was pointing in the general direction of our dorm room, because she said, "Right, I have some cash up in our room. I'll be right back."

"What? No. I meant..."

But Ash was already gone. *No big deal.* She'd be back down in a minute. And when she went to give him some money she'd be under the mistletoe with him. Which meant she'd have to blow him or be Christmas cursed forever. And then

one thing would lead to another and she'd end up in bed with him. And then I'd be free to fuck whoever I wanted again.

The guys finished up their song and started another.

"Where'd Ash go?" whispered Rosalie.

"She went to go find some money so she can give them a tip."

"Why doesn't she just blow them? I mean...they're even standing under mistletoe."

"Right?" I said.

"I'll go check on her."

"I'll go too," said Kyle.

I sat back against a table and listened to the end of the song.

"Thank you, thank you," they said with a bow as I clapped.

"We better get going..."

"Wait," I said. "It's freezing out. You guys should stay and have some cookies."

They all looked to the beat boxer for approval.

He shrugged. "Sure. I'd love some cookies." He stepped towards the table, but Ghostie appeared out of nowhere and put his hand on his chest. "Hold it right there. We need to make sure you're not armed."

Teddybear came up behind the others and started frisking them.

One by one they were cleared to go have some cookies. There was only one caroler left.

"What's this?" asked Teddybear as he patted down his torso.

“My phone.”

“And what’s this?” he said, grabbing something on the singer’s upper thigh.

“That’s my penis, man.”

Holy shit. It looked like Teddybear was grabbing something thick. And his hand was *not* very high up on this thigh.

I was going to need to investigate further.

Chapter 2 – A Minefield of Men and Mistletoe

2 Days Before Christmas, 2013

Teddybear cleared his throat and let go of the caroler's cock.

"Sorry about that. Enjoy the cookies, sir."

I went over and poured him a glass of milk to go with his cookies. But when I approached to give it to him, he turned and bumped into me, spilling the milk all over his jacket.

"Shit, sorry," he said. "Are you okay?"

What a gentleman. "I'm fine. What about you?"

"Yeah. But I'm not sure my jacket will ever be the same."

"We better soak it real quick," I said. I dragged him over to the sink.

He shrugged out of his jacket. And *holy Christmas cock!* His smoking jacket had covered most of his thighs before. But now that it was off... His grey sweatpants didn't do anything to hide his humungous penis that Teddybear had grabbed a second ago. Where had this man been hiding on campus all semester? When I told Teddybear and Ghostie to find some hot carolers, I hadn't expected much. But damn.

I tossed his jacket into the sink and turned the water on. "I think some got on your pants too."

"Did it?" he asked.

No. “Yup. We should probably soak those too.” I grabbed for the waistband of his pants.

“Wait,” he said. “I’m not...”

But it was too late. I already had his pants down to his knees. And his massive cock swung out and hit me.

“...Wearing any underwear,” he finished.

My jaw dropped. It was even better than I expected. The head-to-shaft ratio was absolutely perfect.

He put his hands over it, but he could barely cover it. And it was growing every second.

“Whoa,” yelled one of his friends. “What’s going on over there?”

“Fuck off,” said the singer. “She spilled some milk on me and we were trying to clean it up.”

“Really? Because it looks like you dragged her under the mistletoe and pushed her to her knees.”

I looked above us. Sure enough, this was one of the places Teddybear had hung mistletoe.

“That’s not what happened,” I said. “But now that we’re here, I’m not sure I really have a choice.”

“For real?” asked the singer.

I shrugged. “I don’t want to be Christmas cursed forever. Do you?”

He shook his head.

I pushed his hands off his cock and gave the tip a kiss. “How was that?” I asked.

“Amazing.”

“Then you’re really gonna love this.” I shoved him all the way into my throat.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned and stumbled backwards. If his ass hadn’t been against the counter he definitely would have fallen over.

God I missed this.

I pulled back slowly, savoring every inch of his cock against my lips. Dick was so much better than Christmas cookies.

Yes, I know I’d taken a vow of celibacy until Ash lost her virginity. But I couldn’t go against the mistletoe, right? And it’s not like I was sucking off the beat boxer that she had the hots for...

I went back down again and hummed the Christmas carol they’d been singing earlier to give him a little extra sensation.

Usually I would have held back so that he’d last longer, but I *needed* to taste his cum. So I was pulling out all the stops.

I was sure he was seconds away from cumming when my phone buzzed.

I pulled back and accepted the call.

“Hello?” I said.

“Hi, princess,” said Daddy.

“Daddy!” I looked up at the singer and pointed at my phone.

“One sec,” I mouthed. “It’s my daddy calling.”

“Do you have a minute to talk?”

“Sure. What’s up?” I kept one hand on the singer’s cock to keep him hard while I talked.

“I just wanted you to know that you mean the world to me. And in case anything happens to me at the Christmas retreat, everything you need is in the safe behind the fireplace.”

“What are you talking about? Why would something happen to you at the retreat?” Yes, it was an annual meeting of mafia families, so there was some inherent danger. But nothing beyond the occasional fistfight between low level soldiers. No one would dare ruin Christmas by attacking one of the heads of the families.

“This year feels...different. The Locatellis are pretty pissed about our stunt at their sex auction. And the Chadwicks are going bankrupt, so who knows what they’re willing to do. But the Pruitts are the ones that really have me concerned. Crazy Isabella is taking on an increasingly prominent role in that family. But she hasn’t made any big moves on the streets yet. Which makes me think she has something else planned.”

“Like a Christmas morning massacre?”

“Something like that, yes.”

“Shit. Then you can’t go.”

“I wish I could just skip it and spend Christmas with you. Hell, I wish I could quit the entire business. I’m too old to be dealing with Crazy Isabella’s shit. But we both know that skipping the retreat would make me look weak. And I sure as hell can’t just retire. But I’m starting to form a plan.”

“Of course you are.” *I learned from the best.* “I’ll come help with whatever you have planned.” It was a tradition to attend

every year. This was the first year I hadn't planned on going because I didn't want Ash to spend Christmas alone. But that wasn't really a problem. I could just bring her with me.

"No. You'll stay exactly where you are."

"What was that?" I asked. "You're breaking up. Love you, Daddy! Bye!" I blew a kiss to the phone and hung up.

Phew, that was stressful. It was a good thing I had the singer's huge cock in front of me to help distract me.

"Sorry about that," I said and leaned in to start sucking.

But then my phone rang again.

Damn it.

I looked down at the caller ID.

"Who is it now?" asked the singer.

"Just my boyfriend. I'll call him back later." I rejected the call and started sucking.

I immediately felt calmer with the singer's cock down my throat.

I wanted so badly to let him fuck me on the cookie decorating table. But that would be breaking my vow. This blowjob was only acceptable because of the mistletoe.

Unless Ash had come back and started fucking the beat boxer...

I looked over my shoulder. There was no sign of Ash fucking the beat boxer. He was just standing there eating a cookie, watching me. The other singers and Teddybear were doing the

same. And Ghostie was still trying and failing to assemble the gingerbread house.

What the hell was he doing? He wasn't using nearly enough frosting to glue it all together. I wouldn't have really cared, but eating gingerbread houses was one of Ash's favorite Christmas traditions. I think she felt a kinship with gingerbread men because she was a ginger. Or something like that.

"What are you looking at us for?" asked one of the singers.

"Want us to join?" offered the beat boxer.

Yes. But also no. Because I desperately needed one of them to fuck Ash. "What kind of slut do you think I am?"

"I don't think you're a slut at all," said another singer who had just jumped up onto the cookie table right next to the gingerbread house.

What the hell is he doing?

He tied some mistletoe onto a rafter and hopped back down. "You just suck cock under mistletoe." He tossed his smoking jacket aside and dropped his pants.

He wasn't quite as big as the first singer. But I appreciated his effort. "Exactly," I said. I stood up, walked over to him, and dropped to my knees.

The other guys all scrambled to find mistletoe of their own. Which was perfect. When Ash got back, she was going to be walking into a sexy minefield of men and mistletoe.

The first singer walked over to get a handjob while I sucked the new guy. It felt wasteful, though. Because the first singer's dick was better. And after a month long dry spell, I needed that

Grade A cock. So I pulled off the new guy and turned back to the first singer.

But as I did...the new guy lost control.

Cum exploded onto the side of my face, up into my hair, and over my head.

“What the fuck?!” yelled Ghostie.

I glanced back and saw cum dripping down the side of the gingerbread house.

And then I got an idea...

I grabbed the new guy's cock and aimed it at the house as he finished cumming.

And then I finished off the first singer on the gingerbread house too. *Kind of*. I admit – I took his first couple shots right in the face. But my skin desperately needed it. And I wouldn't have done it if I didn't think he'd have enough cum for both me and the house.

By the time he was done, the gingerbread house was dripping in pearly white cum.

“There,” I said to Ghostie. “Now it'll stick together.”

He stared down at the cum dripping down my chin.

I licked my lower lip as I looked up at him. I loved when I made him jealous. Whenever I finally got to have sex again, he was going to fuck me so hard.

It looks like he was seconds away from grabbing me, throwing me down on top of the gingerbread house, and having his way with me. But he was very aware of my vow. Painfully aware. I

bet his balls were so blue right now. And I hated that he might have a blue Christmas.

He grunted and walked away, abandoning the gingerbread house.

I sighed. "Fine. I'll do it myself." I stuck the walls together. But I still needed more for the chimneys and roof. And I assumed Ash was upstairs sleeping or something, so... "You three," I said to the guys as I got back on my knees. "Bring that mistletoe over here."

They walked over, each carrying mistletoe over their head.

I sucked off the first two and let them explode on the gingerbread house. And then I turned to the beat boxer. He grabbed his waistband and let his pants fall to the floor.

"Holy shit," I muttered.

It was even bigger than the first singer. Ash had chosen well. It was too bad for her that she'd gone upstairs and missed out on part of her Christmas present.

"Looks like you saved the best for last," said the beat boxer.

I shrugged. "It's a shame that the gingerbread house is already all stuck together." I gestured to the completed house.

"Then I'll just cum all over your pretty face. You don't want to be cursed by the mistletoe, do you?" He glanced up at the mistletoe dangling over his head and back down at his cock.

"Or are you scared that it's too big for you?"

"Boy, please." I grabbed his cock and jammed the entire thing down my throat. And he took that as an invitation to grab my

hair and fuck my face. God, I wished he was doing that to my pussy.

But I was celibate. So he couldn't.

He lasted a while, but eventually I made him explode all over the top of the gingerbread house. It wasn't necessary to hold it together, but it actually gave it a nice frosted finish.

"Thanks, boys," I said as I stepped back and admired my handiwork, licking my fingers clean. God, there was nothing I loved more about Christmas than the classic combination of sweets and skeets. Ash was going to fucking love this.

I grabbed it off the table and carried it up to our dorm room.

But when I got there, Ash was missing.

Oh fuck.

My father had said Crazy Isabella hadn't made any moves yet.

Was kidnapping Ash her first move?

Chapter 3 – The Special Ingredient

2 Days Before Christmas, 2013

I looked in the closet. And behind our giant banana trophy.
And under the beds.

No sign of Ash.

But there was also no sign of a struggle. All of the Christmas lights were exactly the way we'd left them. And the door had been locked when I got back. So if someone kidnapped Ash, they would have had to grab her before she got back to our room. Or they could have come in through the window.

I went over to inspect it for damage.

And that's when I saw movement outside. I squinted to try to see through the snow. It was practically a freaking blizzard out there. But I could just barely make out two people at the bottom of a hill and a third sledding down. And if I wasn't mistaken, there was a little bit of red hair poking out from under one of their hats.

I washed my face, bundled up in the cutest little snowsuit, and headed out to join them. On the way out, I stopped by the common room and told Teddybear to get some of my favorite hot chocolate ready for when we all came back in.

"Chastity!" screamed Ash when she saw me trudging through the snow. "Look at this hill we found!"

I didn't know if she could really say they *found* it. It had always been right there in plain sight at the entrance to the

library. And I wasn't sure what there was to really look at. It was like ten feet tall. Fifteen feet at the most.

"Come on," she said and pulled me up the stairs to the top of the hill.

Kyle handed us each a bright red tray that he'd definitely stolen from a fast-food place. "Last one to the bottom has to get naked."

"Ew," said Ash. "Stop trying to get my friend naked."

"I'm more worried about him trying to get *us* naked," said Rosalie.

"Maybe it should just be me versus Kyle?" I suggested. I wouldn't mind seeing what he was packing...

"No," said both Ash and Rosalie.

In the end we agreed to just sled without anyone being at risk of getting naked. But it was still fun. Ash was SO freaking happy every time she went down that little hill. For the first time ever, she was both sober and carefree.

She didn't even mind when Kyle hit her with a snowball.

But Rosalie took great offense to it. "Oh it's on," she yelled as she jumped up and threw a snowball right into Kyle's face.

I got a shot in on him too before he dove behind a bench to narrowly avoid getting hit by Ash's first toss.

He tried poking his head out to return fire, but he promptly got pelted by three snowballs.

That lasted for a while. We'd hit him about fifty times, and he hadn't gotten us at all.

Until he made a lucky throw and hit me in the arm.

The second it made contact with me, Ghostie and Teddybear appeared out of nowhere on snowmobiles. Teddybear pulled in front of me to shield me from danger while Ghostie circled behind the bench. He kept one hand on the handlebars, and with his other hand he reached back and grabbed what looked like a grenade launcher.

Oh shit. Was he about to kill Kyle?

Kyle popped out from behind the bench and started to make a run for it. But it was no use.

Ghostie pulled up behind him, took aim, and pulled the trigger. A dozen snowballs shot out in rapid fire. The very first shot hit him right in the back of the knee. He tripped and fell face-first into a pile of snow as the rest of the snowballs pelted his back. Ghostie tossed the snowball launcher aside and circled back around. He cut the wheel and came to a violent stop just in front of Kyle, covering the poor guy in about a foot of snow.

Everything was completely silent for a moment. And then Kyle poked his arm through the snow, waving one of his white gloves. "I surrender," he yelled.

"Hot chocolate?" offered Teddybear. He hit a button and the back seat of his snowmobile popped open. Inside were steaming thermoses of hot chocolate.

"Yes, please," said Ash.

I tossed one to her and Rosalie, and then I took one for myself. I pulled my gloves off and savored the warmth of the thermos on my frozen hands. And then I took a nice long sip.

"God that's good," said Ash.

“Yup,” I agreed. “Teddybear makes the best hot chocolate.”

We sat around for a while drinking hot chocolate and making snow angels and catching up with Rosalie and Kyle. Rosalie had gone through like five boyfriends this semester. I tried to give her some tips about how to have a steady relationship, but it didn't seem like I was really getting through to her.

Kyle, on the other hand, wasn't in any relationships. But he was more than happy to tell us about a pizza delivery he made the other day where he ended up banging the customer. And then she ordered another pizza the next night. And that time, she invited a friend.

Which made me think... Kyle must have a really great dick.

I mean, every girl has fucked a pizza boy.

But you only invite him back to share him with your friends if the dick is really good.

I was about to slip away with him when Ash screamed bloody murder.

Teddybear was first to her side. But Rosalie pushed him off and put her arm around Ash.

“What's wrong?” she asked.

Ash pointed in horror at her glove in the snow. “My hand fell off.”

“You mean your glove?” I asked.

“No! My hand! It's in there. I just know it. I think it got frostbite and fell off.”

“I'll call an ambulance,” said Rosalie.

“That’s probably not necessary.” I picked up the empty glove and tossed it to Ash. She caught it with the hand that she thought had fallen off.

“Huh,” said Ash, staring at her hand in shock. “I guess my glove just slipped off. That was a close call though, right?” She let out a sigh and went to take a sip of her hot chocolate. But then she frowned and pulled the lid off. “Is there any more of this?”

Teddybear tossed her another.

Ash gulped it down and lay back in the snow.

“Have I told you guys how much I love you?” she said to no one in particular.

“I love you too,” said Rosalie, lying down next to her.

“And I really love snow.” She took a big handful of it and stuffed it into her mouth. And then she popped up and ran over to Teddybear’s snowmobile. “How cool is this snowmobile? It’s so sleek and shiny. I think I wanna buy one for myself. How much do they cost?”

“Uh...I think this one was like twenty thousand, but...”

“Oh!” yelled Ash, cutting him off. “More hot chocolate!” She grabbed another thermos out of the snowmobile and started double fisting them. “These thermoses are so thick,” she said in complete awe. And then she paused. “Why are you all looking at me like that?”

“Because you’re treating those thermoses like dicks,” said Rosalie with a laugh.

“I am not! If these were dicks I’d be sucking them so hard.”

“Wow,” said Rosalie. “Did you finally let your inner slut out now that you’re in college?”

Ash gave her a confused look. “No. Why would you think that?”

“Uh...because you just said you’d suck those thermoses so hard if they were dicks.”

“I said that? Out loud?” Ash started to turn bright red. And then she slowly ducked behind the snowmobile.

“What’s going on with Ash?” whispered Rosalie to me.

“No idea. I’ve only seen her act like this when...” *Wait a second.* I took a sip of hot chocolate to confirm my suspicions. *Yup.* Teddybear had done just as I’d requested and made my favorite hot chocolate. Piping hot milk, super dark cocoa, tons of little marshmallows... And a generous splash of the special ingredient. “The hot chocolate is spiked with banana juice. It makes her super paranoid. And then horny AF.”

“Oooh!” said Ash.

I jumped. I didn’t realize she’d snuck up behind us.

“Who’s horny AF? Tell me everything.” She plopped down next to us and took another gulp of hot chocolate.

“You are.”

“Shhhhh!” she hissed. “Santa might hear.” She glanced around like that was a very real possibility. “I don’t want to end up on the naughty list.”

“Why not?” I asked. “Don’t you know what Santa does to girls on his naughty list?”

“No. What does he do? Does he fuck them?! Or does he send his elves to punish them? Do you think his elves have big dicks? What if their dicks were as thick as these thermoses. I wonder if they’d even fit in my mouth.” She brought one of her thermoses to her lips and tried to suck it like a cock.

“Santa’s elves definitely have small dicks,” said Kyle. “But you know who doesn’t? Me. Which is why my Christmas wish just came true.”

“And what was your Christmas wish?” I asked.

“That Pizza Slut would invite me back for thirds. Gotta go!” He gathered up his stolen fast-food trays and disappeared into the snowy night.

“Wait,” said Ash. “You guys! I forgot to mail Santa a list this year! Did you remember?”

“Nope,” I said.

“Me neither,” agreed Rosalie.

Ash shook her head. “This is a disaster. Teddybear! Ghostie!” she yelled. “Take us back to our dorm immediately! We have urgent Christmas business to attend to!”

They brought the snowmobiles over and took us back to our dorm.

Ash searched all her drawers until she found some green gel pens and a stack of papers. They looked like something a first grader would bring home a few weeks before Christmas.

DEAR SANTA was written in huge bubble letters at the top of the page. And next to it was an adorable little cartoon of an elf waving.

“Take your time filling them out, but don’t take *too* much time,” said Ash as she handed us each a sheet. “We need to get these in the mail ASAP if they’re gonna get to the North Pole on time.”

I hopped up on my bed and started filling in the blanks.

DEAR SANTA,

My name is Chastity Morgan.

I am 19 years old.

This year I have been:

There were two boxes. One for naughty and one for nice.

Hmmmm... I mean, I was definitely naughty in the bedroom.

But I was also a perfect angel. So I checked both and went to the next line.

For Christmas I would like:

There were five lines. So I guessed that meant I got five Christmas wishes:

1. A huge cock for my bestie
2. For Daddy to survive the impending Christmas morning massacre
3. A huge cock for myself

4. More cock

5. Even more cock

Under the list it said, “Thank you, Santa!” and then had a spot to fill in who it was from. Which felt a little redundant, given that I’d already written my name on the first line. But who was I to question the layout of this list? Ash was the expert on everything Christmas related. Maybe Santa’s elves got easily distracted by their giant cocks so they needed your name on there twice or something.

“Done,” I said.

“Me too,” said Ash.

“Me three,” said Rosalie.

“What’d you guys wish for?” I asked.

Ash glanced down at her list. “Nothing.”

“But you just said you were done.”

She shrugged. “Couldn’t think of anything.”

“You’re lying,” said Rosalie and snatched her list from her. Her jaw dropped when she read it. “Oh my God, Ash! You seriously just wrote cock five times?”

“Yeah. You know, cock. Cocks. Chickens. I want a whole flock of them.”

“Girl, you don’t have to be embarrassed around us,” I said.

“We’re not going to judge you. I made the same wishes. Well, almost. My first wish was for you to get cock. And my second

wish was for Daddy to survive the Christmas morning massacre. But my other three wishes were all for cock.”

“Did you just say Christmas morning massacre?” asked Ash.

“Yeah,” I said. “Daddy called while I was blowing one of the carolers and told me that he’s worried Crazy Isabella is gonna try to take out some of the families at this year’s Christmas retreat.”

“Including your dad?”

“Yes.”

Ash frowned. “I don’t know who this bitch is, but we have to stop her.”

“I’m working on a plan.”

“Maybe we can help. Give us all the deets.”

“Okay...so... Chad’s family, the Chadwicks....”

“There’s a dude named Chad Chadwick?” asked Rosalie.

“Not just any dude,” said Ash. “He’s Chastity’s fiancé.”

“Boyfriend,” I corrected, holding up my finger with the 2-carat promise ring he’d given me. “Anyway, the Chadwicks bought a whole fucking mountain in North Carolina and started developing it, but they’re idiots and can’t find any buyers. So they’re on the verge of bankruptcy.”

“Which is why he gave you such a small ring,” said Rosalie.

“Exactly!” I was starting to understand why Ash spoke so highly of Rosalie. “Then there’s the Locatellis. They’ve always been our main rival. And recently Daddy fucked them over by getting a bunch of their building permits pulled,

leaving them with millions of dollars' worth of the finest Italian finishes and nowhere to install them. So they're going bankrupt as well, and they're super pissed about it."

"And those fuckers kidnapped me," added Ash.

"You got kidnapped?!" asked Rosalie.

Ash nodded. "The banana king snatched me up and was going to auction my body to the highest bidder."

Interesting. She remembered it now that she'd been drinking.

"Wow," Rosalie said. "I'm going to need so much more information. Who is this banana king? He sounds hot."

"Girl, you should see his cock." I held my hands up to show her how big it was.

Rosalie's jaw dropped. "Tell me more."

"He wants to take Ash's virginity."

Rosalie turned to Ash. "You turned him down?"

Ash nodded. "He was going to stream it on the internet!"

"So what? That would have been such an epic way to lose your virginity."

"Gah, I know!" said Ash. And then she turned red. "Next topic please. Tell us about this Crazy Isabella girl."

"Crazy Isabella is the heir to the most ruthless and most powerful family in the city. I didn't go to school with her, but my friends at Empire High told me she was fucking *nuts*. Apparently she just got out of the looney bin, and now she's trying to prove to her father that he should give her the keys to

the kingdom. We suspect she's gonna try to murder all the heads of the families on Christmas morning."

"Shit," said Ash. "Your dad should just hide."

"That's what I told him. But he can't show any signs of weakness. This business is all about seeming strong. Wait a second! That's it! We look weak when we're all fighting against each other. But if we could create an alliance with the Chadwicks and Locatellis, we'd be too strong for Isabella to attack us."

"So you're gonna marry Chad?" asked Ash.

"No way. I'm not ready to settle down yet." *And I'm pretty sure he's trying to steal all my money.* "But maybe you could seduce the banana king to at least get the Locatellis on our side. He *really* wanted to take your virginity." And if she lost her virginity to him, then I'd be able to get laid again. So it would be a win-win.

Ash moaned.

Wow, she really likes that idea. But when I looked over at her I realized she was just moaning because she'd taken a bite of the gingerbread house.

"This icing is delicious," she said and grabbed for another piece. But she was too greedy and tried to take an entire wall, so the whole thing collapsed. Ash really did love the taste of cum... One of the chimneys fell right on a gingerbread man and snapped him clean in half. "Poor gingerbread man," said Ash. "If only a chimney would fall on Crazy Isabella instead, all our problems would be solved." And then her eyes lit up. "Are you guys thinking what I'm thinking?"

“Hire a hitman?” I asked. It was certainly an option...

“No,” said Rosalie. And then at the same time she and Ash both yelled, “HOME ALONE!”

“You want to booby trap the resort?” I asked. “I actually kind of love that idea.”

“Let’s do it!” Ash pulled some wrapping paper out and started to roll it out with the white back showing, but there wasn’t enough space in our tiny dorm room. So I suggested we head back to the common room.

Ash brought the wrapping paper, Rosalie brought the sharpies, and I brought our lists for Santa.

We had almost gotten past the oversized presents when someone tore out and lunged for Ash.

Chapter 4 – Extra Thick to Break Kneecap Better

2 Days Before Christmas, 2013

“Ah!” screamed Ash at the sound of the giant present tearing open.

“Congratulations on birth of Christ!” yelled Slavanka as she pushed the torn wrapping paper aside.

Ash screamed again and tried to knock Slavanka’s head off with a roll of wrapping paper. Slavanka just stood there and took it right in the face. And then she yanked the roll out of Ash’s hand and hit her in the head too.

“You celebrate with Christmas beating too? I no realize.” Slavanka looked so happy as she handed the wrapping paper back to Ash. “You hit again? Harder, like I home in Russia.”

I was about to tell her that beating each other with wrapping paper wasn’t an American Christmas tradition. But then I realized it was more fun *not* to correct her.

“Merry Christmas, Slavanka!” I said and gave her a big hug. “I was wondering when you’d pop out.”

“Sorry, I fall sleep. Present very comfy. Remind me of childhood when I bad and Papa put me in bear cage.”

“Like...with the bear?” asked Ash.

Slavanka waved her off. “Not important.”

“It feels *very* important. It’s the difference between a slightly unorthodox punishment and child murder.”

“Speaking of murder,” I said. “Let’s get started on our battle plan.” I grabbed the wrapping paper and rolled it out on the table with the white back showing.

“Who we fight?” asked Slavanka.

I explained the situation to her while I sketched a rough map of the resort. I’d been there every Christmas since I was little, so I knew the place inside and out.

“Okay,” said Ash as she looked over the map I’d drawn. “The first thing jumping out at me are those ski lift cables.”

“Gotta cut them,” agreed Rosalie. “But not all the way. Just like 75%. And then when Isabella gets on...” She made a popping noise and then mimed a ski lift dropping to the ground and exploding.

I looked back and forth between them.

“What?” asked Ash.

“Just surprised by the level of violence. I would have expected that more from Slavanka.”

“When I was young I was scared of getting murdered in my sleep,” said Ash. “So Rosalie and I did drills for how we’d take down an intruder.”

“Yup,” said Rosalie. “We came up with the perfect plan. I’d throw glitter in their eyes while Ash ran them through with a curtain rod.”

Fascinating. “Got it.” I drew some wire cutters next to the ski lift on the map. “What about you, Slavanka? Any ideas?”

“Landmine on ski slope.”

Ash nodded approvingly. “Are we going with a Claymore to take her out while she’s skiing? Or are you thinking a classic anti-tank mine?”

“Yes, yes,” replied Slavanka.

So both, then? “I’m loving this energy, but Home Alone is really more about using household items rather than military grade explosives. So try to think about things you’d have at a ski resort.”

“Okay.” Slavanka pointed to one of the guest rooms on the map. “Tie bear to bedpost.” Then she moved her finger to the bathroom. “Make hot tub into waterboard.” And then outside to the slopes. “Sharpen skis on rock and put at bottom of pitfall trap.”

“The ground might be too frozen to dig a hole.”

Slavanka pointed to the snowmobile rental garage. “Car bomb in snowmobile.”

“Yes! Amazing!” said Ash.

Annnnd we’re back to the explosives. But Daddy did always have some car bombs in storage for a rainy day, so I drew one on the map by the snowmobiles. Although I couldn’t exactly call Daddy and tell him to meet me at the resort with a car bomb. Then he’d know I was coming. We needed to focus on things that we’d be bringing ourselves. Like...

“How about we hide a dildo on the ski slopes?” I suggested. “Hit one of those going fifty miles per hour and you could easily break your ankle.”

“Nice one,” said Rosalie as I drew a twelve-incher near the bottom of the main slope. “We could also lube up the lobby floors.”

I drew a bottle of lube spilling all over the lobby.

“Hairspray blowtorch,” said Slavanka.

“Oh!” said Ash. “I love that. Also, I have an idea! We could sharpen all our heels and hide them in Isabella’s mattress. When she lies down...” Ash grabbed a Christmas cookie and smashed it down on her finger, presumably trying to show what would happen to Isabella when she lay down on her stiletto bed. But instead she just jammed her finger. “Ow.”

“That give me idea,” said Slavanka. “We drop safe off balcony. Isabella go smooch like Ash’s finger.”

“This isn’t a motel,” I said. “The safes are all built into the walls.”

“What if we rig a series of hairdryers to the gutters so that they melt the tops of icicles and make them fall and impale her?” suggested Ash. “Or better yet, let’s put a tripwire at the bottom of the stairs and when Isabella hits it, one of those luggage carts will fall down the stairs and push her into the hot tub.”

“Where we waterboard,” added Slavanka.

Ash nodded. “Or we could turn the water temperature up to 200 degrees. Boil that bitch alive!”

I laughed and drew as fast as I could. Ash was really getting into this.

“Wait!” yelled Ash. “I have it. The ultimate trap.” She grabbed the sharpie out of my hand and started drawing.

Huh? I tilted my head to see if that would help make her vision clear. But it didn't. Slavanka and Rosalie looked equally confused.

“We’re going to surprise her with an extraordinarily hairy penis?” Seriously, why was it so hairy? A little hair at the base would have been fine, but the entire dick she’d drawn was covered in long, straight hairs sticking straight out from base to tip.

“No,” she said as she drew another one. And another.

“Lots of hairy dicks then?” I asked.

“No! Centipedes! Centipedes everywhere!” Ash shivered as she said it. And then her face went pale. “Wait. How are we gonna prevent them from getting us too?!” She furiously crossed them all out on the map.

“We stand on chair,” said Slavanka.

I nodded. “That’s actually a pretty great solution. But you do bring up a good point, Ash. If this was a true Home Alone situation and it was just us against Isabella, these ideas would all be dynamite. But there are going to be tons of people there. It would be super easy for an innocent civilian to get caught in any of these traps. And killing the troops there would be a big no-no.” I tore the map off the rest of the roll and tossed it into the trash. Or maybe it was the mail bin? Ghostie and Teddybear had put so many decorations everywhere that it was impossible to tell the difference.

“Troops?” asked Ash.

“Yeah,” I said. “This resort is near an American military base in Germany. So it’s always been a popular place for them to go

for R&R. But it *really* got popular a few years back when someone started a rumor that sexy elves deliver presents to troops staying there. And if the troops catch the sexy elves, they get to do sexy things to them. It was me. I started the rumor.”

“Could we get the troops to protect us?” asked Ash. “We could dress up like the sexy elves and...”

“Ash! You’re a genius!”

“So the troops will kill Isabella for us?”

“No. But you gave me an idea of how we could get the Chadwicks and Locatellis to agree to an alliance.” I rolled out more of the wrapping paper and started sketching. “Let’s stage a competition to see who can sneakily deliver the most gifts to the troops on Christmas Eve. I’ll be on a team with Chad and the Banana King. And when we win, they’ll see how well we all work together. Then they’ll want to join us in an alliance against Crazy Isabella.”

“Chad penis too small for sexy package delivery,” said Slavanka.

“Good point. I’ll have the Chadwick’s underboss be on the team instead.” I crossed Chad out and replaced him with their sexy underboss.

“Won’t they recognize each other and refuse to participate?” asked Ash.

“Another good point,” I said. “But we can get around that by putting them in sexy elf masks.” I drew a little elf hat and mask on each of the figures.

Ash gave me a look. “Sexy elf masks? Is that a thing? I don’t think of Christmas elves as sexy.”

“Well you need to watch *Stuffing Mrs. Claus*, then,” I said, pointing to the DVD she’d gotten from her sister. “I’m sure Justin can whip something up for us.” He was a master at making sexy women’s clothes and he wasn’t even attracted to girls. I couldn’t wait to see what he’d do with sexy menswear.

“Do we have to wear the sexy elf masks too?”

Hmmm. The masks I’d drawn were sexy, but in a manly way.

“We’ll wear ski masks,” I said as I drew us on the wrapping paper. “But we’ll have the tops cut off so our hair can still show. It’ll be hot.”

“Perfect,” said Ash. “So you’ll have mobsters on your team. Who will be on my team?”

“You sure you want to come? This could get pretty dangerous.”

“I can’t just let you walk into the lions’ den all alone. I’m your ride or die bitch.”

“Yeah you are!” I high fived her.

“I just have one condition.”

“Anything.”

“If I come, I want a ski suit that tears away super easily. If some fucker tries to kidnap me again, I want my suit to tear right off like it’s a lizard’s tail being grabbed by a toddler.”

“You got it,” I said.

“Then I’m there. So who’s gonna be on my team?”

“Uh...” I snapped my fingers. “I’ll call some of my brothers at the Gryphon Club. I’m sure they’ll be down. And they’ll be good muscle in case it turns into a Christmas morning massacre.” I drew Flash, Adonis, and Master Hung, taking particular care to accurately portray their enormous cocks.

“I get big strong German man on my team,” said Slavanka.

“You know old saying: German man do anything for Christmas present.”

Is that a saying?

“Speaking of Christmas presents,” said Rosalie. “Why don’t you just give the other families nice Christmas presents? That always brings people together.”

“Shit! You’re brilliant. How did we not think of that sooner?” I tore off my drawings and tossed them into the trash next to the Home Alone plans. “Okay... What do you give a mafia boss who has everything?”

“Dead horse head in bed,” said Slavanka.

“You’re not wrong. But that’s more of a threat than a peace offering.”

Ash nodded. “We could give them each a gingerbread house like the one upstairs. That thing was freaking delicious.”

She was right. It was delicious. But something told me that a mob boss wouldn’t take kindly to a cum-covered gingerbread house. “That seems a little generic. Let’s try to find something in the middle.”

Ash and Rosalie started throwing out ideas rapid fire.

“A fedora?”

“Cigars?”

“A three-piece suit?”

“Really good chicken parm?”

“Cement shoes?” suggested Slavanka.

“Oooh,” I said. “Those really are excellent for disposing of bodies in the Hudson. And they’re deceptively difficult to make. Contrary to popular belief, you can’t just pour cement into a standard shoe. You need a nice steel toe so it doesn’t tear from the weight. And a little rebar can go a long way.”

“What about a baseball bat that’s extra good at breaking kneecaps?” said Ash.

“No, no,” said Slavanka. “Repeal RICO act.”

How the hell does Slavanka know about the RICO act? She could barely speak English. “That’s actually an amazing idea. But congress isn’t in session until after Christmas.”

Slavanka frowned. “Then we buy baseball bat. Extra thick to break kneecap better.”

“We could engrave them with motivational quotes,” added Ash. “Like... Snitches get stitches. Or... I’d hate for something to happen to this lovely shop of yours.”

“I’m not sure those qualify as motivational quotes, but I’m loving this idea. I think it’s the perfect gift if we add a device inside that can detect bugs.”

“Great idea,” said Ash. “That way no centipedes can catch them by surprise.”

What? No. I obviously meant listening devices. But we were basically on the same page. And we didn’t have any more time

to dilly dally. “Perfect plan. Let’s get packing. We need to leave in a few hours if we’re going to have time to hit the slopes.”

Chapter 5 – Freezing My Nips Off

Christmas Eve, 2013

“Merry Christmas Eve!” I yelled and nudged Ash.

“Huh?” she rolled over and wiped some drool off her mouth.

“We’re about to land! And it’s Christmas Eve!”

“Land where?” She looked very confused.

“At the ski resort. In Germany.”

“You no worry,” added Slavanka. “Stalin kill Nazis. Germaniya okay now.”

“Nazis weren’t my primary concern,” said Ash. “I was more confused about how the hell I ended up on a plane.”

Oooh. Right. Ash had had banana juice last night. Which meant she was going to pretend like she didn’t remember any of what happened. Or maybe she really didn’t remember...

Either way, I brought her up to speed on everything.

“Wow. Did I hit my head sledding or something? I remember the first half, but everything after that is just a big black hole in my mind.”

“Does your head hurt?” I asked.

“No, actually. I slept like a baby. I can’t believe I slept so well on a plane.”

“What’s so hard about sleeping on a plane?” I asked. The plush seats and gentle hum of the engine was so comforting.

Daddy's fun jet was the best.

"Usually there are arms and legs everywhere and if you aren't careful you'll end up with your head sliding into the lap of a very handsy old man." Ash shuddered at the thought.

"What kind of weird tiny orgy planes do you usually travel on?" I stretched my legs out as far as they would go and I still had about two feet of cushion left.

"Coach," said Ash.

"That sounds truly awful. Anyway, I'm glad you slept well. Because we have a big night ahead of us."

"Night? What about the day? You said we left in the wee hours of the morning for an eight-hour flight. Does the sun set at like 11 am in Germany?"

"Stalin almost make sun set on Germaniya permanently," said Slavanka.

"Girl, it's already 3 pm here," I said.

"Oh. Right. The time diff..." She stopped mid-sentence when I opened the blinds to show her the sun starting to set over the snow-covered Bavarian Alps. "Holy shit. I've never seen mountains before. They're beautiful."

Never seen mountains? Ash was hardly living before she met me. "Just wait until you see the men." I winked at her.

"Eh, I'm more excited about the mountains."

"That's because you haven't seen the men yet." *And because all that banana juice wore off.* I hit the flight attendant button and Esme appeared. Just because I needed to focus on the plan

to save my daddy, it didn't mean I couldn't also still get Ash to lose her virginity.

"Yes?" Esme asked.

"Three glasses of banana juice," I said.

"No time," said Ghostie, walking back from the cockpit. "I just got confirmation that the meeting of the families is going to be at the beer hall at sunset. Which is in..." He checked his phone. "...Less than 90 minutes. Your skis, ski suits, and bats will be waiting on the tarmac. So go ahead and get changed into whatever you're wearing underneath and get ready to ski down to the resort."

"Wait," said Ash. "We're gonna have to ski down to the resort? I kind of assumed a limo would take us there or something?"

"Limos can't go down ski slopes. Only snowmobiles. And I don't want to risk getting on one of those. Isabella could have gotten word of our arrival and planted a car bomb."

"Okay. But shouldn't the airstrip be next to the resort?"

"Not here. The only piece of flat land they could find long enough for an airstrip was on a little plateau near the top of the mountain." I pointed out the window at the resort in the distance. "There's the main lodging at the bottom of the valley." I traced my finger up some ski slopes until I was pointing at another building. "That big glass building is the atrium. They do weddings and stuff there. And the soldiers have special lodging there." I traced my finger even higher up the mountain to a little snow-covered plateau with lots of blinking red lights. "And that's the airstrip."

“Why the hell is it all the way up there?” asked Ash.

“We’ve been over this. That was the only spot they could find that was flat and long enough for an airstrip.”

“Are you sure it’s long enough?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I mean, it’s not quite up to code. But it’s perfectly safe as long as the pilot doesn’t overshoot the landing.”

“Ice on runway more exciting,” said Slavanka.

“It’s usually not a big deal.”

“Usually?!” asked Ash. She looked like she was seconds away from a total freak-out. “I need to get off this plane!”

“Should I grab a parachute?” asked Ghostie.

“What?! No!”

I laughed. “Ghostie is just being silly.” He wasn’t. A few years ago it had been too icy to land and we’d all had to parachute out. “Let’s just focus on getting dressed while we land.” I turned to Teddybear. “Suitcases, please.”

Teddybear grabbed our suitcases while Esme unfolded three luggage racks.

“This can’t be right,” said Ash as she rummaged around in her luggage.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I think Teddybear gave me the wrong suitcase.”

“Sorry,” said Teddybear. He brought her another one.

She opened it up. “This isn’t right either. This one is just all heels. And the first one was all bikinis.”

“What’s the problem then?” I asked.

“Uh...we’re going to a ski resort. I can’t just run around in a bikini the whole time!”

“Sure you can. Single Girl Rule #43: Bikinis are the only acceptable girls’ trip outfit.” I turned my suitcase around so she could see that I’d only brought bikinis too.

Ash shook her head. “There’s no way that rule applies to ski trips. Isn’t Rule #44 about girls trips too? Something like: Girls’ trips are only girls’ trips if there’s a bikini contest on a beach?”

“Close. Single Girl Rule #44: Girls’ trips are contests to see who can suck the most cocks. The winner doesn’t have to pay.”

“Wait,” said Ash. “I might have to pay for this trip?! I can’t afford a private jet.”

“Then you better get that jaw warmed up,” I said with a wink. I wasn’t actually going to make her pay. But I figured the threat of it might be good motivation to make her finally lose her virginity. Because I *really* needed my vow of celibacy to end. I wanted to wake up Christmas morning and get double teamed by my hot bodyguards. #ITakeMyDicksInTwos.

Ash shook her head. “I’m not going to blow some rando.”

“Girl, it’s gonna take a lot more than one blowjob to win this contest.”

“Yes, yes,” agreed Slavanka as she adjusted her bikini top.

“Damn, girl,” I said and honked her boobs twice. “That bikini looks amazing with your ushanka.” I turned to Ash. “Do you

have a white bikini too? It would be fun to all match.”

“I’m not wearing a bikini. I’ll literally freeze my nipples off. That’s always been a fear of mine. When my mom was little she knew a kid who...”

“You’re not gonna lose a nipple. And you won’t even be in the bikini for long. You’ll have a snowsuit for skiing.”

“If you’re so confident that our nipples are frost-proof, I dare you to get off the plane topless.”

“And if I do, you’ll wear a bikini?”

“Yup,” said Ash.

“Deal.” I shook her hand.

She looked so confident that she was going to win this bet. Which was odd. Because she knew I loved being naked, right? I was like the opposite of a never-nude.

I gave her a moment to change her mind, but she did not.

Oh well.

I changed into a white bikini and heels and touched up my makeup as the plane landed.

“Brrrrr,” said Ash with an exaggerated shiver as she looked out the window. “It looks *so* cold out there.”

She wasn’t wrong.

Ghostie opened the cabin door and we got hit with a blast of frigid mountain air. A few snowflakes even fluttered in. But that wasn’t going to deter me.

I walked over to the door, took off my bikini top, and handed it to Ghostie. I winked at him.

But I didn't think he noticed because he was staring right at my tits.

"Chastity," Teddybear said. "I don't think you should be going outside like that." His eyebrows were lowered. I could tell he was more worried about someone else seeing me topless than he was about my attire being inappropriate for the snow. I winked at him too.

"We fine." Slavanka took off her top too, and then we stepped out onto the stairs.

Two delivery guys all bundled up in snowsuits were waiting for us on the tarmac. I gave them a saucy little wave as a gust of wind blew through my hair. It would have been the perfect slow-motion scene in a movie.

Also though... Ash might have been right about nipples freezing off. Because that wind was fucking *cold*.

And it got colder with every step.

But it did warm my soul a little when I got close enough to see how hot the delivery guys were. Both were over six feet tall and had the sexiest dimples.

"Gutten tag," said one of the delivery men.

The wind blew again and I couldn't help but shiver. The delivery guy's eyes went straight to my frozen tits as they jiggled all around.

He cleared his throat and looked back at my face. "Special delivery for Chastity Morgan?"

"That's me," I said.

He handed me a pen and a clipboard. "Sign there, please."

I signed while he and his friend unloaded wooden crates off the back of their snowmobiles.

The first crate was long and skinny. That was our skis and ski poles.

The next two were more square. They contained fur boots, matching earmuffs, and the cutest white ski suits I'd ever seen.

And then the final crate was filled with baseball bats. I grabbed one and gave it a few swings. It felt sturdy. Perfect for breaking kneecaps. But it was also a beautiful piece of art. The red and black woodgrain of the Australian bull-oak had been sanded and polished to a shine. I ran my fingers over the smooth surface. I couldn't feel any seams from where they'd inserted the bug detectors. The only part that wasn't silky smooth were the engraved phrases.

The Locatellis and Chadwicks were going to freaking love these.

I handed one to Slavanka so she could take a swing.

"Everything look good?" asked the delivery guy.

"It's perfect," I said. "Well...almost perfect. The bats are much heavier than I expected. I'm not sure how we're gonna carry them down the mountain to the village. Do you think you could take them down on your snowmobiles and deliver them to the beer hall?"

"We could probably do that for you..." he started.

"No can do," said his friend. "That would make us late with our next delivery."

I was about to tell him to charge whatever he wanted to our tab. But then a gust of wind hit me again and I shivered like crazy. My tits really did feel like they were going to freeze off. I needed a hot shower. Or...

That's it! I had the perfect solution to my delivery problem and my frozen tits problem.

I shivered again, making sure my tits jiggled like crazy.

“Are you sure you don't have time?” I asked. “Me and my friend were going to give you a really good tip.”

I glanced over at Slavanka.

She shrugged. And then we both dropped to our knees.

I felt warmer the second the delivery guy's cock hit the back of my throat.

Yes, I knew I'd promised not to have sex until Ash lost her virginity. But I needed those baseball bats to get delivered down the mountain. And some nice hot cum all over my tits was just what I needed to warm them up. But most importantly, my jiggly naked tits had definitely made these delivery guys horny, which meant *not* blowing them would be breaking Single Girl Rule #24: No blue balls allowed. Finish what you start. So I basically didn't have a choice.

In less than sixty seconds, I felt his warm cum shoot into my throat. It was so tempting to greedily drink it all down. But I really needed the warmth on my body, so I pulled back and let him drench my frozen tits.

Fuck that feels nice.

I glanced over at Slavanka to see if she was warming up the same way. But she'd apparently decided to take a different approach.

She'd started driving one of the snowmobiles around while the other delivery guy fucked her from behind.

Get it, girl!

I admit, I was a little jealous that she was getting fucked.

But I got significantly less jealous when she hit a bump and the two of them got thrown off the snowmobile into a huge pile of snow. Slavanka didn't seem phased by the snow at all, though. She just got on all fours and let him fuck her in the snow for a minute until he was ready to cum all over her tits.

We thanked the drivers for their help and then hauled the ski stuff up to the plane.

Ash was nowhere to be seen. But all of her bikinis were on the floor and her suitcase was bulging in a way that made it look a lot like Ash was stuffed inside. Apparently she thought she could hide in there to avoid having to make good on her promise to wear a bikini.

"It's not even a big deal," I said as we pulled her out. "Since we're skiing you're allowed to wear your ski suit. As long as you have your bikini underneath it's not breaking the rules."

"Well that was very unclear," she said. "I thought you were gonna make me ski down the mountain in nothing but a bikini."

"I don't hate that idea. You kind of owe us after we went out on the tarmac topless..."

“No!” yelled Ash. “Give me that ski suit.” She took one of the suits out of the crates.

While Ash changed into her bikini, Slavanka and I washed the cum off our tits. And then we all got into our ski suits.

“Hot damn,” I said when we were all dressed. “Justin outdid himself with these. And on such short notice too.” I gave Slavanka and Ash each two honks. Ash reluctantly returned the favor.

“I admit,” she said. “These look amazing.”

They really did. They were onesies, but they’d been measured to fit each of us perfectly. And the fur hoods and matching boots were super cute.

Ghostie and Teddybear looked pretty fine in their snow suits too. But thanks to my vow of celibacy, I couldn’t do anything about it.

Not that there was time to anyway. If we didn’t ski fast enough, we might be late as it was.

“Can’t we use the ski lift?” asked Ash as we all buckled up our skis. She pointed longingly at the ski lift off the side of the tarmac.

“It moves too slow to get us to the meeting in time.”

She didn’t look convinced.

“And think about how easy it would be for Isabella to cut the wire midway through our descent.”

“Never mind,” said Ash. “Let’s ski.”

“You do know how to ski, right?” asked Teddybear.

“Yeah. I’ve been to the Poconos a few times. But those slopes don’t really compare to...this.” She pointed through the falling snow at the frozen peaks around us. They were all ice and snow and rock. We wouldn’t see any trees until we got closer to the glass atrium.

“Good,” I said. “Just follow the flags and don’t point your skis straight down the mountain and you’ll be fine.”

We all checked our skis one last time. And then we grabbed our ski poles and were about to start down the mountain.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka.

“Yup,” agreed Ash.

We pulled our goggles down and Ghostie and Teddybear handed us our ski poles.

I wished they could have skied down with us. But we had tons of luggage. And they needed to do a thorough inspection of the ski lift before using it to transport our luggage down to the hotel.

“Wait,” said Ash. “What’s that black diamond for on that sign?”

But it was too late for questions. Ghostie and Teddybear had already given us a shove to get us started down the mountain. I greatly appreciated that Ghostie shoved me by pushing on my ass. If I was lucky, I’d be able to have his hands all over me again soon.

“Chastity! What does the sign mean?!” Ash yelled again.

“Don’t worry about it!” I shouted over to her. The black diamond meant that this was a super challenging slope only for experts. But Ash said she’d been skiing before. I was sure she could handle it.

And I was right. She was skiing like an absolute pro. In fact, she was going the fastest out of any of us.

I pointed my skis to try to catch up to her, but she just kept going faster and faster.

I finally caught her just as the first trees started to come into view.

“You’re doing amazing!” I yelled over the wind in our faces.

“AHHHHHHHHHH!” she screamed back.

I’m loving her enthusiasm! “You’re a natural!”

“No I’m not! I can’t slow down!”

“Just lean and turn your skis!” I yelled. And then I added, “Very slightly.”

But I wasn’t sure she heard that last part. Because she leaned super hard to the right and turned her skis at least 45 degrees.

One second she’d been in the middle of the slope, and the next second she was headed directly towards the woods at like 90 miles per hour.

Shit!

Chapter 6 – Mesh and Lederhosen

Christmas Eve, 2013

I turned to follow Ash into the woods. But I did it much more delicately than she had. Slavanka was right behind me.

“Ash?!” I yelled into the forest as I wove between trees. At this speed, with this much snow, and with the sun setting, I could hardly see a thing.

But I could still hear her screaming bloody murder.

Ash?

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a bright white blur barreling straight towards me, so I turned my skis a little.

Ash flew past me, less than an inch away from clipping my skis.

“Watch out!” I yelled. The next obstacle in her path was a particularly thick tree that would really not be good to crash into.

I let out a sigh when she swerved to avoid it and two more trees.

She turned back to look at me. “What?!”

No! Don't look at me! “TREE!” We were skiing through a freaking forest!

“WHAT?!” she yelled louder.

I lifted my ski pole and pointed in front of her.

She turned around *just* in time to dodge the low-hanging branch threatening to take her head off. Well...*almost* in time.

She cleared the bulk of the branch. But her poofy fur hood snagged on one piece. So as she continued down the mountain, her ski suit did not. In the blink of an eye she'd gone from a big white blur to...

Well, with how pasty her skin was combined with her white bikini, she was still basically just a white blur going down the mountain.

She looked down in horror and momentarily lost control. But it worked out okay, because her new trajectory took her out of the forest and back onto the main slope.

Without having to dodge trees I was easily able to catch up to her.

“What happened to my suit?!” she yelled.

“It tore away, just like you requested.” What was it she'd said? Something about wanting it to tear right off like a lizard's tail being grabbed by a toddler. And thank God she had requested that or that branch would have done a hell of a lot more damage. Or maybe it would have just ripped out a few pieces fur from her hood. Could have gone either way, really.

“I did not request to be naked!”

“You're not naked,” I said. “You still have your biki...”

As I said it, Ash skied over a little bump. Her tits bounced up and nearly hit her in the face, and when they came back down, they were no longer contained by her bikini top.

Cheers went up around us. We'd just gotten to the glass atrium, so there were lots of hot soldiers hanging out and sipping hot chocolate next to outdoor space heaters.

"No!" she screamed. "Don't look at me!" But she didn't try to cover up. Probably because she was too scared of catching an edge and heading back into the forest. Or maybe she was just loving the applause, that naughty little slut.

Lucky girl. I wished I could put on a show for the hot soldiers too. And maybe I could...

I grabbed my suit and tugged. Sure enough, the whole thing tore right off just as we passed another group of soldiers. I smiled to myself as they cheered wildly. And they cheered again when Slavanka did the same thing.

We got cheers the rest of the way down the mountain. Each time it happened, Ash made an attempt to fix her bikini. But she couldn't get any purchase on it with her big ski gloves, so she just kept making it worse. Eventually it ended up covering her goggles. And when she tried to move it, she accidentally pushed it off her head. The wind caught it and it was gone.

The whole thing happened in front of a group of skiing teenage boys. Every single one of them was so transfixed that they all totally wiped out.

And speaking of wiping out...

When we pulled in to the very crowded landing at the bottom of the slope, Ash threw herself face-first into the snow.

"You okay?" I asked as I gracefully stopped beside her.

"No I'm not okay!" she yelled without lifting her head. I could barely hear her through the snow covering her face.

“Did you twist your ankle or something? What’s wrong?”

“No. But everyone here just saw my boobs. And I’m so cold but I can’t get up or everyone will see them again.”

“Girl, you’re gonna freeze your nipples off!”

“What?! I thought you said that couldn’t happen?!”

“Of course it can happen. I just didn’t want you to break the Single Girl Rules by not wearing a bikini on a girls’ trip. Why don’t you just put your hands over your boobs?”

“I did not think of that.”

“Come on.” I grabbed one of her arms and Slavanka grabbed the other. And then we hauled her to her feet.

She threw her hands over her boobs, much to the disappointment of every guy watching. Although we were all in thongs and both my top and Slavanka’s were quite small, so they were still getting a pretty great show.

“Ready for the meeting?” I asked.

“No I’m not ready for the meeting!” yelled Ash. “I need clothes.”

I glanced up at the clock tower in the center of the quaint German ski village. Thanks to Ash going down the mountain at near Olympic-record speeds, we did have a little time to spare. “Okay,” I said. “We can go to one store.”

I tried to lure her into a Swiss chocolate shop. There was a chocolate fountain in the big glass window that was calling my name. But that wasn’t even the most delicious chocolate in there. Because the man at the counter buying truffles looked a heck of a lot like Flash Robinson. I hadn’t tasted his delicious

chocolate cock since my initiation into the Gryphon Club. And I was pretty sure it would taste better than ever dipped in that chocolate fountain...

But instead Ash dragged me over to an adorable little half-timbered shop with Christmas lights strung up everywhere. The mannequins in the windows were sporting the poofiest puffer jackets I'd ever seen.

We'd been in the store for all of two seconds when Ash grabbed a cropped silver jacket and pulled it on. She zipped it all the way to her chin. "Where are the pants?"

"Uh..." I looked around. "I don't think they have any."

"Why would they not have any pants?"

"Probably because you chose to shop in the Jacket Emporium."

"How was I supposed to know what the name of the shop translated to? I don't speak German."

The sign *was* in German. But... "The sign said *Jacke Emporium*. That's literally one letter away from being in English."

"There was definitely a weird little accent mark in there too. Can we please go find pants somewhere?"

"No time. And anyway, you look hot. The volume of the poofy jacket and fur boots juxtaposed with your little thong balances so well. In fact, we should all go for that look." I grabbed a matching jacket for me and Slavanka and then we headed to the counter to check out.

"That'll be \$20,000," said the guy at the checkout.

“Fine,” said Ash. She unzipped her jacket and shook her tits at him.

“Whoa! Girl, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Huh? I was just uh...” She cleared her throat. “I was taking my jacket off so he could ring it up.”

“No, no,” said Slavanka. “You try pay with tits. But he gay.”

“Honey,” added the salesman. “I’m wearing a mesh shirt and pink pleather lederhosen.” He added a sassy little finger wag as he muttered something in German.

Ash tugged her jacket up and turtled down into it.

“They’re out again,” I said. “It’s a crop top.”

She slowly pulled it back down. Her face was the color of a tomato and her eyes were as big as dinner plates.

“Just put it on our room tab,” I said to the salesman. “We’re in the Kaiser Suite.”

“I did not realize that was an option,” whispered Ash.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed about wanting to show your tits off. I get it. If you got ‘em, flaunt ‘em. But maybe save that energy for the meeting. If our baseball bat gifts don’t land right, your tits could come in handy.”

“I’m not going to flash a room of mobsters.”

“Me neither,” I said with a wink.

“No! Don’t wink about that. And seriously, I need pants before we go to this meeting. We’re probably going to get arrested before we even get there.”

“No way. Germans are totally fine with nudity. In German universities they even have co-ed group showers. Which is really something we should adopt in the US. It would make it so much easier to find all the boys with the biggest cocks.”

“We transfer to German university next year?” asked Slavanka.

“I don’t hate that idea.”

Ash tried to duck into a clothing store, but I grabbed her arm.

“There’s no time for pants!”

“Pleeeeeeease?”

“Nope. Just pull your ski goggles down at the meeting. No one will even recognize you.”

“That’s actually a pretty good idea.” She pulled her goggles down and got a little spring in her step.

The two delivery guys were waiting for us with our baseball bats outside the beer hall. Ash and Slavanka grabbed either side of the crate and carried it in behind me.

“Where are they?” asked Ash, looking out at the dozens of skiers seated at the long tables.

“Back there.” I pointed to a door in the back corner. Unlike most of the doors here, it wasn’t lined with Christmas lights. Instead, it was hidden behind two Christmas trees.

As soon as we opened the door, the overwhelming smell of cigar smoke told me we were in the right place.

But then my eyes adjusted to the dark, and I wasn’t so sure.

Because Daddy was the only person seated at the big round table in the middle. And the only other person in the room was his trusted underboss.

“Chastity?” he said.

“Daddy!” I ran over and threw my arms around him.

“What are you doing here?” he asked. “I told you not to come.”

“Did you? I didn’t catch that on the call. It just sounded like you needed help, so I came. Where’s everyone else?”

“No idea.” He checked his diamond-studded watch. “They should have been here by now.”

Someone in the corner cleared their throat and a dim light switched on. Through the cigar smoke I could just barely make out a thin blonde woman in a black and pink pinstripe dress, black stockings, and a fedora pulled low over her eyes. She snuffed her cigar and took a sip of cognac.

Holy hell! Had she been there the whole time? What kind of creepy bitch hid in the corner of a dark room smoking a cigar and drinking cognac? There was really only one answer: *Crazy Isabella.*

“Who are we waiting for?” she asked in a sickly sweet voice.

Daddy’s underboss pulled a gun and pointed it at her.

Isabella didn’t even flinch. “Now, now,” she said. “You really don’t want to do that.”

“I kind of do.”

“Suit yourself. But you should know that if my heart stops, my watch will sense it. And then a bomb in the basement will go

off and kill all those lovely people eating and drinking and being merry. You don't want that, do you?"

Daddy put his hand up to stop his underboss from shooting.

"Now, I'll ask again. Who are we waiting for? Wait, let me guess. You invited the Locatellis and Chadwicks to a secret meeting in hopes of forming an alliance against my daddy?"

Ash gagged a little. And I didn't blame her. When I called Daddy *Daddy* it sounded sweet and loving. But when Isabella called Richard Pruitt *Daddy?* Gross.

"Well, I doubt they'll be coming," she continued.

"That's fine," I said. "We'll still get them on our side. Because we have a secret weapon."

"Oh?"

"Yeah." I turned around, opened the crate, and pulled out one of the beautiful engraved baseball bats.

"You're going to break their kneecaps?" asked Daddy's underboss.

"Nope. In the spirit of Christmas, I'm going to give them each a beautiful, hand polished, custom engraved baseball bat."

"I've heard rumors that you were smart," said Isabella as she uncrossed her stocking-clad legs and stood up. "Giving gifts during Christmas is so clever. How ever did you think of it?"

"Don't be jealous that you didn't think of it first."

Isabella hovered her hand over the crate of bats. "May I?" she asked.

"Sure."

She reached in and grabbed one, rolling it over in her hands.
“Very nice,” she said. “Is that cherry?”

“Australian bull-oak.”

She nodded approvingly. “And these engravings are so fun. I’m actually a little embarrassed. Because I got the Locatellis and Chadwicks presents too. But I didn’t get them anything *nearly* this fancy. I just got them gold plated Tommy guns with laser targeting.”

Shit! Those sounded so much cooler than baseball bats. But...
“Oh yeah? Can your Tommy guns detect bugs? Because these can.”

“Aw, honey,” said Isabella with a little pout. “Now you’re just making yourself look desperate. Everyone knows that wearing a wire is so last century. Now it’s all about cell phone taps.”
She patted me on the head.

I swatted her hand away.

“Anyway, New York belongs to me now. So stay out of my way, and we can be besties.”

She started to walk out. But as she passed me, she paused and whispered in my ear. “Actually, we’ll never be besties. I don’t hang out with girls who date guys with tiny dicks. Fuck with me and I’ll sew your pussy shut, you ugly fucking whore.” She kissed my cheek and walked out.

Oh hell no.

I mean, the burn about Chad’s dick was totally fair. That thing was tiny. But threatening to sew my pussy shut and calling me ugly? That was crossing a line.

I was going to kill this bitch.

Chapter 7 – The Royal Spielzeughersteller Hotel

Christmas Eve, 2013

“Now what?” whispered Ash.

“It’s time to go full Home Alone on that bitch,” I replied.

Slavanka picked up one of the baseball bats. “I break Crazy Isabella kneecaps.”

Daddy stood up and took the bat from Slavanka. “None of that will be necessary. I’ll handle it from here. How about you girls go enjoy your vacation?”

“But Daddy...”

“You know I don’t like repeating myself, princess.”

I pouted a little. But he wasn’t budging. “Will you at least tell me your plan?”

“First I’m going to speak to her father. Richard Pruitt has never been scared to use violence, but he always does it with a purpose. There’s no way he’d approve of his daughter starting a war for no reason. I won’t let anything happen to you and your friends. I promise.”

“Thanks, Daddy.” I gave him a big hug.

“Of course, princess.” He turned to my friends. “You must be Ash and Slavanka. Chastity has told me so much about you.”

“Hi, Daddy,” said Ash. “Er... Mr. Morgan.” She coughed and looked anywhere but at him.

Slavanka snapped to attention and gave him a salute.

Daddy nodded approvingly. "It's a pleasure to meet both of you. I wish I had time to chat more, but I really must attend to this Isabella situation."

I really wanted to take Isabella down myself. But I didn't want to go against Daddy's wishes. And I didn't have time to focus on Isabella. Because right now, the most important thing was Ash losing her virginity. If she didn't, Christmas would be ruined. But also...a part of me couldn't stop thinking about destroying Isabella...

"Will you be back before bed so we can hang our stockings?" I asked.

"Of course. I wouldn't miss it for the world." He kissed my forehead and then walked out.

"Daddy hot," said Slavanka.

Ash cringed. "I can't believe I called him Daddy."

"Why?" I asked. "That's his name."

"It felt so...sexual. Anyway, let's never speak of that again, please. Also, I'd really like to go buy some pants."

"Wouldn't you rather go bake some cookies for Santa?" That wasn't really the plan. The plan was to let Daddy handle the Isabella situation while I handled the Ash-being-a-virgin situation. Focusing on Ash was the only way I'd be able to forget about Crazy Isabella. And the best way to do that was to lure Ash to the hotel and let her feast her eyes on the hot bellhops. She was definitely gonna want to fuck at least one of them.

“YES!” Ash didn’t even care that her ass was still out. She just ran into the beer hall. And then she stopped. “I have no idea where I’m going.”

I laughed. “Follow me.”

“Please tell me we’re not going back to the scene of the crime,” said Ash as we retraced our steps from earlier.

“What crime?” I asked.

“The naked boob faceplanting.”

“Our hotel is right at the base of the slopes, so yes. But again, no crime was committed because Germans love nudity.”

Speaking of loving nudity...I wondered where Ghostie and Teddybear were. I’d expected them to be waiting at the resort entrance for us with our luggage.

But the only person there was a jolly old doorman.

“Welcome to the Royal Spielzeughersteller Hotel,” he said with a deep bow as he opened the doors for us.

“Spiel-zoo-what Hotel?” asked Ash. “After the pantsless Jacket Emporium fiasco, I know better than to walk into a German place without fully understanding the translation.”

“Spielzeughersteller,” I said. “It means toy maker. This village was once home to a famous toy maker. The locals here will tell you that he was the inspiration for Santa.”

Ash looked SO excited. “Are you serious? Why did you not tell me that sooner? Do you think we’ll see him tonight?!”

“If we’re lucky.” I looked around again for Ghostie and Teddybear. But they weren’t in the lobby either. They must have already taken our luggage up to our room. Which was

annoying, because I really wanted Ash to see the hot bellhops...

I walked up to the counter and rang the bell.

Three bellhops came rushing out pushing luggage carts. They stopped in front of us.

“You rang?” asked one of them.

“Yes, I need you to take my luggage up to the Kaiser suite.”

He looked at my feet. And then behind the front desk. “Pardon me, fraulein. What luggage?”

I took off my jacket and tossed it onto one of their carts.

Slavanka did the same. And then we all looked at Ash.

“And you?” asked the last bellhop in the sexiest German accent.

Come on, girl! Show him your tits!

Instead she wrenched her leg to the side and collapsed onto the ground in one of the worst pieces of theater I’ve ever seen.

“My ankle. I think it’s broken. So I’m the luggage.”

At first I thought that she’d panicked and done the weirdest thing possible. But as the bellhop picked her up in his big strong arms, I realized her game. That sneaky little slut had outfoxed us all and figured out a way to get manhandled by the bellhop.

I gave her a thumbs up as he lowered her onto the cart.

“So what are you three doing later?” I asked while we took the elevator up to our suite.

“We must work all night.”

Ash eyed them suspiciously. “Because you have to help Santa load up his sleigh?”

“Something like that,” agreed the one pushing her cart.

“Really?” she gasped.

“Sure. I cannot divulge the names of our guests. But if a man named Santa was staying here and needed help loading his sleigh upon departure, we would certainly help.”

The elevator stopped on the top floor. They rolled Ash the rest of the way down the hall and into the Kaiser Suite.

“Whoa,” said Ash as we came to a stop in the two-story foyer. She hopped off the luggage cart and ran over to the twenty-foot-tall Christmas tree in the center. “This must have taken forever to decorate.”

“Just wait until you see the main tree,” I said to her. “But first...you should probably give these bellhops a tip. Not only did they transport our luggage, but they also appeared to have healed your ankle.”

Ash patted her jacket pockets. “I actually don’t have any cash on me, but...”

Yes! She was definitely about to blow them.

“In the morning I’ll have plenty of cookies to share with you. If Santa doesn’t eat them all, that is.”

Or not.

“Danke,” said the bellhops with a little bow. And then they left.

“Girl!” I said. “This is the second time in 24 hours that I’ve perfectly teed you up to tip a man with your body, and you’ve

totally crapped the bed both times. The only time you did it was for a gay man. And no one was teeing you up for that.”

Ash shook her head. “The only man I’m worried about is Santa. He’s going to be here so soon! We need to get started on his cookies.”

“Yes, yes,” agreed Slavanka. “Must prepare trap for Ded Moroz.”

“Dead who?” asked Ash. “I don’t like the sound of that.”

“Ded Moroz. Grandfather Frost. He like Santa, but very tall and very sexy.”

“So...exactly like Santa?” asked Ash.

“No, no. Tall and sexy.”

“Right. Santa is tall and sexy. What does your Frost dude look like?”

“Grandfather Frost tall and sexy. Santa fat,” replied Slavanka.

Ash waved her off. “When I was a kid, I caught Santa putting presents under our tree one Christmas, and he was a total hottie. I think the old Santa retired and handed the reins to his grandson or something.” She sounded dead serious.

“Okay,” said Slavanka. “How we trap him?”

“The most basic way is to just stay up and listen *very* carefully for little hoof stomps on the roof. WAIT! This is the top floor, right? The roof is right above us? And is there a fireplace?!”

“Yes, it’s the top floor,” I said. “And yes, there’s a fireplace. Follow me.” I opened some big glass doors and pulled her into the great room, complete with a massive fireplace big enough for the fattest of Santas to slide through, floor to ceiling

windows overlooking the ski slopes, and a grand staircase up to a 2nd floor balcony. Oh, and there was a massive Christmas tree in here too.

“This place is amazing,” said Ash as she ran her hand over the carved mantle. She touched one of the golden ornaments hanging on the tree and just stared up at it in awe. And then she made her way over to the attached kitchen under the balcony. Ghostie and Teddybear were in there just finishing unloading enough sugar and flour for Ash to make a bajillion Christmas cookies.

“How’d the meeting go?” asked Teddybear as Ash started searching the kitchen for cookie sheets and mixing bowls.

“Fine,” I said.

Teddybear stared at me.

“What?” I asked. “Let’s help Ash make cookies.” I glanced down at Ash’s recipe and started measuring ingredients.

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “We trap Santa. Lure horses with cookies. And then...” She dragged her thumb across her neck.

Ash laughed. “Slavanka is being silly. We’re going to *catch* Santa. And he doesn’t have horses. He has reindeer.”

“Good, good. Reindeer easier to trap than horse. American Santa so stupid.” She shook her head like she was disappointed in his stupidity. “I prepare reindeer trap. Just need plywood, coat hanger, springs, rebar, and a large plant. Preferably fern. Or herbs.” She started eyeing up the plants under the windows.

It took me a second to figure out what she would need all those components for. “Are you building a giant mouse trap?”

I asked.

“Yes, yes. Stupid reindeer eat fern. Neck go snap. Then Santa belong to us.”

“Slavanka!” gasped Ash. “No! We’re not trying to kill the reindeer. Or kidnap Santa. We just want to catch a glimpse of him. And maybe say hi if he doesn’t look too busy.”

“That no fun. But okay. You need help with cookies? Or I start on stuffed pig’s head?”

Ash started to gag. “Why would you stuff a pig’s head for Christmas?”

“You prefer unstuffed pig’s head? Why you hate flavor?”

“It’s not the stuffing that bothered me!”

I laughed as I finished measuring the flour and moved on to the sugar.

“You okay?” asked Teddybear.

“Yup,” I said.

“You sure?”

“Mhm. Why?”

“You just seem a little distracted.”

“Nope. I’m good.”

“So you meant to measure out 21.2 cups of flour instead of 2 1/2 cups?”

Huh. I thought it seemed like a lot...

“And I’m pretty sure the recipe doesn’t call for a cup of salt,” added Ghostie.

“This is sugar,” I said, holding up the bottle of salt that I’d been about to measure out. *Shit*. “Okay, fine. I’m maybe a little distracted.” I grabbed their arms and pulled them aside so that Ash wouldn’t hear what I was saying. And then I told them about how horribly the meeting had gone. And what Isabella had said to me.

“I’m gonna kill that bitch,” growled Ghostie as he balled his hands into fists.

“Right?” I said. “That was my reaction!”

“Does your father really think that Richard Pruitt can control Crazy Isabella?” asked Teddybear.

“Do you not think he can?”

“Hell no. She’ll probably kill her own dad if he tries to get in her way.”

“Shit. I had a feeling...” No wonder I’d been worried about it. My intuition was always right. “So how should we stop her?”

“We’ll handle it,” said Ghostie.

“That’s what Daddy said. And you already think that won’t work.”

“Right. But we’re *actually* going to handle it.” He glanced at Teddybear.

Teddybear nodded. “We’d never let anything happen to you.”

And I believed them. I forgot how much they loved me. And I was pretty sure they loved me even more now that I was rejecting them at every turn because of my celibacy. Boys always wanted what they couldn’t have. Crazy Isabella was definitely as good as dead. “Thanks, Ghostie!” I stood on my

tiptoes and kissed his cheek. “Thanks, Teddybear.” I kissed his cheek too, even though all I wanted was to taste his lips. “I’d thank you with more than a kiss, but Ash *still* hasn’t fucked anyone. I feel like I’m going to be celibate forever.”

“I hate that for you,” said Teddybear.

“I hate it for *you*,” I said with a wink. The poor boy hadn’t gotten to taste my sweet sweet pussy in weeks.

Teddybear laughed. “Is anything else bothering you?”

“Besides Isabella being a bitch and me being horny beyond belief? Nope. Actually...yes. There is one other thing. How do you think Isabella knew that Chad has a small dick? Has she fucked him?” He could obviously sleep with whoever he wanted. We weren’t married. But Isabella? *Gross*. Although the joke was kind of on her, because she probably left the encounter feeling very unsatisfied.

Teddybear laughed. “Maybe she seduced him to try to seal an alliance against us?”

“Maybe,” I said. “In that case, we’re in luck. Because I’m gonna seduce the hell out of him tonight.”

“So you’re going to break your vow?”

“And with *him*?” Ghostie said. He clearly wanted to be the one to help break my vow.

They both had good points. “Shit, I didn’t think of that.”

Dressing up in a slutty little Santa outfit was such a tradition that I hadn’t even considered not being able to do it. Or the fact that this year I’d rather be doing it with someone else. Two someones. I stared at my hot bodyguards. But every problem had a solution. And my solution was currently

standing in the kitchen with a suspiciously large quantity of herbs.

I thanked Teddybear and Ghostie again and then ran over to Slavanka.

“Put those herbs down,” I yelled over the Christmas music Ash had started blasting. “We’re not making a reindeer trap.”

She sighed and tossed them aside. “But...”

“I need your help with something.”

Chapter 8 – A Sexy Baker’s Dozen

Christmas Eve, 2013

Ten dozen Christmas cookies later, Daddy got home.

“Daddy!” I yelled and ran over to him.

“Merry Christmas Eve, princess,” he said. “I come bearing gifts.” He gestured over his shoulder to... Chad?

“Chad’s my gift?” Unless Daddy bought Chad some penile implants and a better attitude, Chad was hardly a good gift.

Daddy laughed. “No. Look behind him.”

“The bellhop?” I said with significantly more excitement.

Chad gave me a look.

“Look down.”

I already am. And I very much liked what I saw. His little bellhop pants were hugging him in all the right places. But then I saw what Daddy was really talking about: the presents on the luggage cart. “Ah!” I squealed. “Christmas Eve presents!”

“Did you think I’d forget?”

“Of course not.”

I grabbed the stack of presents off the cart and ran over to the fireplace.

“Which one should I open first?” I asked, poking and shaking all of them.

“Only the one wrapped in pink,” said Daddy. “The others are for your friends.”

Oh. That was sweet of him. But like... Only one Christmas Eve present? Were we on the verge of bankruptcy?

“Ash! Slavanka!” I yelled.

But they were too busy dancing around the kitchen and singing along to the blaring Christmas music.

I yelled it again.

“Huh?” said Ash. She looked over and her face lit up when she saw the presents. Or maybe she was just happy that the hot bellhop had followed me in... *Nope.* He was long gone. It was definitely the presents she was excited about.

She turned down the music a little and ran over, trying not to trip over the blanket she’d wrapped around herself to cover up while cooking. Slavanka followed with a tray of fresh cookies.

“Merry Christmas Eve, girls,” said Daddy. “And Chad.”

“Thanks, Daddy,” said Ash. “Damn it. I’m sorry. I don’t know why I keep calling you that. I think I’m buzzed from eating so many cookies.”

Daddy stared at Slavanka’s tray of cookies. “Weed cookies? Or like...dipped in whiskey? I’m confused.”

“They’re just normal cookies,” I said.

“Sure they are. Anyway, everyone ready to open their presents?”

“Wait,” said Ash. “You got me a present?”

“Of course. I got all of you presents.” He tossed us each one of the big boxes. “Open them on the count of...”

Too late. Ash had torn into hers the second he’d said, “Open them.”

I tore the paper off mine too. There was an Odegaard clothing box inside. *Score!* I opened it and ran my hand over the red and green silk pajamas inside.

“I was hoping you’d get me these,” I said.

“I can’t accept this,” said Ash. She looked like she was even scared to touch them.

“Why not?” I asked. “They’re nice pajamas, but they aren’t nearly as expensive as that cropped jacket you billed to the room earlier.”

“Oh, you better believe I’m keeping the pajamas, especially the shorts. I was talking about *this*.” She gingerly pulled a diamond bracelet out of her box.

We got bracelets too?! I unfolded my pajamas and found a diamond bracelet tucked inside. It caught the light from the Christmas tree and sparkled with a million different colors.

“I keep bracelet,” said Slavanka. It was already on her wrist somehow.

Chad dug around in his box and frowned. “Did I not get one? I only have pajamas in here.”

Daddy looked at him disapprovingly. “What do you need a diamond bracelet for? Don’t be so gay, son.”

“Let’s all change,” I said. “And then we can get a super cute photo of us all matching and hanging up our stockings.”

“Great idea,” said Daddy. He turned around so we could change.

Chad turned around too and dropped his pants.

“Ah!” yelled Ash. “Why is he getting naked?!”

Chad put his hand over his ass and spun around. “The real question is, why are you looking?”

“Babe,” I said. “Your dick is out.”

He looked down. “Shit, sorry.” He moved his hand to his junk and spun back around.

“And now your ass is out.”

“What’s going on back there?” asked Daddy, still facing the opposite direction. “Is Chad being inappropriate?”

“No, sir,” said Chad.

“Ash just didn’t understand that we were all going to turn around and change,” I said.

“Ah,” said Daddy. “I didn’t realize you were German, Ash. I find your people’s relaxed view of nudity quite refreshing.”

“I’m not…” started Ash. “Never mind. Let’s just change and hang up our stockings.” She spun around and pulled her pajama shorts up under her blanket.

It was tempting to watch how she was going to pull this off. But I was more excited to see how amazing my booty was going to look in these silky little shorts.

“Everyone done?” I called a minute later. I would have asked sooner, but Chad had just finished grunting and straining. Unless those cookies were actually laced with weed, there was

no reason why he should have had so much trouble getting into those pajamas.

But he replied with a “Yup.”

“Yes, yes,” agreed Slavanka.

“One sec,” said Ash. “I put the shirt on upside down.”

For real? Getting it backwards was one thing. But upside down was on a completely different level. How was the neck hole even big enough for her torso?

“Okay, all fixed,” she said.

We all turned around and... *Wow.*

“What the hell?” said Daddy. “Chad, I *just* told you to quit being so gay. Why did you steal Ash’s pajamas?”

I looked back and forth between Ash and Chad.

Ash was swimming in what were clearly men’s pajamas. And Chad was wrapped up like a Christmas sausage in silk booty shorts and a matching blouse. For once his tiny penis came in handy, because if it had been a normal length, it for sure would have been dangling out of his shorts.

“I didn’t steal them,” said Chad. “These are what you gave me. And I’m polite, so I didn’t want to complain. Even if I can hardly breathe.” He undid a button and sucked in some air.

Daddy laughed. “My apologies. I was in a hurry at the store and must have miscommunicated how I wanted them packaged. It was quite an afternoon.”

In a good way or a bad way? Actually, it didn’t matter. Even if Daddy’s plan had failed, Ghostie and Teddybear were taking care of it.

I just hoped I'd be able to thank them properly for it. Which seemed like a possibility. Because Ash had promised to bring the bellhops cookies in the morning. And I'd never seen what Ash was like on Christmas. But I had a feeling she'd be super horny. And the bellhops certainly would be, because she'd just switched pajamas with Chad. And her ass looked fantastic in those silk pajama shorts. That green was her color.

Daddy snapped a bunch of pictures of us all hanging our stockings above the fire, and then he kissed my forehead goodnight and headed up to bed.

Chad was right behind him. Apparently he had a business call that he had to take care of real quick before bed.

Ash watched in horror as Chad walked up the stairs. "He's lucky we're here to put out cookies and milk for Santa. Otherwise he'd definitely get coal in his stocking. Only naughty boys go to bed before leaving Santa his Christmas snackies."

I smiled. "How many cookies should we put out?" I asked.

"The more the better," said Ash. "He needs plenty of fuel to make it all the way around the world in one night."

"Yes, yes," said Slavanka. "He eat ten dozen cookies. Then we trap him in bathroom."

"Slavanka makes a good point," I said. "We don't want to give Santa the shits. And we only have a gallon of milk. So if we give him all the cookies, the milk to cookie ratio will be way off. I think we should keep it to a dozen at the very most."

"Fine," sighed Ash. "Help me pick out the best ones."

That turned out to be a process that took *way* too long.

“Wait,” said Ash as we started carrying the plate over to the fireplace. She ran back to the kitchen and grabbed a cookie decorated like a Christmas tree. “I think this one is better than that wreath. Don’t you?”

“Just throw it on there too. Make it a sexy baker’s dozen.”

“Oh! Great idea.” She put it on the plate and then rearranged them all to make sure the shapes and colors were evenly distributed across the plate.

Usually I would have been annoyed by her OCD. But it was actually pretty adorable how perfect she wanted to make everything for Santa.

“Do you think he got our letters?” she asked as we tucked her into bed.

“Probably,” I said. “I guess we’ll find out in the morning.” I started to pull the curtains closed.

“Wait!” yelled Ash. “Keep them open. So I can watch for Santa’s sleigh.”

“Okay.” I tied the curtain back into place and started to leave.

“Merry Christmas Eve, Ash.”

“Merry Christmas Eve. Ah!” she squealed. “I can’t believe Santa will be here any minute. How am I ever going to sleep?”

“You need horse tranquilizer?” offered Slavanka.

“No! Then I’d miss Santa!”

Slavanka shrugged.

“Goodnight, Ash,” I said and closed the door.

“Hold on!” called Ash.

I cracked the door open. “Yes?”

“We need a codeword. That we can text to each other if we see Santa. How about: OH MY GOD I JUST SAW SANTA!”

“That’s more of a code phrase. And it’s way too long. By the time you finished texting it he’d probably be long gone.”

“Good point.”

“How about Code9?” I suggested.

“Santa have nine inch cock?” asked Slavanka.

“I wish,” said Ash wistfully. “But no. Chastity was clearly referencing the fact that Santa has nine reindeer.”

“Whatever it takes for you to remember it.” It actually came from Single Girl Rule #9: If you hear about a well-hung man, share the news. So in a way, Slavanka’s guess was closer. But I didn’t want to burst Ash’s happy little Christmas bubble.

“So what’s our plan of attack for a Code9?” she asked.

“Run down to the great room?” I suggested.

“You and Ash go to great room,” said Slavanka. “I climb on roof.”

“Alright then. We have our plan.” I started to close the door, but Ash stopped me again.

“Wait!” she said. “What time can we get up in the morning? I’m thinking 5:30 sharp.”

“Girl, I don’t think you’ve woken up that early in your entire life.”

“Sure I have! I did last Christmas!”

“Let’s stick with 8 am. It would be such a shame if we weren’t all nice and alert to open our presents. And we need extra time in the morning in case we’re up late chasing a Code9.”

“You really think it might happen?! Ah! This is going to be the best night of my life!”

“You never know,” I said. “Goodnight, Ash.”

She started humming a Christmas carol as I closed the door.

We got about three steps down the hall before I heard her call for us again.

“Should we see what she wants?” I asked.

“No, no,” said Slavanka. “It time for sexy surprise.”

“Yeah it is! Let’s do this!”

Chapter 9 – Code9

Christmas Eve, 2013

While Chad was distracted on his call, I snuck into our room and grabbed my suitcase. And then I took it back to Slavanka's room next door.

“You have two Santa outfit?” asked Slavanka.

“I only brought one, unfortunately.” I pulled the bikini out of my suitcase. It was like super sexy bondage lingerie, but it was made of red and white candy cane striped spandex.

“Costume so sexy,” said Slavanka. “Perfect for Christmas hot tub sex.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I really wish we had two of them.”

“I have idea. Take off pajamas.”

I stripped down.

Slavanka put the hat on me and then stepped back to admire her brilliant idea. “There. You sit in hot tub and wear hat. Look like you in outfit. I wear rest of outfit. Hide in corner and pop out. Boom. Sexy surprise.”

“Oooh. I'd been picturing us both in the tub from the very start. But now I'm kind of obsessed with your idea. Let's do it.”

While Slavanka changed into the bikini, I searched the room for something long and sturdy enough to bridge the gap between Slavanka's balcony and the balcony that attached to

me and Chad's room. All the furniture in here was too big and fancy. But out in the hallway, there was a bench that seemed like it would be just long enough.

"Wow," I said as I hauled it back into our room. "Chad is going to jizz his pants when he sees you." It was kind of a figure of speech. But also...kind of not. Chad jizzing his pants was unfortunately a very real possibility.

Slavanka grabbed the other end of the bench and we carried it out onto the balcony. Everything was hushed by the snow gently falling from the sky, punctuated only by the occasional howl of icy wind. Every snowflake stung my bare skin. But I wouldn't have to endure it for long. We just had to bridge this gap and then I could jump right into the hot tub.

We hoisted the bench into the air, flipped it over and then lowered it between the two balconies like a drawbridge over a moat. Except this wasn't a moat. It was an eight-story drop.

Slavanka punched the top of it. It only moved a little.

"It sturdy," she said. And then she hopped up and climbed right across.

I followed. But when I was about halfway, the ice on the railing cracked in a way that sloped the whole thing towards the edge. The bench started to slide off.

Shit! The sudden movement caught me off guard and I slipped.

I would have been a goner, but Slavanka caught my arm and pulled me to safety just in time. We could just barely hear the bench smash on the ground eight stories below.

"Girl, you just saved my life," I said.

“Now I fuck your boyfriend.” She said it like it was some sort of grand reward. But it really wasn’t. She’d hardly feel a thing. And that had already been the plan. She was doing me a solid here.

Slavanka helped me get the lid off the hot tub. I wanted to jump right in, but first I had to get Chad’s attention. So Slavanka hid in the corner of the balcony while I ran over and tapped on the glass door.

Chad glanced up from his call. I was all ready for his jaw to drop at the sight of my naked body. But instead he put up his hand and mouthed, “Give me five minutes.”

What the hell?

I pushed my tits against the glass, but he’d already looked away. And FUCK THAT GLASS IS COLD. I ran back to the hot tub and jumped in.

I sighed in relief as the hot water brought feeling back to my limbs and nips.

“He coming?” asked Slavanka as she adjusted her boobs to make them look perfect.

“He said to give him five minutes. You wanna come jump in while we wait so you don’t freeze?”

“No, no,” said Slavanka. “I not cold. My village much colder. This feel like summer.”

Wow, okay. “Should we do a practice run or something?”

Slavanka nodded. “Yes, yes.”

“Okay, so... Chad is gonna walk out and run straight to the hot tub. He may squeal a little bit along the way. He doesn’t like it

when his toesies get cold. His words, not mine. But anyway, he'll jump in. And I'll say, 'Merry Christmas, babe.' He'll reach for my tits, but I'll swat his hand away. And then I'll say, 'Sorry, babe. Ash still hasn't lost her virginity, so my body is off limits.' And then he'll probably call me a tease or something. And I'll reply, 'Even though I can't fuck you, I did still get you a gift.' That's your cue." I pointed to Slavanka.

She kicked some snow behind her like a bull getting ready to charge, and then she sprinted to the hot tub, grabbed Chad's pretend head in both hands like she was trying to crush a melon, yanked it backwards over the edge of the tub, and started kissing it. Or eating it? I wasn't sure what was happening.

"Wow, okay," I said. "I'm loving the energy. But should we maybe try more of a slow, sexy walk? That felt pretty violent."

"Violent and sexy same thing."

"Sometimes, yes. But in this case, I think we really want to build the anticipation as you walk over. I want him to be thinking, 'Holy shit, is Chastity really going to let me fuck this beautiful woman?' "

Slavanka just stared at me. She did not look convinced.

"How about this. Let me film it both ways, and then we can decide which way we like better." I lifted my Santa hat and grabbed my phone off my head.

Slavanka walked back and got ready to pounce, but then a text came through.

"Hold on," I said. "Ash just texted." I clicked on the text.

Ash: I think I just heard hooves on the roof!

Me: I'm outside and I don't see anything.

Ash: Are you sure?

Me: Yes. But I'll keep an eye out for him. Try to get some sleep.

I switched back to my camera and motioned for Slavanka to do her practice run. She did, and it was just as violent as the first time.

“Okay, perfect. Now...” Another text interrupted me.

Ash: I can't sleep. It's too bright in here.

Me: Then close the curtains.

Ash: But then I'll miss Santa!

Me: Then just close your eyes.

Ash: When I close my eyes all I can see are sugar plums.

Me: What does a sugar plum even look like?

Ash: I don't know! They're dancing too much for me to tell.

I laughed and switched back to my camera. “Okay,” I said.

“Walk over again. But this time, channel the same energy you had when you walked out with Sloane to announce what round it was during Musical Cocks.”

Slavanka nodded.

I hit record and pointed at her. And she fucking *slayed*. It was slow and sultry and her tits jiggled a little bit with every step.

“Yes! That’s perfect!” I showed her both so she could compare.

“I still like first one better,” she said. “But it only good for big strong man. Second one better for bitch boy. It be better with hat, though.”

Hmmm... I watched the footage again. And she was right. Her sexy Santa outfit was woefully incomplete without a hat. “Oh! I have an idea. How about I give you the hat, and you give me the bikini top and bottom. That way you have the hat, but it still looks like I have a fun outfit too.”

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “Good idea.” She undid her top and bottom, leaving her in just the gloves, stockings, shoes, and garter belt.

I handed her the hat and she put it on while I slid into the bikini. Although the change took significantly longer than it should have thanks to Ash texting me three more times about how she couldn’t sleep.

“Wanna do one more practice run?” I asked.

“Yes, yes.” She went back to her corner and then I filmed her walking to the hot tub again.

“Amazing,” I said. “Check out how much your boobs bounce.” I played the footage back for her.

“Yes, yes,” she said. “Very bouncy. Wait! You see that?”

“See what?” I asked.

“Rewind.”

I rewound a little.

“Play. Watch roof.”

I hit play and...

Holy shit! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I rewound it and played it again. And then I paused it and zoomed in. It was only in the frame for a split second. But it was definitely there. A little flash of red and white in the shape of a man walking on the roof. I stood up, not even caring about the snow biting at my skin.

“That Santa?” asked Slavanka.

“Yes that's freaking Santa!” I went to text Ash, but I was so excited that I nearly dropped my phone into the hot tub. I caught it just in time and typed out the text to Ash: CODE9!!!!

And then we sprung into action.

Slavanka started climbing onto the roof while I dashed through my room.

“Babe?” asked Chad, but I was already out in the hall.

I took the stairs two at a time and slid to a stop in front of the fireplace, dripping water all over the place.

Ash came sprinting in a second later and totally wiped out on the wet footprints I'd left. But it didn't phase her. She just popped right up.

“You heard him? You heard Santa?!”

“No.”

“Oh.” Her face fell. “Then why'd you...”

“I didn’t hear him. But I saw him.” My heart was racing so fast. I turned my phone so she could see the evidence.

Her jaw dropped. She was frozen for a good ten seconds.

I poked her arm to see if she was still alive.

She blinked and came back to life. “Where do you think he was going? Do you think he was leaving? Or on his way here? Wait! The cookie plate!”

We both turned and I shined my phone light on the cookie plate. The *empty* cookie plate. All that was left were a few crumbs on the plate and some milk residue in the glass.

“We missed him,” said Ash. She sounded completely devastated.

“But did we? I mean...this feels like proof that he exists.”

“*Of course* he exists. But I wanted to see him up close and personal.”

“Ooooh. I get it. You wanna fuck Santa.”

“No!” she said way too defensively. Her face turned as red as the stripes on my bikini. “I just wanna see him. And maybe say hi.”

“Mhm. Suuuuure.”

“I do!” She shoved my arm. “Damn it.” Now she looked angry that we’d missed him. “I knew we should have left more cookies. If we’d given him ten dozen he’d probably still be here eating them.”

“I’m sorry, Ash,” I said. “I really thought a baker’s dozen was the right amount.” I pulled her into a hug.

“Why is your boob vibrating?” she asked.

“That must be Slavanka.” I pulled my phone out of my bikini top and looked down at the text.

Slavanka: Code9 again! Santa on ski lift.

Ash ran to the window and threw open the curtains.

“There!” she said, pointing at the ski lift halfway up the mountain. There was indeed a man on it dressed head to toe in red and white. He had one arm over what looked like a big bag of presents.

We took one look at each other, and that was all that was necessary to communicate the plan: Get to the ski lift immediately!

We sprinted out of the suite and to the elevators, not even bothering to put on any boots.

“Come on,” said Ash as she jammed the down button. “Come on! We’re gonna miss him!”

“I think we better take the stairs.”

Ash nodded and we both made a run for it. If there was a speed record for going down stairs, I feel like we may have broken it. Because we got to the ski lift in less than a minute. We piled onto a lift and Slavanka jumped on too just as it was leaving the building.

Automatic glass doors slid open as the ski lift took us out into the blizzard. The thought that we might actually catch Santa had so much adrenaline pumping through my body that I

barely felt the chill of the wind whipping against my wet, dangling feet.

Ash craned her neck and looked up the mountain ahead of us. I had to grab her arm to make sure she didn't fall off.

"I don't see him," she said. "Wait! No! There he is."

I squinted to try to see him through the snow. At first I didn't see anything either. But the glass atrium up the mountain had some lights out front that illuminated the white fur trim on Santa's suit as his chairlift approached the top.

Then he disappeared inside. And a second later his empty chairlift came out the other side.

"Okay," said Ash. "He's somewhere in that building. And we're gonna find him." She turned to me. "Any ideas about where he might be?"

"Well..." I said, picturing the layout in my mind.

"The lift will drop us off in the main atrium near the front desk. Something tells me that he probably won't just be standing there checking in for the evening. So we'll need to go past that and down Wiener Boulevard."

"Wiener Boulevard?" asked Ash.

"Yeah. They have like five different world class restaurants each with their own take on wiener schnitzel."

"Oh wow, okay. That was not what I was picturing."

"What were you picturing?"

"Um...uh..." She shifted in the ski lift and then pointed at the slopes below us. "Wow. I didn't realize how high up this ski lift was."

“Girl, don’t try to change the topic.”

“She picture glory hole street,” said Slavanka.

“Right?” I said. “She was definitely picturing tons of dicks.” I knew she’d be all horned up on Christmas!

“Can we just get back to the layout of the hotel?” asked Ash.

“We’re almost there.”

If by *almost there* she meant three feet away, then she was correct.

Another pair of sliding doors opened and we were greeted by a refreshing blast of hot air as our ski lift slid into the dark atrium. We all jumped off.

“Should we split up?” asked Ash.

“Yeah,” I said. But then a thought hit me. Or more of an image, really. It was Isabella in a Santa suit with a butcher knife in one hand and a bag full of body parts in the other. That crazy bitch probably lured us up here so that she could chop us into tiny bits and serve us in the wiener schnitzel tomorrow. “Actually, let’s stick together for now. I don’t want you guys to get lost.” *Or chopped up by Isabella.*

I know, I sounded like Ash right now. But Crazy Isabella was called Crazy Isabella for a reason. That bitch gave me the creeps.

“So where do you think he is?” asked Ash as we walked into the dark atrium. The snow falling on the glass roof dampened the howling wind, bathing the atrium in an eerie silence broken only by the click of Slavanka’s heels on the marble floor.

“Well...he could be at the ski shop getting his sleigh repaired.” I walked over and tried to open the glass doors of the ski shop, but the handle wouldn’t budge.

Ash checked the snow-suit-clad mannequins by the door to make sure Santa wasn’t hiding in any of them, and then she tried to peer into the pitch-black shop. “I don’t think he’s in there. What about up there?” She pointed up at the three stories of balconies surrounding the atrium.

“Yeah, he could be delivering presents to the soldiers staying in those rooms. But legend has it that he has his sexy elves do that for him.” Although I started that legend, so it probably wasn’t an accurate portrayal of Santa’s actions on Christmas Eve. “If I had to guess, I’d say he’s probably made a stop at his old toy factory.”

“Uh, yes. That’s definitely where he is,” said Ash. “Why did we not run straight there?!” She started running in completely the wrong direction and then stopped. “I don’t know where I’m going. Please lead the way. Quickly!”

“This way,” I said and we all started running down Wiener Boulevard towards the giant glass doors on the far end of the atrium.

“This doesn’t look like a toy factory,” said Ash as she pushed through the glass doors. “It’s just a big empty room.”

“Look up,” I said.

“Ooooh,” her eyes got big as she looked up at the snow falling on the glass roof.

“Not at the roof,” I said. “Look a little lower.”

She squinted to see in the dark. “Is that a conveyor belt suspended from the ceiling? Why is it so high up? And why does it just end like that?”

“You’re starting at the wrong end,” I said. “That’s where Santa used to park his sleigh. The belt had to be raised like that because the stack of presents on his sleigh gets so tall.” Or at least, that was what the tour guides here claimed. I traced the path of the conveyor belt with my finger all the way back to where it disappeared into a brick wall with a big old-fashioned factory window. The wall was painted with red and white stripes and SANTA’S WORKSHOP was scrawled over the window in big green bubble letters.

Ash ran over to the wall and stopped at another, shorter conveyor belt in front of it. “What is this for?” she asked.

“That’s where the elves would feed raw materials into the workshop to be made into toys. Once they were finished, the toys would pop out up there all wrapped and ready to deliver.” I pointed back to the raised conveyer belt.

“Wow,” she said. “I can’t believe I’m really at Santa’s workshop!” She ran her hand along the belt.

There was a loud bang like an old car backfiring. And then it started moving.

“Ah!” she screamed and jumped back.

“What you do?” asked Slavanka.

“I didn’t do anything! I just touched it...”

More bangs and clangs and dings rang out from behind the brick wall. And then a single, impeccably wrapped present appeared on the belt high above our heads.

We all watched as the belt carried it across the room. And then it got to the end and fell ten feet to the floor.

It bounced once. Twice. Thrice. And then the belt stopped and the glass atrium once again fell into silence.

A shiver went down my spine. “Wow, okay. This feels very *murder*.”

“Does it?” asked Ash. “But it’s so beautiful wrapped. Look at those corners. And the tie on that bow.”

“Exactly. It’s *too* perfect. Definitely the work of a serial killer.” Was Isabella a serial killer? It seemed likely.

Ash didn’t seem to share my concerns though, because she ran right over to the package. “You guys!” she yelled as she looked at the tag. “It’s to us. From... From... Santa!!!”

I was going to warn her not to open it, but it was too late. She’d already untied the bow and torn the paper off.

Inside was a square red and green box. Ash lifted the lid off and pulled out the contents: a little metal rectangle with a big red button.

“What do you think it’s for?” she asked.

“It bomb,” said Slavanka.

“Yup. Definitely a bomb,” I agreed.

Ash laughed. “You guys, why would Santa want to blow us up? Especially with you dressed like that, Slavanka.” It looked like this was the first she’d noticed that Slavanka was dressed like an absolute Christmas snack. “Wow. What lucky guy was getting you for Christmas?”

“Chad,” said Slavanka.

“Chad as in...” Ash looked at me. “Your Chad?”

“Long story,” I said. “Which I’ll be happy to tell you as soon as we’re at least 500 yards away from that bomb.”

Ash shook her head. “Santa wouldn’t send us a bomb.”

“Yeah, but Crazy Isabella would. And she’d label it as being from Santa so that we’d push it.”

Ash looked horrified. “Wow. You really think she’s *that* crazy? Even if she is, it doesn’t matter. Because everyone knows that Santa’s magic makes it physically impossible for anyone to label a present as being from Santa unless it’s actually from him.”

“That is definitely not true.”

“He must have included instructions or a note or something,” said Ash, turning the button over and getting dangerous close to inadvertently hitting it. “Aha!” She held up the lid of the box. “There’s a message inside. It says: If you want to help me deliver presents, hit this button.”

“Don’t!” I yelled.

But it was too late.

Ash flipped the button over and pushed it.

Chapter 10 – Pornstar at a Christmas Rave

Christmas Eve, 2013

I held my breath and waited for the glass atrium to turn into a giant fireball.

I hated to die so young. But at least I was going to look hot as hell doing it. I mean...I was totally slaying this bikini. I just hoped that a security camera caught me walking in here so that everyone would see how fabulous I looked when I got incinerated.

But... Nothing happened.

“Huh,” said Ash, looking down at the big red button. “Why didn’t it work?”

Oh thank God! Ash must not have hit the button hard enough. It was a Christmas miracle!

“Put it down slowly and back away,” I said.

Instead, Ash held it up to her ear and shook it. And then she hit the button again.

No!

The floor started to shake as the sound of heavy metal gears grinding together filled the air.

I was about to take off running, but then Slavanka said, “That sound like big ass bomb.”

Good point. There was no sense running. Because if the bomb was as big as it sounded, it was probably going to take this whole freaking mountain down. So instead I just posed real sexy to ensure I went out in style.

“You guys are being so paranoid,” said Ash. “It’s not a bomb. It’s a secret door!” She pointed to a portion of the floor that had slid open to reveal a hidden spiral staircase. The banister was wrapped in red and green Christmas lights and I thought I heard the faint sound of Christmas music playing at the bottom of the stairs.

“Lead the way,” I said to Ash. There was no use trying to get her to give up this chase. And I was beginning to think that maybe this *wasn't* the work of Crazy Isabella after all. Don’t get me wrong, this whole thing was still extremely creepy. But if she wanted to murder us, she’d had like twenty opportunities. She could have shot us on the balcony. She could have cut the ski lift cables. She could have gunned us down in the dark atrium. And she could have blown us up with that button. Why would she pass up all those opportunities just to lead us down some secret staircase?

I didn’t have an answer. Maybe we really had spotted Santa. And this was all just a ploy to distract us while he slipped away into the night.

The Christmas music got louder and louder with each step we took down the spiral staircase. And eventually we found the source of it: a shiny brass gramophone surrounded by six-foot-tall candy canes in the middle of a big round room.

I jumped as a machine to our left sputtered to life. Gears spun and valves hissed and steam shot out of it. And then the smell

of hot chocolate filled my nose as the machine simultaneously filled three mugs to the brim. More gears whirred and the nozzles over the glasses shifted. The new nozzles sprayed a perfect little dollop of whipped cream onto each mug. And then mini marshmallows rolled down a tube and landed gently on top. A red and white striped straw dropped into each mug and the machine fell silent.

“Santa is really giving us the VIP treatment. Whipped cream *and* marshmallows? He’s a genius.” Ash grabbed one of the mugs and took a big sip. “Oh my God. It’s so good.”

Why the hell not? I grabbed a mug too. And it really was good. It tasted a lot like Teddybear’s hot chocolate. Which made me wonder. What if Teddybear...

“Look!” said Ash, pointing at her name on the wall. It was spelled out in big white letters trimmed with green Christmas lights. Below it looked like something you’d see in a changing room for a Christmas movie: a big mirror, a vanity fully stocked with a full assortment of brushes and make-up, and a rack of green outfits with white fur. “I think Santa bought me a whole new wardrobe,” gasped Ash. “Although I’m not sure about *that*.” She pointed at a knit green ski mask pulled over a mannequin head. “Why is the top of that mask missing? It looks like someone tried to rob a bank on Christmas and got scalped by an overzealous security guard.”

“That’s so that we can wear it and still show off our hair,” I said. “And also...no. This isn’t a gift from Santa. This is definitely a gift from Teddybear and Ghostie.” Now that I’d seen the ski mask, I was sure of it. It was exactly like the one I’d drawn last night.

“Huh?” asked Ash.

“They must have found the plans we drew up. For the present delivery competition.” They said they’d handle the Isabella issue. It made sense that they used our plans for it. We’d come up with some top-notch ideas.

Ash stared at me like I was crazy. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Last night. We were brainstorming ideas of how we could stop Isabella. And we devised a plan where we’d have a competition to see who could help Santa deliver the most presents to the soldiers staying here. And my team would be composed of me, a Locatelli, and a Chadwick. We’d win by a landslide, and then they’d see how well we all worked together and then they’d happily agree to form an alliance against Crazy Isabella.”

Ash took a big sip of her hot chocolate. “Hmmm... Not ringing any bells.”

“Seriously? We were going to each be on a different team...” I pointed to Ash’s changing station. And then I pointed to the stations on either side of it. “Why else would we all have different colored clothes?” Ash’s name was lit up in green and all her clothes were in green. Mine were red. And Slavanka’s were white. It was clearly three different teams.

“I thought our big plan was to give them gifts?” asked Ash.

“Right. We thought of that after I’d drawn up plans for the competition. So I threw those plans in the trash.”

“Not trash,” said Slavanka. “Mail bin.”

“Either way, Teddybear and Ghostie must have found the plans. So earlier today when they said they’d take care of it, they meant they’d execute *our* plan.”

“What if plan go to Santa? With Christmas lists?” said Slavanka.

“Yes!” agreed Ash. “That makes so much more sense. Ghostie and Teddybear are awesome, but do you really think they could have set all this up? How would they have even known about this secret room?”

“That’s actually a really good point...” *Did Santa really do all this?* It didn’t matter either way. Because the fact was, *someone* had. And now it was up to us to execute the plan and make the alliance with the Locatellis and Chadwicks. “Let’s get dressed,” I said. “We have presents to deliver!”

I ran over to my changing station and started rifling through the rack of outfits. All of them were red and white, but each was a different style. The first one was just a long sleeve felt dress with fur trim on the hem, sleeves, and way-too-high neckline. *Nope*. Then there was a pants romper. A shorts romper. *No and no*. A matching set of booty shorts and a little fur crop top. *Maybe*. But it didn’t really read sexy elf to me. It was more pornstar at a Christmas rave looking to get some dick.

I kept looking. And then I found it.

The perfect sexy elf outfit.

It was a tiny little red dress with a corseted top and a short, flared skirt. Classic and sexy. And when paired with the red

and white striped thigh-high boots at my station, I had a feeling it was going to show off just the right amount of thigh.

I wriggled into it and looked in the mirror.

Yup. I was right. It was perfect. I added some red lipstick, matching red gloves, and finished it off by pulling my ski mask on. Usually my hair would have been all balled up in the top of the mask, but thanks to my brilliant idea to have the top cut off, my long blonde hair cascaded down onto my bare shoulders.

I was officially the hottest of all Santa's little helpers. Although it was possible Ash or Slavanka would give me a run for my money...

I turned around to see what outfits they had chosen.

Slavanka had gone for a dress pretty similar to mine, but it was all white and the waistline was a little higher. It kind of looked vaguely Russian. Or maybe I was just giving that vibe because of the white ushanka she'd put on over her ski mask.

And Ash chose...

Wow.

"Bold choice," I said as I took in Ash's whole deal. It was actually a series of bold choices. Because not only had she gone for the Christmas rave pornstar outfit, but she'd also wrapped her hair around a special headband to make it look like she had candy cane shaped horns. That wasn't even her bravest choice, though. That title belonged to the green and white striped temporary lip tattoo that she'd applied. Yes, it looked awesome. But I knew better than to use those. Lip tattoos did *not* survive blowjobs well.

“What?” she asked as she checked her ass out in the mirror.

“We’re supposed to be Santa’s sexy elves, right?”

“Oh, it wasn’t an insult. You look fucking amazing.” I walked over and honked her tits twice.

“I hope Santa likes it,” she said. “I want him to rip it off of...” Her eyes got big and she coughed.

“What was that?” I asked. “I didn’t catch the end of that?”

“I said I hope it doesn’t rip. Yup,” she said with a nod. “That’s what I said.”

“Girl, that’s not what you said. You said you want Santa to rip it off you. And honestly, I kind of think he might.”

“That isn’t what I said!” She looked back in the mirror. “Is it too much? It is. I should change.”

She started to shrug out of her top, but she froze when the Christmas music on the gramophone got all scratchy and switched to a recording of a deep voice.

“Present delivery begins in five minutes. Please make your way to the atrium. Thank you for your cooperation.”

“Ah!” screamed Ash. “Santa just talked to us!”

Did he? Because it sure sounded a lot like Teddybear’s voice to me...

Ash tossed her straw aside and downed the rest of her hot chocolate. “Let’s go! We can’t be late!” Then she grabbed me and Slavanka and pulled us up the staircase back into the glass atrium.

Nine men all turned to look at us and my heart skipped a beat.

Hot damn, boys!

There was something about a man in uniform that did things to me. And these sexy elf uniforms were no exception.

My eyes were drawn to the red team first. They were dressed head to toe in tight red tuxedo pants, fitted red button downs with the sleeves rolled up, black suspenders, Santa hats, and creepy ass elf masks. The best part, though? Their shirts were all unbuttoned and open in the middle.

I instantly recognized Ghostie's eight-pack and chiseled pecs. And the absolute beef tower next to him was probably the banana king. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off Ash's red hair. *Yup...definitely the banana king.* It must have been driving him crazy that he'd missed out on taking her virginity. Maybe if I was lucky, he'd take it tonight.

I turned to the third member of the red team. It was supposed to be the Chadwicks' underboss, Tommy Rapide. But his delicious black abs looked familiar. Which was odd, because I'd never seen Tommy's abs. Or maybe I had? *No.* I would have remembered that he had abs like that.

"Guten abend," said one of the guys in green to Ash.

Definitely the bellhops. The original plan had been for her to be on a team with my brothers from the Gryphon Club, but...

Wait a second! I knew I'd seen Flash Robinson in that chocolate shop earlier.

I looked over at the white team to confirm my suspicions. Or, more precisely, I looked at the white team's bulges.

Yup. One of them was definitely Flash. Pants that tight just didn't have anywhere for such a big cock to go.

“Wow,” he said as he gave us the up-down. “I knew we were waiting for sexy elves. But damn.”

“Let’s open the presents,” growled Ghostie. He turned around and grabbed three presents – one red, one green, and one white - off the table behind him.

“Where’d those come from?” whispered Ash.

“The sexy elf factory,” I said with a wink.

“No, not them. The tables.”

I looked past the men at the four tables. One was directly under the end of the conveyor belt, and the other three were spaced out equally around it and covered in ribbon and rolls of wrapping paper. So. Many. Rolls. “Santa must have put them there,” I said. And by that, I meant Teddybear and Ghostie did. I still couldn’t believe they’d set all this up. They were the freaking best.

“Santa is the freaking best,” said Ash, mimicking my thoughts almost exactly. “But where is he?”

“Winner meet Santa?” asked Slavanka.

“Maybe,” I said. “Good luck, girls.” I probably should have reminded them to let me win. But I always won everything, so it didn’t really seem necessary.

Ghostie handed one large present to each team and then we huddled up around ours. It was as beautifully wrapped as the red button had been earlier. But instead of being addressed to me, Ash, and Slavanka, the tag on this present read: “Do not open until your sexy elves arrive.”

“Your sexy elf has arrived,” I said with a smile and a shimmy.
“Shall I do the honors?”

The three men nodded.

I grabbed the paper and tore the present open. And then I opened the box inside to reveal a letter resting on top of red tissue paper. I wanted to just dig right in and find the real presents, but Ghostie opened the letter and read:

Elves,

Thank you for agreeing to help me deliver presents this evening.

Tonight you’ll be assembling, wrapping, and delivering as many presents as you can before the clock strikes midnight.

You’ve been put in random teams of four:

- One Assembler
- One Wrapper
- One Courier
- One Deliverer

The female elves will be the deliverers. The other three roles can be filled by any male elf.

I require precision in all aspects of these deliveries. If your assembly or wrapping are not up to my standards, those deliveries will not count. Likewise, a delivery will not count if you get caught...unless you make the target think they’re having a sexy dream.

One lucky member of the winning team will get a special treat, so don't dilly dally.

Merry Christmas,

Santa Claus

“Seems simple enough,” said Tommy. “Any objections to me being the assembler? I'm pretty quick at building stuff.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said. That was exactly what he was supposed to do. The Chadwicks' had built their entire empire on their ability to put buildings up at record speeds. And Tommy was the brains of their construction business. Daddy always complained that Tommy Rapide could work three times as fast as our best man.

Ghostie grunted in approval too.

I turned to the banana king. “You look like you'd be good at wrapping.”

“Does he?” asked Tommy. “His hands are massive.”

True. But the Locatellis were known for their fine Italian finishes. And when I broke into his office I'd seen that painting of me that he'd done. Not to mention the model town he'd built. And I'd never forget what it felt like to have his hands all over me. If there was one thing I was sure of with the banana king, it was that he was good with his hands.

“I'll wrap,” said the banana king. His tone left no room for argument.

“And I'll take the presents from the wrapping station to our sexy elf for final delivery,” said Ghostie. “I guess that's what

the courier does?”

“I think so,” I said. “Now let’s see what else is in the box.” I dug into the tissue paper and found four more presents wrapped in red paper, each labeled with one of the four roles.

Tommy the assembler got a schematic for how to make a wooden toy gun.

The banana king the wrapper got a diagram of a perfectly wrapped present.

Ghostie the courier got a map of the hotel, with some rooms circled in red.

And I got a Royal Spielzeughersteller Hotel key card. In the spot you’d usually write a room number, it just had an infinity sign.

Phew. I’d really hoped that Ghostie and Teddybear would get me a keycard instead of making me go down chimneys and climb between balconies. After my near-death slip while getting to the hot tub earlier, I’d had quite enough balcony climbing for one evening.

“Anything else in there?” I asked as I pocketed the keycard.

Ghostie dug further into the red tissue paper and pulled out four smart watches. The digital displays all showed 28 for a second, and then 27. And then 26.

We each put one on and watched them tick down to 0. When they got to three, the countdown switched to words:

ON YOUR MARK. Our watches dinged, like a cute little Christmas bell.

GET SET. Our watches played a slightly louder bell.

GO! Those were the loudest bells yet. Almost deafening, really.

Chapter 11 – Special Delivery

Christmas Eve, 2013

The peaceful glass atrium exploded into chaos.

Tommy sprinted towards the factory door.

The banana king jumped over our wrapping table to get to the table where all the presents were going to drop from the conveyer belt.

And Ghostie and I crouched down and got ready to sprint to the first room.

The other teams were just as chaotic. The only difference was that Flash sprinted faster than Tommy and stiff-armed one of the bellhops along the way.

The three assemblers disappeared through the factory door and then... We all just kind of stood there.

I guess none of us had thought about the fact that we'd have to wait a while for the first present to get assembled and wrapped.

"We should plan our delivery route," I said to Ghostie.

He nodded and we looked over the map while the banana king tidied up his wrapping station and did a few practice wraps. As expected, his work was impeccable.

But our work was going to be even better. We only had about an hour until midnight, so we figured it was best to start with the rooms closest to our current location. That would make it

quicker for Ghostie to get the packages to me. And we'd also possibly get an advantage by me taking the first package all by myself. That way if the second package came out quickly, Ghostie would already be here to grab it and bring it up to the next room for me.

"The stairs will probably be faster than the elevator," I said. "And just leave the packages in front of whatever room they go to."

Ghostie grunted in agreement.

I looked up at him. I couldn't believe he'd gone to the trouble to set all this up. Not only that, but he'd trusted that my plan was the right one. Any of Daddy's other men would have just gone right in and tried to break Crazy Isabella's kneecaps. But this plan was better. Because it was also going to make us a valuable alliance and Isabella would no longer be able to make a move. "Thanks for setting all this up," I whispered.

"Huh?" he said. He tilted his head and stared down at me through his mask. "I didn't set this up. I thought you did?"

"What?" I asked.

"I got a package from you with this outfit and a letter saying to meet you up here. Actually, it said it was from Santa. But I could tell it was from you. Because who else would pick this out?" He gestured to his sexy outfit.

"I knew it!" said Ash. "This is all Santa's work!"

I turned. I didn't realize she'd walked up behind me. *Ooooooh*. I knew what was happening. Ash must have been there the whole time. And Ghostie knew how much she loved Santa. So

he was just being sweet and pretending like Santa really did this.

“Did Teddybear not get an invitation?” I asked.

Ghostie shook his head. “He’s busy.”

I bet he is. Probably busy dressing up like Santa to surprise Ash at the end of all this. They were really putting together the perfect Christmas Eve for both of us.

But there was no time to thank him, because the conveyor belt had whirred to life, and the first box had just popped out of the factory.

We all watched as the belt carried it across the room. *Which team is that for?* I thought I saw a red dot on the side...

It dropped off the edge of the conveyor belt and fell onto the table.

Ah! It does have a red dot on it! Good job, Tommy.

The banana king snatched it off the table and wrapped it faster than I’d ever seen anything wrapped before.

And then I was off, sprinting up to the second floor to make my first delivery.

I cradled the package in one hand as I gently slid the keycard into the door. It gave a little beep and blinked green.

Here we go.

I figured I had a few minutes before the next package would be ready, so I really took my time with this first delivery.

I pulled the handle down inch by inch, and then I eeeeeased the door open.

I thought it was going to be tough to find the Christmas tree in the giant suite. But this was some sort of strange room that just had a little hallway, a bathroom, and a bedroom with a minifridge.

Weird. Where was the kitchen? And the parlor? And the other bedrooms?

The compact layout of the room was both a blessing and a curse.

It was a blessing because the Christmas tree was visible right from the doorway.

But it was a curse because a soldier was sleeping in the bed about five feet away from the tree.

I took a second to learn the rhythm of his snoring. And then I tiptoed to that rhythm, letting my heels click each time he snored.

It worked like a charm. And before I knew it, I was at the tree. I slid the present into place and I was about to turn around to leave when I saw that he'd left me some milk and cookies.

Eating them was definitely part of the job, right? I grabbed the cookie and crunched into it. Like...really crunched. Way louder than I'd meant to.

The snoring stopped.

Shit!

I stayed completely still as the sound of sheets moving filled the room.

Shit, shit, shit!

But then the sheets settled and the snoring started up again.

Oh thank God. I let out a breath and looked down at the half-eaten cookie in my hand. I couldn't crunch into it again. So instead I dipped it into the milk to soften it up a little. There was no noise as I chewed up the rest of the cookie. And then I downed the milk and tiptoed out.

As soon as the door was closed I took a few deep breaths and tried to steady my heart rate. Almost getting caught really had my adrenaline pumping. I was such a good sexy elf. Not only had I not gotten caught, but I'd also gone super fast. Now it was just up to the rest of the team to work as fast I did.

I glanced down the hallway hoping to see Ghostie arriving with my second package. But instead...

How the hell?!

The three rooms next to me all had beautiful wrapped red presents sitting by the door, just waiting for me to deliver them.

Maybe I hadn't been as fast as I'd thought...

I ran over and grabbed the next package. And then I did the same routine, just way faster. Or... a little faster.

Ghostie had dropped off two more red packages while I'd been in there.

At least it wasn't three more, though.

My third delivery went even better, only giving Ghostie time for one more delivery.

And my fourth one was the easiest yet. Because no one was even in the room. As soon as I saw that the bed was empty, I

sprinted in and tossed the present under the tree. Then I drank the milk down in a single gulp and grabbed the cookie to-go.

I spun around and ran straight into some rock-hard abs.

“Gotcha,” said a deep voice as the lights on the Christmas tree turned on.

Oh fuck.

I stepped back and looked up at the three soldiers in front of me.

And they all stared down at me.

“Holy shit,” said one of them. “I can’t believe the legends are actually true.”

“Told you we’d catch one,” said another.

“Get on your knees, slut,” demanded the third. He unbuttoned his camo vest and then he went for the button on his fatigues.

Jesus. I’d seen a lot of good abs in my life, but these were fucking ridiculous. And I wanted my tongue to take the place of his dog tags between his rock-hard pecs. All I could think about was getting on my knees and pleasuring all three of these beautiful soldiers. That was what a proper sexy elf would do. But that would take some time. And I was in a bit of a time crunch.

Crunch! That’s it!

I looked down at the cookie in my hand and a plan popped into my head.

“So you’re all in agreement that he gets me?” I asked, pointing to the one in the vest.

“What do you mean?” asked one of the others.

“You catch an elf, you get a blowjob. But you have to choose which one of you gets it.” That wasn’t true. I was pretty sure that this delivery would only count if I made all of them cum. But I had a plan for that.

“I want the blowjob,” said one of the guys. “This was my idea.”

“Yeah, but I outrank you,” said another.

“Fuck you both,” said the guy with the abs. “I’m a green beret, so she’s mine.” He pointed to his beret. Although I wasn’t sure if it was to illustrate his point to his friends or just to show me his jacked arms.

“Actually,” I said, “None of you get a blowjob. Because you didn’t leave me any milk.”

“Yes we did,” said one of them.

“Did you?” I pointed to the glass of milk that I’d drank right before they caught me.

“Fuck,” said the green beret and punched another one in the arm. “You idiot. You had *one* job.”

“I swear I put it there,” he protested.

“How about this,” I said. “I’m going to go do another delivery. And if that glass is filled with milk when I get back, I’ll blow one of you.”

“Do we have any more milk?” asked the green beret.

The one closest to the fridge opened it up and moved a few things. “Nope. Just beer.”

“There are other kinds of milk,” I said with a wink. Just to be sure they got what I was saying, I grabbed the green beret’s crotch. Then I handed him the empty cup and walked out of the room.

I could hear their pants all falling to the floor as I closed the door.

Well that worked surprisingly well.

I did a few more deliveries and then went back to check on my three soldiers. They were all standing around a table with their pants around their ankles.

“Do you have my milk for me?” I asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” said the green beret. He held up the glass filled with milky white cum.

I grabbed the cookie, dunked it into the cum, and took a bite.

Oh fuck yes.

This was so much better than milk. Salty sweet perfection.

I dunked the cookie again and finished it off. And then I tipped the glass and let the rest drip into my mouth.

The three guys just watched in awe.

“Now...who am I gonna blow?” I looked down at their cocks.

They were all stiff again after watching me drink their cum.

But the green beret was a little bigger than the others.

“Actually, I choose you.” I grabbed his dog tags and yanked him towards me. And then I licked down his pecs, across his washboard abs, and along the length of his cock.

I could taste a little cum still on his tip.

I looked up at him. “Can I have a little more milk, please?”

“I think we can arrange that.”

“Good.” I jammed his cock down my throat.

“Fuck me,” muttered one of the other soldiers. “She’s not even gagging.”

Damn right. I went down even further just to show off.

And that was all it took. The green beret groaned and warm cum flooded my mouth.

There wasn’t nearly as much as I’d hoped for since he’d just cum into the milk glass. But it was still fucking delicious. I waited for him to finish and then pulled back.

“Dude,” said one of the other guys. “Did you seriously cum that fast?”

“Shut up,” replied the green beret. “I think she used some sort of Christmas magic on me.”

“You think you could last longer?” I asked the other guy.

“Definitely.”

“Me too,” added his friend.

They were both wrong. Neither one lasted longer than 30 seconds. But hey, at least I got to drink more cum. Now that I’d gotten a taste of it, it was all I could think about. My vow of celibacy had me starved for sex. I’d give anything for one of them to throw me onto the bed and fuck me so hard... I sighed. *Not today.* Unless Ash was currently getting railed by a hot soldier. *Fingers crossed.* That would really make the rest of my Christmas Eve so much better. But alas, I wouldn’t know until after the mission was finished.

I put my hands out so that they'd help me to my feet. "Thanks for the milk, boys," I said. "I'll put in a good word for you with Santa."

"Like...about our dicks?"

I didn't answer. I just blew them a kiss and walked out.

And now there were so many more presents in the hall.

Damn it!

"What's taking so long?" asked Ghostie as he dropped off yet another red present for me to deliver.

"What? Nothing. Stealth takes time."

"Is that cum in the corner of your mouth?"

"Oh, yeah. I got caught by some hot soldiers. Oopsies." I gave him a cute little shrug and a saucy smile.

He just growled.

"Don't be jealous, Ghostie," I said. "It's just part of the game. Get caught, give head. Those are the rules."

"I just caught you. Do I get head?"

Naughty boy! "Hmmm... I guess you did catch me." I let my eyes rake down his eight pack to the bulge in his red tuxedo pants. Single Girl Rule #8: If a man has 8 abs and 8 inches, he may not be refused. But I'd also already had Ghostie countless times. So unfortunately I didn't think the rule applied anymore. Besides, I had a contest to win. He could reward me later. Hopefully by fucking me if Ash had lost her V-card.

He took a step towards me, but I put my hand out and pushed on his chest.

“But like you said, I’m taking too long.” I grabbed the package out of his arms and unlocked the next room. “Maybe later,” I said with a wink.

I was about to duck into the room, but Ghostie grabbed my arm to stop me.

“If you get caught one more time, I’m gonna fuck you so hard the second this contest is over. I don’t give a shit about your little vow of celibacy.”

“Challenge accepted,” I said. He knew just how to convince me. I never backed down from a challenge. And since he wanted to wait until after the contest, I could double check Ash’s virgin situation first.

“It wasn’t a challenge. It was a threat.”

“Sounded like a challenge to me.” I wiggled out of his grasp and walked into the next room.

I didn’t bother tiptoeing. I just chucked the present right at the tree. Ghostie would be railing me in no time.

The tree teetered a little. A single ornament fell and shattered. And then another. And then the whole tree went down with a huge crash.

The soldier threw off the covers and jumped out of bed. And as a nice little surprise, he wasn’t wearing any pajamas.

“Ah!” I screamed. “Why are you naked?! And why is your cock so big?” I wasn’t exaggerating. It was completely flaccid, but still huge. I’d found a real shower.

“Who the hell are you?” he said, trying and failing to cover his enormous member.

“I’m a Christmas elf,” I said. “Oh fuck. Santa is gonna kill me for getting caught.” I glanced out into the hallway to make sure Ghostie was watching all this.

“Don’t worry,” said the guy. “I won’t tell Santa.” He sounded so confused.

“Really? You’re my hero! How can I ever repay you?”

“Maybe help me pick up that tree? My sergeant will be pissed if the army has to pay for that damage...”

“I have a better idea.” I dropped to my knees and moved his hands off his cock.

He stared down at me in shock as I took his cock into my mouth. But I wasn’t looking at him. I was looking straight at Ghostie. I knew what this would do to him.

He just glared at me through his mask.

And I put on a *show*.

I deep throated. I moaned. I slapped it against my cheek. And then I pulled my mask up and let him cum all over my face.

The guy stood there in shock as I walked out of his room and closed the door.

“Oopsies,” I said to Ghostie. “I’m so clumsy sometimes. Does that mean you’re gonna fuck me later?”

He just glared at me.

God, he was gonna fuck me so good after this. I couldn’t freaking wait.

The rest of the deliveries went by sooooo slowly. I mean, I was delivering the presents quickly. And not getting caught,

unfortunately. But it felt like the clock was never going to strike midnight.

I checked my watch and it was 11:58. *So close!* I grabbed one final package and crept into a room. I dropped it off, ate my cookie, drank my milk, and started to leave. But then I tripped over some boots. Some large boots. Like...very large. Large enough where I was sure the owner of them was packing something special.

I glanced over at the bed to see if the noise had woken the soldier up.

Lord give me strength.

He hadn't woken up. But the covers were off. And just like that soldier earlier, he was sleeping in the nude. And my prediction about his cock was right.

I was about to trip over the boots again to make a little extra noise when my watch buzzed.

Damn it! Of course it buzzes now when I'm about to have some fun.

I glanced down at the display: STOP.

It buzzed again and the display changed: GO TO ROOM 156.

Fine. I stepped over the boots and made my way down to room 156. At first I couldn't figure out why it was sending me to this room instead of just back to the glass atrium. But then I saw the sign for Wiener Boulevard, and that made me think of the wiener Ghostie had promised me as soon as the contest was over. I bet he'd overridden the original programming of the watch and had it send me here instead.

There was a little hallway off the side of Wiener Boulevard labeled “150 to 159,” so I took that hallway.

I wondered what would be inside.

Ghostie in a Santa suit, ready to punish me for being on the naughty list?

Nah, I had a feeling that was going to be Teddybear’s role in this whole operation.

It could be some sort of Christmas sex dungeon...

Or maybe it would just be a normal room, and Ghostie would be completely naked, full spread on the bed.

Let’s find out.

I slid my skeleton key into the lock and opened the door.

Chapter 12 - Santa's Lap

Christmas Eve, 2013

All of my guesses were wrong.

It wasn't a Christmas sex dungeon. And Ghostie wasn't naked and full spread on a bed. Hell, Ghostie wasn't even in there.

Instead, Room 156 turned out to be a hallway decorated in much the same way as the secret staircase we'd gone down earlier.

And it ended in the exact same place as that staircase had.

Slavanka was standing at the hot chocolate machine, and Ash was sitting on a bench with her boots propped up on her vanity. Ash must have gotten there first, because she already had a fresh mug of hot chocolate. She took a sip and the whip cream dollop sunk a little lower in her mug.

And then I noticed her lips.

"Wow," I said. "What happened to your lip tattoo?" The formerly-crisp white and green stripes on her lips had turned into a smeared mint green mess. Ah! That little slut! She'd given someone head. Or maybe gone further. *Oh please, oh please have straddled a soldier's thick cock so I can fuck Ghostie tonight.*

"What do you mean?" she asked, trying to sound innocent. She put her hot chocolate down and turned to her mirror. "Oh. Geez. I must have smeared it a little while uh... eating a cookie."

“Mhm,” I said. “And I guess you also spilled some milk in your hair?”

“That cum,” said Slavanka as she handed me a fresh mug of hot chocolate.

Ash turned bright red. “Gah! Fine! I admit it. I got caught like eight times.” She wiped some cum out of her hair and downed the rest of her hot chocolate. “Oh my God. Do you think Santa saw? Can he see everything? He can. No. No, no, no. I’m definitely going to end up on the naughty list now. This is a disaster!”

“You sucked eight dicks?” I asked.

“Nine,” she whispered. “One room had a bunk bed. I think that’s how the cum got in my hair.” She bit her lip and smiled a little.

Yeah, she definitely loved giving that double blowjob. “Good job! And did you fuck any of them?” I put my hand up to high five her.

“No!”

I sighed. She was being such a cock blocker on Christmas. Ghostie was going to be so sad.

“And don’t high five being on the naughty list.” Then she whispered, “Santa’s watching.” Her eyes darted around the room.

She was being a little paranoid. But in her defense, there were probably cameras down here.

“If you want to talk about naughty things, we need to turn on a shower so Santa can’t hear us. Or at least turn that Christmas

music up.” She walked over to the gramophone and stuck her head into the giant brass horn.

“I’m not a gramophone expert by any means, but I’m not sure that’s how you adjust the sound.”

“WHAT?!” screamed Ash into the brass horn.

Is she drunk? She definitely seemed drunk. I took a sip of my hot chocolate.

And then it hit me.

She really was drunk. Because this was Teddybear’s hot chocolate. Which included a splash of banana juice.

She had her first glass before the competition, which explained her sucking nine cocks. And then afterwards...

I glanced over at her vanity. There were three empty mugs.

She must have finished the second one a little before I got back, which put her into the paranoid phase of her drunkenness. And now she’d just finished her third. So any second now she was probably going to start raving about how much she loved literally everything.

Ash pulled her head out the gramophone. “Have you guys looked in here?” She pointed into the brass horn. “The craftsmanship is exquisite. I freaking love good metal work.”

The song ended and another Christmas song started playing.

“AH!” she screamed. “I LOVE THIS SONG!”

Annnnd there it is. Two loves in a row. Ash was definitely past the point of no return.

She walked over and pushed a button on the hot chocolate machine. It prepared three mugs.

“You guys want any?” she asked. But without waiting for an answer, she grabbed all three mugs and put all the straws in her mouth at once. “Ah! Too hot.” She put them back down on the machine.

“What we do now?” asked Slavanka.

“I don’t think there’s anything we can do,” I replied. “She’s too far gone.”

“No, no. Not Ash. I mean for contest. What happen now?”

“I guess we just wait down here while they tally the results?” I had no idea how they were going to do that. Did they have cameras in every room? “By the way, did you get caught at all?”

“Yes, no,” she said.

Huh? I was used to her always answering twice. But never with both a yes and a no. “Is that a yes or a no?”

“Yes, yes.”

“I’m confused.” I didn’t understand why she was being so coy. Since we got here I’d seen her get railed in the snow by a delivery guy and I’d been about to let her fuck my boyfriend. She didn’t need to be embarrassed about sucking off a few soldiers. “How many deliveries do you think you made?”

“Four floor.”

“Four floors?! Like...every room on those floors?”

Before she could answer, the Christmas music switched off. A deep voice boomed out of the gramophone.

“Results will be announced in five minutes. Please change and then make your way to the atrium.”

“Change?” asked Ash. “Into what?”

The mirrors above each of our vanities slid open and three presents tumbled out of the wall.

“Ah! Presents!” Ash ran over to her vanity and opened her present. “Oh my God! I love this! But also...what is it?” She reached into her present and pulled out about ten feet of green and white ribbon.

“Is that all that’s in there?” I asked.

“Um...” She turned back to her package and rummaged around. “There are also some gloves. And Christmas ornaments?” She held up a pair of white gloves and two green orbs.

“It’s definitely some sort of outfit,” I said. “The packages appeared right after the gramophone told us to change. Let me see...” I went over to my vanity and opened my present. Just like Ash’s, it contained ribbon, gloves, and ornaments. But mine were red and white instead of green and white.

The ribbon felt like spandex and was about four inches wide. It seemed like we were supposed to wrap it around our bodies in some way, but it would take a hell of a lot longer than five minutes to figure it out.

“Got it!” yelled Ash

I looked over.

Her candy cane striped boots from her first outfit were still on, and they looked fine. But the rest of her? *Dear Lord*. One

glove was on inside out. The ornaments were hanging from her candy cane horns. And she'd wrapped herself in the ribbon like she was a first grader dressing up like a mummy for Halloween. Except she'd done a really bad job and her left tit was hanging out.

"I love the effort," I said. "But I'm not sure you've quite nailed it yet."

"No, no," said Slavanka. "Like this."

Ash and I looked over at her. She'd somehow turned her ribbon into a sexy bondage monokini with an overside bow tied over one of her boobs. She did a sassy little pose on her vanity and flicked one of the ornaments hanging from her ears.

Oooh. They're earrings! "Slavanka, you sexy Russian genius! How the hell did you do that?" I asked.

"Instructions in box." She held up the lid of her box. There was a little sketch inside that showed exactly how to tie it.

"Right. That makes sense."

I followed the instructions and wrapped myself up in the ribbon while Slavanka helped Ash.

"One minute warning," boomed the gramophone.

"Ah! Let's go!" said Ash. "There's literally nothing more that I love than being on time. Except maybe this outfit. I look hot, right?" She posed in the mirror and made a kissy face.

"You look so hot. But maybe let's fix those lips?" I grabbed a makeup remove and wiped her lips, and then I applied some green lipstick for her. "Much better. Let's do this."

We were almost out the door when Ash ran back and downed all three hot chocolates at once.

Oh God. That was now six drinks for her. When those kicked in, she was gonna go buck wild. I had a feeling that my vow of celibacy was about to be lifted.

“Who do you think won?” asked Ash as we made our way up the stairs. “And what was the prize again?”

“One lucky member of the winning team will get a special treat,” I recited.

“I love special treats! But like...what kind of special treat? Maybe it’s more hot chocolate. God, I love that hot chocolate.”

“I think it’s probably something better than hot chocolate. Like Ghostie’s dick. And to answer your other question, I’m pretty sure I won.” Although Slavanka had me a little uneasy with that comment about four floors.

“I love that for you,” said Ash. “Will you share your present with me?”

“Naughty girl! You want me to share Ghostie’s dick with you? I thought you’d never ask.”

Ash laughed. “I meant the hot chocolate. But wait... Does Ghostie wanna fuck me?” She sounded kind of excited.

“When you’re dressed like that?” I said, stopping to look at her in the glow of the Christmas lights on the banisters.

“Definitely.”

“But like...he’s in love with you.”

My heart skipped a beat, but I’m not sure why. Everyone was in love with me. So this was not new information. “Of course

he is,” I said as we exited the stairs into the glass atrium.

And then everything went dark.

“AH! WE’RE ALL GONNA DIE!” yelled Ash, momentarily relapsing into her two-drink paranoia.

I put my hands out to feel for one of the tables that had been near the secret passage. But instead my hands just found a lovely pair of breasts. Or really...one breast and one oversized bow.

“HANDS OFF, PERVERT!” yelled Ash. I felt a slight breeze as her fist whizzed past my face.

“It’s just me!” I said with a laugh as I stepped backwards to get out of her range. I tripped over a big metal rod sticking straight up. And then the room lit up like a Christmas tree.

Seriously.

Christmas lights *everywhere*.

“Woooooow,” gasped Ash.

I was actually a little speechless too. Because I’d seen the glass atrium decorated for Christmas before. But I’d never seen it decorated like *this*.

Dozens of giant presents surrounded us, stacked one on top of the other. It felt like we’d been shrunk down and plopped in the middle of all the presents on Christmas morning. Except cooler, because all these presents were lined with a bajillion Christmas lights. A snowflake drifted down and landed on the tip of my nose.

How the hell did Ghostie and Teddybear do this? Decorations like this would take weeks. Maybe months. But they’d totally

transformed the glass atrium in a couple of minutes.

“Ho, ho, ho!” boomed the voice from the gramophone. But this time it felt closer. And less metallic.

“HOLY FUCK IT’S SANTA!” screamed Ash, pointing behind me.

I spun around. The wrapping tables had been replaced by the biggest sleighs I’d ever seen. And next to them was a red and green throne on a raised platform. And sitting on the throne was...

Holy fuck, it really is Santa.

“Merry Christmas,” said Santa. And this was no fat mall Santa. This was a tall, sexy Santa. Just like Ash had described.

Which made sense...because it was actually just Teddybear dressed up like Santa. I smiled. For a second, he’d almost fooled me. But seriously, how did he and Ghostie pull all this off?

“Thank you girls for helping me deliver those presents. I’ll announce the winner in a minute, but first I’d like to grant you each a Christmas wish. Who wants to go first?” He patted his lap.

I expected Ash to run up there before his sentence was even finished. But she was completely frozen.

“You wanna go first?” I asked Ash.

“Is this really happening?” she whispered back.

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “I go.”

She walked up to Santa and sat on his lap.

“Merry Christmas, Slavanka,” he said. “Have you been naughty or nice?”

“Very naughty.”

“The elves tend to agree. But they also advised that in the interest of my personal safety, I should still give you a present. So what would you like for Christmas?”

“I marry prince.”

“Like...the artist formerly known as Prince? Or just any prince?”

“No, no. Not singer. Real prince.”

“True love isn’t really my domain. But I know a guy. I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you, Santa.” She gave him a big hug and then walked back to us.

Well that was adorable. I thought for sure she was going to ask him for a new AK47 or a signed first edition of *Foundations of Leninism*.

“Who’s next?” asked Santa.

I looked at Ash.

“You go,” she whispered. “I’m too nervous! I don’t know what to ask for. I can’t get that hot chocolate out of my head. But it seems like I should ask for something better. Like a new sweater. What? No. I don’t even like sweaters. Too itchy in the armpits. God, is it hot in here? It feels hot.” She started fanning herself.

“Girl, it’s not hot in here. The roof is open and it’s like 2 degrees outside.” I pointed up at the snowflakes falling from

the part of the glass roof that Ghostie and Teddybear had somehow slid open.

I walked up to Santa and sat on his lap.

“Merry Christmas, Chastity,” he said. “Have you been naughty or nice?”

“I can be both,” I said with a wink.

He shifted underneath me and I thought for sure I felt his hard cock against my leg.

Bad Santa! Santa wasn't supposed to get boners when girls sat on his lap. Although...usually girls sitting on Santa's lap weren't dressed like we were. And also...this wasn't Santa. It was Teddybear. Right? I stared into his eyes. They were the same color as Teddybear's. But...they seemed a little different. Eh, it was probably just the big white beard that was throwing me off. Or maybe it was his peppermint cologne.

“What would you like for Christmas?” he asked.

“I want a nice, thick, 8-inch cock,” I said.

Santa's Adam's apples rose and then fell as he stared at me.

“Definitely naughty, then. No gift for you this year, I'm afraid.”

“Wait,” I said. And then I leaned in to whisper. “It's not for me. It's for my friend.” I nodded my head to Ash.

“Hmmm,” said Santa, stroking his big white beard. “Giving your wish up to help another? Maybe you're on the nice list after all.”

“Does that mean you'll make it come true? Pretty please, Santa?” I was going to explode soon if I didn't get rid of my

celibacy vow. A girl could only go without sex for so long.
#BlueBallsKillGirlsToo.

“I’ll see what I can do. Next!” he yelled.

I got off his lap and went back over to Ash and Slavanka.

“Did you seriously just ask Santa for a thick cock?” asked Ash.

I nodded.

“What’d you whisper to him?”

“You’ll see,” I said. *I hope*. “Ready to make your wish?”

“Yes. No. Yes! God, I hope I don’t do anything weird. Or inappropriate. He’s really hot, right? Is this outfit too much?”

“Just go,” I said and gave her a little shove.

She stumbled forward and then stepped back. “Give me a second.” She took a deep breath and looked down to make sure her outfit was all in place.

While she did that, I locked eyes with Slavanka and pointed to the oversized bow on my boob.

She nodded.

Hopefully that meant she knew what I was saying.

“Okay,” said Ash. “Here goes nothing...” She started walking towards Santa.

And as she did, Slavanka and I each reached out and grabbed one end of her ribbon suit.

With her next step, the entire thing unraveled.

“Oh fuck,” she hissed and tried to hold it in place. But it was too late. The ribbon was already in a pile on the floor, leaving her in nothing but her striped boots and white gloves. She froze mid-step. “You guys! My outfit! What do I do?”

“Just keep walking!” I said. “Don’t make it weird. He probably won’t even notice.”

Sober Ash never would have done it. She would have lost her mind and thrown her naked self right through the giant glass window behind the sleighs. But drunk Ash? She fucking went for it.

“Merry Christmas, Ash,” boomed Santa as she approached.

“Merry Christmas, Santa,” she whispered.

It felt a little late for her to act shy given that she was bare ass naked. But whatever.

Santa wasn’t doing much to hide his eyes trailing down Ash’s naked body.

Please plow my friend, Santa.

“Have you been naughty or nice this year?” he asked her.

She paused at the steps in front of his throne. “Ummm...nice. Definitely nice.”

“You hesitated,” he said. “Come here.”

She walked up the steps and Santa couldn’t keep his eyes off her swaying hips.

Please, oh please fuck her, Santa. I could tell he wanted to. And I swear he’d already felt hard when I sat on his lap. He was a very naughty boy.

“Do you know what I think?” Santa asked.

Ash shook her head.

“I’ve been watching your every move. I see you when you’re sleeping. I see you when you’re awake. And I think you’re usually nice. But you can be very naughty when you want to be.” He put his black-leather-gloved fingers on the center of her chest and slowly trailed them down between her breasts and down her stomach. “Like the way you used to lick your candy canes? Very naughty, Ash.” His fingers paused beneath her bellybutton. “So tell me. How are you feeling right now? Nice?” His hand moved a fraction of an inch lower. “Or naughty?” He rubbed his gloved finger along her slit.

She moaned and I swear the girl almost fell over from one touch.

“Oh, Ash.” Santa slid one of his gloved fingers inside of her. At least, I thought he did, because Ash moaned.

“You’re getting my gloves all wet. That’s very naughty.”

I pressed my thighs together. The friction of his leather gloves would feel so good.

“I don’t need to ask you what you want,” he said and let his hand fall away from her skin. “Your list was very clear.” He stood up and unbuckled his belt. And somehow that made the rest of his outfit drop to the floor. His thick cock was wrapped in shiny red paper with a nice little bow on top.

“Santa!” gasped Ash. She paused at the steps in front of his throne.

“Is this not what you wished for?”

“No,” she said. “It is.” She looked back at us and mouthed, “OH MY GOD.”

I waved her on. “Go get your present, girl!”

Ash turned back to face Santa.

“Show me why you deserve to be on the naughty list.” Santa put his hand on her shoulder. “Get on your knees and lick me like you used to lick those candy canes, you naughty little elf.”

Ash grabbed the bow off his cock and tossed it aside. And then she dropped to her knees and tore the paper off it. And then it was in her mouth.

I knew she loved sucking cock. But I’d never seen her suck like this. She was fucking worshipping that thing. I could hear her gagging from across the room, but that didn’t stop her. She just kept going faster and faster. Even when she had to pause to catch her breath, she still kept licking it and massaging his balls.

Damn, did Ash used to depththroat candy canes? Santa had probably been looking forward to this moment for years.

Santa’s eyes rolled back into his head as she took him alllllll the way into her throat. He reached back to steady himself, but his hand couldn’t find the armrest. So instead he fell backwards into his throne.

Ash pulled back. “Oh my God,” she gasped and put her hand over her mouth. “Please tell me I was supposed to do that. Or am I actually going to be on the naughty list forever?”

“You’re definitely on the naughty list,” he said. “Only naughty girls suck cock that good. The only thing naughtier would be if you touched yourself too.”

Ash took that as a challenge. She slid a finger inside of herself as she pressed a kiss against the side of his cock.

“Another finger, Ash. Show me how naughty you really are. Show me how big you want the cock to be that claims your virgin pussy.”

She followed his instructions and licked him from his base to his tip.

Santa groaned. “But you want to be on the nice list, yes?”

Ash stopped and looked up at him.

“Sit on his lap!” I yelled. Hopefully she got my meaning.

Ash looked back at me. Her eyes were huge. But not with fear. They were huge with excitement. She turned back to Santa.

“If you want me to consider putting you back on the nice list, you’ll have to show me that you’re a good girl too.”

Ash nodded. “What did you have in mind, Santa? I’ll do anything. Anything,” she said again, much more suggestively this time.

Ash was a fucking ho for Santa and I was loving this for her.

“Hmm...” Santa reached down and started stroking his hard cock as he stared at her. “Be a good girl and sit on Santa’s lap.”

She didn’t even hesitate. She just turned around and started to sit down, reverse cowgirl style.

I didn’t know if she’d done it because the armrests of his throne were in the way, or if she’d just been dreaming of being railed like this. Either way, I loved her choice. That was a very good position.

Ash stopped with the head of Santa's cock pressed against her wetness. So Santa grabbed her hips and slowly lowered her onto him.

She gasped as he entered her tight virgin pussy. Inch by inch.

Holy shit! She really did it! That slut just lost her virginity to Santa! Or at least, she thought she did. Really it was Teddybear. *I think.*

"Yeah, Ash!" I cheered.

"Ash fuck Santa!" yelled Slavanka.

Ash covered her face to block out her embarrassment. But she quickly forgot to be embarrassed when Santa lifted her hips and slowly lowered her back down.

"Fuck," Santa groaned. "Your virgin pussy is so tight." He leaned forward and whispered something in her ear.

Her cheeks flushed again. But then she leaned forward and put her hands on his knees. He let her set the pace as his thick cock stretched her out. But it was only a minute before she started bouncing up and down way faster, moaning with every movement.

"Good girl," Santa said. "Just like that. Ride Santa's cock."

Ash moaned.

Santa played with her tits for a little while, and then he moved his hands to her hips to increase the pace.

And then he got up and bent her over his throne. He slammed into her hard. "Do you like that, you naughty little elf?"

"Oh fuck," she moaned and pressed against the velvety throne to match his thrusts.

“You’re my new favorite elf.”

“Does this mean I won the competition?” asked Ash.

“Absolutely not,” said Santa as he thrust into her harder.

“But...”

“You successfully delivered zero packages,” he said.

She looked over her shoulder at him. “What do you mean?! How could my score be zero? I sucked so many cocks!” And then she clapped her hand over her mouth. “I mean...ate so many cookies.”

Santa laughed. But he had no belly to make jiggle like a bowl full of jelly. The only thing up there jiggling were Ash’s tits every time he thrust into her.

“Yes, you sucked off every soldier that caught you.” He slammed into her harder, like he was jealous of what she’d done with the soldiers.

Maybe he was. He seemed to really love her candy cane skills.

“Ho, ho, ho,” he said, thrusting hard with each ‘ho.’

Yup, he was definitely a little jealous. Ash really was his favorite elf.

“But then you walked out of their rooms without delivering the presents.”

“Damn it!” said Ash. “I knew I was forgetting something. I get nervous when... Oh God.” A particularly forceful thrust from Santa made Ash completely lose her train of thought.

“I win?” asked Slavanka.

Santa kept fucking Ash but turned to look at us. “You delivered presents to...” Santa grabbed a little notebook from his throne and opened it on Ash’s back. “47 rooms.”

Damn it, Slavanka! That was way more than me. She’d totally fucked up the whole plan. But I didn’t care that much, because Ash was getting absolutely railed by Santa. And I fucking loved that for her. She finally lost her virginity! I was so excited I could scream.

“But...” continued Santa.

“No!” yelled Ash. “I’m not ready for butt stuff yet.”

“I wasn’t... Never mind.” He flipped her over and pulled one of her legs into the air. He leaned over her and thrust into her hard.

Ash’s fingers dug into his back.

He leaned forward and took one of her nipples into his mouth.

“Santa,” Ash moaned.

He was doing a really good job at claiming her virgin pussy.

“Sorry, where was I?” Santa asked and looked over his shoulder. “Right. Slavanka delivered presents to 47 rooms. But she got caught in every single room. And instead of giving them a sexy surprise, she beat their asses.”

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “So they not remember me. Sneaky, sneaky.”

“That was *not* what I instructed. You were supposed to make them think they were having a sexy dream.”

“They probably have sexy dream. Rear naked leg choke very sexy. And traditional American Christmas beating.”

I stifled a laugh, remembering when Ash had hit her in the face with a roll of wrapping paper. I knew that correcting Slavanka about beatings being an American Christmas tradition would be a mistake. And it had saved the day, because otherwise Slavanka would have won the competition instead of me.

Santa put his hand up to stop her from arguing. “Zero. Points. For. You.” He punctuated each word by thrusting into Ash.

I had no idea how she hadn’t totally lost control yet. Maybe she needed some spanking?

“That means I win!” I said. *Yes!* “So what’s my special treat?”

Santa didn’t answer. He was totally focused on ravishing Ash’s body. And it kind of felt like *she* was getting *my* special treat...

But that was how it had to be. Because Single Girl Rule #13: Always wing woman for the girl with the longest active dry spell. And Ash had *definitely* had the longest dry spell. But now the longest dry spell belonged to me. So it was my turn to get all the dick.

Chapter 13 – The Cocks I Was Promised

Christmas Eve, 2013

I walked up to the throne and poked Santa's shoulder.

"Excuse me, Santa. I know you're having fun fucking Ash, but can you please tell me what my special treat is?"

"Cock, of course. Just like you wished for on your list. Go pull that lever." He pointed to a group of three levers sticking out of the ground.

"Which lever?" I asked. But when I turned back to look at him, he and Ash had disappeared. The only thing I could see was one of Ash's candy cane boots kicking in the air as he fucked her against the back of his throne.

God, I could barely walk I was so horny. But I made it over to the levers. The one I'd run into earlier seemed to control the Christmas lights, so I doubted that was what he was talking about. Maybe he meant the second one...

I pulled the second lever and the conveyor belt started up. The giant presents stacked from floor to glass ceiling blocked my view of where the belt came out of the brick wall, but it didn't take long for presents to start appearing on the final stretch of conveyor belt. One by one they dropped off the end of the belt and into the sack on the back of one of Santa's sleighs.

Filling Santa's sleigh was great and all, but unless those presents were filled with dildos or roosters, then those were not the cocks I was promised.

I hit the third lever.

A bow on top one of the giant presents exploded, simultaneously untying the present and spewing tons of shiny red confetti into the air. The ribbons that had been connected to the bow slid down the side of the present, and then the four sides of it all fell outwards. One of my teammates was inside, still dressed in his red elf outfit. But the only light in this atrium was from the millions of multicolored Christmas lights, so it was a little hard to tell which one it was.

Another explosion went off, and then another, opening two more of the giant presents. My other two teammates were in those.

“Congrats, boys!” I said. “We won!” I threw my hands in the air and let the confetti fall around me.

They started to walk towards me. And when they got close enough for me to tell who was who – which meant they could probably also see who I was – the banana king stopped dead in his tracks.

“Chastity Morgan?” he spat. “What the hell are you doing here?”

I took a deep breath. This was my chance to convince the banana king and Tommy to form an alliance against Isabella. “Delivering presents,” I said. “What else would I be doing here?”

“Shit, that was *you* on our team?” He glanced nervously at Slavanka, like he was worried she might attack him. Which, to be fair, was a reasonable concern. He’d probably seen the video footage of what she’d done to his guards at his resort.

“It was,” I said. “And what a team we made. You, me, Ghostie, and Tommy. We were unstoppable.”

The banana king took a step back and looked at the men on either side of him. “Fuck. I didn’t realize I was working with you two.” He tore his elf mask off.

Ghostie and Tommy did the same.

The three men glared at each other.

“Are you sure we won?” asked Tommy. “Because there’s no way Magnus’ big sausage fingers wrapped those presents well enough.” He gestured to the banana king’s large hands.

“Fuck you,” said the banana king. “My beautiful wrapping was probably the only thing that kept your shoddy assembling from getting us disqualified. And you...” He turned to Ghostie. “I’m surprised you got any presents delivered. I would have thought you’d be too busy cleaning cum off your little whore’s face.”

“You’re a dead man,” growled Ghostie. And then he and Tommy both lunged at the banana king.

He tried to dodge, but he could only avoid Tommy. Ghostie took him to the ground and wound up to punch him. But on the backswing he hit Tommy. Tommy dove onto both men. Elbows and fists and legs started flying everywhere.

It was a real shit show. But it was also extremely hot. All those bulging muscles and manly grunts and tearing shirts. *Yum.*

I wanted to keep watching, but the more they hurt each other, the less likely they’d be to agree to an alliance.

“Boys!” I yelled.

They kept fighting.

“Boys!” I yelled louder.

Still didn’t work.

And then Slavanka growled like a bear.

All three men froze and looked over at her.

“Big stupid men stop fighting,” said Slavanka. “Chastity talk.”

Everyone looked at me.

“I know our families all hate each other,” I said. “But it doesn’t have to be like that. You saw how well we all worked together tonight. Neither of the other teams even came close to us. And the same thing would happen if we teamed up for real. We could take over New York. Or we could keep fighting and let Crazy Isabella pick us off one by one while we slowly bleed each other dry.”

“Isabella isn’t a threat,” said the banana king. “Just this morning she gave me a gold-plated Tommy gun and promised to stay out of our territory.”

“She did the same for me,” said Tommy.

“Of course she did,” I said. “Your families are both about to go bankrupt. You’re not threats. She’s just trying to get you to stay out of her way while she takes down Daddy. But make no mistake – she’ll come for you eventually.”

“Maybe so,” said Tommy. “But by the time she does, we’ll be ready. We just have to find some buyers for some of our properties, and then we’ll be flush with cash.”

I was hoping he’d mention that. “Daddy can help with that.”

“Yeah right,” scoffed the banana king. “Your father may have an impressive rolodex, but those buyers will take one look at the Chadwick’s shitty buildings and the deal will be off.”

“Maybe so,” I said. “But luckily you have millions of dollars’ worth of beautiful Italian finishes just sitting in a warehouse. The Chadwicks will build the foundations, the Locatellis will make the buildings beautiful, and Daddy will deliver the buyers. It’s a perfect combination.”

The banana king shook his head. “That would never work.”

“It literally just did. Tommy assembled, you finished, and Ghostie and I delivered. And we demolished the other teams. Let’s team up in real life and do the same to Isabella. Together, we can rule New York.” I felt like I was repeating myself. How were they not getting this?

“What about when it comes time to split the profits?” asked the banana king. “Let me guess – you’ll give us just enough for us to avoid bankruptcy?”

“Nope,” I said. “We’ll split everything evenly between our three families. And speaking of splitting things... Wanna know what your prize is for delivering the most presents?”

They all nodded.

I reached up and grabbed the ends of the bow holding my outfit together. And then I pulled. “Me,” I said as it unraveled, leaving me in just my gloves and boots.

Ghostie’s eyes devoured my naked body. And then he glared at the two other men.

“If either of you touch her, I’ll fucking kill you,” he growled.

The banana king laughed. "I've already touched her. God, her pussy was tight. Sorry if I stretched her out too much for you."

Ghostie clenched his fists. He was definitely about to swing at him again. "Get ready to die."

"Now, now, Ghostie," I said. "That's no way to talk to our new allies."

"They aren't our allies. They never said they agreed."

I turned to the banana king and Tommy. "What will it be? Do we have an alliance? Or do you want to miss out on *this*." I gestured to my naked body.

"Counter proposal," said the banana king. "I walk up there and fuck you so hard you won't be able to walk for a week. And then you'll figure out a way to get our building permits reinstated."

"And I'll fuck you too," added Tommy. "And then you'll send me the contact info for some of your father's buyers.

Otherwise I'll be happy to tell Chad all about how you spent your Christmas Eve."

I very much wanted to accept both of those proposals. Or at least, the part about getting fucked. But I needed this alliance.

"What if we have a little contest?" I suggested. "Winner gets exactly what they want."

"What's the contest?" asked Tommy. "Dance off?"

"It has to be a size contest," said the banana king. "That's the only proper way to determine something of this magnitude."

"Not happening," growled Ghostie.

The banana king laughed. "You scared I'm bigger?"

Ghostie should have been scared of that. Because the banana king was definitely bigger than him. So that idea was out. But that gave me an even better idea. “Having a big cock is great, but it’s more about what you do with it. So how about this. Instead of a size contest, let’s have a contest to see who can give out the most orgasms.” It was a little risky, but Ghostie knew my body like the back of his hand. There was no way he would lose.

The banana king must have realized that, because he didn’t look convinced.

I was about to cash in on my favor that he owed me, but then his eyes focused on something behind me.

I turned around and saw Ash walking back around from behind Santa’s throne. They’d really been going at it for a while back there.

“I’m in,” said the banana king. “But only if Ash is part of it. I want that virgin...”

He stopped midsentence as Santa came up behind Ash and bent her over the throne.

“What the fuck?!” yelled the banana king.

“Aw,” I said. “Were you hoping to take her virginity? Sorry, but Santa beat you to it. You can still have seconds though.” I turned to Tommy. “You in?”

He gave me the up-down and nodded.

Ghostie scowled at them. But he didn’t say no.

Ah! Yes! Christmas orgy!

“What are you all waiting for?” I asked. “Are you gonna come fuck us? Or do we get to have all the fun without you?” I grabbed Slavanka and made out with her. Single Girl Rule #30: Girl on girl action is only gay if no guys were watching. And in this case...guys were *definitely* watching. I stared at them out of the corner of my eye as I reached up and grabbed one of Slavanka’s tits.

Ghostie was on me in a second. He tossed me over his shoulder and carried me away from the other men. And on the way, he slid a couple fingers in me and curled them in that way I loved.

Oh fuck. I nearly orgasmed just like that. But I was able to control myself. I didn’t want the other guys to think the contest was rigged. Even though it totally was.

As Ghostie carried me between two giant presents, the banana king and Tommy focused their attention on Slavanka. They each grabbed part of her outfit and pulled, unravelling the entire thing. And then she was on her knees.

She looked so fucking excited when they unzipped their pants and whipped out their giant cocks.

I didn’t see what happened next, because Ghostie put me down.

“Hands on the present,” he growled. “And spread your legs.”

Yes please. I did exactly as he demanded.

And then he was inside of me.

He groaned as his thick cock filled me inch by inch.

God I missed cock.

“This was a bad idea,” he growled.

“Why?” I asked. “Worried they’re going to give me more orgasms than you do?”

“They aren’t gonna fucking touch you.” He thrust into me harder to get the point across.

“Yes they are,” I said. “They’re going to bend me over and fuck me until I scream their names. And you’re not going to stop them.”

Ghostie’s grip on my hips tightened with every word. And his cock got harder too. Because even though he pretended to want me all to himself, I knew the truth. He loved watching me with other men. He watched me with Teddybear all the time.

“How do you think they’ll take me?” I asked.

Still no response. He just kept fucking me harder.

God yes. I’d been dreaming of this moment. Dying for it, really. And if I was being completely honest with myself, I’d been dreaming about it the most with my bodyguards. I looked at Ghostie over my shoulder. His abs tensed with every thrust.

I didn’t know how I’d kept my vow with him around. “Do you think they’ll bend me over like this? Or maybe one of them will claim my pussy while the other...”

Ghostie clapped his hand over my mouth. “Shut your whore mouth,” he growled.

Oh fuck yes. I loved when Ghostie talked to me that way. And just to show him I really did have a whore mouth, I turned my head a little and started sucking on one of his fingers.

I was about to tell him I wished his finger was a cock. But someone yelled, "Got her!"

I looked over my shoulder. Slavanka was on all fours between the two men. Or at least, she would have been on all fours. But Tommy was holding her arms behind her back while he fucked her from behind. And the banana king had a fistful of her hair as he guided his massive cock down her throat.

Her whole body shook with pleasure as she got impaled from both ends.

"One point for me!" yelled Tommy.

"And for me," said the banana king.

Tommy shook his head. "No way. That was all me and my smooth moves." He did a little dance move and smacked Slavanka's ass. "If anything, you made it take longer by choking her with your abnormally large cock."

"Fuck you. Girls love choking on my enormous cock. Right, Ash?" He glanced over at her as Santa pushed her to her knees in front of his throne.

"What's the que..." she started to say. But Santa drowned her question out with a thick shot of cum.

Ash seemed surprised by it at first. But then she smiled and opened her mouth wide to catch his second shot. And his third. And his fourth. A little spilled onto her tits, but she was able to swallow most of it down.

Hot damn. Santa's cum must have been extra tasty.

She looked up at him and smiled. "Merry Christmas, Santa," she said as she tried to squeeze every last drop of cum out of

him. “Am I on the nice list now?”

“You can be on whatever list you want to be.” He sat back in his throne and admired his cum dribbling down her chin.

“How about I sit on your lap again?” She jumped up and was ready to mount him again.

“Give me a minute,” he said. “Didn’t that guy over there have a question for you?”

“Oh, right.” Ash walked over to where Slavanka was getting double teamed by Tommy and the banana king. “What was your question?”

“Choking on an enormous cock helps you orgasm, right?” asked the banana king.

“Umm...”

“Do you need to test it out?”

“That might be a good idea...” She bit her lip and looked down at his ass as he thrust into Slavanka’s mouth.

That little slut! First she lost her virginity to Santa, and now she was about to get double teamed.

Ghostie slammed into me harder.

Oh God. Each thrust had me closer to the edge. And watching the scene unfold in front of me made the whole thing even hotter.

“It’s definitely a good idea,” said the banana king. He pulled out of Slavanka and turned to Ash. And her eyes got huge.

“Holy shit,” she gasped. “It’s like a child’s arm.”

He smiled and took a step towards her.

“Is it gonna rip me in half? I feel like it is...”

He got closer.

And then she had a total melt down.

“Chastity!” she screamed. “Help! I’m not ready for his banana yet! It’s too big!” She turned and ran.

But instead of running and hiding amongst the maze of giant presents, which would have been a fabulous hiding spot, she jumped up onto one of Santa’s sleighs. As if she was going to be able to sled out of here.

I mean...I guess maybe she *could*. The glass wall behind the sleigh looked pretty breakable. But steering that thing would be a nightmare.

The banana king approached the sleigh, his cock pointed right at her.

“Get away!” She grabbed a present out of Santa’s sack and chucked it at the banana king.

He dodged it and started to climb up.

She threw another.

He was undeterred.

As he climbed onto the sleigh, Ash started to climb up the stack of presents that had been dropped into Santa’s sack from the conveyor belt. The stack had gotten quite tall at this point. Tall enough for Ash to climb all the way up onto the belt.

Now she just had to get on. Which was no small feat, given that the belt was still rolling and spitting out presents.

She grabbed at the belt, but her hand slid right off.

“Watch out!” I yelled as the banana king grabbed for her foot.

I didn't think she heard me. She was too busy dodging a particularly large present headed straight for her face. Which worked out okay, because that same present hit the banana king and knocked him down a few feet.

“Ahhh!” screamed Ash as the entire stack teetered. She shifted her weight and a couple presents started toppling off. And then the whole stack fell with a crash.

Ash!

For a second I thought that she'd suffered death by Christmas presents, which would have been an ironic end for a girl who loved Christmas so much that she lost her virginity to Santa. But my girl was fine. She'd somehow managed to grab onto a stationary part of the conveyor belt.

The banana king jumped to try to grab her ankle, but she pulled herself up onto the belt just before he could get her. She didn't have any time to celebrate, though. She had to focus all her energy on running on the belt like a treadmill. Otherwise it would drop her right into the banana king's eager arms.

She ran as fast as she could, but the heels on her boots were making it awfully tough. Dodging incoming presents didn't help either. She'd only gotten about ten yards down the belt.

And then she fell.

Not like...completely off the belt. That would have been a long fall.

She just fell over on the belt, clutching her right calf.

“Ahhh!” she screamed as the belt carried her back towards the banana king. “Chastity, save me!”

I mean... Falling into the banana king’s arms and having him ravish her body wouldn’t really be the worst thing to happen to a girl. And Ghostie was moments away from giving me my first orgasm of the evening. But Ash needed me.

But also...my orgasm. I pressed against the present in front of me, matching Ghostie’s thrusts.

“Just get up and run!” I yelled. *I’m so fucking close.*

“I can’t!” she yelled back.

Gah, fine!

I slipped away from Ghostie and ran to the three levers. I pushed the second one, but it wouldn’t budge.

“Hurry!” yelled Ash as her head got closer and closer to the edge of the belt.

I pushed it again. “It’s stuck!”

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!” Her head went off the end of the belt.

If I didn’t stop this thing in about two seconds, Ash was gonna fall headfirst right into the banana king’s arms.

Chapter 14 – Santa’s Workshop

Christmas Eve, 2013

I karate kicked the lever.

The conveyor belt stopped *just* in time to keep Ash from falling off. And then it started moving in the opposite direction.

Ash was safe. Now I just had to figure out how she was gonna get off that belt before it took her through the brick wall and into Santa’s workshop.

“Ash!” I yelled. “When the belt gets close to that big present, jump off!” It would cushion her fall.

“I can’t!” she yelled back.

“Yes you can!”

“No I can’t! My leg stopped working.” She was still flat on her back clutching at her calf as the conveyor belt carried her away.

Shit. “Slavanka, come help me get Ash.”

She nodded and pulled away from Tommy. And then we both sprinted towards a ladder going up the side of one of the giant presents. There were more presents stacked on top of the first layer, so we had to navigate through a bit of a maze, but eventually we got to where the belt passed close to the presents.

The gap looked a lot bigger up here than it had from the ground.

I suddenly had a flashback to earlier in the night when I'd been crawling between the balconies.

There was no time to dilly dally, though. Because Ash had already passed us and was getting closer to the brick wall every second. From up here I could see some sort of sorting machine inside that did not look human-friendly.

While I was looking at that, Slavanka sailed effortlessly through the air and landed square on the belt.

"Easy, easy," she said, waving me towards her.

Here goes nothing...

I stepped back a few feet to get more of a running start. And then I went for it.

Just like Slavanka, I sailed through the air. And somehow I actually landed on the belt.

Slavanka had to catch my arm to keep me from falling off the other side, but I still made it.

"Hold on, Ash!" I yelled. "We're coming!"

Since we were running the same direction as the belt, we reached her in no time.

"Leg break?" asked Slavanka.

"I think it's just a cramp," said Ash.

"I got you, girl." I jumped over her and pushed on her foot to stretch out her calf. "Better?"

Ash moved her leg a little. "Much better. Ah! Watch out!"

I spun around and the wall was inches from my face. I ducked just in time to avoid being decapitated. I was worried that I was going to have to deal with the sorting machine, but luckily the conveyor belt split off, sending me and my girls each down a different side belt.

Ash screamed, but I wasn't sure why.

I got hit by the most refreshing blast of warm air as the belt carried me into some sort of spa. It smelled like pine trees and fire. Not in like a forest fire sort of way. More like snuggling up with a good book between a crackling fire and a freshly cut Christmas tree.

The belt carried me under an arch supported by two candy cane pillars. And then two *very* handsome Christmas elves in green lederhosen helped me off the belt and walked me over to a comfy recliner on an island in the center of a pool of icing.

Before I knew it, there was a warm towel on my forehead and the elves began massaging my shoulders with their little but very strong hands.

“Welcome to Santa's Spa,” said the surprisingly deep voice of a third elf.

Holy shit he's hot. The suspenders of his lederhosen framed his bulging, shirtless pecs. The leather work gloves covering his strong forearms made him seem so rough and manly. And don't even get me started on his sharp jaw line and pointed ears.

Are those real? They looked real.

But of course they weren't. Because this was just some short king that Ghostie and Teddybear had found. *Right?* They'd

really gone above and beyond. They totally could have just like...closed Santa's Workshop off. They didn't have to do a whole spa thing.

I wasn't complaining, though.

Because these three elves were the hottest short kings I'd ever seen. #ShortKingLongDick. *I hope.*

"What kind of syrup would you like for today's treatment?" he asked. "We have golden delicate, amber rich, dark robust, very dark, and very very dark. Or if you aren't a syrup kinda gal, we can just do straight molasses."

Syrup? I'd had a lot of spa treatments, but never one involving syrup. Maybe it was some sort of code for what kinda dick I was about to get? Straight molasses sounded intriguing...but I really wanted this particular elf to fuck me. And he looked more like he'd be amber rich. "Amber rich," I said.

"Excellent choice." He walked over to a wall of syrup bottles and grabbed one of the lighter bottles shaped like a big maple leaf. His muscles bulged as he twisted the top off. "This might tickle at first," he said as he walked back to me. "But just lie back and try to relax." He tossed the top of the bottle aside and knelt in front of me. And then he grabbed my knees and slowly spread my legs.

Is he about to...

Yes. Yes he is.

I gasped as he poured the thick syrup all over my pussy. And I gasped even louder when he started lapping it up with his tongue.

The combination of the cool syrup and his warm tongue was fucking amazing.

I would have grabbed his head to push him further, but the other two elves had moved from my shoulders down to my arms. It was fine though, because the syrup elf kept going deeper and deeper even without my assistance.

At this point, he was hardly licking the syrup at all. His tongue was so deep inside of me.

“Oh God,” I moaned.

He spread my thighs further as the other elves moved to my tits, slowly massaging my delicate nipples. His tongue swirled around my wetness.

And it was all too much. Every muscle in my body seized up and I thrust my pussy towards the syrup elf. His tongue going deeper just made the orgasm that much better.

This must have gone on for at least like twenty more minutes. I lost track of time. I even lost count of how many orgasms they gave me. If they'd been part of the contest, they totally would have won.

The syrup elf gave me one final long, slow lick from my pussy to my belly button. And then he wiped his mouth.

“Delicious,” he said with a seductive smile.

I looked down. There wasn't a *drop* of syrup left on me. That naughty little elf had licked me completely clean.

“Would you like to try another flavor?” he asked. “I'd recommend the very very dark.”

For real? YES. I wanted to stay here forever and let all the elves lick syrup off my pussy. But also... I needed to get back to the orgy. It had already been quite a while. If the guys left before someone won, then the alliance would be off.

“I really must be going,” I said.

Syrup elf gave me the saddest little nod. “As you wish. Before you go, may I drape you in some jewelry as a token of my appreciation for the time we’ve spent together this evening?”

“Of course.”

“Excellent! One moment, please.” He ran off and came back with buckets of Christmas lights.

I thought he said jewelry?

But then he pulled a strand out, and my eyes lit up. The whole thing looked like it had been dipped in silver. And the housing for each light was surrounded by little diamonds.

The three elves gently wrapped the lights around me.

When they were finished, they led me over to a giant mirror.

Somehow, they’d turned the long strand of lights into a double stacked choker, bracelets all up and down both my arms, a sexy crisscrossed belt, and even two garters on my thighs. It was like a cross between lingerie and jewelry, all made out of diamond studded Christmas lights.

“I’m stunning,” I gasped. Although I don’t know why I was surprised. I always looked stunning. I guess I just looked extra stunning all wrapped in these lights.

The elves led me down a candy cane lined hallway and helped me onto another conveyor belt.

“It’s been a pleasure,” said syrup elf. All three elves knelt and bowed their heads.

“Wait!” I called to them as the belt took me away. “Do they turn on?”

“They will!” called syrup elf.

But like...when? I really wanted to see how hot I’d look when these things were all lit up. Those diamonds were gonna be sparkly as fuck.

The belt angled up slightly and then merged with another belt. I had to duck as that second belt took me through a little hole in a brick wall back into the glass atrium.

Instead of being ten feet above the ground, I was on the conveyor belt on ground level right in front of the big factory window.

Slavanka popped out a second later. Something about her seemed...fancier than usual. And it wasn’t just the diamond studded Christmas lights wrapped around her naked body. She gracefully hopped off the belt and let out the most contented sigh. I couldn’t wait to hear about which syrup she’d chosen.

Before I could ask, Ash tumbled out of the wall.

“Why she tumble?” asked Slavanka.

I had no idea. No form of human locomotion was required since the belt was doing all the work. But Ash just kept tumbling. “Good question,” I said. “Also...why is her head covered in wrapping paper? And why is there a bow on her ass?”

“Huh?” groaned Ash as she started to roll off the side of the belt.

Slavanka and I caught her and helped her to her feet.

“Why is your head wrapped in wrapping paper?” I asked.

“What?” asked Ash. “Did that not happen to you guys?” She reached up and made a little eyehole for herself.

“Nope,” I said. “After we got separated on the belt, I felt a warm gust of air. It smelled like snuggling by the fire on Christmas Eve. I couldn’t have asked for a more relaxing entrance into Santa’s Spa.”

“Yes, yes,” agreed Slavanka. “Conveyor belt drop me into impossibly thick fur. Feel like warm hug from Ded Moroz himself.”

“Huh,” said Ash as she made a second eye hole for herself.

“My entrance was a little different. I got picked up by some metal claws and held upside down while the sorting machine wrapped my head in wrapping paper and stuck a bow on my ass.”

Ooooh. That explained why Ash screamed shortly after we got separated. “Wow. Well, maybe you just got mixed up with a present. I’m sure the massage that followed more than made up for it.”

“I didn’t get a massage,” said Ash.

“Me no either,” agreed Slavanka. “Instead, three elf teach me how to craft traditional nut cracker out of thousand-year-old Siberian oak. Most enriching experience of life. I cherish forever.”

“For real?” asked Ash. “I just got tossed onto another conveyor belt by the mechanical arms. And I couldn’t see a damn thing, but I could definitely feel myself tumbling down about thirty feet of belt. When I finally got to the bottom, I was on all fours with my ass hanging off the side. So this elf walked up behind me and stuck a candy cane right in my cooch. And then he took it out and stuffed me full of gumdrops.”

“But then they ate them out of you, right?” I asked. “I’ll never forget the way that elf licked the syrup off my pussy. By the time he was done, there wasn’t a drop left. And then the three elves wrapped me in these beautiful lights.” I gestured to the diamond studded lights encircling my body. “I don’t think a man has ever treated my body with such delicacy and respect.”

“Mine different,” said Slavanka. “Quartet of balalaika elf play most magical rendition of *Waltz of the Flowers* while other elf dance me across floor. Feel like float on cloud. By end, I all wrapped in diamond Christmas light jewelry.”

Ash’s mouth dropped open. “Our lights are diamond studded?” She raised her arm in front of the little eye holes she’d made. “Wait, why aren’t mine?”

“Maybe they ran out?” I said. Her elves had definitely just wrapped her in a normal strand of Christmas lights. The ones with the dark green wires designed to disappear into a Christmas tree.

“It look like you wrapped by teen boy who look up bondage on internet,” said Slavanka.

She wasn’t wrong. Ash’s lights didn’t follow any pattern like mine and Slavanka’s. They were just wrapped around her all

willy nilly. “Did you fall over while they were putting them on you or something?”

“No! I think my elf was struggling to keep pace with the belt. He must have been jogging beside it as he wrapped me with these lights. And the whole time he kept shoving bigger and bigger candy canes in my pussy.”

“Are you sure that’s what happened?” I asked.

“Pretty sure. But it was hard to tell with this wrapping paper over my head. Why?”

“Because...” I pointed up to a TV screen hanging over the factory door. It was showing a replay of exactly what happened to Ash, complete with subtitles.

Ash’s eyes got huge when she saw the footage.

“Ah! Why is that elf taking his cock out?!” she screamed.

“And what’s that stool for?”

We all watched the replay of an elf hopping up onto a stool. As Ash went by on the belt, he wrangled her with some Christmas lights and fucked her from behind until the belt pulled her away. As she left his grasp, he grabbed a wooden stamp and pressed it onto her ass.

“Did that elf just stamp your ass?” I asked.

“Uhh...” She turned. Sure enough, there was a big red stamp on her ass that said TESTED. Actually...there wasn’t just one stamp.

I turned back to the screen to watch a second elf do the same thing as the first, tangling her up a little more in the lights as he fucked her.

“Oh my God!” yelled Ash. “Those naughty little elves!” I could tell she was trying to sound shocked. But she wasn’t a very good actress.

And the closed captions confirmed my suspicions when they displayed: “[ASH MOANING] Fuck me harder, you naughty little elves.”

Then a third elf took a turn on her. And then a fourth, but his dick looked a little small.

The close caption changed to: “Boo. I want a bigger candy cane.”

“I didn’t say that!” said Ash.

“Mhm. Suuuure you didn’t.”

The final elf in line tucked his little penis back into his lederhosen and was replaced by an elf that was *almost* as hot as syrup elf. He undid his pants and pulled out an absolute *unit*. Instead of using a stool like the others, he snapped at the tiny-dicked elf and made him get on all fours by the belt. And then he hopped onto his back and used him as a stool while he fucked Ash from behind. He didn’t mess with the lights, either. He just had some other elves run up and hold her in place while he had his way with her.

“Whoa, girl,” I said, pointing to her leg shaking on the screen.

“Did that elf make you come?”

“No, that was just a leg cramp. I think.”

“You don’t know the difference between a cramp and an orgasm?!”

“No...”

I stared at her. “Ash. Have you never had an orgasm before?”

She shrugged.

“Santa didn’t give you one when he was fucking you against his throne?”

“Maybe?”

“So sad,” said Slavanka.

“Girl, you’d know if he had. You poor thing. I can’t believe you’ve never experienced life’s greatest pleasure.” No wonder she was always so neurotic. I’d be crazy too if I never got to come. “We’re going to fix this immediately. Where are our guys?” I looked around, but they were nowhere to be seen. Not that I could see very far. The maze of giant presents blocked my view of 95% of the atrium. “Come on,” I said and grabbed her arm. “One of these lucky guys is about to change your life.”

Chapter 15 – The More the Merrier

Christmas Eve, 2013

We found the boys helping Santa reload all the presents that Ash had knocked over.

I was relieved that the guys were still here. But also...I knew they weren't going to go anywhere. There was no way they'd leave mid-Christmas-orgy.

I whistled and they all looked over at us.

“Listen up, boys,” I said. “It’s just been brought to my attention that Ash here has never had an orgasm. So...triple points to whoever gets her first.”

“Chastity!” hissed Ash. “What are you doing?!” Her face was bright red.

“You’ll thank me later.”

Tommy was first to jump off the sleigh. But he was out of luck, because the banana king was at one of the wrapping stations touching up some presents that had lost their bows.

Ash’s eyes went straight to his monster cock swinging between his legs. It wasn’t rock hard like it had been earlier, but the thing was still massive.

I thought she might run again. But she didn’t. She just put her hand on her hip and smiled at him.

Brave girl.

“Wait!” called Ghostie just before the banana king got to Ash. “Triple points is a big deal. Why does he get to go first?”

I stepped in front of Ash to block the banana king. “He’s right,” I said.

“Fine,” said the banana king. “Size contest to see who goes first.” He pointed down at his humungous cock. “I win. Now step aside.”

He tried to step around me, but Slavanka blocked his path too.

“We’re not having a size contest,” I said. Those are only fun if it’s a mystery as to who is the biggest. But I like the idea of randomizing it. Will you be partaking, Santa?”

“I’ll sit out of this one,” he called back. “Gotta get this sleigh organized so I can do my deliveries when we’re done here. I think my naughty little elf can handle herself from here.” He winked at Ash.

Weird. Teddybear was really taking his role of Santa seriously. He knew he didn’t actually have to deliver any presents, right? And I’d been dreaming of him fucking me again too. *Gah.*

It didn’t matter, though. This game worked better if there were even numbers of guys and girls. “Let’s do this: We’ll take three candy canes and break them into different lengths. And then us girls will each draw one. Longest draw gets paired with the longest cock. Second longest gets paired with the second longest. And shortest will go with the shortest cock. You’ll get three minutes with us, and then we’ll rotate.”

The guys all agreed.

“Excellent!” I said. “Who has candy canes?”

We all looked at Santa.

“The candy usually comes out last. Don’t want it to get crushed by the other presents. But if one of you wants to run to the factory...”

“Hell no,” said Ash. “Your perverted little helpers already took turns on me once.” She turned around and showed him the stamps on her ass. “Who knows what they’d do to me if I went back.”

“Was that not what you wanted?” asked Santa. “Your Christmas list was just cock five times. And while I was fucking you against my throne you said, and I quote, ‘After you finish all over my face I can’t wait for your filthy little elves to run train on me.’ ”

Ash turned bright red. “Santa! That was a private moment!”

He shrugged. “Anyway, if you don’t want to get candy canes, I have another way to determine the order. Each of you need to choose a giant present.”

“How will that work?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” he said with a wink.

Okay... Each of us walked over and stood by a different giant present.

“When you’re ready, just give a little knock,” said Santa.

I reached up and knocked on the side of my present.

At first nothing happened. But then a circle fell out of the side of the present, leaving a hole at waist height that was about five inches in diameter. A penis poked through. And it wasn’t just any penis. It was a lovely eight-inch cock. The fact that it

was uncircumcised made me think it probably belonged to one of the bellhops. Which made sense. The winning team had been hiding in these presents, so maybe the losing teams had also been in them.

Slavanka knocked on her present and the same thing happened. The penis she got was also uncut. Probably another bellhop. But it was way too small. It was a good thing Ash hadn't lost her virginity to that bellhop. That would have been devastating.

We all looked at Ash.

"It all comes down to what's inside your present," I said. "If it's longer than the one I got, then the banana king gets you first."

Ash slowly lifted her fist and gave a timid little knock on her present.

A hole fell away. And then a black tip appeared. Inch by inch, more of it came through the hole.

Her eyes got big when it got to about seven inches. And her mouth dropped when it got past eight. By the time it got to nine inches, Ash just got on her knees and started sucking it.

She hardly got to enjoy it at all, though. Because the banana king grabbed her and carried her over to his wrapping table. He cleared his table with one arm, sending scissors and tape and wrapping paper all crashing to the ground. And then he tossed Ash onto the table.

"I've been waiting for this moment for months," he said as stroked his huge cock. He ran his other hand down her neck to one of her breasts.

Ash gasped as he squeezed her nipple.

“Your body is so responsive,” he groaned. “This is gonna be fun.” His hand followed the dip of her waist, getting ever closer to her aching pussy. But instead of sliding a finger inside of her, he kept his hand moving. He traced her leg all the way down to her ankle. And then he pushed her leg to the side. “Would you girls like to help me with this?” he asked, nodding at her ankle.

Of course.

Slavanka and I ran over and each grabbed one of her ankles, spreading her legs as wide as they would go.

“You ready for this?” he asked.

Ash nodded.

“I don’t think you are.”

“But...”

The banana king dropped to his knees and started kissing up her thigh. Up and up and up. Until he got to her pussy.

I could feel her calf tighten the second his tongue touched her pussy.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned.

And then I moaned too, because Tommy had come up behind me and started fucking me.

Ghostie had come up behind Slavanka too. He locked eyes with me and smiled as he slid his cock into her.

Was he trying to make me jealous? If so...it wasn’t working. But I did kind of love the way he was staring at me while he

fucked her. I arched my back as Tommy fucked me. And that just made Ghostie stare even harder at my exposed skin. I fucking loved this for me.

Ash started squirming all over the place, but Slavanka and I kept her legs from moving.

“God yes,” she gasped as the banana king’s tongue thrust inside of her. He was fucking *feasting* on her. She reached up and grabbed the edge of the table to try to steady herself.

“More, more, MORE,” she yelled. And her whole body shuddered. But what really surprised me was that the lights tied around her lit her up like a fucking Christmas tree.

Whoa. Did her Christmas lights have some sort of built in orgasm censor?

They stayed lit for a few more seconds, and then they started to dim as she came down from her orgasm.

The banana king stood up. I expected him to have a huge grin on his face. But instead he looked confused.

He put his hand up to his mouth and spit out a gumdrop.

“Where the fuck did that come from?” he asked.

Ash put her hands over her face.

“Santa’s dirty little helpers stuffed her with them,” I said.

“Huh,” he said. And then he popped it in his mouth and swallowed it down. “Fucking delicious. Just like Ash’s sweet pussy. But I think it’s time for the main event.”

“Yeah!” I yelled. “Fuck her!”

He grabbed his massive cock and slapped it against her pussy.

Ash uncovered her face and stared down at it.

“Give me that cock,” she moaned. “I need it.” She lifted her hips to meet him as he guided himself into her.

Her eyes got bigger with every inch.

“Holy fuck you’re huge,” she gasped. The lights on her flickered, even though he was only halfway in.

It was so hot watching him stretch her tight pussy with his giant cock. I could so easily picture it being me taking that cock. And I could feel it, too. Because Tommy was railing me so hard from behind.

The final inch of the banana king’s cock disappeared inside Ash, and she totally lost control again. She threw her head back as her lights lit up even brighter than before.

And then my lights lit up too. The joy of seeing my bestie orgasm on the banana king’s huge cock combined with Tommy relentlessly fucking me was too much to handle.

Slavanka lit up a second later.

Ghostie shot me a cocky smile and smacked her ass.

Damn! Nice job, Ghostie.

Also, that pretty much confirmed that the lights were linked to our orgasms. I was kinda pissed that I hadn’t thought of that idea first. But also I didn’t give a shit, because I was mid-orgasm and literally nothing mattered to me at that moment except the feeling of Tommy’s cock thrusting into my pussy.

I would have happily kept getting fucked like this for hours. But the three-minute timer someone had set went off.

“Damn,” said the banana king. “Time to switch already?”

“No,” moaned Ash as he pulled out of her.

“Don’t worry,” said Tommy. “My cock is gonna feel even better.” He danced over between Ash’s legs as Ghostie came up behind me.

“How’d it feel watching me with Slavanka?” he growled.

“It was pretty hot. I see why you like watching me with other men so much now.” I winked at him and glanced down at his cock.

“Does it still count as triple points if I get her?” asked Tommy.

“You can have as many points as you want if you make me come,” said Ash. “God, I *need* to feel that again.”

“Actually,” I said. “That was a one-time deal. But you can have three points if you get her three times.”

“YES!” yelled Ash.

“Fair enough. One moment, please.” Tommy turned away from Ash and grabbed a pair a scissors off the floor.

“Where are you going?” asked Ash.

“To get you a surprise. I promise you’ll like it.”

Ash frowned as Tommy walked over to the present she’d chosen earlier. The one with the big black cock hanging out of the glory hole in the middle.

“Oh no!” said Ash. “Is he going to cut his cock off?!”

I hope not.

Tommy knocked on it and another hole appeared. And then a cock that looked almost identical to the first one appeared.

Now that I was seeing Tommy next to them, I realized that his cock looked the same as theirs.

Wait a second. I've seen those three cocks before! I couldn't believe I didn't put it together sooner. Seeing it attached to Tommy must have thrown me off. But now that I was seeing them poking through the wall without a face to distract me, I knew exactly who they belonged to.

"You're one of the banana bros?" I asked. I remembered them perfectly from the banana party. That was why Tommy's abs looked so familiar. I hadn't seen them in the context of a mafia meeting, I'd seen them at the banana party!

Tommy smiled and cut the ribbon on the side of the present.

It took a second for it to fully unravel. But once it did, the walls of the present started to fall over. Tommy sidestepped the falling wall and then smiled back at Ash.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce you to my brothers: Tom and Thomas."

I glanced back and forth between the three men. They were all completely identical. "You're triplets?" I asked. *And all your names are some form of Tom? How strange and fascinating at the same time.*

"Yup," he said. "How do you think we do everything three times as fast as humanly possible? Including giving out orgasms. Shall we, boys?"

The three men danced towards Ash, their huge cocks all rock hard for her.

She gasped as they picked her up and put her on her feet. One grabbed her tits. Another grabbed her arm and helped her hand

find his cock. And a third danced up behind her and grabbed her neck, nibbling at her ear.

Oh damn. Ash was about to get gangbanged by three big black cocks. I fucking loved that for her! #TheMoreTheMerrier.

“I’ve been waiting to feel your lips on my cock again,” groaned one of them.

Waiting? It had only been like three minutes. But then I realized what he was really talking about. He was referring to the banana race that we’d had at my banana party.

“Hold on,” I said. “What were you three doing at the banana party? You work for the Chadwicks, not the Locatellis.”

“Spying,” said one of them.

That made sense.

“And getting our dicks sucked,” added another. He started to push Ash to her knees. But then we all froze. Because a door had just opened.

“Hide,” whispered Santa.

Chapter 16 – A Super Slutty Sleigh Ride

Christmas Eve, 2013

The Christmas orgy turned into chaos.

Santa dove off his sleigh.

Ghostie balled his fists.

The banana king ducked under his wrapping table.

Slavanka grabbed a pair of scissors and tore them in half to create two daggers.

And the banana bros backflipped away from Ash and then scattered in every direction.

One of them tripped over the first lever as he went.

Every Christmas light in the atrium shut off all at once. Going from staring at a gazillion Christmas lights to no light at all rendered all of us temporarily blind until our eyes had time to adjust.

But I couldn't just stand here in the open. I was a sitting duck for whoever had just walked in. I was pretty sure there was an opening between two giant presents directly to my right, so I turned in that direction and started walking with my hands out in front of me.

It didn't take long for my hands to collide with a present. Then I just kept my right hand on the present and started working my way deep into the maze.

My eyes had just started to adjust to the dark when I rounded a corner and ran into someone.

Shit!

I easily pulled them into a headlock. Which probably meant they weren't a threat. And then I realized I could feel Christmas lights and naked skin pressed up against me.

I let them free and squinted down at them.

"Ash?" I whispered.

"Chastity?" she whispered back. "Thank God it's you! I thought I was about to be kidnapped again!" She pulled me into a big hug.

"You're not getting kidnapped. Don't worry." I pulled her between two presents to go deeper into the maze.

"Who are we hiding from?" she asked.

"No idea. But Santa sounded pretty scared. Maybe it's Krampus," I joked.

"Krampus?" gasped Ash. "No!" She turned and ran. But apparently her eyesight hadn't adjusted very well to the dark yet, because she ran straight into a present.

"Girl, I was joking. It's probably just a security guard doing his rounds."

Ash let out a sigh and leaned back against the present. "Oh thank God. After all the naughty things I've done tonight, I'm a goner if Krampus is real. Ah!" She jumped away from the present.

"What?" I asked.

And then I saw it. Poking through a little hole in the present was a fucking *massive* black cock. *Well hello there, Flash.* I'd never forget the way that thing had felt inside of me when I got initiated into the Gryphon Club.

Ash stared down at it and gasped. "Krampus."

"He must be here to punish you," I joked.

"I guess I should just get it over with then..." She dropped to her knees and grabbed it in both hands. "I'm sorry I was naughty, Krampus," she whispered. And then she wrapped her lips around his thick tip, slowly taking him into her mouth.

I would have happily stood there and watched her suck off Flash. But I saw a beam of light from a flashlight up ahead.

"Ash!" I hissed. "Someone's coming!" I grabbed her arm and hauled her to her feet.

We both took off into the maze. But she only got about two steps before a muscular arm shot out of another hole in the present. "Ah!" she whisper-screamed as the arm pulled her through a secret door.

I would have gone in after her, but the flashlight was shining directly on the spot where she'd just disappeared. So instead I ran around the corner and started searching for a secret door to another present. I found it and slipped inside just as the person walked by.

Fuck that was close.

I stayed perfectly still until I was sure the person was gone. And then I tried to find the door again so I could get out and go check on Ash. But the spot where I thought it was seemed to be a solid wall now. I put my arms out and felt around the

rest of the wall. I didn't find a door, but I did find a little button. When I pressed it, a little five inch hole fell out the wall.

I crouched down and peered through it.

I couldn't see much. But if I squinted and really looked hard, I was pretty sure I was across from the hole where Ash had been sucking off Flash a moment ago. And what was that noise? It sounded like flesh slapping together. With a little moaning thrown in.

Was that little slut getting railed by Flash?!

I looked harder to see if I could see into his present. But it was pitch black through that hole.

Until it wasn't.

Christmas lights flashed to life, light pouring out of the hole in the present.

It was blinding at first. But as the lights dimmed, I could clearly see Ash on all fours with two huge black hands on her waist. Her tits bounced with every thrust.

Hot damn, girl! She was getting all the cock today. I loved that for her.

But I didn't love that more footsteps were coming.

Her orgasm lights went out just as more people turned the corner. And then I heard voices.

"I don't know where these giant presents came from," said a deep voice.

"Then figure it out. We can't have this fuck up our Christmas morning massacre," replied a higher voice.

No, not just any higher voice. This one was very distinct and covered in a thick layer of fake honey. It belonged to Crazy Isabella.

I pressed my ear to the hole to try to hear what they said next, but the sound faded into the maze.

Shit! I needed to hear what she was saying.

I started feeling on either side of the hole, trying to find the secret door out of here. But I was coming up empty. Until Ash lit up with another orgasm. The light streaming through the hole was just enough for me to find the little knob. I grabbed it and ducked out into the present maze.

It would be easy for them to turn around and catch me if I ran after them. But they'd be a lot less likely to look up. So I found the closest ladder up to the tops of the presents, climbed up, and ran after them as quietly as I could.

I finally caught up to them gathered by the factory wall.

“And you're sure they won't be able to open it?” asked Isabella to one of her guards.

“Positive.” He pressed a button on his phone and then tried to open the factory door. It didn't budge. “While we're gunning down the Morgans at the old watch tower, every soldier in this place will be stuck in here on their tour. Even if they hear the shooting, there will be nothing they can do to stop it.”

Aha! So that's when she's gonna do it! There was an old guard tower halfway up the ski slope. My great grandfather had died there when the allies had stormed it. So every Christmas morning at 10:30, we went there to hold a little memorial service.

And this year, Isabella was going to take advantage of that and try to slaughter all of us.

That was fucked up.

“Let’s get out of here,” said Isabella. “Daddy is going to be so proud of me when I tell him I took out the Morgans.”

I scampered along the tops of the presents to listen as she left, but she didn’t say anything else to her guards on the way out.

Once I was sure the coast was clear, I went back to the levers and turned the lights on.

Slavanka was still standing there with the two halves of her broken scissors.

“Coast is clear,” I said.

She relaxed her stance and tossed the scissors to the side, almost accidentally hitting the banana king with them as he rolled out from under a little wrapping paper tent he’d made for himself.

“Where’s everyone else?” he asked.

“Who cares?” I said. I pushed him back onto the table and hopped on top of him.

Fuck yes. It felt so good to lower myself onto his thick cock. I’d been waiting for this moment all evening.

“Missed my pussy?” I asked.

“You wish,” he groaned. “I think *you* missed my enormous cock.”

I leaned forward and started riding him faster and faster. I didn’t know if he was going to make me come in this position.

But I felt like *I* was pretty close to making *him* cum.

Ghostie emerged from the present maze and locked eyes with me. I gave him a saucy little wave and rode the banana king even harder. So Ghostie retaliated by grabbing Slavanka and pushing her up against one of the presents.

Her lights started to flicker, and then he gave her a full-blown orgasm.

“Yes, yes,” she moaned. “Fuck me like I worthless peasant.”

The banana king must have seen that Ghostie was gaining on him in the orgasm count, because he grabbed my hips and flipped me over. With him on top of me, I was completely at his mercy. He pinned my arms above my head and fucked me with all his strength.

God, the way his fingers dug into my skin. And the way his abs tensed. And the way he was thrusting all the way to the hilt. And the way he kissed me.

Wait. I hadn't expected him to kiss me. But his tongue slid across my lips and I opened my mouth for him. His kiss was so gentle in comparison to the way his thick cock was fucking me.

He groaned into my mouth.

My body betrayed me in less than a minute. But in my defense, his cock was fucking huge. And I hadn't expected him to kiss me at all, let alone like *that*. What was a girl to do?

“Told you that you missed me,” he said with a cocky smile as he slammed into me harder.

I would have slapped him if my arms weren't pinned down. Or maybe I would have pulled him down into another searing kiss.

Instead, he lowered his mouth to my ear and bit down hard on my earlobe. He thrust into me full force, his balls slapping against my ass.

He was for sure about to get me again. But then we heard moaning in the maze. It was getting louder every second.

The banana king paused and looked to see where the noise was coming from.

Flash emerged from between two presents. Ash's arms were wrapped around his neck and she was bouncing on his cock with every step he took.

"Who the fuck is that?" the banana king asked, his voice laced with jealousy.

"Flash Robinson," I replied. "Aka Ash's new favorite cock."

"We'll see about that." The banana king pulled out of me and walked over to Flash. "Put her down. You're not a part of this."

"Sure looks like I am," replied Flash.

The banana king spat on the ground. "I challenge you to a size contest. If I win, you leave."

"And if I win?" asked Flash.

"Not gonna happen. But if you do, then I'll stand there and jerk off like a bitch while you fuck the hell out of her."

"Deal," said Flash. He gave Ash one more big thrust and then put her on the ground.

“Who’s bigger?” asked the banana king.

Ash looked back and forth between the two cocks. And then she got on her knees and held her arm up to each.

“It’s close,” she said. “But Flash wins.”

Flash shrugged. “Sorry, man.” He put his hand out for Ash.

“Let’s get up on that sleigh and put on a show, shall we?”

The banana king watched in disbelief as Ash took Flash’s hand and walked with him up to the sleigh.

Flash bent her over a bench in the back, but he only got one thrust in before she let out a little yelp.

Three heads popped up from the back of the sleigh. The banana bros.

“Are we done hiding?” asked one of them.

“Looks like it,” said another.

The third just grabbed Ash’s head and pulled her mouth onto his cock.

Her hands quickly found the other two cocks.

“Oh shit,” said Flash. “Looks like your girl is going skiing.”

It really did. Her knees were bent like she was going down the hill, and the two cocks in her hands were like her ski poles.

“She’s not my girl,” said the banana king.

“Not any more she isn’t.” Flash thrust into her hard and her lights lit up. But she didn’t miss a beat. She just kept stroking the cocks and rocking back and forth.

“Yeah, Ash!” I yelled. “Fuck them harder!”

She was happy to take my suggestion. She pushed her ass back against Flash and the whole sleigh shook. And it shook again when Flash thrust into her.

“Take it easy,” yelled the banana king as her stroked his cock.

They did the opposite. They just started fucking her harder.

As it turns out, the banana king had given them good advice. Because with one particularly hard thrust, the sleigh broke free from the blocks keeping it in place. The whole thing started to slide towards the giant glass window.

Oh shit!

Slavanka and I ran over to try to stop it, but it just kept gaining momentum.

“We too late,” yelled Slavanka. “Hop on!”

I swung my legs up and got into the sleigh just as it crashed through the glass window. The cold air hit me immediately. And then the wind was blowing through my hair as we hurdled down the mountain.

Ash was completely unphased. Honestly, I didn't think she had any idea what was happening. She was just happily getting fucked.

“Ash!” I yelled.

“Huh?” she stopped sucking long enough to turn and look at me. And then her eyes got huge. “HOLY FUCK WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!”

Just then, we hit a bump.

Slavanka and I were in the front of the sleigh, so we went airborne first. Then Flash left his feet, bringing Ash with him.

The two of them might have flown away if she hadn't had a death grip on two of the banana bro's cocks.

I grabbed onto the railing and braced myself for impact as we landed back on the slope.

Ash hopped up beside me and Slavanka.

"How do we steer?!" she yelled. There was no steering wheel. Just a bunch of buttons on the dashboard.

"You can't!" yelled Santa.

I spun around. Santa had just pulled up beside us in one of his other sleighs. Ghostie and the banana king were seated in the back holding on for dear life.

"You forgot your reindeer!" he yelled.

"So did you!" I said, pointing to the lack of reindeer at the front of his sleigh.

He looked at me funny and pulled on some reins, turning his sleigh slightly to the right.

What the hell?

"You all need to sit down!" he yelled. "And keep the presents on!" He added something about how the weight of the presents was an important counterbalance, but we'd all stopped listening.

Flash started grabbing packages as they flew out of Santa's sack. The banana bros, on the other hand, were sitting across the bench and seemed to be enjoying the ride.

"There are no more seats!" yelled Ash.

“Guess we’re sitting on laps, then,” I said. I ran over and straddled the middle banana bro. His thick cock sliding into me helped calm my nerves.

“Hell yeah,” said one of the bros as Ash hopped on top of him. Slavanka took the final seat.

And I officially had a new favorite way to fuck.

Every little rock that we hit thrust their cocks up into us. It was like riding my vibrating jet ski, but a bajillion times better.

And being able to share it with my girls made it that much more fun.

We hit a little bump and all our lights flickered. And then we hit a big bump.

“Fuuuuuck,” we all moaned as we went airborne, each still filled with a huge cock. And then we slammed back down. I’d never felt anything like it. We all screamed with pleasure as the night sky lit up with our Christmas lights. And our lights didn’t go out until Santa freaked us the fuck out.

“You’re gonna crash!” he yelled. “As soon as you hit the peak of your jump, push the eject button.”

Flash hurtled between me and Ash and ran to the dashboard.

“Which button!?” he yelled.

“The red one!”

“There are ten red ones!”

“The biggest one!”

We must have gone way off course, because we hit a massive jump and our whole sleigh went airborne. We sailed past the

top of a tree and then over another.

“Should I hit it yet?” Flash yelled back to us.

“Not yet!” I yelled.

“Now?!”

“No!” I was waiting to feel the cock start to slide deeper into me. A perfect indicator that we were starting to lose altitude. Or maybe that wouldn't work. I wasn't sure...there was no time to figure out the physics. I just waited for a gut feeling and yelled, “NOW!”

Flash hit the button.

Chapter 17 – Cum Down My Chimney

Christmas Eve, 2013

For a second I thought the sleigh had exploded.

And in a way, it had.

The railings blew off the sides.

Santa's sack exploded into a million presents flying every which way.

And the heavy metal skis fell off the bottom.

All that was left was the floor, the dashboard, and the bench.

“AHHHHHHH!” yelled Ash as we kept falling.

And then the parachutes deployed.

It took them a second to open up. But as soon as they did, our fall was halted. We slammed down on the banana bros cocks and our lights lit up again.

What was left of our sleigh slowly drifted to the ground, landing gently on a familiar balcony.

Santa had timed his ejection a little better, so his sleigh landed higher up on the roof of the hotel.

“Are we alive?” asked Ash.

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “Sleigh ride very fun. How we go again?”

I looked around at our ruined sleigh and stood up. “That might have to wait for next year.”

Slavanka pouted.

“I think I’m dead,” said Ash. “I feel so cold.”

“That’s because we’re outside in a blizzard,” I said. “Let’s go inside.” I glanced at the sliding glass door to my bedroom. Chad was sleeping soundly inside, completely oblivious to the sleigh that had just crashed on his balcony.

“We’ll meet you in there,” called Santa from the roof.

“How are you gonna get in?” I asked. “You can probably climb down. Slavanka did it earlier.”

Santa laughed. “There’s a chimney, right?”

I nodded.

“Then I’ll see you inside.”

I walked over and slid the door open ever so gently. I had to pause a few times when it creaked, but Chad didn’t stir.

I put my finger to my lips to remind everyone to be quiet and then I tiptoed through the room.

I was almost to the door when I hit a squeaky floorboard.

Shit!

Chad groaned and rolled over. But he didn’t open his eyes.

I pointed to the floorboard and motioned for everyone else to go around it. And then I was safe.

I went downstairs and plugged in the Christmas trees. Those combined with the smell of freshly baked cookies still in the air created the perfect ambiance for the grand finale of our Christmas orgy.

Slavanka came down the stairs next, followed by Ash.

“Congrats on your first orgasm, Ash,” I said. “And your second. And third. And fourth...”

Her face turned bright red.

“Don’t be embarrassed. Girl, you lost your virginity to Santa! That’s gotta be the coolest thing ever. This is gonna be such a great story to tell your grandchildren some day.”

“I’m never telling my grandchildren about this.”

Our conversation quickly ended when the banana bros snuck down the stairs. They each grabbed one of us and started fucking us. Flash crept down the stairs a second later. I beckoned him over and he was more than happy to jam his huge cock down my throat.

Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a foot dangling in the fireplace. And then another foot. And then two legs. And then a nice, thick cock.

“Do you always enter houses like that?” I asked as Santa ducked out of the fireplace.

“If there’s a chimney.”

“I meant like *that*,” I said, gesturing to his cock.

“Only when I visit sluts.” He grabbed Ash and pulled her lips to his cock.

Ghostie came down the chimney a second later, landing with a thud on his bare ass. And then the banana king ended up on top of him.

“Get the fuck off me,” growled Ghostie.

The two men rolled out of the fireplace and disengaged as quickly as possible, being careful not to have an impromptu

swordfight.

I lost track of what happened next because it was all just one big sexy blur as cocks came at me from every direction.

Santa fucked me with my arms braced against the mantle, stuffing me like a Christmas stocking.

Slavanka went skiing on four cocks.

Ash and I went back to back sucking off two banana bros, and then I ended up flat on my back getting fucked on the coffee table by Flash. But that ended pretty quickly when the table snapped in half.

Every girl took every cock. And they gave us a shit ton of orgasms. We had to find three sharpies so that we could make a tally mark on each guy's chest whenever he made us come.

But the party came to a screeching halt when a door slammed upstairs.

We all froze.

It was pretty great timing for me, because it happened when I was riding Santa while jerking off two of the banana bros.

Ash wasn't nearly as lucky. For some reason, there was only one cock in her, which was a rare sight this evening. It wasn't that bad though, because she was bent over with Ghostie balls-deep in her pussy.

For everyone else, the timing was even worse.

Flash and the third banana bro had to freeze in the middle of the room, mid step on their way to go triple team Ash.

The prize for absolute worst position went to Slavanka and the banana king though. He was doing a headstand with his huge

cock somehow pointed straight up while Slavanka bounced up and down on it. The only thing keeping the whole thing from toppling over was her holding onto one of the Christmas trees.

Luckily for everyone else, though, Slavanka and the banana king happened to be quite close to the outlet where the trees were plugged in. The banana king reached over and unplugged the lights, sending the room into darkness just as Chad walked into the upstairs hallway.

He glanced over the railing into the room where we were all fucking, but it must have been too dark for him to see anything.

“Nobody move,” I whispered.

He shuffled down the stairs and then walked within five feet of me on his way to the kitchen.

What is he doing?

He switched the sink light on, and then he searched the cabinets for a mug. The fridge was his next stop. And then... the microwave?

“Is that asshole making himself a warm glass of milk?” whispered Flash.

“I’m gonna cum,” groaned Ghostie.

“Because of the milk?” I asked. “Weird kink, man.”

“Not because of the milk!” he growled. “I’ve just been fucking for hours!”

“Shhh,” hissed Ash. “Just shut up and cum in me. WAIT! I think I forgot my birth control.”

“Fuck,” he groaned. “I’m gonna pull out.” He started to pull out, but Ash’s lights flickered.

“Oh God,” moaned Ash.

“Both of you! Stop it!” I hissed.

Chad took his warm milk out of the microwave and switched the light off.

“Hang in there,” I whispered to Ghostie as Chad walked out of the kitchen.

But then Chad took a sip and made a little yelping noise. “Eep! Too hot!”

He turned around and headed back to the kitchen.

“Fuuuuuck,” whispered Ghostie. “I’m not gonna make it.”

“Ghostie!” I hissed. “Don’t you dare impregnate my bestie!”

“Stop saying that! It turns me on when you boss me around.”

Oh really? I guess that explained why he was always fucking me...

“If you wanna lose your boner, just look in the kitchen,” whispered Flash.

We all looked over as Chad dropped two ice cubes into his warm milk. And then he finished it off with a little dollop of whipped cream.

“What the fuck?” I whispered. “I swear I’ve never seen him drink that before.”

Santa stifled a laugh and his cock jiggled a little bit inside of me.

That combined with the threat of being caught almost put me over the edge. My lights flickered for a split second.

Shit!

Chad cocked his head to the side and stared out into the great room.

I'd never held my breath so hard. It was a real I-caught-Mommy-fucking-Santa situation.

"Weird," he muttered. He shook his head and headed back up to bed.

The second we heard the door close, Ghostie pulled out of Ash. She started to drop to her knees, but she didn't even make it that far before Ghostie unleashed an absolutely massive blast of cum all over her side.

I ran over to her and held her hair up as Ghostie glazed her face. But he was still going, so he aimed a shot over her shoulder and hit me right in the face too.

"Ghostie!" I yelled. But he knew I loved it.

Slavanka got there a second too late to get a shot of her own.

Poor girl.

But she didn't have to wait long to taste some delicious cum. Because the second he was done, the banana bros stepped up to take his place.

We all leaned forward to suck them off for a moment, but it didn't take much. They pulled back and stroked themselves while we stuck our tongues out. And then they all exploded at the same time. And they all aimed at Ash.

“What the fuck,” she said with a laugh as she got absolutely drenched.

They all aimed their next shot at me, and Slavanka got thirds.

“Who’s next?” I asked.

Flash stepped up.

“Jesus,” he said. “You’re all covered already. How about I cum somewhere else.” He looked down at our pussies.

“Yes, yes,” said Slavanka. “We play cumshot roulette.”

“What’s that?” asked Ash.

“We take turn fuck him until he go boom.”

“Inside of us?”

Slavanka nodded.

“Nope,” said Ash.

“Okay,” said Slavanka. “Once it mention it bad luck to no play. Terrible luck. DEATH.”

“Damn it.” Ash looked up at his cock. “Fine. But I get to go first.”

“You sure you wanna do that?” I asked. “All the other guys have been ready to burst.”

“Good point. Someone else go first.”

“I’ll go,” I said. “I’d love for him to fill my greedy little pussy.” I got up and bent over for him. He grabbed my hips and fucked me hard while Ash and Slavanka counted down from 60.

“Fuuuuck,” he groaned with 10 seconds left. I thought I was gonna get him. But somehow he held it together.

He pulled back when the girls got to 0.

“Who’s next?” he asked.

“I’ll go,” said Ash.

“Are you sure?” I started to say. But he was already inside of her.

He’d fucked me good, but he really went for it with her. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her back onto his huge cock.

Her lights lit up as her whole body shook with pleasure.

He smiled down at her and fucked her even harder.

“Fifteen seconds,” I said. “Hang in there!”

She tried to fuck him less hard. But he had full control of her hips. There was nothing she could do.

“Ten seconds...”

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’ll be a great baby daddy.”

He slammed into her again and every muscle in his beautiful body tensed.

“Count faster!” yelled Ash.

“Five, four, three...”

Flash threw his head back and groaned.

But I wasn’t gonna let him knock up my girl. I grabbed the base of his cock and squeezed it like a vise so no cum could get out.

“Two, one!” I counted as fast as I could. As soon as the *one* left my lips, I shoved Ash’s ass to get her to safety.

Slavanka hopped on and I let go. And her pussy got fucking *flooded* with cum.

“I win,” she said with a big smile.

“Holy shit that was close,” said Ash.

“My turn,” said the banana king.

“For cumshot roulette?” asked Ash. “Fuck.”

“Nope,” said the banana king. “Single Boy Rule #27: Unless you’re dating, always finish on her face or tits.”

“Did you just say Single Boy...” she started, but she never got to finish her sentence. Her mouth was too full of the banana king’s cum.

I had so many questions for him. Was he just making fun of the Single Girl Rules? Or did the Single Boy Rules really exist? And if so...where had he found them?

But those questions would have to wait for another day. Because Santa had just stepped in front of us. His beautiful cock looked ready to explode.

“Wanna cum down my chimney, Santa?” I asked and stuck my tongue out.

“Not until I can see your faces. How about you clean each other up a little.”

“Gladly.”

Ash was covered in the most cum, so we turned to her. I licked up her neck and chin to get lots of cum in my mouth before I

started making out with her. Meanwhile, Slavanka licked Ash's tits clean.

Ash looked horrified when I pulled away.

"I swear I'm not a lesbian, Santa," she pleaded. "Don't put me back on the naughty list!"

I waved away her worries. "Single Girl Rule #30: Girl on girl action is only gay if no guys are watching."

"Oh," she said. "In that case..." She grabbed Slavanka and started making out with her, periodically pausing to lick up more cum. I leaned forward and made it a triple kiss.

"Holy shit," said one of the banana bros.

I turned my head slightly and winked at him.

He closed the distance between us and grabbed my ass. I arched my back and let him enter me again.

Ash moaned into my mouth as the same thing happened to her.

Then she pulled away from the kiss and looked back at him.

"You better not cum in me."

"You sure? You're gonna need the pill either way. You can get pregnant just from precum."

"Oh fuck," muttered Ash. "I forgot about that."

"So is that a yes?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I think it's time for another round of cumshot roulette."

The banana bros started counting down from 60 as each of them fucked us.

We all survived the first round. But on the second round, the one behind Ash groaned.

“Oh God,” she moaned as he grabbed her hips and buried his cock in her all the way down to the hilt. Her lights lit up as she got filled with her very first load of cum.

“Three, two, one, switch!” yelled one of the banana bros. And then he filled Ash with his cum too.

The third did the same.

“Did all three of you seriously just cum in me?” asked Ash.

They nodded and high fived each other.

“I can’t believe you guys! I feel like daddy’s little milk cow.”

We all stared at her.

“Not your daddy, Chastity,” she clarified. “Even though I call him Daddy. I just mean like, daddies in general. All the daddies. I’m their milk cow.”

“Huh?” asked one of the banana bros.

Oh, Ash. That did not mean what she thought it meant.

“What?” she said. “Nothing. I didn’t say anything. But that pill better work,” she said, trying to change the subject. She gave them a sassy look.

“On your knees,” growled Santa.

We all dropped to our knees and opened wide for him.

“Ho,” he said as his first blast of cum hit Slavanka. “Ho,” he said again, drenching Ash. And then he turned to me. “Ho.” His cum was fucking delicious as it splashed onto my tongue.

It had a slight peppermint flavor. It was such a nice way to freshen up after a wild Christmas orgy.

He sprayed his fourth shot across all four of us.

“Merry Christmas, girls,” he said.

“Merry Christmas, Santa,” we all replied.

“If you’re good girls, maybe you’ll see me again next year.”

He winked at us and climbed up the fireplace.

Boss exit, Teddybear. I’d never seen someone so committed to a role before. Doing that for Ash had been the sweetest Christmas present ever.

I stood up and walked over to the guys. They’d all collapsed on the couch.

“Time to tally the orgasms,” I said. “Who’s first?”

“I’ll go first,” said Flash. “But can you tell me why we’re keeping track of orgasms?”

“Whoever gave out the most orgasms gets whatever they want,” said the banana king. “Spoiler alert: I won.”

“You sure? I got Ash a whole bunch of times.” Flash looked down at the sharpie marks on his chest. “I think I got twelve total.”

“Impressive,” said the banana king. “But I got eighteen. Can anyone beat that?”

“Damn,” said Tommy. “You got so lucky with those triple points for Ash’s first. You’ve got me beat. Unless the three of us can total our score?”

I shook my head. *Silly Toms.* “Ghostie?” I asked.

He started counting his sharpie marks. But he'd gotten off to a slow start, so he came in one orgasm short. "Damn," he said. "Seventeen for me."

"Yes!" yelled the banana king, pumping his fist in the air. "I win! Told you we could have settled it with a size contest."

"But you would have lost," said Flash, pointing to his huge cock.

"Fuck off," said the banana king. He turned back to me.

"When can I expect those building permits to be reinstated?"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked.

"To fuck you so hard you won't be able to walk for a week? I guess that was part of what I requested."

"No, not that. You're forgetting that there were three other people involved in this competition. And judging by the cum all over Ash, I think there might be another contender."

"Huh?" said Ash.

"How many orgasms did *you* give out?" I asked Ash.

"Let's see... Santa came on my face at the very start." She put one finger up. "And then I got Ghostie, all three banana bros..." Five fingers up now. "Flash, kinda, but Chastity saved me from getting filled." She put a sixth finger up.

"That one doesn't count," said banana king.

"Fair enough," I agreed.

Ash put her sixth finger back down. "The banana king drenched me." She put her finger back up. "And then all three banana bros came inside me." She bit her lip as she got up to

nine. “And then Santa again. So ten.” She gave everyone spirit fingers to show off her ten orgasms.

“So close,” said the banana king. “Yet so far.”

“Oh,” said Ash. “And I also blew nine soldiers. So that’s nineteen.”

“Nope,” said the banana king. “Those don’t count.”

“Do me a *favor* and say they do,” I said.

“You’re seriously cashing in your favor on this?”

I nodded.

He sighed. “Fine.”

“Ash wins!” I yelled and held her hand in the air like a victorious boxer. “What would you like for your reward?”

“Your thing,” she said. “The alliance.”

“It’s settled then,” I said. “The Morgans, Locatellis, and Chadwicks are officially in an alliance. I’ll draw up some paperwork that I expect signed and in my stocking by sunrise. Thanks for a fun night, boys!” I blew them a kiss and walked upstairs.

Chapter 18 – Santa Came!

Christmas Morning, 2013

“Chastity, Chastity!” screamed Ash as she jumped up and down on my bed. “It’s Christmas morning! I wonder if Santa came!”

“Oh, Santa definitely came,” I replied with a wink.

“REALLY?!”

Girl, yes. All over us.

“Ugh,” groaned Chad and put a pillow over his head to block out the noise. “What time is it?”

“Stocking time!” yelled Ash. She looked so freaking excited.

Her excitement was contagious. Or maybe I was just naturally excited because it was Christmas morning! I’d gotten Daddy and Chad the best presents. I’d gotten Ash, Ghostie, and Teddybear the best presents too, but they’d already gotten to enjoy them last night. #BestOrgyEver.

The only thing that could ruin this morning was if we all got massacred. But that probably wasn’t going to happen.

“WAIT!” said Ash. “Do you guys see what I see?” She was wide eyed staring out the balcony door.

I turned to see what she was looking at, fully expecting to see the ruined sleigh. But it wasn’t there.

Huh. Weird.

“It snowed! It’s a white Christmas!”

“Of course it snowed,” groaned Chad. “We’re at a ski resort in the Bavarian Alps in December.”

Fuck off, Chad. “Ah! White Christmas!” I pulled off the covers and started jumping on the bed with Ash.

“Let’s go open our presents!” she yelled.

“Yeah! You go wake up Slavanka while I get dressed. I’ll meet you in the hallway in two minutes.”

Ash looked down at my naked tits bouncing everywhere as I jumped on the bed. “That’s probably a good idea.” She hopped off and went to wake Slavanka.

“How does that girl have so much energy?” asked Chad.

“Because it’s Christmas morning! The real question is, how do you *not* have more energy?”

“I had a weird night.”

“Oh?” I asked.

“Yeah. I had the craziest dream.”

“Aw. Were you dreaming of Santa?”

“Kind of? First I dreamt that these four big black men were creeping in from our balcony. Full nude. And erect.” He shuddered.

Oh shit. I tried not to laugh. “Wow,” I said. “That’s quite the dream.”

“That’s not all. I woke up after that and couldn’t get back to sleep. So I went downstairs to get a drink...”

Warm milk with ice and whipped cream, you freak.

“...And while I was getting it, I had this vision of you tied up in Christmas lights riding Santa while you jerked off two of those black guys.”

I couldn't hold in my laughter anymore. “Babe! That's such a naughty dream!”

“It was insane. After that I just couldn't get back to sleep. And you weren't here...” He paused and looked at me. “Wait. Where were you all night?”

At a Christmas Eve orgy. “Just working on some last-minute presents. But I don't think I was out that late. Come on, let's go see what Santa gave us in our stockings. Maybe he left you a thank you note for letting him and his big black elves sneak in and fuck your girl.”

He tossed a pillow at me. “Not funny, babe.”

I finished getting dressed. Ash and Slavanka were waiting in the hallway for us.

“Is it time?!” asked Ash.

“Yup. Let's do it.” I cupped my hand over my mouth and called downstairs to Daddy. “Can we come down?!”

“One second, princess,” he called back. I heard footsteps downstairs as Daddy walked around the room getting everything ready for our grand entrance.

The fireplace clicked a few times and then lit with a whooshing noise.

Christmas music started playing.

And finally the hallway in front of us lit up with the glow of Christmas lights as Daddy plugged the Christmas trees in.

“Come on down!” he called.

Ash sprinted down the hallway. I thought she was gonna fly down the stairs, but instead she stopped dead in her tracks.

“Woooooooooow.”

Wow was right. Daddy always got me a lot of presents. But never like this. Every surface of the great room was covered in presents of all shapes and sizes. Which was fortunate, because if the carpet hadn't been covered, Daddy and Chad would have had a lot of questions about all the cum stains everywhere.

We all ran down the stairs as Daddy stood at the bottom and snapped pictures of us.

“Wait,” he said. “That one was blurry.”

But Ash didn't give a fuck. She just ran past him, hurdled a couple presents, and snatched her stocking off the mantel. I was right behind her.

I was about to pull the first present out of my stocking when Ash dumped her whole stocking on the floor. Ferrero Rochers rolled everywhere. Ash did her best to corral them, but then she got distracted by a long rectangular present that had been in her stocking.

She flipped it over and read the tag. “To Ash. From Teddybear. Aw. I didn't know he was gonna get me anything.” She tore into the paper and held up a long black rod. “A dildo?” she whispered.

“Girl, that's a taser,” I said.

“Dildo, taser. Same, same,” said Slavanka.

“Russians use tasers as dildos?” asked Ash. For some reason, she locked eyes with Daddy as she said it. Her face turned bright red. “Oh look,” she said, trying to change the subject as quickly as possible. “A present for you, Chastity!” She grabbed the closest present and tossed it to me.

I looked at the tag. “It’s actually for you. From Santa.” I tossed it back to her.

She opened it and pulled out the cutest green lingerie with white fur trim.

Aw, Daddy! That was so sweet of him to get her lingerie and pretend like it was from Santa.

“Yikes,” said Ash with a nervous laugh. “Santa must have gotten me confused with a girl on his naughty list.” She tossed the lingerie on the floor and covered it with some wrapping paper. “Someone else should open a present. Please,” she pleaded.

“Merry Christmas, babe,” said Chad and tossed me a little present. It looked like a jewelry box.

I took my time unwrapping the present. *Please don’t be a real engagement ring.* I didn’t want to have to ruin Christmas morning by telling him I wasn’t ready for marriage yet.

“Open it!” he said.

I cracked the box open. And there was nothing sparkly at all. Not an engagement ring. Not a necklace. Not even shitty earrings like the ones he’d gotten me last year. Just a normal looking key.

“Surprise!” he yelled. “I bought us a place at Harvard. For when you transfer there next fall.”

I laughed. Chad was so silly. I was never transferring to Harvard. And even if I did, I would just live at the Gryphon Club. #GangbangMeInTheShower. But it was a nice gesture or whatever. “Aw, thanks, babe!” I ran over and gave him a big hug.

Ash looked so upset so I gave her a little shake of the head to let her know it wasn't happening. My besties were at the University of New Castle. And the better dicks were there too. Except Flash.

“I got you a present too,” I said to Chad. “But first I wanna have some monkey bread. Anyone else want a piece?”

“I'll take some,” said Ash.

“Maybe me,” said Slavanka. “What ratio of monkey meat to flour you use? I not like when over half. Too much monkey.”

Ash gagged a little. “Wait. There aren't any actual monkey bits in the bread, right?”

I shook my head. “Nope. It's just bread smothered with sugar, cinnamon, butterscotch, and pecans.”

“No monkey?” Slavanka looked disappointed. “I pass.”

I looked at Chad.

“Sure. I'll have a piece,” he said.

“Can you help me, Daddy?” I asked.

“Of course, princess.” He got up and walked to the kitchen.

I followed him. But first, I reached into my stocking and grabbed the two envelopes that had been stuffed there early this morning. Tommy and the banana king had delivered as promised.

“Guess what,” I said as Daddy opened the oven. The smell of cinnamon and sugar filled the room.

“What?” he asked.

“I got you the best present ever.” I pulled the envelopes out and put them on the table. “Merry Christmas, Daddy.”

While he opened the envelopes and read the documents inside, I flipped the monkey bread out of the bundt pan and started cutting it.

“Chastity,” said Daddy. “Princess. Are these real?” He held up the documents and pointed to the signatures from the Locatellis and Chadwicks.

“Absolutely. As of this morning, we have an alliance with both of them. And you’re the boss of bosses.”

“This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me. But I can’t accept. I want to retire, not get a promotion.”

“I thought you might feel that way.” I flipped to the back of the signature page and pointed to addendum A. “This is an optional part of the agreement that you can exercise as you see fit. You can read the whole thing to get all the details. But basically, the Chadwicks and Locatellis are going to double cross us and steal all our buyers. Without anyone to sell to, we’ll go bankrupt. Or at least...that’s how it’ll look to the rest of the world. Because we’ll stop living lavishly. And you can retire in peace.”

“You’d give up all this so that I can retire?”

“I mean...we’ll still have all the money we’ve stashed away. And we can still use it in secret. But yes, I’m willing to pretend to be broke. At least...until I find a way to earn it on

my own. How hard can it be to make a billion dollars? I'll just invent more boner darts or something." I shrugged.

"You're the best daughter in the world." Daddy pulled me into a hug. "But wait. What about you and Chad? Even if I retire, you'll still be the wife of a mob boss."

Really? My relationship with Chad was what he thought I'd hate giving up most? I was much more concerned about giving up my shoes and my bodyguards.

"I promise I won't put myself in danger like that. He'll either have to find a way out too, or he can't have me." But chances were slim to none that I'd marry Chad. I needed a grade A cock. And I really preferred my dicks in twos.

Daddy smiled down at me. "I love you, princess."

"I love you too, Daddy."

He took a big bite of monkey bread and let out a sigh. "God that tastes good," he said. "Or maybe I'm just able to enjoy everything more now that I'm sure we aren't going to get attacked by Crazy Isabella. I spoke with her father last night. He promised he'd make it very clear to her that she would have no place in his organization if she went through with the Christmas morning massacre. But I'm not sure I was completely convinced that would deter her. These though?" He held up the signed contracts. "She may be crazy, but she's not stupid enough to attack three families at the same time."

"My thoughts exactly."

"In order for it to deter her, though, she has to know the alliance exists. Do you have a plan for that?"

“Already taken care of.” Before we’d gone to bed last night, Ghostie had sent an anonymous tip to one of Isabella’s guards.

Daddy nodded approvingly. “I’ve taught you well.”

One perfect present delivered, one to go.

I finished plating the monkey bread and brought some slices out to the great room.

“Ready to open your present?” I asked Chad as I handed him a plate.

“Absolutely.” He leaned over and whispered in my ear: “Are you sure it’s okay to open in front of everyone?”

I laughed and whistled. The door opened and Ghostie and Teddybear wheeled in a huuuuuuuge present. Seriously. Huge. It was twelve feet long and seven feet tall. But only about two inches thick. It took some maneuvering to get it down the hall and into the great room. And we could have had a serious issue if the doors weren’t extra tall.

“What is it?” asked Chad.

“Open it and find out! Ah! I’m so nervous. I hope you love it!”

“I’m sure I will.” He kissed my forehead and walked over to his present.

I hoped he would go all caveman on it and rip the paper down the middle for the grand reveal. But that wasn’t really Chad’s style.

“I can’t find any tape,” he said as he slid his hand across the present looking for a seam.

“Just tear it,” I said. “Right down the middle.”

“But we should really save the paper...”

“Quit being so gay, son,” said Daddy.

Thank you!

Chad glared at him. “I really wish you wouldn’t keep saying that to me.”

Daddy glared back. “And I really wish I wouldn’t have to keep saying that to you. But alas...”

“Fine,” sighed Chad. He reached up and tore the present open.

“Whoa!” he yelled when he saw his present – the most stunning nude portrait ever painted. He tried to put the wrapping paper back over it. “I thought you said this was okay to open in front of everyone?!”

“It’s just a tasteful nude, babe. Don’t make it weird. Ghostie, Teddybear, can you help him?”

They grabbed the sides of paper and tore it off.

“What the fuck?!” yelled Chad.

When he’d first torn the paper, all he’d revealed was my right breast. But now he was seeing the painting in all its glory.

“Do you not like it?” I asked.

“No I don’t like it! Why would I like a painting of you giving thumbs up after taking cumshots from two huge cocks? And why did the artist make them black?”

Ooooooh. He didn’t like it because he was a racist. I always had my suspicions about him... “Don’t blame the artist,” I said.

“They were just staying true to the photo I sent them.”

“This was a photo?”

“Yup! From my banana party.” It was the photo that my girls had dared me to send to Chad. I’d been waiting for just the perfect way to present it to him. And what better way than to hire a world-class painter to make a larger-than-life oil painting of it that I could give to him for Christmas?

He balled his fists.

“Babe, why are you so mad? We asked you to strip that night, but you refused. And then I told you about all the rules that would definitely lead to me blowing a stripper.”

“I thought you were joking!”

“I never joke about the Single Girl Rules.”

“She doesn’t,” agreed Ash. “She’s very serious about them.” She lifted a satin thong out of a box. Her eyes grew round and she threw it behind her, hoping no one saw.

“Jesus,” muttered Chad. “Next thing I know you’re gonna tell me that my dream about you getting fucked by Santa wasn’t actually a dream.”

I felt like he was gonna be mad if I told him the truth. But also... Single Girl Rule #6: Always kiss and tell. “So about that...” I said. “It wasn’t actually a dream.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope! But you can’t be mad at me. Because everyone involved had eight-inch cocks. So I was honor-bound to let them do whatever they wanted to me. And it’s not like we’re married. Or even engaged.” I held up my tiny 2-carat promise ring.

“Yes we fucking are engaged!” he yelled. “But we aren’t anymore. Fuck this. I’m done.” He pulled a ring off his ring finger and threw it on the ground in the most dramatic way possible. It would have been a boss move if he was a hot girl. Or if we were actually engaged. But neither of those things were true, so it just made me giggle. And why the hell was he wearing a promise ring? I had not given him that.

“Bye, bye, bitch boy,” said Slavanka as he stormed out.

Daddy blew Chad a kiss on his way out.

I smiled to myself. I hadn’t been looking forward to dumping Chad. But thanks to me following Single Girl Rule #6, Chad had done it for me. The Single Girl Rules always worked in such mysterious ways. This was shaping up to be the best Christmas ever! Especially because I still had TONS of presents to open.

Usually I’d be concerned that opening them all would make us late for the memorial service at the tower. But this Christmas, that didn’t seem like the worst thing that could happen. Because there was still a small chance that Crazy Isabella would try to massacre us there.

In fact, it was probably best to be late on purpose.

I glanced up at the clock. It was already 8:30, so I just had to make present opening last two hours. That felt do-able.

“Can I open the big one?” I asked, pointing to a box in the corner roughly the size of a new car.

“That’s up to you,” said Daddy.

Yay! Wait, no. I was supposed to be dragging this out.

“Actually, I think I’ll wait until the end to open that one.”

Instead, I opened a shoe box and pulled out the sickest pair of Odegaard gladiator boots. “Ah! The new spring line!”

Daddy smiled at me. “Fresh off the runways of Paris.”

“Your turn,” I said to Slavanka. I’d noticed a present to her from Santa.

She looked mildly amused as she opened it.

“Are those nesting dolls?” I asked. They looked like nesting dolls, but instead of being all colorful with a woman’s face painted on them, they were deep brown and had a terrifying monster face.

“No, no,” said Slavanka. “Nesting doll dumb child toy. This better. Krampus doll vomit naughty child.” She opened the outer shell and pulled out the next layer.

“Does he have a huge penis?” asked Ash. She said it like it was a totally normal question.

We all looked at her.

“Krampus is known for having a huge penis, right?” she said.

“I don’t believe that’s accurate,” said Daddy. “What strange fairy tales have you been reading?”

“For real?” she said. “I can picture it so clearly. He’s always drawn with a huge ding-a-ling. To punish the naughty children with. No? Wow. I don’t know how I got mixed up like that. I’m just gonna go walk outside and freeze myself to death now.”

I laughed. I knew exactly how she’d gotten mixed up like that. But now that her banana juice had worn off, she apparently

had no recollection of mistaking Flash for Krampus and sucking his humungous cock.

“Wait!” said Slavanka as she inspected the doll inside of Krampus. “Krampus not vomit naughty child. Krampus vomit Stalin!” She held up a grey doll with a sweet mustache. And when she discovered that Lenin was inside of Stalin, I had a feeling we’d lost her for the entire morning. “Best present ever,” she said as she cracked Lenin in half to get to the fourth doll.

Ash tried to use the distraction to slip outside and die, but I caught her arm.

“Wait,” I said. “It’s your turn to open a present.”

She reached for another one of the presents Santa had left her. It was about the same size as the lingerie she’d opened. And apparently it was lingerie too. Because she took one look inside the box, turned bright red, and snapped it shut. “I think I’m just gonna open a different present...” She grabbed one of the presents that had been in her stocking. It was a tiny box. Too small to be lingerie. Unless it was a truly miniscule G-string.

Ash tore it open to reveal a lavender box. “Plan B One-Step?” she read. And then her eyes got big as it registered what she’d just said. “I swear I didn’t put this on my Christmas list.”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” said Daddy. “But it is better to be safe than sorry. Would you like a glass of water to wash that down with?”

“I’m very safe. I take birth control every day. For hormones. Not for baby making. Or baby killing? No, that doesn’t sound

right. What I'm trying to say is that I don't need it for sex. Because I'm not sexually active. I mean, I can have sex. My sex is activated. But I'm not using it. Because I'm a good girl." Her eyes were huge, but she couldn't seem to close her mouth. "Stop looking at me like that, Daddy!" She slowly lay backwards and then started stacking presents on top of herself.

Yeesh. That was a lot.

She stayed hidden until I unwrapped all the presents she was hiding under. Which actually took a while. Because I was the only one opening presents. I offered to let Slavanka take a turn, but she didn't even hear me. She was too busy pretending to have Stalin and Lenin disembowel a Gorbachev doll to punish him for his role in the dissolution of the Soviet Union.

"Girl, you need to start opening some more presents," I said to Ash. If she refused to open any more presents, Daddy might tell us to take a break and we'd accidentally be on time to the memorial. "You're falling behind." I pointed to a giant stack of presents with her name on them. And I knew she was going to love them, because I'd picked them out.

She hesitantly opened one. Her face lit up when she saw it was a bottle of Windex. She ripped into another. "No way!" she said. "A six pack of baking soda? Our mini fridge is gonna smell so fresh!" And then she was unstoppable. She tore open present after present, loving each cleaning supply more than the last. And then she got to her big present. "Whoa," she gasped. "Is this..."

"The Dust Demolisher 5000," I said. "It sure is." I knew she was going to love these gifts. I'd never met someone so scared of germs.

“But how? It’s illegal in 194 countries. Some critics say that it’s a safety hazard to include a flamethrower in a vacuum cleaner. But it only gets activated if a carpet exceeds 16 ounces of dust per square yard. And in that case, incinerating the carpet isn’t a safety hazard. It’s a necessity. I cannot wait to bust this bad boy out on our carpet at school.”

Say what now? I had not been aware of that feature when I’d paid to have it smuggled out of North Korea. She was gonna burn our dorm down!

“What a thoughtful gift,” said Daddy. “And speaking of thoughtful gifts...how about you open that big box, princess?” He checked his watch. “Then we need to take a break and start getting ready to head up to the tower to pay our respects to Grandpa.”

It was too early to open it. But I couldn’t wait any longer. I’d find another way to delay.

I ran over to the present. It wasn’t wrapped – it was just a beautiful box with a bow on top. Which was expected. My Christmas car always came in a box like this.

I pulled the bow on top and the box collapsed, kinda like the giant presents that the men had been hiding in last night.

But instead of having a man inside, this box contained a custom pink Bugatti. I ran my hand along the sleek mirrors.

“How do I look with it?” I asked as I posed on the hood.

“You look stunning, princess,” said Daddy. “Merry Christmas. Oh! I almost forgot the best feature. It’s equipped with cutting edge self-driving tech that activates if the chauffer happens to lose his pants for any reason.”

“Why would the chauffeur lose his pants?” asked Ash.

Road head, obv.

“Temperature negative fifty,” said Slavanka. “Carburetor eat pant.” She made a whooshing noise and mimed pants being sucked into an engine. “Scary, scary.”

Uh, or that I guess.

“Well, let’s hope that doesn’t happen,” said Daddy with a very confused look on his face. “I’m going to go get changed. You girls should do the same. We don’t want to be late.”

Actually, I did want to be late.

And honestly, even if I hadn’t been trying to avoid a Christmas morning massacre, I still would have made us late. Because I had no idea which bikini I wanted to wear.

Chapter 19 – Motorboatin’ Moe’s Memorial

Christmas Morning, 2013

I grabbed my suitcase and pulled it into Ash’s room.

“So what color bikini are you thinking?” I asked.

“None.”

“Oh wow. Going for another naked run down the mountain? What a beautiful way to honor Great Grandpappy Moe. The old sailor would have loved that.”

“Sailor?” asked Ash. “What was he doing storming a Nazi tower in the middle of the mountains if he was a sailor?”

“Oh, no. He wasn’t actually a sailor. He was in the army. We just refer to him as the old sailor since his nickname was Motorboatin’ Moe.” I put my face between Ash’s tits and motorboated her to illustrate my point.

She laughed and pushed me away. “I should have known that you come from a long line of perverts.”

“Aw, thanks!”

“How do you not have a million siblings?”

“Motorboatin’ Moe was one of twenty-six...” I started.

“His poor mother,” gasped Ash. She put her hand over her cooch and cringed.

“But he was only 18 when he went off to war, so he only had three kids of his own. And by the time they were old enough to fuck, the pill had been invented. So Daddy just has one brother. And I’m one of a kind.”

“I can’t argue with that.”

“Speaking of the pill... Did you take yours last night?”

“Of course. Why?”

Because I don’t want you to pop out a baby in nine months and ruin our sophomore year of college. “I just know I sometimes forget to take mine on vacation.” That was a lie. I *always* took my birth control during vacation. That was when I got the most dick, and I wasn’t ready for a little monster to ruin my vagina yet. Or ever. #StretchTheSurrogate.

“Shit. Maybe I did forget. I always have it with dinner. But last night we didn’t have dinner. We just had a shit ton of cookies. Do you think that’s why Santa put that Plan B in my stocking?” She didn’t seem terribly concerned by the whole thing. Probably because she thought the worst-case scenario here was a tummy ache and some mood swings. If she’d remembered being filled by the banana bros, she would have been freaking the fuck out.

She rummaged through her purse and pulled out her pill container. “Nope. I remembered.”

Phew! No baby for Ash!

With that out of the way, I was able to focus on my bikini selection. And really...there was only one choice. I grabbed my skimpiest black bikini.

“Good idea to wear black since it’s kind of a funeral,” said Ash. “And I think Motorboatin’ Moe would really appreciate your cleavage. I kind of want to motorboat you, and I’m not even a pervert.”

Aren’t you, though? “My thoughts exactly. Also, black is the only color that won’t be instantly ruined by bloodstains. Which is ideal for a potential massacre.”

“Massacre?!” yelled Ash. “I thought that was taken care of?”

“It is.” *I hope.* Even with our new alliance, there was no guarantee that Crazy Isabella wouldn’t do something crazy. Hence me planning to make us late to the tower.

“Everyone ready?” called Daddy from the hallway.

“Almost,” I called back. “Just give us a couple hours.”

“Hours?!”

“Fine. I’ll try to hurry.”

I didn’t. I had Ash try on like twenty different bikinis. And then we braided each other’s hair and played with our make-up.

Around 10:25 we finally pulled on our snowsuits and emerged. I figured that was late enough to make us miss any potential massacre, but not late enough to make me seem like a total asshole.

“Sorry, Daddy!” I said. “I just wanted to make sure I looked beautiful in honor of Motorboatin’ Moe.”

“You always look beautiful, princess.”

True.

Slavanka joined up with us in the great room – she'd gotten ready in two seconds and then gone back to play with her nesting dolls. We practically had to pull her away from playing with her toys under the Christmas tree. And then we all headed downstairs to the ski lift. Since the tower was halfway down the mountain, the only way to get there was to take the ski lift up to the atrium and then ski down to the tower.

“Damn it,” said Daddy as we stepped off the elevator. Or... tried to. The line for the ski lift was so long that there wasn't much room for us to get off. “What's going on here?” He stood on his tiptoes to try to see over the ridiculously long line. The Christmas music was being drowned out by all the chatter.

“I'll check it out, sir,” said Ghostie. He walked to the front of the line and then came back a second later. “Apparently during their morning inspection they found that someone cut the ski lift cables like 75% of the way. He said the repair is almost done. Service should resume in about ten minutes.”

Cut the ski lift cables? 75% of the way? That sounded suspiciously like step 1 of the *Home Alone* plan we'd come up with.

I glanced at Ash, but she had no reaction to it.

Right. She'd been on banana juice that night, so she had no recollection of anything we'd planned.

“You girls can go sit in the lounge while we wait,” said Daddy. “I'll hold our place in line.”

Teddybear stayed in line to guard him, while Ghostie walked with us over to the lounge area.

“Did you do that?” I asked Ghostie on the way over.

“The cut cables? Nope. What kind of psychopath do you think I am? It was probably Isabella’s work.”

“I guess so.” That made sense. A full-frontal assault against our three-family alliance would be suicide. And even if she survived it, her daddy would punish her by throwing her out of the family. But if we all happened to perish in a tragic ski lift accident? Isabella couldn’t get in trouble for that.

I was about to sit down, but Ghostie grabbed my wrist and pulled me against his chest. He looked over his shoulder to make sure Daddy wasn’t looking, and then he kissed me.

God I’d missed his kisses. Especially the ones all over my body.

I melted into him as he bit my lower lip.

If there had been some mistletoe above us, I would have been tempted to drop to my knees.

Ghostie pulled back far too soon, cradling my face in his hands.

“What was that for?” I asked. “You already gave me an amazing Christmas present last night.”

He lowered his eyebrows. “It was *because* of last night. You kissed the banana king.”

I shrugged. Yeah, I’d kissed the banana king. I’d also shoved his cock and a bunch of other men’s cocks down my throat a few times. What was the problem?

“How many times do I need to remind you?” he asked.

“Of what?”

He lowered his eyebrows even more. “That your mouth. Belongs. To. Me.”

I loved when he acted all possessive. I was definitely going to let him fuck me again later when everyone else was taking an after-Christmas-dinner nap.

I plopped down on the couch between Ash and Slavanka.

“Ghostie thinks Isabella cut the...” I started.

“Whoa! Look!” said Ash, completely cutting me off. She pointed at the TV screen over the fire.

A news report was playing on a local English-language channel. And the breaking news banner at the bottom read: SANTA SIGHTING. Ash ran over to the TV and turned up the volume. I joined her and warmed my hands by the roaring fire.

“Now let’s go to Johanna Wolfenbergerdorff, live at the scene,” said the anchor.

The feed switched from the news desk to a blonde woman on a snowy mountain.

“Thanks, Heinrich,” said the reporter. “I’m here on the slope of the Royal Spielzeughersteller Hotel where all the presents were found.”

“Hey!” said Ash. “That’s our hotel!”

“It is,” I said. “And that’s the tower where we’re headed.” I pointed to a ruined stone tower in the background of the broadcast.

“Shhh!” she hissed and leaned closer to the TV.

“But that’s not all,” continued Johanna. “One young man claims to have actually recovered a piece of Santa’s sleigh.”

She waved a guy on screen who looked like snowboarding was his whole personality. “Can you tell us why you think that the debris you found came from Santa’s sleigh?” she asked.

“Yeah, bro,” he said. “It has MADE IN THE NORTH POLE engraved on it.” He held up a piece of one the steel runners we’d jettisoned when Flash hit the eject button. The camera zoomed in on the engraving and then zoomed back out to Johanna.

“Well there you have it,” said Johanna. “Presents strewn all over the mountain, and a piece of Santa’s sleigh. Proof that Santa exists? Or a publicity stunt by the Spielzeughersteller Hotel to help perpetuate the myth that Santa’s workshop was...”

“It’s not a stunt, bro,” interrupted the snowboarder. “It’s for real. I was out here last night shredding the mountain. And I’d just stomped the sickest stalefish when these two sleighs flew right past me. Presents were flying everywhere. Santa was driving one of them. And the other sleigh was out of control. There was no driver. Just three snow bunnies wrapped in Christmas lights gettin’ some dick. It was totally gnarly, bro.”

“Ooookay,” said Johanna with a nervous laugh as she shoved the dude off screen. “Apologies for that graphic visual. Let’s talk to someone slightly more credible.” She waved a five-year-old girl over.

“Look at what Santa gave me!” the girl said with a huge gap-toothed grin. She held a brand-new doll up way too close to the camera.

“Can you tell us where you found that?” asked Johanna.

“Over there!” The little girl pointed up the mountain towards the tower.

The camera man zoomed in on some presents still littered on the mountain from our slutty sleigh ride. But what caught my eye were the people standing around the base of the tower.

One of them looked like...me. And another one had red hair. And another was definitely Daddy.

“Is that us?” gasped Ash.

“It can’t be. Right?” What kind of weird Christmas voodoo was this? First the sleigh on the balcony had disappeared, and now we were seeing ourselves on TV in a place where we definitely were not standing.

Before I could figure out what was happening, a dozen guys in yeti suits – big furry white things – skied into the top of the frame.

“Ah! Run!” yelled Ash at the TV as the yeti men all pulled Tommy guns off their backs as they approached the people at the tower. The people who looked like us.

They skidded to a stop, aimed, and fired.

The background of the news feed turned into chaos.

The impact of the bullets sent snow and rock and ice flying everywhere. Some nearby skiers fell over. Others turned and disappeared into the forest. Anything to get away from the Christmas morning massacre.

Johanna and the little girl being interviewed, on the other hand, seemed completely oblivious to what was happening

behind them. The snow falling must have dampened the sound of bullets too much for them to hear it.

“No!” yelled Ash. “Stop shooting them!”

Ghostie put his hand on her shoulder. “Relax, Ash. It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine! They’re killing them!”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “This is pretty fucked up.”

“Just watch,” said Ghostie. He pointed to the screen.

They kept shooting. It was jarring to hear the sound of bullets combined with the cheering Christmas music in the lounge. I drew a little closer to the fire.

How the hell was Ghostie so calm right now? I knew he’d been in the military. But he still shouldn’t have been so chill about innocent people getting slaughtered by Crazy Isabella’s minions.

They finally stopped shooting. As the cloud of snow from the bullets started to dissipate, I expected to see the snow running red with blood. But instead I just saw...legs.

“How are those legs still standing?” asked Ash. “And what happened to their torsos?!” She dry heaved.

“It called Rasputin leg,” said Slavanka. “Happen sometime when very cold. Person lose body and leg immediately freeze.” She made her legs go stiff to show us what she meant.

“I don’t think that’s what’s happening,” I said as the snow settled more. The ground was covered in straw rather than blood. And now that I saw that, I realized that there was also straw sticking out of the tops of the disembodied legs still standing there.

The yeti men must have seen what I saw, because they all looked very confused.

“I was worried that Isabella might not get the message about our alliance,” said Ghostie. “So I had Teddybear set up some decoys.” He gestured to what was left of the straw dummies.

“Oh thank God,” said Ash. “I really thought those poor people had just been murdered.”

“Nope,” said Ghostie. “Everyone is fine. Except Isabella. She looks pretty pissed.” He pointed to a woman in a pinstripe snow suit skiing furiously towards the yeti men.

She skidded to a stop, spraying them all with snow. And then she pulled back her fur hood and shook her hair out.

She pointed animatedly at the straw dummies. To really get her point across, she picked some straw up and threw it at one of her guards.

And then she pointed down the mountain.

The guards all started reloading their Tommy guns while Isabella drew something in the snow with her ski pole.

“Uh,” said Ash. “I’m no expert on this sorta thing. But it looks like they’re making a battle plan on how to kill us all.”

“Indeed she is,” I said. “Ghostie, gather the families and have them meet us in the lobby. I have a battle plan of my own.”

He nodded and ran off. Slavanka ran off too.

“Please tell me that we’re going to the lobby to steal snowmobiles and get as far away as humanly possible from Crazy Isabella,” said Ash. She started humming a Christmas carol to tamper down her nerves.

I shook my head. “We’re not gonna run. We’re gonna end this bitch.”

Chapter 20 – The Big Black Dildo

Christmas Morning, 2013

Within five minutes, all the families had gathered in the lobby.

The banana king and his boss, Luigi Locatelli, stood in front of a heavily armed squad of guards in black vests and terrifying ski masks. Seeing them brought back so many good memories of our escape from the Locatelli Resort and Spa.

The Chadwicks weren't dressed nearly as professionally. While the Locatellis looked like a well drilled SWAT team, the Chadwicks were more of an angry mob. They had no clear uniform, other than huge muscles and angry scowls. Chad's father, Chad, and one of the Toms stood at the front of the mob. The other two Toms couldn't be here or their secret of being triplets would be blown.

Daddy's Amazonian guard was the final group. The dozen women standing at attention behind him easily could have been mistaken for models if not for their camo fatigues and AR15s.

Hell yeah. This was a badass alliance that I'd created. And something about everyone gathered between Christmas trees and twinkle lights made us even more intimidating. None of us were scared of a Christmas morning massacre.

"The troops have been assembled," said Ghostie. He opened the door to the lobby for me and Ash. We'd been waiting in the hall so that we could make a grand entrance.

“Thank you, Ghostie,” I said and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Ready?” I asked Ash.

“Uh...no? I’d really rather stay in the hallway.”

“Come on!” I grabbed her arm and pulled her into the lobby. The Christmas music was louder in here.

It was such a badass entrance. I was kind of jealous that I didn’t get to see it the way everyone else did. I bet they were seeing us in slow motion. Two beautiful women strutting in, our snowsuits unzipped just a bit to show off a little cleavage, our braids whipping behind us. We strutted to the beat of a Christmas carol.

All eyes were on us.

“Okay,” whispered Ash. “I admit, this is kinda fun. We must look so badass...”

Just as she said it, she stepped on a slippery patch on the floor. Her foot skidded forward. If my arm hadn’t been linked with hers, she would have wiped out hard.

“It’s a little slippy there,” she yelled to everyone with a nervous laugh. Then she whispered, “Shit! Did I just say slippy?”

“Don’t worry about it. Just make your tits bounce more and everyone will be distracted.”

I’d meant for her to add some extra oomph to her steps. But she took it in a different direction and did a little bunny hop.

“What the fuck was that?!” I whispered.

“I don’t know! You told me to bounce!”

“Just go stand with Daddy.” I let go of her arm and finished my strut up to the main desk. Then I climbed up onto it.

“Thank you all for coming down today,” I said as I paced across the desk. “As you probably now know, Isabella Pruitt just attempted to slaughter me and my family at the old tower. But thanks to some clever planning by my bodyguards...” I paused and smiled over at Ghostie and Teddybear. “...She only managed to kill some straw dummies. Now she’s coming for us.” I let the threat hang in the air. “But we can stop her assault before it even begins. With a show of strength.”

“Yeah!” yelled one of the Chadwicks’ troops. “Let’s blow up the Jacket Emporium!”

“I love that enthusiasm, but I had something less destructive in mind. I was thinking... A Christmas card.”

“Huh?” muttered Chad.

“Right now, Isabella thinks she’s just attacking the Morgans. But if she sees the fearsome alliance we’ve assembled, she’ll go running home to her daddy. So let’s send her a Christmas card. Say cheese!” I turned around and snapped a selfie with all my troops gathered behind me.

God I look hot, I thought as I admired the photo. But I could look even better.

“One more,” I said. I unzipped my snow suit a bit more and smiled for the camera. “Perfect.”

I added a premade Christmas graphic of a cute little elf – nothing like that gorgeous elf who feasted on my pussy last night – holding a present and saying, “Merry Christmas!”

Then I wrote “From me and my new allies,” in the cutest scrawl and hit send.

Ghostie handed me some binoculars. I turned to the glass entrance facing the mountain and adjusted the lens to bring Isabella into focus.

“She’s checking her phone,” I narrated so everyone else could know what was happening. “She looks pissed. Now she’s texting something back...”

My phone buzzed. I put down the binoculars and clicked on the incoming text. It was a gif of an exploding puppy. And not a cute cartoon one. This gif was live action. But it wasn’t from any movie that I recognized. In fact, it had a real homemade quality to it.

“What’d she say?” asked the banana king. “Is she retreating?”

“She replied with an exploding puppy gif, so I’m not really sure...”

I brought the binoculars back to my eyes.

Oh shit.

“Battle stations!” I yelled as Isabella took a Tommy gun from one of her guards and started skiing down the mountain directly towards us. Her guards were right behind her. She must have known exactly where we were from the backdrop of our picture. All the Christmas decorations in the lobby really were recognizable. Because they were the best of the best.

Everyone sprung into action.

The Chadwicks flipped couches and coffee tables to hide behind. They even knocked over a few Christmas trees.

Someone grabbed a string of lights and pulled it taut between their hands like they were going to wrap it around Isabella's throat.

The Locatellis pulled out riot shields and formed a very impressive shield wall.

And Daddy's guards ran up to the second-floor balcony, using the garland-clad railing to steady their rifles as they aimed up the mountain.

Ghostie and Teddybear helped me off the desk. And then they formed a human shield between me and the entrance.

Ash ran up behind them.

"Are you sure we shouldn't go with my snowmobile plan?" asked Ash. "Because I'm kind of freaking out right now."

"It'll be fine," I said. "Isabella is gonna get lit up the second she's in range." *I hope.* I'd never taken part in a shootout before, so I wasn't sure exactly how it would go down. But I was feeling pretty good about our chances.

Ash started nervously humming along with the Christmas carol. The music seemed louder now that everyone was focused on the mission. And the tune about Santa was definitely way too cheery for the moment. I swallowed hard and said a silent prayer. *Santa. If you really are real. Help us, please. Isabella has been so naughty. And we've all been so good. Ish.*

"Sorry I late," said Slavanka as she skidded to a stop next to the front desk. She tossed a suitcase on the floor and started fitting metal rods together.

"Is that a rocket launcher?" I asked.

“Yes, yes,” she said as she twisted two tubes together and shoved a green rocket into the end. “Always travel with rocket launcher.” She got down on one knee and hoisted it over her shoulder.

“Hold!” I yelled. Isabella was getting closer. But it wasn’t time to fire yet.

Some of the Chadwicks shifted nervously behind their couches and Christmas trees.

“Fuck this,” muttered Chad. “I’m outta here.” He got up and sprinted towards the hallway. And then he hit the slippery patch. In a split second, his legs were above his head. He flew through the air, crashed through a glass door, and landed in the hallway.

It was the most amazing fall I’d ever seen. I just hoped I’d live to tell about it.

I looked back up the mountain. Isabella and her guards were getting close enough where I no longer needed my binoculars. “Get ready!” I yelled.

The lobby rang with dozens of little clicks as everyone turned off their safeties.

“Aim!”

Everyone raised their weapons towards the glass wall.

Isabella and her guards did the same.

I was about to yell “FIRE!” when something unexpected happened.

One of Isabella’s skis hit something and she went fucking *flying* through the air. It was even more majestic than Chad’s

wipeout.

I wished I could have seen it in slow motion. But it was happening in the fastest motion. She flew and tumbled and rolled and flew a little more and then finally skidded to a stop. She was completely motionless in a little heap and one of her legs was bent at an unnatural angle.

Wow.

Some of her guards skied up next to her. The first one to arrive on the scene pulled his facemask off and vomited at the sight of her leg. The second guard to arrive vomited too, but he'd forgotten to pull down his mask.

My troops all looked to me for our next move.

“We win!” I yelled. That bitch wasn't getting up from that fall.

Everyone started cheering. A few people started dancing to the Christmas tunes.

“Told you it would be fine,” I said to Ash. But Ash wasn't there. “Ash?” I asked, looking around.

Ghostie pointed to a giant blob near the coat check.

Ash tried to wave back, but the 30 or so snow suits and coats that she'd put on really restricted her movement.

“Did she think that would be bulletproof?” I asked.

Ghostie shrugged. “I'll go help her out of those.”

That was probably a good idea. She'd toppled over and was rolling across the lobby towards the big puddle of... What was it a puddle of? Water could be slippery. But the way Chad had

wiped out made it seem like the substance was completely frictionless. It was almost like a big puddle of lube.

Wait a second!

The cut cables.

The lube in the lobby.

Those were both straight out of our *Home Alone* plan. Had Isabella tripped on a dildo?

I got out my binoculars and zoomed in on Isabella's guard who was checking out the spot where she tripped. He bent down and pulled something out of the snow. Something big. And black. And very phallic. He called over to his friends and waved the big floppy dildo around.

"Isabella break ankle on big black dildo," said Slavanka with a huge grin. She finally relaxed and took the rocket launcher off her shoulder.

"Yeah she did!" I gave Slavanka a high five and turned to Teddybear. "Thank you," I said.

"Don't thank me. Thank whoever dropped that dildo on the mountain."

I laughed. "Don't pretend like that wasn't you. I know you found my *Home Alone* plans. And thank you so much for everything you did last night. It was definitely a Christmas Eve I'll never forget." I winked at him.

"Huh?" He looked genuinely confused.

"The cut cables to make us late. The lube. The dildo. The Santa suit. I know it was you."

“It really wasn’t. All I did last night was set up some straw dummies by the tower. But I slipped on the way back down the mountain. Luckily some late-night snowboarder found me and called for a med-evac.”

Oh my God, Teddybear! I threw my arms around him. He kissed the top of my head and I smiled.

“I was in the hospital the rest of the night getting checked out for a concussion.” He held up his arm to show off his hospital wristband. The time of admission on it was listed as 12:17 am on December 25th.

I pulled back from our hug and stared up at him in disbelief. “How is that possible?” I asked. “At 12:17 last night, you were dressed like Santa and fucking Ash on your throne.”

Teddybear shook his head. “I was definitely not doing that.”

What? It had to have been him.

“Wait, did you just say Santa fucked *Ash*? As in... Ash the virgin?”

“Not virgin anymore,” said Slavanka. “She fuck Santa.”

Teddybear looked shocked. “Wow.”

“It wasn’t really Santa. It was just someone dressed...” *Wait.* Who else could it have possibly been if it wasn’t Teddybear? Was it really Santa? “So you and Ghostie never saw our sexy delivery plans? Or our *Home Alone* plans?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Silly, Chastity,” said Slavanka. “You mail *Home Alone* plans away. No Ghostie Teddybear.”

She’d mentioned that before. *Wait. Holy shit.*

It was totally insane. But there was only one explanation for what had happened.

I really must have put those plans in the mail bin instead of the trash. And then we'd mailed our Christmas lists to the North Pole. So the mailman must have assumed that was where the plans went as well.

And then Santa made all our Christmas wishes come true.

Ash got laid.

Daddy was saved from the Christmas morning massacre.

And I got cock. Lots and lots of cock.

Ash wished for more cock, and she got even more than I did. She'd be thrilled to hear that she'd earned a free trip courtesy of Single Girl Rule #44: Girls' trips are contests to see who can suck the most cocks. The winner doesn't have to pay.

She'd be even more thrilled when she remembered that **FREAKING SANTA** took her virginity!

He was real. He had to be. *Oh my God, Santa is fucking real!* I jumped up and down to the Christmas music.

Now that I really thought about it, I wasn't sure why I hadn't believed it earlier.

There was no way Ghostie and Teddybear could have stuffed the glass atrium with all those giant presents that quickly.

And where would they have found all those short kings to pretend to be elves?

And the sleighs...

Santa had been able to steer his sleigh with those reins. As if the reins were attached to reindeer. Magical, invisible reindeer.

Not only that, but he'd gone down that chimney like a pro.

And his cum tasted like peppermint.

Yup, I was convinced.

It also explained why Ash had pretty much exclusively gotten lingerie for Christmas. Santa must have enjoyed their time together. He really was so good at gift giving.

I smiled. Santa was real. And Santa had taken Ash's virginity.

And I'd fucked Santa too!

Ah! Best. Christmas. EVER!

Epilogue - I Love That For Me

Saturday - Oct 10, 2026

“OH MY GOD I FUCKING LOVE THAT FOR ME!” yelled Ash.

“I do too!” I yelled back.

“I really lost my virginity to Santa? For real?”

I nodded.

“I haven’t believed all your stories about the Single Girl Rules, but this one seems legit.”

“It is.” *And so are all the others. And they’re all equally epic.*

“Ah!” Ash clapped her hands. “I’m such a ho for Santa. I sucked his candy cane! I guzzled his penis milk like it was hot chocolate! And I let him stuff me like a Christmas stocking! It’s everything I’d ever dreamed of since I was a little girl! I’m Santa’s little milk cow!”

Penis milk? And since she was a little girl? And she was still using milk cow wrong. But she looked so happy. “Yeah you are!”

“But also...why did I keep calling your daddy Daddy?” She cringed.

“Because that’s his name.”

She shook her head. “God, I think I still wear some of that lingerie Santa gave me. I never knew where it came from!”

“It was a gift from Santa for giving him the best Christmas Eve ever.”

“So he paid me in lingerie? I really am a ho! I’m going to be arrested for holiday prostitution!”

“Definitely not. It happened over a decade ago.”

“And I’m not sure what it says about me that I lost my virginity and then fucked six other dudes in the same night.”

“Don’t forget about the five Christmas elves.”

She put her face in her hands. “Oh my God. I’m such a slut. I let all those elves run train on me. And I’m not even sure why I know what that means! Where did that even come from? It’s like when I asked Cole to raw dog me in the woods at The Society summer camp.”

Sorry, say what? I wasn’t sure she’d told me about that. And certainly not in those exact words. But that did seem like something that would happen at The Society. Those were good times.

“Oh my God,” she gasped. “My number must be so high.”

“Why?” I asked. “Anyone you fuck during an orgy doesn’t count. Honestly it hardly counted as losing your virginity, but since it was Santa I figured we could make an exception.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works.”

“Hmm. Pretty sure it is. Otherwise I need to revise my previous statement about you having only touched 20 cocks before marrying Joe.”

“Oh my God. How many was it? Actually, no. I don’t want to know. Do I have AIDS? I do, right? And gonorrhea? And

syphilis? I have them all. I must.” She was breathing so fast. “And how am I going to tell my husband about this without him freaking out? He’s not a big fan of Santa. Maybe this explains why. Do you think he already knows? Oh God. I bet he knows.”

What the hell? Drunk Ash should not have been worried about such things. I grabbed the flask of banana juice she’d promised to drink while I told her the story of how she lost her virginity. It was still practically full. And the story had taken way longer than I thought it would to tell, so her other banana juice must have been wearing off.

Damn it!

My plans always worked. How had this one failed so miserably? Now I was never going to trick her into telling me her secret. She was definitely hiding something from me. She said she didn’t have to follow the Single Girl Rules now that she was married. But then she mentioned married women following something else... *Gah!*

I needed to know what was going on here. Maybe I could trick her into saying it again... “I’m sure he’ll be fine with it. And you don’t really have a choice. Single Girl Rule #6: Always kiss and tell.”

Ash waved me off. “I don’t follow those rules anymore. Because I’m not a single girl. I’m a married girl. So I follow...” She coughed.

Ah! There it was again!

“What do you follow?” I asked. *Tell me!*

“Traditional societal norms of marriage, of course.”

“No! You were about to say you follow the Married Girl Rules. Weren’t you?! Tell me everything.” I propped my elbows on the table and leaned forward.

She gave me an exaggerated look of confusion. “I have NO idea what you’re talking about. No one even refers to themselves as a married girl.”

“You’ve literally done it twice in the last...” I looked over at the clock. “Three hours. Wow, okay. That story really did take a while to tell.”

“Oh no! We’re late to the wedding!” Ash started fanning her arm pits.

I didn’t mind being fashionably late. It was practically a requirement for my own wedding. But it did seem strange that we hadn’t landed yet. I hit the call button to talk to the pilot.

No answer.

I hit it again.

And then things got crazy.

Metal blinds slammed down to block out the windows.

The lights flickered and turned red.

And the plane veered hard to the right.

“AHHHHH!” yelled Ash as she nearly flew out of her chair. The banana juice flask shot off the table and crashed into one of the TV screens. The screen switched on. And so did the rest of them. They were all showing one thing.

A cartoon of a giant laughing monkey head with a crown on it.

“What the fuck is happening?” asked Ash.

Huh. Plot twist. “I’m pretty sure we’ve just been kidnapped by the banana king.”

Her eyes got huge. “Please tell me this is all a prank. I don’t want to be kidnapped by the banana king again!”

“Nope. I have no idea what’s happening.”

“But why would he want to kidnap you? You made an alliance with him and got out of the family business, right? WAIT! I almost forgot. Did you seriously fake losing all your money? Have you secretly been rich this entire time?”

“Yup,” I said. “Daddy and I still have billions stashed in banks all around the world.”

“What the hell!? I was so worried about money for so long! How could you not tell me?”

“I thought you knew. Excellent acting, by the way. You really sold it. In fact, I thought about hosting a fake Oscars to give you an award for your acting. But, you know...we were pretending to be broke. And fake award ceremonies cost a lot of money. Which I totally had. But couldn’t spend.”

“But I didn’t know! And don’t keep saying it! The banana king could be listening!”

“You’re the one who brought it up. And anyway, the banana king knows I’m rich. He was one of the people that agreed to the plan.”

“Right. Well do you think he’s decided he wants a piece of all that money?”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “Last I heard he was doing pretty well for himself.”

“Then why bother to kidnap us?”

The screen flashed and some words appeared under the cartoon monkey mask: “You know what I want. You have one hour to give it to me.”

“Fine,” I sighed. “Can you help me out of my wedding dress? He definitely wants to see our boobs.”

Ash came over and loosened the top of my wedding dress enough for me to get my boobs free. I jiggled them at the screen.

But nothing happened.

“I bet he wants to see yours too,” I said. “He always did have a thing for you.”

“I can’t just show the banana king my boobs. I’m married!”

“Would you say you’re a *married girl*?” I raised an eyebrow.

“And as a *married girl*, would showing him your boobs be breaking a certain set of rules?” I stared into her soul, trying to figure out her secret.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Because you have a secret that you’re not telling me! I just know it. You only get this sweaty when you have a secret.”

“I’m sweaty because we’ve been freaking kidnapped!” She grabbed part of her dress and wiped a ridiculous amount of sweat off her face.

“If you want him to let us free you just have to take your tits out. No big deal.”

“Gah, fine.” She hid her face with one hand and pulled her dress down with the other for half a second. “There!” she

yelled at the TV. “Now let us free!”

The words on the screen changed: “Nice tits. But that’s not what I want. You have two more guesses.”

“Two more guesses?” asked Ash. “And then what?! Is he going to kill us? Or worse...unleash a centipede on this plane? That’s my third biggest fear. The only thing worse would be if he made us late...” Her eyes got huge. “Shit, we’re already late for the wedding. My life is over. He should just kill us and put us out of our misery.” She plopped back into her chair and opened her arms, inviting the final blow.

“The banana king isn’t gonna kill us. Because we’re gonna figure out what he wants.”

“And how are we going to do that? It could literally be anything.”

“Actually, I think it’s a pretty limited list.”

“How do you figure?”

“Well, we’re trapped on a plane,” I said, gesturing to our prison. “And he’s not here. So sexual favors are out. Which is odd, because the banana king loves getting his dick sucked.”

“I really think he wants money,” said Ash. She fished a twenty out of her purse and slapped it on the table. “Is this what you want?” she asked the screen.

The words on the screen changed again: “I don’t want your money. And why would you think that twenty dollars would be nearly enough?” There was a facepalm emoji at the end of the text. Another line appeared: “You have one more guess.”

“Let’s think this through,” I said. “What do we know about the banana king?”

“Uh... He has a huge dick. And he owns a bunch of hotels. And apparently he really wanted to take my virginity. Oh! And he loves size contests.”

“I think that’s a pretty reductive and frankly insulting view of a very complex man. Did you forget everything we learned about him at Slavanka’s wedding?”

“I literally had no idea that Slavanka was married until about two seconds ago. So yes, I forgot everything we learned about him.”

“You drank a lot of banana juice that weekend, so that makes sense.”

“Let’s just focus on the banana king. What did we learn about him?”

“So much.”

Ash stared at me. “Like...what?”

“Well for starters, we learned a ton about his Single Boy Rules.”

“Is there one about kidnapping a bride on her wedding day? Like Single Boy Rule #34: Always kidnap a bride on her wedding day and only let her free once she agrees to let you fuck her on her wedding night?”

“Wow. Not even close. Single Boy Rule #34 is: First dates are for making an emotional connection.”

“Well that’s a surprisingly nice rule and now I feel kind of bad for saying something so filthy. What else do we know about

him?”

“How about I tell you the whole story of Slavanka’s wedding? It was quite a weekend. And I’m sure it holds the key to solving this riddle.”

“No! Chastity! Do not launch into another two-hour-long story! We’re already so late for your wedding. And now we have an hour time limit before the banana king kills us!”

“It all started one rainy evening when we were working late...”

* * *

Thank you for reading *Single Girl Rules* #HoHoHo!

Single Girl Rules 7 (Slavanka’s Wedding!!!) will be ready soon, but in the meantime...you don’t have to wait to get more of Chastity and Ash! You can read all about them in The Society #StalkerProblems. That’s right...Ash has an entire book about her journey to find love! And you better believe Chastity is gonna be there every step of the way to help her.

And yes, they’ll still be abiding by the Single Girl Rules. In fact, in the Society, you’ll learn about at least 10 more of the rules. So what are you waiting for?! [CLICK HERE to start reading!](#)



I got an invitation to an illicit club.

They say they'll grant me three wishes.

They say they'll make all my wildest dreams come true.

All I have to do is sign the contract.

Is it too good to be true? I'm about to find out.

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A Note From Ivy

Merry Christmas!! My husband challenged me to write this crazy Christmas story. I always watch Hallmark Christmas movies and the same few holiday favorites over and over again every year. And Ryan was like...I challenge you to write something completely different, but it still has to have so much Christmas magic. Like So. Much. Christmas. Magic.

And my inner Chastity was like...challenge accepted. I veered way off the normal holiday tale. Kind of like Ash skiing down a mountain topless and veering into the woods. That is this book. And I hope you laughed as hard reading it as I did while writing all the insanity.

Now every Christmas, we can watch our Hallmark movies and other holiday favorites, plus read about a magnificent Christmas orgy! It's what we've all been missing! God I love holiday traditions. Especially when they involve hot Santas.

I hope that your Christmas is full of laughter and joy. And that you get to be Santa's little milk cow while his elves run train on you. Because there is nothing more joyous than that ;) From my family to yours – Merry Christmas everyone!!

P.S. Help a fellow single girl out – who's on TikTok? Let's spread some Christmas joy and make the Single Girl Rules go viral together!!! I'd love to hear your thoughts and highlights about the book, acting out your favorite scenes, laughing at the pages, or doing anything you can imagine with your favorite #SingleGirlRules on TikTok!. Channel your inner Chastity and

let's break #BookTok together! And don't forget to follow and tag me - #ivysmoak :)



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Before You Go

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