

Christmas Cookies



A Sprite's Tale
LEXXIE COUPER

Changeling Press

Christmas Cookies: A Sprite's Tale

Lexxie Couper

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Lexxie Couper

Having decided his uncle is due for a break, Santa's nephew takes over the job of delivering presents and heads straight for the sun-drenched beaches of Australia. After a cataclysmic sleigh disaster with a low-flying Qantas Stratos 1500, Santa's nephew -- aka Nick- - finds himself rounding up reindeer on an isolated coastal stretch. When all seems lost -- including Rudolph -- Nick stumbles upon Chrissie, a woman just as mysterious as he.

Chrissie is an Australian bushland sprite, sent after Nick by his uncle. Santa has made his own decision -- it's time for his nephew to settle down. And Chrissie's just the sprite to fill his empty heart.

Christmas is always hot in Australia. But this year, it's going to be hotter!

Nick Saint Nicholas

The rumbling in my gut hit me before the jet did. Well, before the jet's turbulence did. One second, I'm skimming through the sky, the cool wind on my face, the next my gut feels like the San Andreas Fault having a bad day. I tossed a look over my shoulder, saw the Qantas Stratos 1500 and thought, *oh, shit!*

Ten seconds later, I'm in a wild spin, heading straight down: sleigh, sack of presents, eight reindeer -- plus that red-nosed ninth wheel, Rudolph -- and all. Not the perfect situation, I have to say. No wonder my uncle is a jumpy mess Christmas Eve.

Ever plummeted through a high-altitude cloudbank while trying to regain control of a sleigh chock-full of presents? It ain't easy, especially when said cloudbank makes you blink like mad and you've left your sunglasses back in your uncle's workshop at the North Pole, damn it!

Especially when Rudolph's nose is flashing like an insane traffic signal, Blitzen is trying to pull right, Donner is trying to pull left and Comet looks like he's two seconds away from throwing up. Trust me, reindeer vomit is *not* easy to get out of denim.

Scrambling for both the wildly flailing reins and the gyro leveler on the sleigh's control panel, I flicked a quick -- and I have to admit, worried -- look at the rapidly approaching terrain coming up to meet me. Or rather, the wide stretch of completely isolated beach I was rapidly approaching. If I didn't get some semblance of control back, my uncle was going to be down one nephew, his *only* nephew, and a lot of kids were going to wake up Christmas Day sans presents under the tree.

This wasn't good. So much for a dream run to warmer skies to give the old man a break.

Snatching the lashing reins -- just -- I yanked on the strip of leather. It always cracks me up that my uncle's sleigh is decked out in technology way beyond human

comprehension but he insists on retaining reins to steer the thing. Come to think of it, he probably doesn't need the four-legged fur-covered propulsion units either, but Santa's always been a fan of tradition so...

All right, all right, I hear you. Enough of the backstory, Nick! Get back to the situation, already!

So, I'm heading for a deserted beach somewhere -- I think on the far north coast of Australia -- wrestling madly with a set of reins that feels more like a live snake. The beach is getting closer, the night air is getting hotter, I'm sweating and it has nothing to do with the tropical summer heat.

The reindeer are frantically pawing at the sky desperate for traction, that bloody nose of Rudolph's is flashing like crazy (who knew it acted as a hazard signal as well?), Dasher's throwing me surly looks, the moonbeam-bathed beach is about to turn us all into flapjacks, I'm close to popping my shoulder-joints yanking on the reins... and we pull out of the spin. Not entirely, but enough. Thank the Christmas Spirit for that.

We hit the beach. *Hard.*

Reindeer tumble and roll everywhere, antlers clack, clatter and crack, reins snap, the sleigh smashes into the surf-compacted sand, bounces once, twice, smashes down again, and I'm flying through the air in a wild arc, flung from the carriage like one of my uncle's expertly made rag dolls.

Guess I should have been wearing my seat belt, huh?

* * *

Maybe I should introduce myself before I go on. Nick Saint Nicholas. The one and only Saint Nicholas's one and only nephew. I do the odd Christmas miracle for my uncle when he's pressed for time (my personal favorite was turning a sex-bot into a flesh-and-blood woman a few years back). It's been a mad year this year and I wanted to give the old man a vacation -- he's never taken one, not even during the mid two-thousand and twenties when the UN declared him a potential terrorist target and banned Christmas for three years. "Christmas without Santa may as well herald the end

of humanity" I heard him grumble moments before shooting into the skies on a covert present drop.

No, the old man needed some time out and what's family for if not to help when the going gets tough? So I highjacked the sleigh and took off from the Pole before he finished buckling that thick black belt of his around his waist. And then -- about four hours into the delivery process -- the Qantas Stratos happened to cross my flight plan. So much for good intentions.

What the hell was I to do now?

Chrissie

The first thing I noticed -- apart from limping reindeer scattering into the rainforest edging the sand -- was how cute my mission was. Actually "cute" is not the right word. "Cute" is an understatement. My mission, my *target*, was gorgeous. With a capital G and an exclamation mark.

Hovering behind an ancient eucalypt, I watched him push himself up from the sand, unfurling from the crumpled mess of his sleigh crash to stand upright and cast a look about himself.

I licked my lips, the warm core between my thighs clenching in anticipation. Old Man Claus had mentioned his nephew was easy on the eyes, but not *how* easy! By the Elf Lord, he was divine!

Tall and lean, with shoulders broad enough to make Atlas envious, a back that rippled with muscle tapering down to low, narrow hips, an arse tight and sculpted and entirely biteable, and long, hard legs. Nick Saint Nicholas looked nothing like his famous uncle.

Thank the Elf Lord for that.

My wings fluttered a little, rustling the long, slim leaves of the gum tree. They're like that, my wings. When I get excited they seem to develop a mind of their own. The faster my heart starts to beat, the quicker my wings flutter. It's kinda endearing, but can be a bit frustrating. There are times when I don't want to defy gravity, and sucking in lungful after lungful of air in an attempt to slow my heart and return my feet to the ground can be a real mood killer. Thankfully at that very moment I was gripping the eucalypt's trunk, its soft warm life acting as an anchor. Studying Nick Saint Nicholas was making my heart beat like mad.

I watched him walk to the overturned sleigh, stepping over scattered presents as he did so. He stared at it, dragging long-fingered hands through dark-blond hair that belonged more on a surfer than the nephew of the world's most loveable present-giver. I licked my lips. "Distract him," Old Man Claus had instructed. "I know he's acting out of love, but I haven't the time for a family intervention."

Distract him.

I'm still not sure *what* type of distraction the old man had in mind. He'd contacted me the second his nephew and the Stratos 1500 crossed paths. I *think* Claus wanted me to tell the vegetation on the beach's rim -- the Yellow Lawyer Cane, the Wait-A-While, the Lantana... plants of similar ilk -- to detain him, tie him up as such. Why else call in a bushland sprite for assistance? But then, who knows the mind of a man centuries old with the sole purpose in life of bringing happiness to adults and children alike?

I flicked an appreciative inspection over Nick Saint Nicholas, this time admiring the sculptured perfection of his chest, shoulders and biceps snuggled under a form-fitting red T-shirt. A T-shirt Nick suddenly pulled up over his head, bunched into a wad and wiped at the tiny beads of perspiration popping out on his forehead. I stared at his now exposed torso, at the small nipples on a chest both hard and smooth and utterly lickable.

Oh my... My wings quickened their beat. Tying up Old Man Claus's nephew was sounding quite... appealing.

A squirming tickle of anticipation fluttered between my thighs, in perfect harmony with my fluttering wings. I grinned, letting my gaze caress the delectable form of Nick once more... and shimmered into nothing.

It was time for the "distraction" to begin.

Nick Saint Nicholas

The first thing I needed to do was round up the four-legged propulsion units. Ignoring the raucous laugh of a kookaburra perched, I assumed, in one of the many eucalypts edging the beach, I turned from the sleigh and stared up into the dense rainforest -- and felt soft fingers skim down my jaw line.

What the --

I snapped my head to the left. No one. Nothing. Just miles and miles of pristine white sand strewn with brightly wrapped parcels. I frowned. And the fingers brushed my right cheekbone.

Okay, I'm going to have to admit, I jumped. Not much, but enough for the balls of my booted feet to make new divots in the sand. *Someone* was playing with me and I wanted to know who. Pulling a deep breath, I centered my spirit and let my senses float, "feeling" for my unseen companion...

There! A faint whisper of wings, a delicate scent of rich soil, nectar and... and... something I wasn't familiar with but made the blood in my veins tingle.

"Fae?"

The humid air about me displaced a little, as if something lithe and nimble moved close to my body. I heard the faintest sound -- a giggle? -- and those fingers traced a line down my nose and feathered my top lip.

My heartbeat leapt away with me. That mysterious scent filled my nose and I felt soft fingertips on my bottom lip. I moved my tongue -- a little -- and tasted the sweet taste of dew.

Ah-ha. "Sprite." But what kind?

The fingertips traced the fleshy line of my bottom lip in a languid path before dipping deeper into my mouth, touching my teeth and the tip of my tongue again. More sweet dew, with an undercurrent of... what? I didn't know.

The faint giggle sounded in my left ear and I felt, rather than heard, that lithe body dance around me again, closer this time. Close enough to make my clothes move.

I bit back a curse. Sprites are notorious mischief-makers, hell-bent on causing mayhem through their unique connection with the supernatural world. I sensed a deep affinity with nature in the "taste" of my unseen guest, but what could she -- and I was assuming she was a she -- do?

The answer, well, *an* answer, came mere seconds after the thought formed in my head. Hands I visualized being long-fingered and delicate skimmed down the length of my torso over the plane of my stomach, which tightened with reflex interest, down past my navel to the waist of my jeans (a pair of button-fly Levis my uncle had surprised me with last December twenty-fifth). Before I could react, the first button popped open. Followed by the second. The third.

A soft breath tickled my ear, filled with mist and cool breezes and a promise beyond words. My body responded. Immediately.

Hot blood flooded into my cock. I should have been looking for the four-legged propulsion units, I should have been repacking the sleigh -- shit, I *know* what havoc sprites can create, I *should* have been running for the hills -- but instead I stood there, growing hornier with each second, as that earthy, mysterious scent consumed me and invisible hands slid past the waistline of my jeans to close around my rapidly growing shaft.

Oh yeah...

A very dirty thought filtered through my mind -- seconds before I felt even but still sharp teeth nip at my right earlobe. Soft pleasure-pain shot a rapid and direct path through my body -- straight to my cock.

I jolted. For two reasons. One, every fiber of my being felt charged with carnal electricity at the sprite's teasing touch, and two, I knew I was in trouble. I had to get away from her. I had a job to do -- my uncle's job to do -- and the clock was ticking.

It's actually not easy to get away from a determined sprite. I've had a few... shall I call them entanglements?... with the winged creatures. When they want something, they get it. *This* sprite, it seemed, wanted me.

Before I could take a step, those fingers that had been caressing my cock in gentle pulses squeezed harder. More pleasure-pain. Like an explosion of hot, wet tension in both my cock and balls. Oh, by the gods, she was good.

I bit back a groan. Either I was as easy as they came, or this sprite had a power beyond the normal control of nature. Forcing my muscles into action, I ran. Up the beach. Away from the sleigh. I knew I couldn't fight the sprite while she was invisible, but if I could provoke her enough to take corporeal form I had a chance. Besides, some sprites are pretty damn ugly. Maybe this one...

The humid air folded around me as I ran, the midnight heat sucking the sweat from my skin before it could cool me. Sand flicked up and peppered my back in a fine spray. To my right, obviously highly entertained by the show, the kookaburra laughed again. Long. Hard. Wild. What is it with the Australians and their sense of humor? Even their wildlife finds the oddest things funny!

Anyway, I'm sprinting up the beach, hoping to infuriate the sprite enough she'll show herself (not sure what my plan was after that) when, with a soft rustle, a vine whipped out from the rainforest's dense undergrowth and wrapped around my ankle. Just like that.

Shit.

I pitched forward and hit the soft sand in an entirely unmanly and undignified face-first thud, the sound of the kookaburra laughing its feathered head off ringing in my ears.

It didn't take a mouthful of sand to discover there and then what type of sprite I was dealing with. The vine said it all. My gut clenched and my blood grew hot. Bushland sprite. The worst -- and sexiest -- of them all.

Had I said I was in trouble earlier?

I was flung through the air. The second time today, although this time my trajectory was governed by a paranormally controlled species of vegetation wrapped around my right ankle. The world spun around me in a crazy whirl: surf, sand, rainforest, sand, surf, sand and rainforest again. I lost my grip on my shirt, the sweat-soaked garment floating to the ground as I was yanked -- with growing speed -- toward the dense tree line.

Another vine lashed out to snare my left wrist. Another my right. With an ignominious jolt, my arcing flight snapped to an abrupt left and suddenly I found myself slammed up against the thick smooth trunk of a eucalypt, my wrists bound in soft but steely vines keeping my arms extended above my head, my feet just touching the moss-covered ground beneath me. A prisoner.

As I said earlier. Trouble. Capital T trouble.

Trouble that doubled as, with hands still invisible, the sprite released the last button on my fly and rolled my jeans down my thighs and over my boots, throwing them into the dark rainforest behind me.

I hung there. Exposed. Detained. And, I'm ashamed to admit, horny. Furious and indignant, but horny all the same. "I haven't time for this!" I growled, glaring at the empty bush before me. "Give me twenty-four hours and I'll be back. You have my word, but I have an important job to complete before sunup."

A soft giggle danced on the air. I squinted, hoping to see a shimmer of movement. Iridescent wings, bare limbs... something, *anything* to focus my indignation on.

Nothing. Just the lush, shadow-shrouded vegetation.

A feather-light touch caressed my chest, sending a zing of cool tension through my body. My nipples responded, tightening into rock-hard points of flesh that ached for attention.

And attention they received. Those invisible fingers found them. Traced them. Circled each one with languid care, flicked at each one with mischievous pressure. I moaned, enjoying the warm shards of pleasure darting through my body, down to my cock, even as anger and impatience gnawed at my gut. "Please," I ground out through teeth clenched tight. "You have to let me go. I have to..."

Warm lips closed around one nipple and I lost my train of thought. *I have to... what?*

I stared out at the pounding surf framed by dense, deep green foliage. Foliage keeping me bound to the tree. It was as if I wore an invisible blindfold -- I could see everything but the creature teasing me. The creature currently laving my nipple with a tongue warm and wet, and too talented to ignore.

A moan rumbled in my chest and slipped past my lips. Not very manly, I know, but I couldn't stop it. One mouth on one nipple and I was turning into a sexual prisoner. If it wasn't for the bloody sleigh, nine missing reindeer and a shit load of presents, I'd be a willing sexual --

The sprite slid her lips to my other nipple, nipped it between her teeth and thought went out the window again. Window? Well, out the gap between thick, vine-covered eucalypts.

"Okay, okay," I moaned, my skin now completely slicked with sweat, my cock a hard throbbing shaft of unashamed interest. "I give in. But you've gotta help me round up the reindeer at least. Just give me that."

She giggled again... a naughty, delighted sound that sent a fresh surge of hot blood to my groin. My cock twitched and, with a sudden burst of carnal energy, stood ramrod straight, pointing up at the rainforest canopy -- as if it were an indecent reminder of the sky above the leaves I should be soaring through.

Fingers feathered the bulbous head (which if I'd dared to look, was probably purple with engorged hunger by now), smearing the bead of pre-cum there across my burning, taut skin.

A very traitorous, very enticing thought flittered through my head: *Surely Christmas can be late this year?*

I knew the answer. It couldn't. But I couldn't convince my body of that. Not when unseen hands and lips moved over it so thoroughly -- and I mean thoroughly. One hand continued to tease my left nipple, the other had found my sac, cupping my swollen balls in a gentle but still forceful grip, massaging them with confident fingers.

The lips stayed on task -- first nibbling my right nipple, then scoring a wet path down over my stomach. I've got a good stomach, hard and well muscled. I love my uncle to bits, but I wasn't going the way of the family gene pool when it came to physical formation. No massive girth here that wobbles when I laugh. What my stomach was doing at that very moment was rising and falling in hitching motion as lips that felt like cool velvet worked their way to my navel.

A tongue flicked out and explored the shallow dip, and I clenched my fists. Damn. It felt good.

Something very soft tickled my face, like the brush of gossamer, and without seeing them I knew I'd been struck by wings. My already thumping heartbeat quickened. If the sprite's mouth was at my navel and her wings were near my face, then that could only mean...

The action beat the prediction.

Without preamble, my cock was enveloped by a hot, sucking mouth and the *very* traitorous thought -- to hell with Christmas -- screamed through my head.

Chrissie

Now I know this isn't the diversion-slash-distraction Old Man Claus had in mind. I'm pretty certain when he called me up for this mission he didn't envision me hovering -- invisible -- barely inches from the ground with my lips wrapped around his nephew's cock. His nephew's very impressive cock, I have to say.

But here's the thing. Being a bushland sprite is all well and good and wonderful if you love nothing but lantana, grevillea, wombats, possums and kangaroos for company, but I've always longed for... well, I guess you'd call it "people" company. Don't get me wrong, I love what I am, but there's only so much you can discuss with a eucalypt, and a yearning for deep soul-to-soul connection doesn't translate well to a tree.

True, I hadn't had a soul-to-soul with Nick Saint Nicholas yet, but I was definitely communicating with "wood" in a way I'd never wanted to with a tree. Who knew where it would lead us?

His cock felt wonderful in my mouth. Long, thick and solid. Warm like a freshly unearthed tree root. I slid my tongue around its base, marveling at its girth even as I felt the distended head of his cock nudge the back of my throat. By the Elf Lord, he was well equipped.

I felt a soft jolt rock through his body and sent out a whispered command to the lantana vines holding his wrists to lash tighter. I didn't want him getting away, not when I was enjoying the job given to me *sooo* much.

I "felt" the vines slither like snakes on his wrists, the action followed immediately by a swift intake of breath. I smiled around Nick's throbbing shaft and gave it a soft suck. Despite his protests, he was enjoying himself. His cock twitched and lengthened in my mouth. He was enjoying himself immensely.

I shifted positions a little, wanting to take him deeper. My pussy clenched with hunger, growing wetter each second from not only the very responsive cock in my mouth, but the moans, grunts and soft whimpers of pleasure slipping from Nick's mouth. I smoothed my hands up his tensed legs, enjoying the feel of his bunched calf muscles, his coiled thighs. I brushed the knuckles of my fingers against the heavy curve of his balls and he bucked, biting off a raw curse.

If his uncle heard him say such things he'd be struck from the "good" list immediately. I chuckled softly at the thought, sending pulsing vibrations through Nick's shaft and he moaned, shoving his hips forward. I took the invitation and cupped his sac in one hand.

The contact had the desired effect. He shoved his hips forward again, with more force and urgency. His muscles tensed, radiating a heat born from pleasure. I twirled my tongue over his cock, let my molars graze its turgid length and gently kneaded and tugged on his balls.

He groaned, a deep low rumble starting in the pit of his flat stomach. The sound -- the very definition of rapture -- made my cunt squeeze and flood with wet need. I couldn't release him of his bounds and I didn't want to, but my pussy demanded attention. My swollen clit ached with hot blood. I wanted to feel Nick's mouth there, sucking on the soft lips of my sodden sex. I wanted to feel his tongue plunge between those lips. I wanted to feel his teeth nip the throbbing nub of flesh my clit had become.

Wanted it so much.

My wings beat -- a rapid tattoo -- and, still invisible, I inverted, aligning my cunt with Nick's panting mouth.

"Gods, I can smell you!" Nick's exclamation fanned the dampness of my cunt. Sprites do not wear clothes -- mainly because we spend so much of our existence unseen. And really (or at least in my case -- I can't speak for some of those big-city European sprites) when you don't own a washing machine, or a house for that matter, who wants to spend hours whacking cotton underwear on rocks by the side of the closest stream?

"Gods, you smell so fucking good!" Nick moaned, his body quivering against the tree. "Like musk and rain and sugar-plums!"

The description stabbed into my core, flooding my body with damp lust. I sucked harder on his cock, my wings flapping like crazy, my hair brushing over his booted feet. I squeezed his balls again, their heavy weight in my palm a tactile aphrodisiac. The salty sweetness of pre-cum slicked over my tongue and I moaned, letting my thighs part slightly.

The cool rainforest air and Nick's rapid breath caressed my pussy. "Let me taste you!" he ground out. "I want to taste you."

A thrill -- no, more than that, a rapture -- rolled through me. Straightening my legs, spreading them a little more, I flew higher up his body. My sodden sex brushed his chin, I heard him groan again, and then his mouth covered my pussy lips and he drove his tongue into my cunt.

A wave of exquisite energy surged through me. By the Elf Lord, I swear I'd never felt anything like it. Nick's mouth felt like cold, fresh snow and hot, summer storm rain. The second his lips claimed my wanton sex I felt transported -- thrust into a pleasure-clouded realm of sensory overload.

I've... "enjoyed" myself with more than one human, male and female, and really enjoyed myself with more than one sprite. Let me tell you, paranormal creatures know how to rock your Kasbah, but Nick Saint Nicholas's touch was unlike any I'd experienced. There was something magical about it.

His tongue parted my pussy-lips and delved into the wetness beyond, plunging deep and forcefully before slipping free to flick at my clit. Each little stab of his tongue made my sex clench and my wings flutter. I was inverted, remember, which meant my wings wanted to propel me headfirst into the moss-covered soil at Nick's feet. I didn't want that. There was no way I wanted his mouth to leave my cunt, and I'm pretty certain -- based on the eager way Nick's tongue explored my cunt -- he didn't want it to either.

I curled my fingers around his ankles, gripping him hard in an effort to stay exactly where I was. My thighs parted farther, opening my drenched sex more to his mouth. I heard him groan as he lapped at my juices, a sound low, raw and hungry. I knew how he felt. His cock filled my mouth with such perfection. I took it as deep as I could, wanting to feel its entire length and girth with my tongue. Pre-cum oozed from its tip, salty and sweet at once, and for some reason images of snow crystals flittered through my pleasure-fuzzy mind. I moaned and plunged my mouth farther down his shaft, tracing the blood engorged veins ribboning its length with my tongue until I came to his balls.

Another groan rumbled in Nick's chest. I felt it in my belly and sex. The vibrations rippled through me, set every fiber of my being afire. Wet pulses of tension claimed my pussy, radiating deep into my core -- a wanton center Nick's tongue seemed determined to plunder.

By the Elf Lord, I'd never had my cunt fucked so thoroughly with just a mouth. The realization made me quiver and my wings beat like mad. If this feeling of absolute rapture was the result of just his mouth, how would the massive organ in my mouth make me feel?

I had to know. Now.

I made to move to disengage from the inverted sixty-niner, but Nick's teeth stopped me. They nipped my clit. Pain exploded in my sex. Sweet, glorious, exquisite pain. Ribbons of pain that made me cry out and flooded my cunt with cream. Oh, yes!

There is a very fine line between pleasure and pain but it is rarely crossed with such delicious intent. Nick's teeth claimed my clit with the absolutely correct amount of pressure and purpose. My body reacted -- explosively. A gush of hot tension surged through my core and I arched backward, my spine bowing into a severe U that thrust my hips and cunt harder to Nick's face.

The brutal -- and utterly unexpected -- orgasm consumed me. I screamed, the sound ripping through the rainforest, silencing all but one lone kookaburra. My wings

had never beat so hard, my cunt had never constricted so forcefully. Pure currents of unadulterated pleasure possessed me and my body didn't know what to do.

So it did this... it shimmered into visibility.

At the exact moment, my fevered, sensation-overloaded mind stopped communicating with the lantana and released Nick's wrists and ankles.

Nick Saint Nicholas

The vines holding me prisoner whipped away, retracting back into the dense undergrowth of the surrounding bush. I was free. But I didn't care because -- hovering before me -- her wonderfully sweet sex still pressed to my mouth, iridescent wings a blur of color -- was my captor. My bushland sprite.

My bushland sprite?

The possessive pronoun barely registered in my brain. I was totally and utterly fixated on the creature before me, the female who'd made my body feel like it was a thrumming charge of raw electricity.

Luminous copper-red hair tumbled about her head, spilled down her bowed back, almost a living entity in itself. Her pale flesh seemed to glow, highlighting the perfect structure of her lithe body, a body still at right angles to mine.

I grabbed her hips with my now free hands, holding her. Imprisoning her. I was free of her vines, but I wasn't free of her. Not at all. I should have pushed her away and returned to the beach, but I didn't.

I did not want to round-up reindeer and deliver presents. Not even close. I wanted to see her face, her eyes, as I plunged my cock into her sex. I wanted to make her scream that melodic, musical scream of release again as I fucked her like I'd never fucked a being in my life.

Wanted to and was going to.

With a savage action, I flipped her over. It was a risky move. Her wings were still beating. She could shoot away from me the moment my hands lost contact with her warm, smooth flesh, but something told me she wouldn't.

And she didn't. Instead, bare feet mere inches from the ground, wings a rainbow blur, hair a fire-red halo about her delicate heart-shaped face, she stared at me with eyes the color of new holly leaves... and captured my mouth with hers.

I tasted myself on her lips and tongue. I knew she tasted her own pleasure on mine. The small whimper in the back of her throat when her tongue met mine told me so. As did the way she pressed her sublimely naked body to mine, her small but exquisite breasts crushing against my sweat-slicked chest, her smooth mons grinding against my throbbing, pulsing, aching cock.

Her arms slid around my neck and she buried her fingers in my hair, pulling me closer into her ravenous kiss. Our teeth clicked, our tongues mated and fresh hot blood surged into my already rigid shaft.

I lifted my hands -- my free hands -- from her hips. Cupped one over her left breast and squeezed her perfectly formed ass with the other. Her nipples puckered and I pinched the left one between my knuckles, reveling in its rock-hard response. The desire to close my lips and teeth around that nub of eager flesh almost stopped my heart and I groaned into her mouth.

As if she knew what I so hungered for, she broke the kiss, staring deeply into my eyes. "Please," she murmured. Her fingers knotted in my hair and she tugged my head to her chest, arching her back so her breasts thrust up to meet my mouth.

I took her nipple between my lips, drew it deeply past my teeth. Laved it with my tongue. She arched against me, her wings beating against my hand on her ass like gossamer whips. The sensation was wild. Erotic. I suckled harder on her nipple and mauled her butt, kneading the toned muscles until my fingers brushed the tight hole between each cheek.

She whimpered again and writhed in my hold. "By the Elf Lord!"

Her cry sent my pulse flying. Sprites never utter their deity's name. She'd committed something akin to blasphemy and it was because of my touch. Her nails scored lines of fire down my neck and across my shoulders, her moans growing louder with every pull, suck and bite I gave her nipple. She ground her hips harder to mine,

her mons punishing my turgid cock. The torture -- for that was what it was, torture for making her wait -- made my body thrum with need. My balls felt ready to burst, swollen and heavy with want. I shifted slightly, using the tree trunk behind me as a vertical support, until the distended head of my cock nudged between her thighs.

Her soft, sodden pussy-lips slid along its length, a creamy kiss that turned my blood to molten desire. I moved again, rolling my hips, dragging the length of my cock over her velvet-soft sex. Her heat branded my flesh and I closed my teeth down on her nipple, fighting for control, knowing if I didn't bury myself in the damp tightness of her pussy soon I would come on her inner thighs. Gods, I'd never -- never -- felt so aroused. Was she bewitching me? I didn't think it possible.

There are many paranormal creatures in this world, but my uncle and his bloodline are the rarest -- we cannot be affected by the magic of others. A safety precaution to make sure no malevolent being disrupted Christmas. But how could she be making me so... so... so fucking *hers* in such a short space of time?

I would be yours forever... The soft voice floated through my mind, a whisper as incredulous as it was adamant. Gods, I didn't want to let her go! Ever!

A swift gasp burst from her lips and suddenly her sublime body tensed. She grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head up, staring into my eyes with a feverish intensity. "I heard you. In my head!" We stared at each other for a long moment, her sex and thighs pressed to my straining cock, her hands in my hair, my hands on her body. "I heard you," she repeated in a whisper. *In my head.*

My heart hammered. My blood roared in my ears. I heard her too. In my head. But what did it mean?

Behind us, faint and distant, a soft jingle of bells sounded. I should have turned to see what it was. Bells? On a deserted beach? But I couldn't pull my gaze away from the incredible creature so intimately connected to me. Her green eyes glowed with passion and wonderment. Her breasts rose and fell with shallow pants, causing her pinched nipples to brush against mine.

I inhaled, smelt her pleasure on the heavy rainforest air -- musky, fresh, clean and sweet at once -- and didn't care anymore. Staring into her face, I slid my hands to her ass, took a step away from the tree, pulled her thighs up over my hips and thrust my cock into the creamy channel of her cunt.

Filled her. Took her. Claimed her.

It was Christmas Eve. And she was mine.

"Oh, yes!" she cried out, throwing her head back. She bucked into my thrusts, meeting each one with a force that made me reel. My cock slid in and out of her cunt, the wet sounds of penetration echoing through the dense vegetation. My balls smacked her ass, each painful impact like the rapture of heaven. I wanted it all. I sank my nails into the back of her thighs, tugging her onto my ramming cock, punching deeper and deeper into her sex. I felt the muscles of her pussy grip my length and squeeze it in intoxicating pulses. I moaned, the tingle in my spine, my gut, my balls telling me I was close, so close, to erupting.

I was going to pump my load into her cunt and I still didn't know --

"Who I am?" The words fell from her parted lips and she dug her nails into my shoulders. "Chrissie."

Her name caressed my ears. *Chrissie*... My balls rose up, my gut clenched. I thrust into her. Again. Again. Again. Behind me, the bells jingled. A reindeer snuffled.

I stared into Chrissie's eyes, felt her sex squeeze my cock. "Oh, Nick. I've never..." She came, hot cream gushing from her cunt, slicking my balls, our thighs. Her sex clamped down on my shaft, the muscles of her core sucking its length, taking me completely to the edge of sexual oblivion. "Oh, Nick, oh, Nick, oh, Nick!"

My name bursting from her lips with such uninhibited power pushed me over. How she knew my name didn't matter. I erupted, pumping wad, after wad, after wad of cum into her cunt, flooding her with my pleasure just as she'd flooded me with hers. We both cried out, our screams silencing the surrounding wildlife (even that damn voyeuristic kookaburra!), filling the rainforest with the undeniable sounds of our wildness.

Pulsating release thumped through me, surging jolts of raw energy. Chrissie took it all, milking me of every last drop until, unable to stand anymore, I collapsed to the soft sandy soil beneath the tree.

Chrissie came with me, laughing, giggling, holding onto me with a strength that bespoke of an unwillingness to let go. I totally agreed with her. There was no way I was letting her go either. She shucked her way up my prone body a little, gazing down at me with shining eyes, her wings fluttering behind her, cooling us both. "Wow."

I reached up and cupped her jaw, tracing my thumb along the fullness of her bottom lip. "Wow."

We didn't move for a long time, both too spent and dumbstruck to find words, letting our heartbeats slowly return to a normal pace.

"Wow," she said again, softer.

I smiled and smoothed my hands up over her ass, loving the way it felt under my palms. Firm, warm and entirely squeezable. I opened my mouth, perhaps to tell her that's exactly what I was going to do -- squeeze her ass, perhaps to say something utterly inane and corny, who knows! My brain still hadn't caught up with my body and was lingering somewhere in incoherent sexual bliss. I opened my mouth to say something and heard the bells jingling again. The sleigh bells.

Reality hit me like an avalanche of snow.

Shit! Christmas!

I snapped my head around, staring over Chrissie's shoulder (Chrissie's very lovely, very kissable shoulder) at the distant beach, searching for the sleigh wreck and any wandering reindeer. Damn. I had to go, I had a job to --

The sleigh stood upright, cargo area fully loaded with a massive sack stuffed full of brightly wrapped presents, the four-legged, fur-covered propulsion units harnessed to it, waiting patiently, Rudolph's nose glowing a low, contented red.

I sat upright, taking Chrissie with me. *What the...*

A big man walked around the back of the sleigh, whiter-than-white beard gleaming in the full moon's glow, his bright red shorts, bright red T-shirt and bright red

Stetson looking comically practical. But then again, my uncle has always been practical, despite being one of the most famous magical creatures in history.

Sparkling blue eyes locked on us across the stretch of beach and he raised his hand to the brim of his hat, a knowing grin making his chubby pink cheeks even chubbier. "Merry Christmas, you two," I heard him say even though at least two hundred yards of beach separated us. With a fluid grace, so surreal in a man so portly and old, he leapt up into his sleigh and lifted the reins, the reindeer immediately shuffling into alert readiness. He dropped us a sly wink. "I don't need to ask if you like your Christmas presents, do I?"

Chrissie burst out laughing and she pressed her wonderfully naked -- well, just wonderfully wonderful -- body closer to mine. "No, Old Man Claus, you don't. Thank you." She turned back to me and cupped my jaw in her long, delicate hands, her wings beating a steady rhythm that echoed my heartbeat to perfection. "Thank you."

I gazed up at her, my blood quickening at the pure happiness and desire I saw shimmering in her remarkable green eyes. "Presents?" I murmured, feeling my cock grow thick and long in the snug folds of her sex.

"I'll explain later," she murmured back, a small grin pulling at her lips. And with that, four vines snaked out of the bush and wrapped around my wrists and ankles, stretching me spread-eagle on my back. I looked up at her, lust and hunger surging through me, making my cock spasm deep in her pussy.

She tilted at the hips, her nipples brushing my chest, her lips nibbling on mine. "Well," she whispered, running her hands down the length of my body until they found my rapidly swelling balls. "Maybe after I've unwrapped my present again."

Her tongue dipped into my mouth, her fingers cupped my sac and way off in the distance -- high in the sky -- the sound of jingling bells tinkled on the air and I heard my uncle laugh.

Then Chrissie shifted her hips, took me deeper into her body and nothing else mattered except her. My present. I'd always wanted to experience a hot Christmas Down Under. And I planned on doing so again and again and again.

Chrissie bit my bottom lip and chuckled lowly into my mouth. "Oh, yeah."

Lexxie Couper

Lexxie's not a deviant. She just has a deviant's imagination. Add the two together and you get darkly erotic romances with a twist of horror, sci-fi and the paranormal!

When she's not submerged in the worlds she creates, Lexxie's life revolves around her family; a husband who thinks she's insane, a pony-sized mutt who thinks he's a lap-dog, and her greatest treasure -- her little bundles mischief who have utterly captured her heart and changed everything.

Living in Australia makes it a bit tricky for Lexxie to pop by for coffee, but she still loves to chat! Contact her at lexxie@lexxiécouper.com or find her at www.lexxiécouper.com