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Selene Noreen

Naughty for Christmas

by Selene Noreen

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CHAPTER ONE

"You want me to what? Are you nuts?" Hood stood rigid as he glared at his father. "Do you know how busy I am training the new guards? Not to mention I'm clan leader, and you want me go prancing around as an Elf?"

"You heard me. Nicholas contacted me last night. With the population explosion on Earth, he needs an elf to help him this year. You'll ride with him in that fake contraption that looks like a sleigh." His father gestured with one hand and sat down on his throne.

"Elves are small, Father. Have you forgotten that? And why not ask Brak? He's at least a foot smaller than me." Furious, Hood paced back and forth. He never wanted to travel to Earth. He'd heard the rumors about how Earthlings were destroying their planet and about how they didn't seem to care.

"Your brother is away on Trenton—you know this. And as for the size issue, that's easy. Just shrink yourself. It's not going to kill you to be small for one night. It's not like anyone around here is going to know. You'll be on Earth." King Drake stood "Nicholas is expecting

you in an hour, so go." With a dismissive wave of his hand, Hood's father left the room.



Trisha smiled at her friends as they waited by the door. "Really, I'm going to be fine tomorrow. I like spending time alone. I can finish reading this romance book I started. At least I can *dream* of finding a man taller than me." She laughed, but inside her heart ached. All her life men teased her about her height or avoided her altogether. Could she help it if she was six-foot-two? Everyone in her family was tall. It wasn't like she was fat.

"Trisha, please come by tomorrow," Beth pleaded with her. "At least have dinner with us. You know how Max loves your stories, and it would help him sleep so much better."

"I'll call you tomorrow. I can't promise anything. Who knows?" She shrugged. "Maybe Santa will bring me a man taller than me." Trisha laughed, waved good bye to her friends, and closed the door, locking it behind them. She turned out the lights and headed for her bedroom.

"Christmas Eve and all through the apartment nothing stirred but Trisha's new vibrator." She giggled and started humming "Here Comes Santa Claus." All night she'd been waiting to try out the newly purchased toy. The new sales lady at Passions had promised her ultimate release and her deepest sexual desires granted with this green dildo. "Hmm... I'll believe it when I see it."

Stepping into her dark bedroom, Trisha glanced at the clock by her bed glowing 12:30 in neon red. It was officially Christmas, and the perfect time to try out her new gift to herself. Trisha stripped out of her clothes and lit the Christmas-scented candles she'd also purchased. All around the room, candles flickered, casting shadows about. The last thing she needed to set the mood was music. Clicking on CD player, she watched the tray spin in preparation to play six hours of her favorite Christmas CDs.

Trisha turned and stared at the bag which held her toys. When the sales lady had shown her the first toy, Trisha had just about died. The replica dildo was green—and huge. At first she'd just gawked at it, and then busted out laughing. She grinned, remembering her comment to the clerk, "It looks like the penis from the Jolly Green Giant, oh my God!" Of course the sales lady had laughed and replied, "Once you try a Jolly Green Giant, believe me, you'll not go back." By the time she'd left the store with the Jolly Green dildo in her bag, Trisha had spent over two hundred dollars in sex toys. Some she probably would never use since she needed a partner for them, but she was a sucker for sales. Trisha shook her head at the fact that she'd believed the clerk about the special toy bringing all her Christmas fantasies to life. "Hmph." *I need my head examined to believe such crap! God I'm a sucker*.

Thump, thump. Trisha jumped and spun on her heels in the direction of the noise. *Thump, thump.* Her heart raced. "What the...?" A dark shadow of movement outside the window caught her eye just as the shutters clanged against the casing in the wind again. Trisha sighed. "Good grief. Get a hold of yourself, girl." She headed over to secure them when the window banged open. Snow and cold air swirled into the small room, sending a rash of goose bumps over every inch of her naked body.

Chapter Two

"You want me to what?" Hood ground his teeth and stared at old man Nicholas. He didn't care if he was his father's best friend. "It's bad enough I'm a midget tonight, but now you want me to do your last job. No! There is no way I'm sliding down someone's chimney." Hood shouted from the back seat of the sleigh.

"You won't have to go down a chimney here." Nicholas yelled over his shoulder. "Just go in through the apartment's bedroom window. You do know how to transport yourself, right?"

"Fine, but this is the last time I do this. Next time, you can get one of my brothers. I can't believe my mother use to live here on Earth. It's so primitive." Hood shook his head and waited for the old man to land the sleigh on the roof.

As soon as the sleigh came to a halt, Hood disappeared through the window of the apartment. Soft colors of browns and rust decorated the room, and a large king size bed sat in its center, the focal point of the room. Candles lit the bedroom and soft music played in the background. Hood tossed the satchel of presents over his shoulder and headed in search of the resident's tree when the scrapping of wood slates against metal on the roof stopped him in his tracks. It sounded as if the sleigh was on the move. Bells jingled and the tone began to fade as if it were racing away.

"He wouldn't dare?" Hood growled, neglecting to keep himself invisible as he ran to the window. Leaning against the sill, his bag slid from his shoulder with a soft *whoosh* and a *plop* onto the floor.

"What the...? Oh my God! What are you supposed to be, and how the hell did you get into my apartment?" a human female squealed.

"Please stop that! You're going to break my ear drums," he grouched as the last peal of tiny bells disappeared. His heart sank. "I'm here delivering your Christmas presents, and now it seems I'm stranded thanks to that old fart Nicholas." Hood turned toward the voice behind him and paused. She was beautiful. Her long blonde hair curved down her shapely nude body. In all his life, he'd never seen such a creature.

She grabbed the blanket off the bed, knocking a bag off the end of the bed and at his feet in the process. "I swear, if this is some kind of joke, I'm so going to sue that sales lady if she let my friends talk her into doing this. To think sending me some sort of green elf"—She pointed to his body—"would fulfill my fantasy, please! If you just get out, I won't call the cops, okay?" She gripped the blanket tighter.

Hood eyed the beauty, and then looked down. Various sex toys littered the floor. And not just any novelties, but the preferred toys of his people. A pair of handcuffs and several green scarves lay on the floor at his feet. Hood's body stirred. They were a culture that enjoyed exploring the heightened pleasures found in bondage. From what he'd heard, most human females needed a good year to get use to the sexual appetites of the men on his world. He shook his head at how primitive humans were when it came to sex. The thought of one day having his mate at one of their clubs hardened his cock further. Hood adjusted his pants.

The cuffs shimmered in the glow of the candle light, capturing his attention. Myridian handcuffs, his favorite. More blood surged to his groin. *Wait a minute... How could she have these? The metal Tronink doesn't exist on Earth?* He nudged the bag with his foot, and the scent of his mother's perfume reached his senses.

"Tell me something..." Hood glanced up in the female's direction. "What did this so-called sales lady look like? Did she have bright red

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hair and is a little taller than you maybe?" He knelt down, eyeing all the toys he'd loved to use on his woman. "So, are you going to answer me?" Hood straightened. "Did the clerk fit the description I gave you?"

"Yes, the sales lady matches your description," her voice squeaked, "So what?" She edged closer to her bed. "That's it! I warned you!" She grabbed the phone that sat beside her bed. Hood jumped and tackled her to the mattress, pulling the receiver from her hand.

"If you'd just relax, I'll explain everything." Her luscious body squirmed under him. Part of the blanket covering her breasts dropped away, exposing a bright pink nipple. He scrambled off her and away from the bed. "Cover yourself before we do something irrevocable here."

"Like I'd let a shrimp like you touch me. If you would get out of here everything would okay." She pushed herself up against the headboard.

"If I could leave, I would, but it seems my family wants us to spend some time together. That was my mother who sold you those toys. I don't know how the hell she found you, but I have to admit, I'm glad she did. I'd given up searching for my mate." He paced the bedroom.

"Your what? I'm so *not* your mate. Look, I'm sure there's some nice, small green woman out there for you somewhere. I'm sorry, but I like my men tall, big, and muscular. And well. You're not."

Hood froze, glanced up at her and smiled. *So she likes big men.* It was time to show his mate who he really was. He stretched his arms over his head and closed his eyes, flexing the muscles of his enlarging biceps. *Aww...finally.* Hood knew without a doubt his mate watched his every move. The small costume he wore shredded with his sudden girth, but with a simple thought, a new outfit appeared and covered his massive frame. A white silk shirt draped his upper body and tight black flex pants covered his lower half.

With the transformation done, Hood glanced over at the beauty. She was watching him all right, but her gazed had settled to a point much lower than his face.

"Oh, my god! What the hell is that?" She shrieked, pointing at his groin. "That can't be what I think it is." Her gaze flew to his, and he grinned.

"I believe size shouldn't be an issue now?" He winked and rubbed his hand over his cock.

"I must have hit my head or something," she mumbled, her tone shocked. "There is no way the Jolly Green Giant is standing in my bedroom."

CHAPTER THREE

Trisha couldn't believe it. One minute she was getting ready to have some fun, and the next thing she knew, some green freak shows up in her bedroom. She didn't know what the hell was going on. He was tall—at least seven feet in height, probably bigger. His muscle tone was extreme, defined, and vein-roped—just like she'd dreamed about for her perfect guy. She couldn't keep her gaze above his waist. The black tights he wore stretched over his huge cock, and it was even bigger than the dildo she'd purchased. *Oh, my god! Please don't let him see it. It's bad enough he saw the scarves and handcuffs.*

She pulled the blanket tighter around her body. When he'd grabbed the phone away from her, he'd smelled like a piece of cinnamon toast. So weird... But all she wanted to do was curl up next to him—until she remembered he'd broken into her house.

The sound of tearing paper drew her attention to the end of the bed.

Shit! He found it.

"Uhm, what do we have here?" His deep baritone voice slid down her body and seemed to caress her feminine areas. He stood slowly, holding the green machine. His gaze slid over her body as the blanket began to slip away. Trisha scrambled to hold onto the wayward material. Her body trembled. He held up one hand, and the bed cover flew into it. "You don't need that now. We'll generate enough heat to keep you warm. I plan on using every one of these toys with you tonight, baby." He dropped the blanket and moved to the side of the bed, scanning her body, his eyes full of desire. Little speckles of red flickered in his irises, and he seemed to be memorizing her every curve. Trisha tried to cover herself with her hands, but an unseen force held them to her sides.

Her face heated, and all she wanted to do was crawl into a hole and hide. "Why can't I move?" she demanded, but he just smiled. "Let me go!"

"You know, I really hated coming here to Earth, but now I think I'm going to totally enjoy myself." He sat down beside her, his hand cupping one of her breasts. "My name is Hood. From the packages Nicholas had for you, I take it your name is Trisha?" Two of his fingers pulled and twisted her nipple. Trisha gasped, wishing for more yet too afraid to ask. "I see from your assortment of toys you must be a submissive. We're a perfect match. I love to take command of my women."

Trisha had always fantasized about having a stranger dominate and take her, but to actually have it happened put a knot in the pit of her stomach—a delicious knot.

He lowered his head and licked the side of her neck and upward to her lips. "You see, my mother's from here, but my father is the ruler of a distant planet well past your solar system." His tongue traced her lips, and then he sat back, his gaze meeting hers. "My father knew right away my mother was his mate. We have this extra skin under our cocks that grows warm when we encounter our destined other half."

He pulled away from her, moving his bare legs apart.

Okay when did he get naked? She took in every square inch of his ripped body.

He lifted his cock and pointed to the extra skin. "I can do many things to please you, just wait and see. Give me your hand, and see what you do to me."

He reached down and took her hand in his, placing her fingers next to the skin that connected to his member. Trisha was so surprised with the sudden ability to move, it didn't register with full force where her hand sat until he spoke again. "It burns for you," he groaned.

Sure enough, the area pulsed with heat under her fingertips. She jerked her hand back.

"There is no way you're going to fit inside me. The burning sensation, does it hurt?" She gulped, her gaze fixed on his thick cock.

"No, it doesn't hurt just uncomfortable. Once we come together as one and are mated, the heat will diminish.

She nodded, "What the hell is wrong with my body?" Muscles she never knew stretched in her lower stomach and arousal dampened her thighs.

"It's the chemicals, or hormones as humans like to call them, that my body releases into the air. It enhances our mate's responses and gets your body ready to mate, to take me." He grabbed her hand again and snapped one cuff around her wrist. "Now let's put these to work. I love to see a woman physically restrained while I sink my cock into her. You see with you cuffed, I'm able to release my mental hold on your body now and fully concentrate on your pleasure."

She shook her head. "This can't be happening."

The click of the locks sent a chill down her spine, but at the same time, increased her body heat. Her back arched as the scent of cinnamon aroused her further, driving more fluids to her pussy. How was it possible to be soothed, and at the same time, driven crazy with the need for sex?

He reached over her and took Trisha's opposite hand, cuffing it to the other. His massive muscular chest hovered inches from her face. The urge to lick his nipple and see if he tasted as good as he smelled was overwhelming. Unable to resist, Trisha eased her tongue out and flicked the tip over the hard pebble. She didn't miss the shiver that race over him. *Even his skin tastes of Cinnamon!* Encouraged and needing more, she sucked his nipple into her mouth and moaned.

"That's it, baby, suck all you want, but let's have you suck something else, shall we?" Hood moved away and then straddled her body, his hand moving back and forth on his cock. "Now put that amazing mouth around this, Trisha. Show me what you can do."

Trisha licked the tip of his cock, and sure enough, the taste of cinnamon washed over her tongue. Her eyes watered, and her taste buds exploded. *Mmmm...* She circled the small opening at the end of his shaft.

Hood hissed in pleasure. "Quit playing, beautiful, or your punishment will be just as teasing." He pushed his cock into her mouth. "I'm afraid that little toy you were sold isn't quite the same size as me." He grabbed her head and guided it up and down his cock. His member was twice the size of the huge toy. Relaxing her muscles, Trisha took him as far as she could down her throat. The addicting taste of his skin drove her nuts. Her body trembled with desire. Oh, how she wanted more! Two fingers slid through her wet folds and another tremor soared through her body.

She watched from below as he put his fingers in his mouth. He closed his eyes and sucked every drop off his fingertips. It was one of the most arousing things she had ever seen. "Mmm, my father was right. My mate's skin and fluid is that of honey, and I'm the bee that'll never be able to get enough of it." He slipped his cock out of her mouth and moved down her body, trailing kisses and love bites along the way.

"What did you say?" Trisha blurted when she caught her breath. "What is this mate thing?"

"Do you feel your body changing? I smell your juices, and its driving me crazy. I'll fit into your body, make no mistake about that, but for now, I want to play. We'll use your little toy to start stretching you. But from now on, Trisha, I buy the toys, and wait until you see the ones we have on our planet." He reached down and grabbed the bag of sex implements, setting them next to him on the mattress. "You're my mate, Trisha, there is no error. Why do you think your body responds to mine like this?" Hood lubed the green dildo with a cinnamon-scented gel she'd purchased earlier that day. How odd that she'd chosen cinnamon out of all the fragrances.

"Do you crave the taste of my skin and body as I do yours? On our planet, when one finds his or her mate, they emit a smell and taste to drive their mate wild." He lifted his gaze and met hers. "But I want to assure you, Trisha, my passion for you isn't driven by chemical reaction alone. I was attracted to you before I realized you were mine."

Trisha didn't know what to believe. She started to sit up.

"Don't move." Trisha resumed her position. She'd never let anyone command her like this before, but damn if it wasn't exciting. He separated her legs, sitting between them then placed one leg over each of his thighs. His fingers slid through her arousal and then dipped insider her.

"God even your fingers are big." Trisha moaned and tossed her head.

"Mmm, nice and tight."

The full presence of his fingers disappeared from inside her, and an emptiness took its place. She glanced down. Hood sat taking his time licking both his fingers before wrapping his hand around the dildo. Trisha groaned in heated anticipation.

The cold tip of the wide toy pushed slowly into her. "When we have this totally in you, you'll be ready for me, baby."

"Damn, it's too big! You'll be too big." Trisha whimpered as he continued pressing the rubber toy into her. His other hand rubbed and played with her nub, and a warm sensation pulsed into her clit, increasing her desire.

"Oh, it will fit, baby. Give it time. I know what I'm doing. You were made for me and only me." He pushed the toy further into pussy. Trisha looked down, panting. Only half had made it inside. The pain and pleasure grew to a new height. Never before had any man played her body so well.

"And no man will ever touch your body again." The handcuffs clicked open as one of Hood's large hands slid under her hip. In one quick move, he flipped her onto her stomach. *Oh my God*! Trisha's ass was now in the air with the toy partially dangling from her pussy. A hard smack landed on her butt cheek.

Trisha swung her head over her shoulder, giving him her best incredulous stare. "You just hit me." She'd heard of spanking but had never tried it. However, to have a man actually doing it to her shocked her to the core.

Another slap followed.

"Oh, my..." She couldn't believe it. Her clitoris throbbed and more arousal trickled down her thighs. Her muscles burned as he nudged the dildo deeper.

"There will be no thinking of other men, do you understand? I'm a very jealous and possessive man."

He twisted the toy and pulled it out just a little. A small whimper escaped her before Hood pushed it back inside. It slid even deeper this time, stopping any reply she might have uttered. She groaned in pleasure instead, her hips wiggling of their own accord.

The touch of a warm tongue, tracing her outer folds, surprised her. Trisha didn't know how much more she could take, but a vigorous tug on both her nipples spiraled even more intense pleasure through her body.

"What the...?" she sucked in a breath and glanced down her body. At first, she didn't see anything. But then out of the corner of her eye she witnessed a nipple clamp floating towards her breast. One nipple perked up under an invisible touch, and the clamp screwed onto it. Her head reared back at the pressure in her pussy and the zing shooting through her nipple. Hood shoved the toy the rest of the way into her body, and tightened the nipple clamp all at once. "Hood!"

"You see, my delicious baby, you don't need another man. I'm plenty for you, and you'll never go with out, I promise." The heat of his words breezed over her clit. Warm lips sucked her nub as Hood continued fucking her with the dildo.

In a sudden flash of sensation, her other nipple got the same treatment.

"Oh, my god!" she cried out, her body shaking. The tips of her toes curled and every muscle in her body contracted with the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced. But Hood didn't stop. He continued to suck and fuck her, driving her higher, bringing a second climax on the heels of the first.

"Oh god." she rasped between breaths. "The Jolly Green Giant *is* the best."

CHAPTER FOUR

Hood pulled back and watched as his mate's body climaxed a second time. She was so beautiful. The thought of her with another man brought on an intense wave of jealousy. When he was finished with her, though, she would never again think of another. He tugged the toy out of her and threw it to the floor.

"My beautiful Trisha, I'm going to blindfold you. Have you ever been blindfolded?" She shook her head in reply. Hood grabbed the lube again, but this time, he spread the clear cinnamon-scented gel over his cock. He would stretch her further, but he knew she was ready for it.

Hood dropped the lube in the sheets and grabbed a pillow, stuffing it under her hips. "When I ask you a question, baby, I don't want a shake of the head."

Whack! Whack!

He smacked her butt cheeks again—and what a round, lovely ass it was—and smiled at the red marks that appeared.

Two more smacks to her backside sent Trisha's forehead dropping onto her pillow. "No I never...have been blindfolded or spanked." Trisha pushed her face into the pillow. With some more training she's going to be the perfect submissive.

"I like the color red on this cute butt. So get use to the feel of my hand on your ass, Trisha." Hood lowered his head, needing to sink his teeth into her red butt. Needing to mark her. He nipped her cheek, watching for her reaction. She jumped, and whipped her head around, eyes wide.

"What the hell was that for?" She shouted, but he knew she enjoyed it by the smile on her pink full lips.

He didn't say a word; instead, Hood concentrated on the scarves. Using his powers, he lifted them from the floor, the wispy material floating in the air, and guided them around her head.

"Now relax," he said, after securing them over her eyes. "Let me take you where you've never been before." He rose and scooted closer to her, pushing the tip of his cock into her pussy. She was still so tight. Grabbing her hips, he pulled her toward him, inching his shaft further inside.

She uttered a myriad of excited sounds, and then jerked her head around. "Wait! Condom." She gasped. "In the drawer." Trisha lifted her chin and indicated the table by her bed.

"No need, love. My race doesn't carry any disease that you need to worry about."

"But what about—"

He ground his teeth and pushed into her tight hot folds. Trisha hissed. Hood reached around and unfastened one nipple clamp. A deep groan tore from her throat. He tossed the clamp to the floor, and it pinged against the side of the dresser. He smacked her ass again, gaining another inch, and taking him halfway inside.

"Your pussy is squeezing me so tight, baby," he gritted out. "I don't know if I'm going to be able to be gentle when I get all the way in. But I promise"—He panted—"we'll take our time on round two." Leaning over her body, Hood shoved all the way in.

"Hood!" she screamed into the pillow and pushed her ass up in the air, asking for more.

Never had he felt so blessed to have a woman scream his name. In a matter of an hour, this female had imprinted herself into his heart. Hood grabbed onto her hands and entwined his fingers with hers, holding her still as he pounded into her tight folds.

"You're mine, Trisha. *Mine*. I won't ever let you go." He sucked on her neck, and his cock hardened further. The tingle built to excruciating proportions at the base of his cock. He couldn't hold out any longer. Hood grunted and released his essence into her. *"Mine."* For the first time, he hoped his seed helped create a life.

Hood slowly pulled out of her and rolled over, taking her body with him. "Remind me later to thank that old goat, Nicholas, and my mom, will you, sweetheart?" She chuckled against his chest. "I meant what I said, Trisha. I won't let you go. I know this is all new to you, and I'm willing to help you adjust, but I won't give you up or share you. You're mine for the rest of our lives." With the tips of his fingers, he lifted her chin, and sealed his mouth to hers. She opened, and he dove in, craving more of the sweetness that was his mate.

Trisha was so light-headed. Hood's kiss was just as searing as his lovemaking.

In one hour, her life had been changed forever. But there was no way she would be letting go of this Jolly Green Giant. She broke their kiss, stared up at him, and snaked her hands up his massive chest. "I've never thought of getting married. All the men in my life were either after a piece of ass or were too scared to stay with me. This is all new to me, Hood, so it's going to take some time, but I know I don't want to let you go either." She kissed his chest and then lifted her head "So tell me, my Jolly Green Giant, is this your normal size, or are you the little Elf you presented yourself as earlier?" She giggled at his growl.

"I'll show you again how big I am, my lovely Christmas present." He rolled her back over and trapped her beneath him, his cock against her wet folds. "Does it feel elf size to you, or do you need more convincing?" He snatched hold of her bottom lip with his teeth and then sucked it into his mouth. He released her lip and hooked his arms under her legs, lifting them as he sat up. "Are you ready for round two?" He grinned down at her.

"Oh yes!" Trisha cried out. "More, my green giant, more. Never stop loving me." Trisha knew every Christmas she would remember Hood dressed as her own personal elf, and together, life would always be an adventure.