

Naughty or Nice

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A fair haired teenager lies in her bed silently, buried to her chin in many thick, warm blankets, perfectly tucked. It's Christmas Eve, and her mind won't quiet down. Her eyes won't stay closed.

She turns her head to look out into the cold, snowy night. The moon is nearly full, and the light dusting of snow shimmers magically as it falls. She heaves a great sigh.

The rest of the house is utterly quiet. Everybody seems to be asleep. Even the wind seems to have hushed itself, letting the snow drift lazily downward as the night grows older.

The girl sits up, pushing the heavy blankets off, and rubs her eyes. She can't sleep tonight, and decides to go downstairs to watch TV until morning.

She slips out from under the covers and walks barefoot across the cold floor until she finds her slippers, and throws a soft robe over her shoulders. She had gone to bed totally naked: a fact her mother had been unaware of as she tucked her in.

She sneaks out of her room, slowly opening her door to avoid squeaks, then carefully inches down the stairs.

The living room is cold too, but brightly lit up with the colorful lights of a Christmas tree, and next to the tree is a night stand holding a plate of chocolate chip cookies and a glass of cold milk.

She realizes that she's thirsty, so she picks up the glass and drinks the milk, then decides to have a cookie while she's at it.

Satisfied, she turns to go and sit down on the couch, intending to find a movie that she can watch quietly, when she notices something peculiar.

The wall next to the tv is moving. The girl blinks her eyes in confusion. Is she seeing things?

A hole appears in the wall, and then the hole widens and changes. The wall cracks and crumbles revealing bricks and intricate ironwork. The carpet is pushed back by a stone slab that becomes the floor of the hole. Very quickly the hole in the wall becomes big enough to fit a person inside, and is like a small cave lined with brick. A golden plaque appears above the top arch of the hole.

It reads: "FIREPLACE", and below it, in smaller letters, "On loan from Mr. Claus."

The girl just stands there frozen in place. Is she dreaming? It seems so real.

She walks over to the fireplace, which is large enough to roast a wild boar in, and places her hand on the edge of the cold brick framing it in wonder.

She is standing there examining the bricks when soot and ash start to trickle down from the chimney, and a faint "ho-ho-ho" echos quietly as something falls down the chute.

The girl takes a step back just as a very large man in a dirty red and white suit slides down from the chimney and lands with a thud on his feet, his large belly bouncing up and down from the shock. For several moments he doesn't notice the girl in front of him, as his large bag is stuck in the chute above him, but with a few sharp tugs it comes loose and falls across his back, and as he takes a step forward to enter the house he notices the girl.

"Ah, Candace," he says knowingly. "Up late I see?"

Then his eyes glances over to the disturbed plate of cookies and empty glass of milk.

"And you've eaten my cookies and milk! Good heavens!"

The girl, Candice, is frozen as if from shock. She says nothing.

The jolly old man chuckles.

"Ah yes, I remember now," he says, slapping his belly and slinging his heavy sack to the floor. The top opens up and inside can be seen a dozen or so gift-wrapped packages. "You've been on my naughty list for the past five years! And such a sweet young child you were too, now weren't you? Puberty isn't kind I suppose."

Candice still says nothing.

Mr. Claus bends over, then starts rummaging through his sack, pushing aside brightly colored boxes and what not, then pulls out a red leather harness with bells attached all over it.

"Well, best make it quick. As much as I hate to do it you've been on my naughty list for too long now, and it's time something be done about it. Especially now that you've seen me, my poor dear."

And without warning he throws the red, jingling harness in the air.

Candice's eyes follow it as it nearly touches the ceiling, then falls down towards her.

She tries to move, but is too slow. The red loops of leather slip over her body perfectly, magically sliding underneath her robe, and in seconds all the clasps come together and the slack in the leather is pulled tight.

Candice's eyes go wide as she feels the leather straps tighten all over her body. One loop forms a collar around her neck, others tighten around her arms and thighs, one goes around her belly... but others are much more personally placed.

One of the straps goes between her legs, and is pulled uncomfortably tight. Others tighten around her hanging breasts and tighten as well. One strap lays along her spine, and the other up the middle of her belly. All of the slack in the harness disappears as every loop and strap tightens until it becomes extremely secure.

And it all happens in a matter of seconds.

Mr. Claus then turns and proceeds to remove the presents from his sack and place them under the Christmas tree, its colorful lights blinking as if nothing has happened.

Candice's hands jerk down immediately. She's got the wedgie of a lifetime, and in confusion and shock tries to remove it. The bells jingle softly as she tries to remove the leather strap from the crack in her ass... and her pussy. In reaction to her attempts at loosening the harness, it tightens.

"Ah!" she cries quietly, but is unable to make a sound louder than a whisper, even though the leather slides against her pussy as it is tightened further, rubbing her clit and making it go erect as she suddenly finds herself becoming horny.

"No!" she cries as loud as she can, but it's hardly louder than the wind. Santa appears not to notice as he finishes arranging the presents, then walks over to the chimney.

"Come with me," he beckons quietly, wiggling his finger, then flies up the chimney as if he were suddenly flung by a catapult.

Candice tries to turn and run, but the harness gives a sharp tug as if tied to a rope. Further attempts to flee only jar her body, and the harness tightens again slightly as if in warning.

Her breasts are jutting straight out underneath her fluffy robe, and her nipples are sticking out even further both due to the cold as well as her growing arousal.

She stubbornly digs in her heels, but only seconds later the harness begins to drag her towards the chimney.

She tries to resist the unyielding pull of the invisible rope, but it's useless and she's quickly inside the fireplace.

Candice folds her arms and huffs.

"What now?" she asks quietly, unable to raise her voice more than that.

Perhaps she shouldn't have asked, as suddenly the harness is hauled upwards.

Candice immediately is given the atomic wedgie of the year by the harness as she rockets up the chute, her fingers futilely digging at the leather, and only seconds later explodes into the midnight air above her rooftop.

She comes crashing down on top of a four legged furry animal's back. It immediately bucks her off, and she lands in the arms of the jolly fat guy, who sets her down barefoot on the snowy, slippery, slanting roof.

The wind gusts a little and blows back her robe, and very quickly Candice is freezing cold.

"I'm going to freeze to death!" whispers Candice. "Let me go!"

"Ho-Ho-Ho!" laughs the old man. "Is that so? Perhaps this will help!"

"What will help?" asks Candice, but already it has begun, and she stops and stares at her hand as her fingers go completely numb, fuse together, and become cloven hooves before her very eyes.

She immediately begins to panic, but there's nowhere to run! To either side the roof slants dangerously, and Mr. Claus is between her and the chimney. Even as she panics she feels thick fur begin to grow all over her body.

The fur is luxuriously soft and downy, but it's not enough to drive away the cold until a second layer of fur sprouts over the first layer, and this layer is more tough and weather proof, sealing in her body heat.

Candice cries out in alarm as she feels her feet transform into hooves as well, and she loses her balance, falling forwards. She manages to land stably on all fours.

As her body starts to change Candice feels her clit rub up and down against the harness, and despite her best efforts to stop it can't help that it feels very good. The harness is tightening further still, squeezing her breasts and pulling taut between her ass cheeks and slipping deeper into her pussy lips. She shudders as she feels a tail explode from her tailbone, sliding into a gap in the harness perfectly. She feels her breasts shrink and change shape while relocating down below her belly button to form two teats.

Her body is changing shape as she stands there, unable to prevent it from progressing. She feels her nose and mouth push out and her face transform. She feels her neck and spine and arms and legs lengthen and change as well.

“Oh goodness!” she exclaims delicately as the sensations wash over her body and she becomes something entirely different from what she was before.

It’s almost over when she feels two points of pressure on her skull, followed quickly by the rapid growth of a rack of antlers covered in soft velvet. Then it stops.

She opens her eyes, unaware that she had closed them, and looks around. She’s no longer cold, even though she feels naked. Her footing is suddenly rather secure, and she bears no fear of falling from the roof now.

But more than that, she feels a powerful warm tingling sensation emanating from her rear...

“Oh my!” she whispers.

“Yes,” says Santa merrily. “I dare say I found a way to kill two birds with one stone!”

He walks over to the newly made reindeer and strokes her neck. Candice looks up at him in confusion.

“What do you mean?” she asks softly. The magic prevents her from raising her voice. Only by carefully listening could you hear her or the bells jingling on her harness with every move she makes.

“Oh, my dear, dear Candice... I’m sorry to inconvenience you like this, but it was the easiest way to give you your Christmas wish.

“As I said earlier, you’ve been rather naughty in recent years, and so I have been unable to give you what you ask for, but this year I found a solution!

“I find myself in a bit of a fix: children have been behaving extraordinarily good this year, and I need to move faster than I ever have before if I am to deliver all the presents on time... I was in a real bind you see, until I thought of your wish. This year you used your birthday wish to ask that you could, and I quote, ‘experience bondage and domination within the year’. Well, with a wish like that it was no wonder you’ve been on my naughty list! But I gave it some thought, and I came to this decision.

“If you help me deliver presents tonight, your good deed will expunge your record and will take you off the naughty list this year. Simultaneously, you will be given your wish to experience bondage and domination. We both win!”

"I don't understand," says Candice... "How can I help deliver presents faster? I've no idea what I'm doing. I doubt I could pull your sleigh very well at all."

"Ah, but that's the genius of it!" says Santa, but is interrupted as Candice can't seem to stand still.

"Oh, is something wrong?" he asks.

"I feel really, really funny." She answers embarrassedly .

"Hm? Oh! Yes! That! That must be the estrus you're feeling."

"Estrus?" she asks timidly, not understanding.

"It's a hormonal thing, and in reindeer is the driving force behind mating and signals that you're receptive.... But as I was saying... contrary to popular belief and myth, all of my reindeer are male... and if I were to have a smart girl with a cute tail leading my sleigh my sled will fly though the sky quicker than a rumor! Ho-Ho-Ho!!"

"But..." whispers Candice. "I don't want to lead your sleigh! I don't want to be a reindeer! And I definitely don't like being in 'estrus!'"

"That's the spirit!" laughs the jolly fat-guy, and he slaps her on the rump as he walks past her, then climbs into the sleigh. Candice quickly realizes that her harness has been clipped to the lead of the tow line, and a mouth piece and straps materialize in front of Candice's mouth. Before she can do anything to stop it the mouth piece is in her mouth, sliding into place between her front teeth and her molars, which are separated by a gap, and the straps tighten around her muzzle and close her mouth shut around the bit.

Candice shakes her head back and forth in an attempt to throw it off her face, but is met by a sharp slap of the reins on her butt, making her jump forward. Before she knows it she's running towards the edge of the roof, and Santa is thrown back in his seat as his team lungs forward with gusto after her.

Before Candice can stop herself she runs straight off the edge of the roof, and she shuts her eyes tightly in fear... but she doesn't fall.

She's walking on air!! It's incredible! Amazing! Unbelievable! Why if only-

Slap! Candice had been slowing down as her mind boggled, but the sharp snap of the reins on her ass make her pick the pace right back up. She tries to turn around and go back to her home, but the reins force her head against the direction she had started to turn and she finds that she can't help but turn where Mr. Claus wants her to. They speed through the air until Santa directs her to land on a small house on the corner of a street.

The sleigh hits the roof with a thump, and Candice's hooves clatter as she gratefully comes to a stop. She's already breathing hard. Santa gets out of the sleigh, hauling another bag of goodies, and walks over towards a chimney that is materializing.

As he passes Candice he pats her on the ass again, saying "Good girl!" before disappearing down the outrageously large chimney.

Candice tries to yell at him, but the bit in her mouth and the harness keeping it shut prevents her from being able to form words, and her yell has all the power behind it of a breeze.

Santa is mean! He hit her! Tied her up! Is making her lead his sleigh! Put this annoying bit in her mouth! And he keeps touching her butt!!

And worse than all of that, her pussy, still with the leather strap pulls taut against it, is really beginning to heat up. Oh the ache! She longs now to satisfy her urges as they grow more and more powerful and primitive. She wiggles her ass in an attempt to relieve some of the ache, but only succeeds in making it worse. The reindeer behind her, tied to the tow strap and kept out of reach of her, are each starting to sport boners. They respond helplessly to her hormones, as well as the display before them. Boundless energy floods all of their bodies.

Santa returns from dropping off the presents, and as he passes Candice again slaps her ass, but this time she practically sighs at his touch. She's entering a state of arousal she's never experienced before.

She tries to tell Santa that she doesn't want to do this, that she wants him to change her back to human, and that she's sorry she was naughty, but she can't form words around the bit and harness, and all that comes out is quiet yelling. Santa slaps her ass with the reins, and she leaps forwards with the rest of Santa's sled team in tow.

With Candice leading them, Santa makes deliveries in record time. They cross oceans in minutes, fly across continents from one city to the next, making stops along the way to small towns and country homes. Time seems to stand still, and days upon days are smushed into the span of a couple hours. With every passing hour Candice enters a deeper state of estrus, the need to mate with one of the other reindeer growing more and more desperate. She fights the powerful urges, tries to avoid Santa's slaps and strokes and pats that feel so wonderful, his hands playing tricks with her mind as her need becomes almost a painful thing.

She's panting and bone weary as Santa exits the chimney of yet another house, and Santa plops down in his sleigh with a sigh.

"I do believe that is all of them," he says, tossing the last empty bag into the back of his sleigh.

At first Candice can't believe her ears, and turns around to face Santa, trying to speak.

Santa raises an eyebrow, then gets out of the sleigh and removes the bit and harness from her mouth.

"Ahhh!" she sighs with relief, working her jaw, then spins to face Santa.

"Are we really done?" she asks.

"Yes, yes, we are," he answers with satisfaction. "And just in time too. The sun is starting to rise."

And Candice sees that indeed the sun is starting to peak over the horizon.

She nearly collapses in exhaustion, and whispers, "What a relief."

"Certainly, and I couldn't have done it without your help. You drove my team to push themselves farther than they ever have..."

Candice looks over her shoulder, and indeed the reindeer are glistening with sweat and breathing even more heavily than she. She suddenly feels sorry for them since they were burdened with the weight of the sled and she wasn't. The unquenchable ache in her loins has not eased in the slightest.

Suddenly she feels the harness that has been so lightly constricted about her body all night loosen, then fall off. The sudden freedom of it leaves her stunned. Santa puts the harness back in one of his bags.

"You're free to go, and your slate has been cleared," says Santa. "Just follow your instincts to get back home, reindeer have an infallible sense of direction, and once you're back in your bed you will return to being human."

Santa then walks past her once more, his hand trailing down the side of her neck affectionately, then slumps back into his sleigh.

"Ahem," says Candice. "Um... could ask just one thing before I leave.... or rather, two things?"

"Ask, and I will do my best," says the jolly old man.

"Well, it's just that... I really, *really* need a certain... thing... and your reindeer are so tired after pulling your sleigh all night chasing me... and I was wondering..."

Santa smiles, and waves his hand.

"Done," he says. "And the second?"

“I want to do this again next year.”

Santa’s smile grows larger.

“Wonderful! Also done!” he says, his laugh booming in the morning air. “And what’s more! I give you back your harness!” he says, taking it back out of the bag and tossing it to her. She catches it in her mouth.

“Just put it on when you want to practice being a reindeer, and maybe next year you can help pull the sleigh a little too, eh?”

“Thank you!” cries Candice softly, her voice unable to disturb the gentle quiet of the dawn.

AND THEN THEY FUCKED.

(The reindeer I mean: Santa’s not a total pervert... I think... maybe next year... =@)