

Slutty Clause

Christmas Eve, the night before the big day. It was dark, well past mid-night, when children would be asleep and their parents would be placing presents under the Christmas tree. For so many people, this was one of the most important and magical nights of the year. For Adam, it was just another night alone.

He sat in the cosy living room of his parents' small country cottage, basking in the warmth of a blazing fireplace.

House-sitting. As far as annoying tasks people were expected to do for family went, this one wasn't so bad. His parents were off some place exotic for the holidays, getting as far away from the cold weather as humanly possible. Being their only child, the task of taking care of their countryside residence fell upon Adam.

It was small, that was for sure. But far bigger than his city apartment, and comfier to boot. Where he relied on a power-hungry electric heater to keep him warm back in the city, here he had a roaring log fire blazing in a big ol' fireplace. More than enough to fill the living room with lovely, chill-purging heat.

Not to mention the utter lack of other people about.

No having to deal with overly-chipper Christmas fanatics, or screaming children. No need to worry about the noisy drunks or annoying parties. Here, far and away from the hustle and bustle of city living, he could relax.

And that's exactly what he did. Right up until a very loud thump sounded from above.

The cottage was single-story. There was no upstairs. Whatever that thump was, it had come from the building's roof.

A bird?

No, whatever just hit the roof was too big to be a bird. A car maybe, but unless they'd invented flying cars in the short time he'd been away from civilisation, Adam doubted it.

He was tempted to get up, go outside and check.

But that required him to leave the warmth of the fireplace and go out into the cold. He grimaced, didn't move. If it was anything important, he'd find out tomorrow.

A strong gust blasted its way down the cottage chimney, cold and heavy. The roaring fire wavered, disappeared. The living room was bathed in near-darkness, the only lights emanating from a small table lamp and Adam's laptop screen. Even the embers of the now-dead fire were gone, not even a glowing remnant of the flame remained.

Adam's mouth hung open. A bright, silvery-white mist flowed down the chimney and out of the fireplace. Thin at first, the mist quickly began to condense, take on a humanoid shape, solidify into a person.

There, right in front of the fireplace, stood the most beautiful woman Adam had ever seen.

She looked Scandinavian. Tall and pale, with long blonde hair and rosy red cheeks. The woman had pale, icy blue eyes and beautiful full lips. Her body, what Adam could see of it, was all curves in all the right places. Slender waist and a full bubble butt, paired with insanely huge tits. She couldn't have been past her early twenties, or late teens.

The robe she was wearing, crimson red with white fur lining, made it impossible to see any skin below the woman's neck. But, just at the sight of her, Adam's imagination came to life with images of what might lay beneath.

She wore black gloves and boots, and a black belt around her waist, holding the robe tightly shut. And, atop her head, was a red and white Christmas hat.

As if to add to the oddity of a woman appearing out of mist, she was holding three bizarre items. In her right hand was a cane. A bright red and white cane that almost perfectly resembled a candy cane, only it seemed to be made out of some sort of wood. In

her left hand was a large brown sack, which looked like it was totally empty. And, dangling from her wrist was an old-timey golden stopwatch.

The woman glanced about the room, eyes locking onto Adam as soon as he came into her line of sight.

She smiled.

"Hello! Would this by any chance be the home of one Lana Santiago?"

Lana who?

What.

"Uh..." Adam stared at the woman in shock and disbelief. What the actual fuck was going on? "No," he answered.

"Crap-baskets!" The woman placed her three items onto the floor besides the fireplace, reached into her robe. A moment later she was holding a smartphone, tapping the screen with obvious frustration. "Stupid buggy app. I told Daddy that the naughty and nice list would be fine. But no, 'we have to adapt to the times, we have to keep up with what the kids are interested in to stay relevant'. Our business is toys, not app development!"

The woman continued to jab away at her phone screen, muttering under her breath.

Adam shook his head, snapped himself out of his confusion and bewilderment. "Uh, listen lady. I don't know who you are-"

"I'm Santa Clause," the woman said, looking up from her phone. "Can't you see the uniform?"

Adam raised an eyebrow at her. "You're Santa?" He asked, deadpan. "Fat guy, white beard, 'ho ho ho' Santa Clause?"

The woman rolled her eyes. "That's my Dad. He's retiring, so I'm taking over the family business. He's the old Santa, I'm the new one."

He stared at her for a long moment,

This chick was insane. Bonkers. Utterly mad. Somehow she'd played some kind of trick with the whole mist thing, but she was obviously not right in the head. She was talking matter-of-fact like she actually believed she was a fairy-tale Father Christmas.

Adam pulled his own phone out of its pocket, began tapping the screen.

"What are you doing?"

He didn't look up at her question, started typing the number. "I'm calling the police. I suggest you leave before they arrive, lady."

The last thing he wanted was to get caught up in police drama and nonsense, he had no intention of actually calling and reporting a crime. But, if this crazy woman thought she'd get in trouble, maybe she'd leave without a fuss and Adam could go back to relaxing.

Instead, however, the beautiful woman snatched up her white and red cane, pounced across the room to where Adam lounged, and bonked him on the top of his head with it.

She didn't hit hard. Not hard enough to hurt - he'd barely felt it at all, actually.

"Put your phone away," the blonde said calmly. "And don't touch it again for the rest of the night."

Adam's body moved by itself, slipping his phone back into its pocket. He had no control over the action, couldn't resist the invisible pull that compelled his body into movement.

His first reaction was panic, followed quickly by fear.

What was going on? Who was this chick and what was she doing to him? Why did his body do what she'd told it to?

The woman noticed his panic, bonked him on the head again.

"Calm down."

Instantly, the panic and fear disappeared, replaced with an almost serene calm.

"Now," she began. "Do you know if a young girl named Lana Santiago lives close by

to here? Ten years old, wants a bike and brand new phone for Christmas, likes ducks, ringing any bells?"

"Who are you?" Adam asked calmly, mind focused.

The cane was doing it. Whatever *it* was, the key to how it worked - how this strange woman had controlled him moments ago - was the cane.

She rolled her eyes, tapped his head with the cane again.

"Do you know of a young girl named Lana Santiago?"

"No," Adam answered instantly, unable to stop himself.

His eyes darted to the woman's cane. Coolly, calmly, he evaluated his options. Without the fear, the panic, his mind was completely clear, analytical, logical.

Somehow, that cane was giving this woman control over him. But only when she tapped him on the head with it.

The woman let out a sigh. "Didn't think so. Oh well, I'll figure it out. Sorry for bothering you sir, I'll just erase your memory and be on my way then."

Again, she swung the cane at his head. There was no real speed or force behind the swing. Adam used it to his advantage.

Before the cane could make contact with his head, his hand shot up and caught it, gripped it tightly. A look of shock crossed the woman's face, but it was too late. Adam snatched the cane away from her, spun it in his hands, tapped the top of her head in the same way she'd done to him.

"What are you?"

"Sit down," Adam commanded. "Put your hands behind your back,"

Amazingly, it worked.

The woman, eyes wide, did as he'd commanded. She dropped down to the floor, arms behind her back, and sat there cross-legged.

"I don't know what you think you're doing, but I have very important-"

Adam tapped her head again.

"Who are you?"

The woman's eyes narrowed.

"I'm the new Santa Clause," she answered.

It seemed unlikely, impossible, yet Adam was beginning to believe it. Maybe this was all some crazy dream or something, maybe he was asleep and imagining all of this. If it was, then he might as well enjoy it as much as he could.

He tapped her head once more.

"Why are you here, in this house?" Adam asked.

"Looking for directions in the hopes of finding where Lana Santiago lives."

To give her Christmas presents, Adam guessed. He glanced over to the empty sack near the fireplace, then to the golden stopwatch. Then back to 'Santa Clause'.

"Your sack is empty."

The woman glared at him, didn't say anything. Intriguing.

"Tell me about the empty sack," Adam commanded after booping the woman's head.

Her eyes widened, the panic obvious.

"It's magic. It creates anything you want it to, all you have to do is think about what you want and reach inside."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, the woman started shaking her head. She pleaded, begged him to remove the command that kept her trapped there, sitting cross-legged on the floor. He ignored her, walked over to the empty sack, picked it up.

The woman kept complaining, warning, but through the cold calm he felt, he couldn't bring himself to care. He opened the sack, reached into it, felt an object inside. With a smile, he pulled out the roll of cash he'd been imagining.

"Amazing," Adam breathed.

"If you don't let me go right now, I'm going to get mad. Give me back my things, I have a job to do. And-"

Adam picked up the stopwatch, examined it.

He walked over to the woman, bonked her head again.

"What does this do?" He asked, curious.

"It stops time."

The pieces all fit together. Stopping time to get everything delivered in one night, the sack to give kids whatever they wanted, the cane to deal with any issues to might come up along the way. It all panned out. Shame for Ms Clause, Adam had no intention of letting her leave any time soon.

Again, he looked at her, really took her in.

She was beautiful. Stunningly beautiful. A dream girl in the flesh. Her body, those huge tits and that nice ass, he wanted to get a proper look at those. But first...

"Your name, what was it again?" He asked, smiling.

The woman glared at him.

"Santa Clause," she stated angrily.

"No, I don't think it is." He tapped her head with the cane again. "Your name is Slutty Clause, always has been."

Her eyes unfocussed for a moment, then she was back to glaring.

"I'm sorry," Adam grinned wider, "could you repeat that? What was your name again?"

"Slutty Clause," the blonde answered, glaring harder.

Perfect.

"You don't know what you're doing," Slutty said, her voice taking on a desperate tone now. "You don't know how important tonight is for me. Please. If you let me go now, I won't punish you or do anything-"

"You're being too noisy, Slutty." Adam tapped her head. "Suck my cock, don't stop until my cum is in your stomach."

The reaction was immediate. Slutty's head shot towards Adam's crotch, her arms struggling behind her back. She didn't move from the sitting position, her arms were still locked in place, yet the rest of her body, face most of all, became almost magnetized to Adam's groin. He used the cane, released Slutty from her sitting command.

Within a matter of seconds, his cock was out and inside the beautiful woman's mouth. She glared up at him even as she gave one-hundred percent effort into sucking him off.

Amazing. Simply amazing.

He tapped her head, made it so that sucking cock aroused Slutty like nothing else. Watched in amusement as the angry glares morphed into aroused desperation.

"You know, I didn't receive anything for Christmas this year. Nothing at all. That's not very good now, is it Slutty? You're not doing your job well at all. But no worries, I just thought of the perfect present you could give me for Christmas. And, not only that, but you'll get a new job too. One I think you'll be very good at indeed."

Slutty looked up, eyes pleading.

Adam tapped her head with the cane.

"You didn't come here tonight by accident, you meant to visit me. You're here to deliver my Christmas present."

He let the words sink in, tapped her head again for good measure.

"You are my Christmas present. You are property, and you belong to me now, Slutty."

Adam woke up not long after sunrise, weary and tired and annoyed and having to wake up at all. He'd been having such a nice dream. One he'd have liked to continue. But he really

needed to pee. Which meant he needed to get out of bed.

It was a pain, but better to get up and take care of business than wet the bed.

He got up, walked bleary eyed out of the bedroom. For some stupid reason, whoever built this cottage had decided the bathroom should be as far away from the bedroom as possible. He had to walk out of the bedroom and through the living room to reach it.

Only, as he entered the living room, he paused.

There was a Christmas tree. One that certainly had not been there last night. And, he noticed, eyes widening in pure shock and awe, the beautiful woman from his dream - the one too sexy to possibly be real - was laying underneath it.

On her side, body naked save for a single length of red ribbon that wrapped itself around her body; between her legs, hiding her pussy, over her stomach and shoulders and arms and legs, flowing over those gigantic tits, concealing both nipples, and forming a snug little bow over her cleavage. There she was, Slutty Clause, smiling up at him.

She looked him up and down, bit her lower lip, smile widening.

"Merry Christmas," Slutty Clause said in a sultry voice, pausing for a moment, then continuing. "What are you waiting for? Come open your present."