

The Meeting

04

Dear Santa Claus



Render & Story:
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THE AIR IN THE MALL SMELLED OF ARTIFICIAL PINE TREES AND THE CHEAP FESTIVE PERFUME THAT NO LONGER FOOLED HER. KAYLA SAT ON A BENCH WATCHING THE HUMAN TRAFFIC DWINDLE AROUND THE CHRISTMAS GROTTO. THE LIGHTS BLINKED, CYCLICAL AND EMPTY. FOR YEARS, THAT CHILDLIKE FAITH HAD BEEN A LONELY SPOT IN HER HEART, A ROMANTIC STUBBORNNESS THAT THE MEN IN HER LIFE TREATED WITH A MIXTURE OF CONDESCENSION AND IRRITATION. "IT'S CUTE, BUT GROW UP, KAYLA," THEY'D SAY. AND SHE HAD GROWN UP IN EVERYTHING EXCEPT THAT. SHE HAD BECOME A WOMAN WHO HAD BUILT A CAREER, WHO SUPPORTED HERSELF, WHO HAD STRONG OPINIONS AND LEGS THAT CARRIED HER WITH DETERMINATION. BUT AT CHRISTMAS, SHE REVERTED TO BEING THE LITTLE GIRL WAITING FOR A MIRACLE.





SHE WATCHED THE LAST COUPLE WITH A CHILD WALK AWAY. SHE TOOK A DEEP BREATH. THE DRESS, FITTED AT THE HIPS AND LOW-CUT, NOW SEEMED LIKE A RIDICULOUS SUIT OF ARMOR. IT WAS MEANT TO BE A GIFT TO HERSELF, A REMINDER OF HER OWN ELEGANCE. BUT UNDER THE EMPTY GAZE OF THE PLUSH REINDEER, SHE FELT EXPOSED. NAIVETÉ, SHE KNEW, WAS A VULNERABILITY. AND THAT NIGHT, SHE DECIDED TO TURN IT INTO CONFRONTATION. SHE STOOD, THE SOLES OF HER HIGH HEELS ECHOING ON THE POLISHED MARBLE, AND HEADED TOWARDS THE GROTTO. SHE WAS THE LAST IN THE LINE THAT DIDN'T EXIST. THE LAST ONE WHO STILL WANTED TO BELIEVE.

IT'S TIME! THE FINAL
SHOWDOWN!



I NEED TO SPEAK WITH
SANTA CLAUS, PLEASE.



THE SHIFT IS OVER,
DEAR, PLEASE COME
BACK TOMORROW.

THOMAS FELT THE WEIGHT OF THE DAY IN HIS BONES. THE RED SUIT WAS HOT AND ROUGH, THE FAKE BEARD ITCHED HIS FACE. BEHIND THE PRACTICED SMILE AND THE MECHANICAL "HO-HO-HO," HE SAW CHRISTMAS AS A PRODUCTION LINE OF ILLUSIONS. CHILDREN WITH WISH LISTS, EXHAUSTED PARENTS, THE SWEET SMELL OF GREED AND WEARINESS. HE WAS JUST A POORLY PAID ACTOR ON A STAGE OF LIES.

HE WAS COLLECTING THE EMPTY GIFT BAGS WHEN HE HEARD HER ENTER. THE DOOR OF THE GROTTO, WHICH HE ALREADY CONSIDERED CLOSED, WAS PULLED OPEN AND CLOSED AGAIN. AND THERE SHE WAS. NOT A CHILD, BUT A WOMAN IN HER PRIME, WITH A DRESS THAT SPOKE OF CONFIDENCE AND A FACE THAT TOLD A DIFFERENT STORY. THOMAS FELT THE WEARINESS RECEDE, REPLACED BY A SHARP CURIOSITY. HE NOTICED THE CURVE OVER HER FULL BREASTS, THE WAY THE FABRIC MOLDED TO HER SHAPELY THIGHS. IT WAS A PRESENCE THAT DID NOT BELONG IN THAT PLACE OF CHEAP FANTASY.






HE LEFT. ONLY THE TIRED
ASSISTANT REMAINED,
DRESSED IN HIS CLOTHES.




THAT'S
A BULLSHIT. HE'S
HERE, I KNOW. AND I
HAVE A COMPLAINT. I HAVEN'T
RECEIVED ANY GIFTS IN YEARS.
NOTHING. NOT EVEN A CARD. I
WAS GOOD, I WORKED HARD, I
BELIEVED, I LOST
RELATIONSHIPS BECAUSE OF
THAT BELIEF, AND...
NOTHING.




SHE CAN'T BE SERIOUS! DOES SHE REALLY BELIEVE IT? I'M ABOUT TO CHANGE THIS WOMAN'S LIFE, AND I'M FACING A VERY INTERESTING SITUATION.

AND YOU CAME HERE TO
COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT? DO
YOU THINK SANTA CLAUS
FORGOT THE ADDRESS? OR
MAYBE... THE PRESENTS YOU
WANT AREN'T IN THE MALL'S
CATALOG?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? I'M KAYLA, BY THE WAY...



I MEAN, KAYLA, MAYBE YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG PEOPLE. OR ASKING THE WRONG PERSON, AND MAYBE EVEN SENDING THE LETTERS TO THE WRONG PLACE. THE MEN YOU DATED... THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC, DID THEY? THEY THOUGHT A GIFT WAS SOMETHING YOU BOUGHT, WRAPPED, AND GAVE WITHOUT ANY SECRETS.

YOU DON'T WANT A GIFT, KAYLA. YOU WANT THE SURPRISE. THE ANTICIPATION. THE BELIEF THAT SOMEONE SEES YOU, DESIRES YOU, AND STAYS UP ALL NIGHT TO GIVE YOU EXACTLY WHAT YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU WANTED.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT?






KAYLA'S WORLD NARROWED TO THAT CUBICLE, TO THAT MAN WHO DISMANTLED THE CHARADE AND OFFERED ANOTHER IN ITS PLACE, ONE MORE DANGEROUS AND TRUE. THE INITIAL ANGER DISSOLVED, TRANSFORMED INTO SOMETHING WARM AND HEAVY INSIDE HER. HE WAS RIGHT, BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT YET. UNTIL NOW. SHE DIDN'T GO FOR A GIFT. SHE WENT FOR RECOGNITION. FOR A SIGN THAT MAGIC, SOMEHOW, WAS REAL.

HE WASN'T SANTA CLAUS. HE WAS THOMAS. A STRONG, SWEATY STRANGER WHO READ INTO HER MORE THAN BOYFRIENDS WHO LASTED MONTHS EVER HAD. AND AT THAT MOMENT, NAIVETÉ DIDN'T FEEL LIKE WEAKNESS, BUT LIKE A DIFFERENT KIND OF COURAGE. THE COURAGE TO ACCEPT THAT DESIRE COULD ALSO BE AN UNEXPECTED GIFT.

AND YOU? DO YOU BELIEVE
IN THAT? DO YOU BELIEVE IN
GIVING... SURPRISES?

I BELIEVE IT. BUT I'M
NOT ONE FOR WRAPPED
GIFTS. I PREFER... DIRECT
DELIVERIES.

A woman dressed as Santa Claus in a red suit with white fur trim and a red hat is adjusting the hat of another woman. The second woman is wearing a red, off-the-shoulder, floor-length dress with white fur trim and a large red bow at the waist. They are in a living room decorated for Christmas. In the background, there is a Christmas tree, a fireplace mantel with a white reindeer figurine and candles, and a large red armchair. A large white speech bubble is positioned above the woman in the Santa suit.

I LIKE PEOPLE TO SEE ME FOR WHO I REALLY AM... JUST LIKE YOU, KAYLA.

SO SHOW ME. TAKE ALL THAT AWAY AND SHOW ME WHAT THE REAL SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER CAN DO.

KAYLA'S WORDS HUNG IN THE AIR AND ECHOED IN THOMAS'S HEAD. DESPITE HAVING ALREADY HINTED THAT SANTA CLAUS DIDN'T REALLY EXIST, SHE REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT. BUT THOMAS QUICKLY REALIZED HE COULDN'T LET THIS OPPORTUNITY PASS, AND IF HE DID EVERYTHING RIGHT, HE WOULD SEE KAYLA AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.














THE REAL SANTA'S HELPER, HUH?
OKAY, LET'S GET INTO IT. BUT YOU
NEED TO UNDERSTAND A FEW
THINGS.



WHAT THINGS? I
THOUGHT IT WAS ALL
SIMPLE.

A man in a red Santa suit with white fur trim is speaking to a woman with a large afro hairstyle wearing a red dress with white fur trim. They are in a living room with a red sofa, a fireplace, and a large blue gift box with a silver ribbon. A speech bubble is above the man.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS
DOESN'T DELIVER TOYS TO WOMEN
LIKE YOU. HE DELIVERS WHAT YOU
REALLY NEED. AND HE NEVER, EVER
DELIVERS IT WRAPPED IN PRETTY
PAPER. HE COMES IN 3 INITIAL
DELIVERIES.



THE FIRST DELIVERY,
THAT'S THE TRUTH. NO
VELVET, NO PADDING. JUST
THAT. A MAN. TIRED. WITH
DESIRES, ONLY ME,
THOMAS.

THE SECOND
DELIVERY, WITHOUT
FANTASY, WITHOUT
CHARACTERS.

AND THE THIRD
DELIVERY...



SUCK
SUCK

A WAVE OF MOTIVATION WASHED OVER KAYLA AS SOON AS THOMAS PLACED HIS MOUTH ON HER BREASTS. HIS WARM HAND ON HER THIGH PROVIDED THE NECESSARY TOUCH OF SUBTLETY AND EROTICISM SO THAT SHE WOULDN'T FEEL SO VIOLATED; IT WAS LIKE BEING NOTICED BY HER IDOL. SHE HAD ALREADY UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING. SANTA CLAUS WOULDN'T COME ANYMORE, NEVER AGAIN; HE TRULY DOESN'T EXIST. SHE WAS ALREADY CONVINCED, BUT EVEN IF SANTA CLAUS WAS A HOAX, THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS STILL EXISTED WITHIN HER AND IN THAT PLACE.



SUCK

SUCK

THOMAS... THIS IS SO GOOD. DON'T STOP... PLEASE, DON'T STOP.

SUCK

SUCK





SLICK

SLICK

SO THAT'S IT... THE
MAGIC IS IN THAT. IN
FEELING. IN BEING...
TRUE.

THE THIRD DELIVERY,
KAYLA, THE
CONSUMMATION. WHERE ALL
OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS
DISAPPEAR... ARE YOU
READY?

I AM. I'VE BEEN
READY FOR SO LONG.

I SEE YOU'RE REALLY PREPARED, KAYLA. YOU CAN REST ASSURED, THE ASSISTANT WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

AHH... YES... I'M COUNTING ON THAT.

LICK

LICK

DON'T STOP. I LIKE SEEING YOU LIKE THIS, ON YOUR KNEES. TESTING ME.

LICK

LICK





I WANT... I WANT TO MAKE YOU LOSE CONTROL. I WANT YOU TO FORGET EVERYTHING, EXCEPT MY NAME, EXCEPT THIS DAY.

LICK

LICK

HOLD ON A
SECOND...

SIT DOWN IN YOUR BOSS'S
CHAIR, GO ON. I HAVE A
LITTLE SURPRISE.

I HOPE THIS SURPRISE IS
THE BEST ONE I'VE EVER
HAD.

A 3D-rendered scene. In the foreground, a muscular man is shown from the back, looking towards a woman. The woman is crawling on a green lawn, wearing a red bikini. A speech bubble above her contains the text "WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED...". In the background, there are red poinsettias, a red carpet, and a white building. A white furry hat with a crown is visible in the bottom right corner.

WE'RE JUST GETTING
STARTED...

SO SHOW ME. SHOW ME
EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO
DO.

RIGHT AWAY!





SLURP

SLURP

SLURP



SLURP

SLURP

SLURP






HIS DICK IS SO DELICIOUS! I HAVE TO DO MY JOB WELL, MAYBE HE'LL EVEN TELL SANTA ABOUT ME.

SLURP

SLURP

NOW, THOMAS, I'M 100%
READY FOR YOU... YOU CAN
COME AND EAT ME UP, NICE
AND GOOD.



IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?
TO BE FELT THIS WAY?

TO FEEL EVERY INCH
BEING FILLED?



PROVING TO YOU THAT THIS CAN
BE YOUR NEW REALITY...





YES, THOMAS, FUCK ME
HARD!



FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT

YES... PROVE TO ME THAT I'M HERE. THAT THIS IS REAL. THAT YOU ARE REAL.





FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT



FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT





HAMMM

FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT





I AM AS REAL AS THE
FIRE YOU LIT WITHIN ME.
AS REAL AS THIS
CONNECTION... THIS
WARMTH THAT IS
CONSUMING ME.



FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT

SO COME TASTE WHAT I HAVE, COME FINISH WHAT WE STARTED, MAKE ME COME, MAKE ME SCREAM YOUR NAME.



THAT'S IT... LIKE THAT... IT DOESN'T STOP... IT NEVER STOPS...





SLURP

SLURP

LICK

LICK



SLURP

SLURP

LICK

LICK

LICK



SLURP

SLURP

LICK

LICK

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SLURP

SLURP

LICK

LICK



SLURP

SLURP

LICK

LICK

AH... I'M ALMOST THERE...
PLEASE, MAKE ME COME,
THOMAS!

LICK

LICK







THOMAS... I'M
CUMMING! DON'T STOP,
DON'T STOP!!

FLAPT

FLAPT



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AAAAHHHH

FLAPT

FLAPT

FLAPT



AAAAHHHHH

FLAPT

FLAPT



AAAAAAAA


FLAPT

FLAPT

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

WOW, WHAT A CRAZY
DREAM, ALMOST A
NIGHTMARE.

MY GOD, COULD IT BE...
NO, IT CAN'T BE, HE'S
REAL, HE HAS TO BE
REAL!



I CAN'T LIVE A LIE.

KAYLA FINDS HERSELF THINKING ABOUT THE DREAM SHE HAD... HER BODY IS STILL WARM, HER BREATH RAGGED. SHE STARES AT THE EMPTY ROOM. THE FEELING OF THOMAS STILL SEEMS SO REAL, SO PALPABLE. SHE CONCENTRATES, TRYING TO CLING TO THE LAST VESTIGE OF THE DREAM, TO ITS WARMTH, TO THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE. SHE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT SHE DREAMED. IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN JUST A DREAM... IT CAN'T... OR CAN IT?



LATER...

HELLO! I NEED TO
SPEAK WITH SANTA
CLAUS.



WHAT THE FUCK?!!!

GIVE YOUR OPINION... WHAT DID YOU THINK OF KAYLA?

DOES SHE DESERVE A CONTINUATION?

OR PERHAPS AN INSERTION INTO AN EXISTING STORYLINE OF JUANITO BROW?

THE END



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