

Secret Santa

As you casually stroll through the city of Gildenmere, you spy an oddly dressed myr handing out notes to passersby from afar. On her golden head rests a little green hat with a white, pushy ball at its end hanging towards her neck. A green dress covers her with red buttons in the middle. Tuft of orange hair show on her forehead. Is she supposed to be an elf? It must be around Christmas right now, but why would a myr celebrate a Terran holiday? But all of the passersby refused her notes or ignored her completely until now.

She seemingly interprets your ogling her as having interest in the notes she is handing out. Slightly widening her eyes in joy of finding somebody actually wanting to talk to her, she cheerfully runs towards you, waving her notes around. Well, too late now to turn around. You manage your best attempt at a polite smile.

“Hey you. Have you heard of ...” is the last thing she gets out before the running catches up to her and she needs to take a breath. “Whew, sorry about that. As I was saying, have you heard of my awesome party?!”

“Ehm, well ...”

“Oh, you were looking so intently at my outfit, I thought somebody already told you about it! Here, take this!” She hands you one of her notes. “Don’t lose it, you’ll need that later!”

“Later for what?”

“For the party, of course! I have heard of this tradition from one of those adventuring types. Once a year you get everybody around, drink some of that whitey-yellow stuff and give each other gifts! Oh, how it warms you right up. They even have some silly outfits like this.” She whirls around for you to see her outfit. You nearly miss the point, that she is in fact supposed to be an elf, when you notice her dress not covering everything underneath it when she moves too fast, as you spy her pink slit. Naughty elf.

“Where would this party be then?”

“Oh, it’s right next to the Dawngate at the north of the city. You can’t miss it! There are probably already some people there. If you want to say hello to the other folk, go ahead. I’ll come back later with some more christies hopefully.” She leans in closer to you and winks at you. “I think, you’ll enjoy it.” Do you detect a hint of booze in her breath? She grinds her abdomen against your groin as she innocently giggles before running after the next bystanders enamored in her outfit.

You inspect the green note, that the elf handed to you. There is a clumsily drawn picture of a myr wearing a green hat, winking at you from the upper right corner. It’s probably supposed to be her. Fancy letters decorated with mistletoes and bells spell “Christymas Party at the border!”. Close enough. Below that, you can decipher a pompously drawn number 8, as random as it gets.

You could go to the party and risk it, but seemingly everybody else runs away from her. Is it because people here don't actually know what she is talking about? Or because your little hostess *is known* a little bit too well among these people? Will you go to the party?

Yes "What can go wrong?"

No "She seems a bit too fishy." (This ends the event right here)

If no:

You better not risk it. After some consideration, you decide to tear up the note and go about your business.

If yes:

It is Christmas time after all, you better give her the benefit of the doubt. You walk towards the northern exit of the town. Behind the two myr guards and the huge orange Dawngate lays No Myr's Land, a deadly reminder of the seemingly everlasting conflict between the two myr races and now home to several species only interested in plugging all unclaimed orifices with their eggs. Right next to this charming place lays your target, a festively decorated home in red, green and white. You chuckle slightly at the irony and don't know how you could get into the mood for Christmas with danger just literally roaming around the corner. Your little elf went all out though to create the right atmosphere. Bright lights flicker in all the right colors, decorative bells, balls and shawls hang from the ceiling, white powder resembling snow sits everywhere. There even is a statue of a male Myr standing on top of the building, dressed in the all too familiar red Santa outfit, white beard and all. Only instead of a round belly you spy a rather large dick hanging between his legs. Gotta respect her interpretation of the Terran culture. You go inside.

The interior of her house keeps the standards set by its exterior. Everything hits the right checkboxes, although it still is just one room. At the far right side you spy several bowls of eggnog and a few cups. The 'nog seem a bit darker than in your memories from back home, but that sure is better than nothing. Hell, she even got herself a barkeeper. An attractive male myr in green elf-clothing stands behind the eggnog counter with his eyes closed. You draw nearer, eager to try the Myrean version of tradition for yourself. Wondering how the barkeeper stays so composed in midst of the very obvious sexual tension hanging in the air, you see him rhythmically bucking his hips forward and backward. When you reach the counter, you discover two antennae and a tuft of hair hovering around his groin area. Enjoying a pretty good blowjob you reckon, he needs a few moments to notice you standing in front of him.

"You want to change places with her?", he says grinning from ear to ear. Disappointed moans echo from under the counter. Although servicing his dick seems quite appealing – even with clothing you can see he is well-built for a Myr – you refuse for now.

"I'm more interested in the eggnog."

"Oh, well. Suit yourself. I'm busy." Slightly moving to the side, he closes his eyes again and now uses his hands to guide the head of the myr sucking his cock more aggressively than before. Shrugging your shoulders in response, you fill a cup with some of the eggnog from the bowls. The smell and the texture are just like you remember, but the color *is* indeed darker. You take a good swig and enjoy the familiar taste and think back to home, the little elf really did well. You sigh in contentment. It seems a bit sweeter than usual and warms you up immediately, she did not lie about that.

The door slams wide open and you hear a well-known gleeful voice announcing her entrance to the party. "Come in, come in! Everybody's invited." Her green blouse exposing a bit more cleavage than before, the elf-hostess takes center stage with some more people from different races entering her house. "Welcome all to Gildenmere's first Christymas Party! Make yourself comfortable and come together! Us little elves will take care of you." A flurry of her green-clad Myr counterparts swarm to the newcomers, take them by the hand and show them around.

Your hostess smiles and laughs cheerily at her guests coming together, before looking around the room. Her eyes brighten when she spies you leaning against the counter, where the barkeep contently looks down at his companion, seemingly finished off. The elf smirks and saunters over to you, clearly trying to make a show out of it. "I knew you couldn't resist. I am *oh* so happy you're here." She reaches to one of the cups, while looking at you with clear intent in her eyes.

"I sure am too. How did you make this eggnog taste like the one back on Terra?"

The elf shyly smirks and changes from your left to your right side to fill her cup with eggnog, brushing closely against your body. "Oh, that's a secret. I hope it does taste good to you too. Do you want some more? Shall we share this cup?"

"I have tried some, but I don't see why we shouldn't."

You drink heartily from her cup, which nearly immediately goes to your head. A knowing smile plays across the face of your Myrian-elven companion. It's her turn to drink. She throws her head back and finishes the remaining eggnog in a few decisive gulps. She gives a few little moans before embracing you in a deep hug, her perky breasts pushing against your chest. "Uh, I like this warm feeling." You put your hands to her waist, while you feel her hot breath on your neck. Very quickly something stirs in your loins. You want her. She pushes back against you and her face is right in front of yours. Both of you share a moment of passion, she bites down on her lips as she looks straight into your eyes. But when you lean in to kiss her, your little elf breaks the embrace. "Later", she giggles and turns around.

You grab her hand. "Can you at least tell me your name?"

She only glances back at you before fading her hand away from hers. "That is also a secret." She sways her bottom enticingly before you and finally vanishes into the sea of 'christies'.

“God damn it. What a tease”, you say to yourself. Sighing in slight frustration you relax against the counter, relishing in the warm feeling inside you.

More and more guests you don’t recognize get their cup of eggnog, lead there by the charms and smiles of their elven-clad companions. Quickly the atmosphere from getting to know new people changes to *really* getting to know new people, as you see an increasingly number of pairs brush up against each other, make out or hide behind the counter to get their dicks sucked and pussies licked. Although this stroke you as slightly odd in the beginning – you remember Christmas time a slightly bit different than this –, you’re increasingly getting riled up, not only in thanks to your host. Especially after drinking some more cups of the eggnog, your libido starts to go wild until you could openly pant and masturbate at the display of lust in front of your eyes.

“My dear christies!”, your little tease announces standing on top of one of the chairs in the middle. “I don’t want to bother your holiday spirit, but I did tell you bring your cards. Because no Christymas would be complete without giving presents!” She cheers and throws some candy canes into the air. “So, we’re going to have a Secret Santa party!” She receives both some drunken cheers and moaning from the crowd, depending if they stopped their fooling around to listen to their host or not. You would wonder how this works with no present on you to give, if your mind could concentrate on something else other than on those push lips and perky breasts of your elven tease. “Find your mate with the same number on their note! If you have a smiley elf on your note, you’ll get lucky. If it is a winky face, you give a gift!” Oh darn, you gotta give a present. It’s not like you can just simply hand out your weapon to your secret Santa.

You try to make your way through the other guests, bumping not entirely unintentionally into the more attractive ones. Groping your way through the mass of increasingly drunk and lusty party guests, you feel a strong hand on your butt. The barkeeper has recovered as it seems as he grins at you while exploring your ass with his fingers. Not able to control yourself, you push your behind back against his digits and feel him up yourself, his dick already hard underneath his outfit. Just when you want to go on your knees to take him up on his earlier offer, a golden Myr pulls him towards herself and stuffs his head in her generous cleavage. He tears his hand from your ass to properly motorboat her large breasts. Missing your opportunity to revel in your lust you spy a rather innocent looking blue-furred Ausar girl in the back leaning against a wall, the number 8 visible on the note she is holding up. She wears more modest clothing than pretty much everybody else, covering herself to her neck in a white blouse. Her hair hangs towards her neck in curls, while she stares at people standing close to her carefully with her blue eyes. She is obviously uncomfortable around the overly lusty guests and in your current state you’re not exactly better. Trying to straighten up so she does not feel too intimidated only makes it more difficult for you to concentrate. The way her blouse bulges at her chest, how her tight pants fit snugly around her generous waist ... you hold up your note and just start towards her.

Before she can even acknowledge you, your host reaches her first. You can hear her even over lusty moans and the busy noises all around you, as she chats up the shy Ausar. “You

are obviously not enjoying yourself. This is not the Christymas spirit! No one here to your liking?”

“I like the careful flirt, but this is definitely ... too much.”

“I think this is not yet enough”, your little elf gleefully announces as right next to them a couple of Myr get down and skip foreplay. “You might need some of this ‘eggynog’, to get yourself in the mood.” She waves a cup full of the glorious yellow liquid under her nose.

The Ausar girl shakes her head in the most limited movements. “I don’t really like to drink, I’m sorry.”

“You’ll enjoy this. Trust me.” She takes a swig, looks intently into the blue eyes of the shy girl and without any warning, plants her lips on hers. The Ausar first recoils in shock and widens her eyes at the sudden moves of the elven Myr. After a few moments, she slowly lowers her eyes and embraces the kiss, pulling the Myr closer towards herself. By now you are already wet (if vagina) and hard (if penis) looking at this display of now mutual affection. Your elf breaks away from the Ausar and giggles “You’re welcome”. The cautious look of the girl’s eyes is replaced by one of pure lust. This might give you reason to suspect, your little elf has tempered with the eggnog. If you cared at this point. You’d rather get your hands on the cute Ausar. Your host stops you from jumping her immediately. “Did you forget? You need a present.” She points to a table nearby, a few dildos laying around waiting to be used. “Give her a good present. I’m sure, you know what you need to do.” He tantalizingly walks away. You don’t give it much thought and grab the first well-sized cock you can find.

“I think I might be your secret ...”, are the only words you get out, before the Ausar girl grabs your face in both hands and kisses you. Finally able to sate your desire, you immediately push her against the wall, probing her sweet mouth with your tongue. Shy she might have been, but this side of hers has fallen. She grinds against your wet vagina and hard cock, while you lift her blouse over her head, exposing her perky C-sized breasts. You grab both of them to round them, taking her nipple in your mouth and sucking on it. The Ausar breathes hard when you bite down, mercilessly flickering your tongue over her sensitive nipple. You go down on her and kiss your way to her pants which are already soaked in her juices. Your fingers quickly unzip her, exposing cute white panties. She moans when you press your face into her lap, feeling her labia through her panties.

You deftly pull her string slightly to the side, before tasting her juices by licking her lips. She shudders when you reach her clit with a long drawn-out first lick. After a few more shudders, you decide to prepare her for her Christmas gift. You push two fingers inside her pink slit, eliciting more and louder moans from her. Attending to her clit with your tongue, you push in and out of her multiple times before entering a third digit. She now has thrown her legs over your shoulders and presses your faces deeper into her pussy. Losing yourself in pleasuring her, you start to suck on her clit more aggressively while hilding your fingers inside her. After a few more minutes, you pull out and insert the dildo inside of her. It’s about 8 inches long, but with your administrations she is wet enough to take it fully in one thrust. “Merry Christmas”, you mumble as you push the dildo in and out of her. By now she is hanging in

the air, only supported by your shoulders, not able to do anything else other than enjoy the pleasure you're giving her. This is when you notice a familiar face watching this display: The barkeeper. His outfit all but gone he stands nakedly a few paces away from you, jerking his 9 inch cock. Your eyes hover around the display of his manhood, when he draws nearer.

"I think, there is still something left for you to do", he says before presenting his cock to your face. If you weren't so far gone like the Ausar girl you're pleasuring right now, you might need to think about his proposal. But before you could even complete the thought, your nose is already touching his belly as he hilted himself inside your throat in one smooth stroke. His cock already tastes like pussy you notice, when he draws out of your gullet and lets you play around the crown with your tongue. After a few moments, he takes your head in his hands, just like he did before with some other Myr, and takes his pleasure from your mouth. Again and again his balls smack against your chin as he mouthfucks you aggressively, wearing out your throat as his own personal cocksleeve.

Just when you notice his movements getting more jerky, your Ausar friend clenches the dildo you're still thrusting into her more frequently. Both of them cry out in unison, as the barkeeper hilted himself in your throat and shoots his cum straight into your stomach and the juices of the once shy girl run down your arm. After a few moments of post-orgasm bliss, he pulls out of your mouth, trailing a bit of cum on your tongue. The Ausar slips from your shoulder comfortably onto the floor, smiling content.

While both of them seem quite satisfied, you have not been touched. Your cock twitches inside your pants violently. Your vagina demands to be filled. As you look around, you discover a lot less people to be in the room. Did they take off already? Not able to wonder any further, you notice your little elf host standing in the door frame leading outside. "If you want to get your personal present, follow me." She turns around and walks outside. You don't need any more information and make your way after her.

The Dawngate guards let you pass, puzzling looks on their faces. In your sexual haze, you only follow the tantalizingly swaying abdomen of your elf. You don't really notice you are wondering into No Myr's Land. And you are far beyond caring. You want to fuck. As you turn another corner, you suddenly see another creature standing by your elf. It's a Nyrea, one of the Alpha ones. "Very well done, my young incubator. I can see, the red Myr venom came to good use."

Your elf kisses the hand of the Nyrea. "I brought you the best one for yourself, my mistress." "A fine specimen. Thank you, Christy." Oh, that's why she calls it Christymas. You smile at yourself for proving your intelligence, finally figuring this one out. Only after you get shoved to the ground from behind, landing on all fours, you come back to reality. "You don't need this anymore." The Alpha strips you of your clothing.

If not pregnant in vagina:

You should have been alarmed at this point, but you are not. When you feel her enormous cock at your folds, you finally can sate your desires. You finally can fuck, even if it is at the end of a bitch-breaking rod. Or especially because of it. Your pussy is so wet from your earlier adventures, the Nyrea easily pushes inside you.

The sheer size rearranges your insides. She slowly pushes on, filling you. She takes her time to properly break you in, make her yours. Her hands come to rest on your shoulders as she pushes up against you, her firm tits caressing your back. After a while she pulls outside and rest for a while with just the crown inside your folds, before plunging down and entering a bit more of your tunnel.

“Oh mistress, I hold back for so long. May I?”, Christy cries kneeling submissively in front of you.

“You may”, calmly says her mistress, as she fills you up a little more. Gleefully Christy pulls up her dress slightly, exposing her pussy to you. Without any more of her games to play, she just pushes her snatch right against your face, moaning loudly as she grinds her clit against your nose. Reveling in your lust, you hold out your tongue to properly eat her out, as her mistress hollows you out.

The moans of Christy and your muffled ones echo through the cavern, the Nyrea only calmly breathes. Only when you notice two things, Christy’s mistress picks up her voice. You feel a massive orb of flesh at your entrance, and she finally hilted herself all the way to your cervix. The Alpha stands upright, positioning herself to ram herself fully inside you. Excited you pick up your pace eating out your little elf, that has been teasing you the entire time.

With each thrust the Nyrea grunts a bit louder. At first it seemed like her cock and her knot were too large to fit completely inside you. But each time your cervix and your pussy give a little more way, losing their resistance to the massive Nyrea. In one final scream she finally hilted herself inside you, your cervix allowing her cock to penetrate directly into your womb and her knot securing her position inside you. If your face wasn’t stuffed full with Myr pussy, you would have screamed in agony and pleasure.

“She now will give you your present. Merry Christmas”, Christy announced loudly. You can feel one of the Nyrea’s eggs travel up her cock, stretching you out even more, until it is deposited inside your womb. When the second travels up her dick, you finally lose yourself to lust and lose consciousness.

You awake in the middle of Ny Myr’s Land. Your head kills yourself, you vaguely remember a Secret Santa Christmas party with an ultimate tease of a Myr. Holding your head with one hand you try to reconstruct what happened. The shy Ausar girl, the barkeeper and then ... You look down at yourself and find your Christmas present. The eggs inside you make you look 9 months pregnant.

If pregnant in vagina, but not in ass:

You should have been alarmed at this point, but you are not. When you feel her enormous cock at your asshole, you finally can sate your desires. You finally can fuck, even if it is at the end of a bitch-breaking rod. Or especially because of it. The Nyrea takes a bit of time, but soon her crown pops inside your ass.

The sheer size rearranges your insides. She slowly pushes on, filling you. She takes her time to properly break you in, make her yours. Her hands come to rest on your shoulders as she pushes up against you, her firm tits caressing your back. After a while she pulls outside and rest for a while with just the crown inside your taint, before plunging down and entering a bit more of your gut.

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