

It's Christmas Day, and you're spending it just about the same way that you always do now that you're older: shitposting online and being an ass in the various Extranet forums you still deign to grace with your presence. The most Christmas is to you now is a day off from work, and that suits you just fine. "Good will towards men" and "giving to receive" can suck a fat nut, but if it means you get to sleep in, that's reason to celebrate.

Still. As you pause typing your latest diatribe on why the game industry has gone to shit for the tenth time in as many years, you can't help but turn your gaze skyward.

Is this really what Christmas is about? Is it really just another day? Maybe this is your chance to reflect. A chance to appreciate the stillness of Winter and the peace it brings. After all, do you really enjoy spending your time like this? Half-heartedly playing porn games and trolling imageboards for people dumb enough to take the rhetorical bait?

You resume typing. Yeah, fuck that. You don't know what you were thinking, but the mere fact that you were thinking about taking a walk in the snow means you should probably check to make sure your brain's OK. Maybe making some teenybopper loser on FutureGram cry will help you feel more like yourself.

You're about to hit "post" and blow all the losers in the thread away with your scathing logic when you hear something rustle behind you. Well, "rustle" is a bit misleading. It's more like a "bump" and then a "whisper," but there's no specific word for that precise combination.

As you glance over your shoulder, you catch a glimpse of something...festive. Yeah, this is going to require your full attention. You turn away from your computer and focus your gaze on what **appears** to be a giant gift box, wrapped all professionally with bright red and green wrapping paper. It's even topped with a bow.

Normally you'd be pretty psyched to get a Christmas present out of nowhere. Normally it wouldn't be scuttling around on two pairs of green feet.

Every now and then, the box will rise up off the ground. Two pairs of legs extend from holes cut out on the bottom, and its apparent occupants will take a moment to orient themselves before promptly walking straight into a wall or something. Two reedy voices chatter inside the box, and even if it's pretty clear they're doing their best to be stealthy about it, you can hear just about everything they're saying.

"Ack," comes one frustrated whisper. "I thought you said you cut eye holes in this thing!"

"I **did,**" hisses the other. "But **someone** decided that the bow had to be absolutely **perfect,** so they both got covered up!"

"Presentation is important!" The first one chimes in again as you rise from your seat and walk over to it. "We gotta make a good first impression, or else- Oop!"

"I think he's coming over. Inconspicuous Box mode!"

Both the present's occupants immediately drop down, and the present rests on the ground. You stop right in front of it, standing there for a moment.

For a few seconds, there's silence. Then they speak up again.

"Is he gone?"

"I dunno, I think he might-"

You reach down and pick up the present. The bottom opens up, and soon the box itself is lifted up and away, revealing its contents.

Two goblins stare up at you, wide-eyed and dumbstruck. You stare back.

When they stand, it's in unison, and their jubilant cry is delivered with similar enthusiasm. "Merry Christmas!" The two of them chirp, arms thrust into the air merrily.

If they're here to help you celebrate the holiday, they're certainly dressed for the occasion. They're wearing the kind of outfits you'd expect to see on elves at the North Pole, though the coloration has their skin's natural hue in mind. Their skirts are candy cane red, complementing their vividly green skin **quite** nicely. Along with the white trim around their wrists and on their collars, their uniforms are decidedly festive...if a little too form-fitting to be altogether **appropriate** for a family-friendly Christmas gathering. Hardly a surprise, given what kind of bodies you've seen on their kind before, but what would be rather tame on a slender elf is downright scandalous on these two voluptuous goblins. Hard to complain, given that the stretched-tight fabric clearly showcases that they're **definitely** not wearing bras.

You manage to tear your eyes away from their shapely bodies and spare a glance at their faces. Glittering green eyes, dimpled cheeks, and cute li'l button noses. They look similar enough to be sisters. In fact, the only major exception is that one of them's got her black hair in a pixie cut and the other has hers in a bob.

You realize you've been staring at them in complete for around a minute. To be perfectly fair, they've been doing the same, but the point stands. One of them turns her head slightly towards the other, her eyes still trained on yours.

"Do you think he heard us?"

You coolly reassure them that yes, you did hear them shout "Merry Christmas." Right after you found them trespassing in your home. You cross your arms and narrow your eyes at your two "guests," and their enthusiasm seems to wane. But only for a moment!

"See, Holly? *Terrible* host." The one with the pixie cut crosses her arms under her bust, nose in the air. If she was chipper before, now she's cold as ice. "Two gorgeous gals right under his nose, and he's going straight to 'who are you' and 'how did you get into my house.'"

"C'mon, Molly!" Holly - the one with the bob, apparently - keeps a stiff upper lip and a smile on her face. She clasps her hands together and rocks on her heels. "Cut the guy a break! We kinda knew what to expect, didn't we?"

Hold on. "Knew what to expect?" What's going on here? Your frown deepens, and while you aren't *quite* ready to call the peacekeepers on them, you're definitely getting closer.

Holly and Molly seem pretty amused by the question, and for a moment or two, they're reduced to knowing giggles. Molly's the first to compose herself, and her scowl returns with a vengeance once she's gotten over her amusement. "What, you think we're here for our health? Not *hardly,* buster. We're here on *very* specific orders to take care of a *very* specific problem. See..." Her vitriol mellows, and with a sway to her hips, she takes a step forward. Molly reaches out with one diminutive hand, and as you blink down at her, she hefts your cock up through your pants.

"You've been *naughty.*"

You blink down at her. Then you smile, quirking an eyebrow. Oh, is that *so?*

Holly bumps Molly aside with her hip, still all smiles. "Yeah! I believe the technical classification for your level of naughtiness back at the North Pole is 'total douchebag,' but for the purposes of this introduction, you've definitely been put on the 'naughty' list. In fact, you've been on it for..." She pulls a datapad out from behind her back, consults it, and tucks it away once more. "...around fifteen years!"

Molly shoves Holly away with a grunt, and it's with her hands pawing at your groin that she continues. "Suffice to say, you've been a real *bad boy,* and since the prior attempts didn't change anything-"

Normally you'd be content to sit back and let them keep talking - you typically are when gorgeous shortstacks are set to jerk you off - but this is all a bit much to stomach. You don't shoo her away as she strokes your cock through your pants, but you *do* speak up. Prior attempts. What prior attempts?

"Ah-" Molly glances over to Holly, and Holly looks right back. "He doesn't know?"

"Must have an ad blocker installed. See!" Holly doesn't interrupt Molly's work this time, so you're left to enjoy Molly's hands on your stiffening prick as she speaks.

"So, back in the day, people on the naughty list would get a lump of coal for Christmas, the size and quality of said coal being determined by the severity and frequency of their naughtiness. That wasn't really a viable means of punitive action once fossil fuel reserves were depleted, so Claus LLC and its subsidiaries switched to an alternate form of punishment around the turn of the twenty-third century. Now instead of coal, people on the naughty list get lots of spam pop-ups and unskippable pre-roll ads."

"I hear some of them are, like, fifteen minutes long," Molly says with a shiver.

"Yeah, they're no joke. But that doesn't really work either! You're still pretty clearly an insufferable jackass judging by your posts online, so you've been selected to take part in a new program to *prevent* naughtiness instead of merely *punishing* it."

...You honestly don't know what to say. After you open your mouth to speak before closing it wordlessly a few times, Holly continues.

"So, obviously the elves on the North Poles on Claus LLC-affiliated planets are more or less occupied making toys for the people on the 'nice' list, but there are plenty of goblins available, especially during the holiday season."

"Long story short," Molly cuts in finally, unzipping your pants and tugging them down far enough for her to fish out your half-hard prick. "We're here to make sure you don't do anything *naughty* this year."

"And potentially see if you can end up on the 'nice' list instead!" Holly adds. You're a little distracted by the steady pump of Molly's hands around your shaft, but you're willing to listen, at least. "See, the basic premise of this program is that-

"We can go over the specifics later, stud." Molly nudges Holly away with a bump of her hip. She winks up at you before opening her mouth wide...and letting her tongue loll out. She coats your prick in warm, slick saliva, licking up and down as if she's savoring the world's tastiest candy cane. With the shaft thoroughly wetted, she starts to suckle the tip of your cock, hands returning to its stiff length, pumping up and down.

It's as if she's trying to wring you dry as sweetly as possible, and even if her every pump is more forceful than the last, her silky-smooth grip is still as gentle as can be.

"So." Molly pulls away from your cockhead with a pop, and you blink down at her. Her lips turn up in a smile, and you watch them as she speaks, mesmerized. "First things first. This isn't a

reward for being naughty. What we're doing here is making sure you *stop* being naughty. You ever heard of 'positive reinforcement,' stud?"

You nod. Normally you'd try to come up with some smooth response, all suave and cool, but right now you're being treated to the hottest handjob you've ever gotten. Wit isn't exactly a priority.

"That's what we're gonna be doing here. You know how you spend all your time posting those nasty little messages online? The ones that make people so mad? The ones that make people *cry?*"

You wince, nodding.

"That's real *naughty.* And so's downloading all that music and all those holos illegally. *And* you watch *way* too much porn. We've gotta help you tone it down, or else you're never gonna be nice! You're gonna *stop* that, and to make sure you do, we're gonna take away your computer while we're here. No Extranet whatsoever."

You open your mouth to protest, but as soon as you do, Molly picks up her speed. Her slow, sweet handjob turns to a steady pump-pump-pump, and your dissent fades to nothing.

"In exchange, we're gonna give you something *better* than those silly little forums and all those bits and bytes. While we're staying with you, just say the word, and we'll jerk you off nice and easy! Whenever. You. *Want.*"

She punctuates her words with particularly forceful strokes of your shaft, and by the end of her pitch, you find yourself wondering if it'd really be so bad to spend some time offline.

"And! And, and, and!" Holly's pulled over a side table and climbed on top of it such that you're finally face to face instead of groin to face. She claps her hands on your cheeks and turns your head to face her, and you lose yourself in her sparkling eyes as Molly continues to pump your cock. "We're prepared to offer more than just reimbursement for the preventative measures we're going to put in place!" She moves one hand from your face and pulls a sprig of mistletoe from...somewhere. "Your file says that you either forget to or choose not to say neither 'please' nor 'thank' you when someone helps you, so I thought it'd be helpful to offer some positive reinforcement when you *do!*"

She holds the mistletoe above your head, and you glance up at it for a moment before looking back down to Holly. Lips pursed and eyes closed, she's ready for a kiss. When you lean in to reciprocate, though, she ducks away. "Ah-ah-ah!" She shakes her head. "What's the magic word?"

The situation is surreal, but Molly's hands jerking your spit-shined cock make it exceedingly hard to care. When Molly ducks in to suckle on your cockhead again, you give a particularly high-pitched moan. As you search for the right word, your eyelids flutter.

Please?

Holly squeals with delight, and her arms drape over your shoulders as she practically forces herself on you. Her lips meet yours and part barely a second later. Her tongue pushes into your mouth, and you're wholly overwhelmed by her enthusiasm. She tastes like peppermint, and *wow,* she's a really good kisser. By the time she pulls back, your head's spinning.

She left you breathless, but the only indication Holly has on her face that she just finished one of the most passionate kisses you've ever had is a tinge of color on her cheeks. Well, that and a bashful grin. She bites her lower lip, and...seems to nod you along?

Thank...you?

She all but moans at that, one hand tangling in your hair, the other pawing at your back. You're treated to another lusty kiss, and by the time she pulls back from the second one, you're grinning like an idiot. Holly smiles softly and gives you a peck on the cheek and a pat on the shoulder. "See? Super easy! And little things like this form the foundation of very *nice* habits! We'll get you on the right list in no time!"

You smile right along with her...until Molly grips the base of your cock tighter than tight. You wince and look down, only to find her smirking up at you. "Just one problem with that." She lets go of your cock and crosses her arms, hip cocked to the side. "You ever hear that it's better to give than to receive? From what we've heard, you haven't exactly *given* a whole lot lately."

"Or received!" Holly chimes in, hopping down from her perch. "Molly raises a good point. 'Naughty or nice' isn't just about subjective interpretations of morality. It's about Christmas! So..." She looks to Molly. "Gosh. His gee-arr ratio is really kind of anemic, isn't it? We're going to have to bump up *both* of those numbers if we're going to get him on the 'nice' list. Only..." She crosses her arms and bumps her hip against Molly's, lost in thought. "I have *no* idea how we'd be able to keep his giving and receiving balanced while we increase the numbers."

"Oh, don't worry about *that.*" Molly grins wide, and you gulp in anticipation. "I have an idea. An awful, *wonderful* idea."

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You have to admit, you didn't expect your Christmas to end up like this, but you're definitely not complaining. After all, who'd complain about being naked in bed with a pair of gorgeous goblin

girls? Molly's making sure that your cock doesn't droop so much as an inch, and Holly's been peppering your face with kisses with every "please" and "thank you" you mindlessly murmur.

"Molly, it's really working!" Holly giggles between kisses. "I think this is actually going to succeed!"

"Don't speak too soon, sugarplum," Molly says as she hikes one leg over your hip. She mounts you, cowgirl-style, and you gasp sharply at the sensation of her hot, wet pussy pinning your cock against your belly. "A spot on the nice list isn't something you get just by holding doors open and parroting the stuff you learn in Space Kindergarten."

She raises her hips up, grabs ahold of your cock, positions herself carefully...and *drops* those child-bearing hips down onto your lap. Your eyes go wide as her sex envelops your cock, hot, wet, suckling. She's tight as hell, and the pleasure only gets that much better as she begins to bounce on your lap. The wet "squelch" of her lap smacking against yours is an almost mellow counterpoint to the irresistible pleasure of her cunt wringing your prick.

"You have to learn how to *receive!* Sometimes that means receiving *pleasure.*" You're staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed and gasping, but you can hear the smile on Molly's lips.

Soon enough, you can *see* the one on Holly's. She cups your cheek, presses her lips to your cheek, and smooths your hair. "And!" You can't do much more than watch as she rises to her feet on the bed and stands over your face. You can see her slit glistening. And getting closer. "You have to learn how to *give* pleasure, too!"

As Molly rides your cock, Holly sits on your face. You begin licking almost instantly, operating more on instinct than any conscious thought. Holly coos with delight at your enthusiasm, grinding down against your eager mouth and squirming. "'G-Gosh!* Molly, h-he's- He's real eager!"

"Oh?" Molly gives her hips a twist, and you feel your balls clench down, churning with a hot load of cum. "Maybe this is gonna take less work than I thought."

"Well, whoa, don't be huh-*hasty!*" Holly protests, rocking faster and faster against your face. You answer her tempo with long, broad licks up her cunt-lips, and she responds by clenching her thighs tight around your head. "He's got - mmf - potential! But he's gotta put in a *lot* of work to do if he wants to prove he's-" She whimpers as you swirl the tip of your tongue around the bud of her clit, and it's not long before she's twitching on top of you. "Tuh-To prove he's actually changed for the better!"

You're not doing much better, admittedly. Molly seems to be the only part of this equation who's keeping her cool, and she's doing so with infuriating ease. As you begin to instinctively buck your hips up, Molly slams hers down even harder, as if to keep you in your place. "Well, you

heard her! C'mon, stuff my stocking, big boy! It's cold outside, and I wanna feel nice and *hot!*" You feel her plant her hands on your belly, and Molly begins to jackhammer her hips down onto your lap. The pace is unbearable, and your eyelids flutter helplessly in response. There's only one thing you can do with her cunt clenching around your cock, sliding up and down, milking you relentlessly-

-and it's lick even faster, more desperately! Holly whines and keens, rutting against your face and grabbing handfuls of your hair. As you creep closer and closer to an explosive cumshot, she starts getting downright *desperate.* You can't really see anything, but as her whimpering turns to gasping and as her gasping turns to loud, high-pitched moaning, you can tell she's just seconds away from-

"*C-Cumming! Fuck!*" She twitches on top of you, and as her thighs tighten to a vice around your head, her sex gushes with her arousal.

Normally you might try to lap it up, but the heat and scent and sensation of the whole menage a trois has you cumming just as hard. As soon as your cock throbs with the first splurt of your orgasm, Molly slams her hips down and makes sure you're hilted in her cunt. You empty every drop of cum you have into her pussy, and judging by the surprised coo she gives a few seconds into your orgasm, that's a pretty admirable amount.

Your prick twitches as you pump your spunk into Molly, but as your climax begins to taper off, so does Holly's. Soon the chipper little goblin slumps to the side, dazed and delighted at your apparent oral abilities. Molly lingers a little bit longer, but soon she rises off your dick, cum dripping from her slit.

Holly's past words now, dreamily nuzzling up against your side and sleepily pressing kisses to your face, your neck, anywhere she can reach. You wrap an arm around her and pull her close...and do the same with Molly. She's a bit surprised by the sudden affection, but you're too drunk off feel-good chemicals to discriminate.

As the saying goes, 'tis better to give than to receive. You're not really sure about the specifics just yet, but with these two staying over for the foreseeable future, you're sure you'll get the hang of it soon enough.