

Merry Christmas, Meili

By Blue Jay

She's getting far more than what she wants for Christmas.

Merry Christmas, DarkWaltz.

Her eyes opened and a smile was quickly on her lips. It was Christmas.

Shifting under the covers, Meili relished a few moments more of comfort, reluctant to leave the cozy confines of the flannel sheets; it was the snowy season, after all. At length she did push aside the covers and slide off the mattress, cleaning bits of sleep from her gentle blue eyes and moving to the bureau.

Every Christmas her parents gave their children a new set of pajamas, an old tradition that Meili herself looked very much forward to upholding when she had foals of her own. They'd given the young mare her box last night as always, but she'd refrained from opening it; she wouldn't be wearing it until the morning after all, when her dam and sire would see her and beam with pride.

Feeling more than a bit giddy, she opened the simple clothes-box and lifted aside the thin veil of colorful parchment...

And then blinked.

Confused, Meili gingerly lifted the garment—if it could even be called so much as that—from the box and examined it. The negligee was red as a firetruck and totally sheer, something more fitting for a Valentine's Day tryst than a family gathering. Its cups would barely contain her large breasts, and the frontal cut was so wide that her privates would be fully on display.

Upon shifting the garment a bit more, she spotted the micro-sized G-string (also sheer red), and her face blazed crimson.

Meili put the erotic wear back in the box and decided to privately speak to her parents later, let them know Thalia was playing an end-of-year prank on her boyfriend's sister. She nodded to herself and quickly donned her usual pajamas before heading downstairs.

"Meili?" her mother Yue asked, confused at her daughter's attire. "Is something wrong with your new pajamas? Oh, I bought the wrong size, didn't I?"

The younger mare hesitated, and then agreed with her mother. It was easier than telling her the truth at the moment, especially with her sire right there, and Yue would be seeing it later anyway. She'd tell her then.

"Well, come on, then," Orion said. "Your brothers have been waiting for almost half an hour, and you know how Sandy gets about contacting his girlfriend to wish her happy holidays."

Meili felt a brief tick of annoyance but pushed it down. The lovers were probably just playing a joke, and it wasn't as though they'd done anything worse. She'd let them off lightly and everything would be fine.

Her older siblings wished her Merry Christmas as she and her parents entered the living room, which was taken up by a decent-sized tree surrounded by gifts of all shapes. The blue-haired equine seated herself on a cushy chair while her parents took the couch, her brothers on the love seat.

"Meili goes first since she's youngest," her mother said, picking a gift at random. "This one's from Santa, so it's probably extra-special."

Smiling, her excitement threatening to overtake her, Meili accepted the small rectangular box and began to unwrap it.

She froze when finished.

Staring back at her was the name Perfect Pricks, below it a pair of images: one a copy-paste photo of a beefcake stallion in the buff, and the second (and larger) a highly-detailed picture of the jelly dildo inside the box. It was indeed a perfect replica of a stallion's phallus, and a blurb of text on the bottom promised *"It'll drive your pussy wild!"*

"What on Earth?" Yue gasped, her mate staring dumbfounded. She snatched the box from her speechless daughter and glared at it before throwing Orion a demanding look.

"I had no idea!" he defended. "Just...just set it aside and let's open the rest of the gifts. When we're finished we can figure out what the hell happened."

"I think I know," Meili said stiffly, giving Lysander a dirty look.

His jaw dropped. "It wasn't me! I swear!"

"And can you say the same for your girlfriend?" Meili accused. "My new pajamas were switched out too, which is why I'm not gallivanting around nearly naked."

Struggling for a moment to form words, the colt finally said, "Look, I swear, I didn't have anything to do with this, and I don't know how Thalia could either. Why would I pull this kind of stunt? I'm still living in this house, aren't I?"

"As I said," Orion growled, "we will figure the matter out later. Take another gift and let's just forget for the moment that this happened at all."

Yue passed a small case to Ulysses, who guessed it might be a new DVD or game.

"Bareback Stallions vol. 39?" He turned to his brother, a very dark expression on his face. "Trying to tell me something, Lysander?"

The other male was practically shrieking his response, "IT WASN'T ME!"

Orion grabbed another small box. "This one's got your name on it, Lysander. Let's see if Thalia decided to play tricks on you too." He tore off the wrapping and was clearly disappointed at his find. "A humbler for genital-play."

The speckled colt shifted a bit in his seat. "I think I'll pass on that gift, thanks."

Yue's first "present" was a six-DVD set titled *Uncontrollable Cum Sluts: Orgy Edition*, promising nearly thirty hours of sperm-obsessed ladies and crotch-cracking fellows. Orion's was a leather body harness, its white straps, silver eyelets and buckles and rings ready to tightly embrace his body.

As more and more presents were opened, the variety and depravity only increased. Bondage items of all sorts, incredibly-perversed films, numerous sex toys, a few magazines and books (both nonfiction and erotic literature), and a single lady's catsuit, its shiny black spandex glistening in all its tempting sinfulness.

And the entire time, Lysander sat there like he'd been read multiple death sentences in court, muttering weakly that it wasn't him, wasn't him, wasn't him.

Orion was furious, his eyes smoldering as they roamed over the decadent wares. His fists were clenched and his lip repeatedly twitched as he sought an answer to the madness around him.

"I want to know who did this," he seethed. "I don't care if God and the Devil themselves teamed up to pull this kind of bullshit stunt on my family, I want to know who did this!"

As they all helped clean up the shredded wrapping and set aside the boxes for further investigation, Yue couldn't help but ponder if he was right: it would take two incredible and deviant minds to concoct such a raunchy act.

She also couldn't help but wonder how her mate would look in that harness.

The End