

Christmas Packages

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Kristy loved Christmas. Actually, "love" was almost too soft a word. She obsessed over Christmas. She spent August agonizing over what sort of ornaments and décor to put up in her modest apartment. She went through dozens of live tree farms in late November to pick the absolute best tree, and her pickiness had become somewhat legendary among local tree sellers. Her love of Christmas had even played a role in her chosen occupation. While working as a middle manager for Pea-Nutty's Amusement Park might not pay as well as working at an investment firm or ad agency, it meant that she had the entire month of December off.

The young mouse was dressed in the typical "Sexy Santa" outfit, the faux-fur lining the top and bottom of her little red dress just barely preserving modesty. It was not the sort of thing she would wear out in public, but next to Christmas the thing she loved most was looking good. Her tight, hourglass figure was nicely complemented by the big black belt and large silver buckle, and she had spent hours neatly trimming and adjusting the outfit so as to show off as much of the tits and ass as possible. Her hat was ever so carefully cocked to one side, covering one of her large rodent ears while permitting the other to stand free. Her high-heeled leather boots were black and shiny, and added just enough height to put her cleavage near to eye level of her boyfriend.

Her boyfriend Daryl normally came home from work around eight during the holidays, as his package delivery service job kept him extremely busy. Kristy took advantage of the extra time to bring her apartment to the apex of Christmas kitsch, carefully adjusting and re-orienting the ornaments and decorations about the house. Her apartment had a fireplace (again, selected due to her love of the holiday) and so she neatly modified the gas jets to deliver just the right amount of heat and flame to be cozy. She touched up the stockings and knickknacks that adorned the mantle. She started up the vintage record player Daryl had restored and given her last year, then put on her favorite Christmas record, the soft jazz renditions of Yuletide tunes gently wafting through the warm dry air. Lastly, she laid out some eggnog and sugar cookies, pouring a large glass for Daryl and flavoring it with generous scrapings of nutmeg. She also spiked his eggnog with half a shot of fine Irish whiskey, just to make sure he was relaxed enough to get into the holiday spirit.

Daryl would certainly need that half-shot, the poor reindeer wincing as he strained to make his way up the six flights of stairs to Kristy's apartment. Being both a package delivery employee and a reindeer meant that Christmas was absolute hell for poor Daryl.

Everyone wanted to have a package delivered by one of "Santa's reindeer" but no one wanted to be happy about it. Over and over again he had to put on a big fake smile while he trudged through snow and slush in worn, leaky boots. He had to keep standing there smiling while every other delivery of the day became late because some old cat refused to pay extra for having her delivery expedited. He had to wait in the ice and slush while families yelled and screamed at each other on their way to opening the door. He had to pretend to give a shit about clueless retailers who either understocked an item and didn't know why he couldn't have magically delivered it before they ordered it, or else had overstocked an item and wanted him to somehow turn the package back into money. The only thing that got him through the season was the knowledge that this would be his last year, that come Spring he would finally have his degree in engineering and could give up this minimum wage job forever.

As Daryl finally reached the top of the stairs, he dreaded the long hallway to Kristy's room. He and his girlfriend hadn't seen much of each other as of late, since he was always stumbling home late to his own apartment much too late and too tired to do anything. Kristy had repeatedly invited him to come over to her place, and as time went on he realized he'd have to give in. Kristy was a good girlfriend despite her crazy obsession with the holidays. She was there for him most of the time, and she didn't mind that he was a full two years younger than her. She was smart enough to understand and even help him with his math homework, and she made a four-cheese lasagna that was to die for. And those tits! Daryl had always preferred petite girls, but before Kristy he'd never known them to have a rack suitable for a man of his size. Indeed, except for her whole crazy love of Christmas, Kristy was the ideal girlfriend, from her brains to her cooking to the ass that didn't stop.

Still, Daryl was filled with anticipation as he lightly rapped on the door to her apartment. He knew the interior would be filled with gaudy decorations. He could hear that crummy Christmas jazz playing on the record player he'd painstakingly recovered from the trash. He thought he could even smell that horrible "organic" eggnog she always bought, the stuff which tasted like it had been fermented in one of Santa's boots. He sighed, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that at the very least he was definitely getting his cock sucked tonight, and she could do things with her tongue that had cost him \$500 from a vixen in Vegas a couple of years ago. It was worth putting up with all the other crap for that, wasn't it?

As Kristy opened the door Daryl put on the same fake smile he used when delivering packages, doing his best to appear pleasant even as his worst nightmares sprawled out before him. Snowmen, elves and Santas were everywhere, along with abundant fake snow and even the occasional gingerbread house. In his mind he was imagining himself suddenly turning into a giant, raging green monster and ripping it all to shreds like in his comic books, but on the outside he was all smiles and cheerfulness.

He looked down at his petite little girlfriend and raised an eyebrow, as almost the entire length of her cleavage was exposed. He knew she had a sexy Santa outfit, in fact she'd worn it last year, but he didn't know it was so low cut. Clearly she'd modified it, and part of his hatred of Christmas gave way as her nipples just barely slid into view.

"I knew you'd probably be tired from work, so I set up a nice chair by the fire and poured some eggnog," said Kristy. The mouse shuffled Daryl forward, and though he didn't much care for the atmosphere or the music, the chair was deep and relaxing as always. It was a deep, double-stuffed chair Kristy's father had dropped off a few months ago, and it was amazingly comfortable. The eggnog wasn't bad either, though Daryl could taste the whiskey. Still, he probably needed it.

As he laid back in the gentle warmth and the soft plush of the chair. Christy slid up behind him and began to massage his shoulders, making him moan slightly. "You know, I was kind of dreading this," said Daryl. "I mean, you know how I hate this...Stuff." As he said "stuff" he gestured to the tree, trying not to insult it but failing. Luckily, Christy was understanding and she just gave him a hug and a kiss.

"Oh don't worry about it," said Kristy. "I know all you see are the horrible parts of the holidays. The screaming children, the angry buyers and sellers, not to mention the sore, aching feet..." Kristy moved down as she spoke, removing Daryl's boots and socks, hanging the latter to dry by the fire. She massaged and rubbed his legs and feet, smiling up at him. "But you've got to understand, there's good parts to the holidays too."

Daryl nodded, his mouth twisting into a grin as he set down the eggnog and watched Kristy slowly unzip his messy slacks. She worked his pants down and off slowly, taking deep, eager breaths as she gently massaged his boxers. Kristy smirked as she ran her fingers up and down the soft fabric. "I thought you hated the holidays, and here you are wearing underwear with wreaths and candy canes on it," she said.

"You gave those to me, and I'm doing it for you," said Daryl. "And I figured it's not like anyone else would see 'em." Kristy nodded in ascent, then slowly unbuttoned his boxers and fished out his massive meat. All of the touching and caressing would get any normal male up and ready, but Daryl's enormous length took lots of work. Not that Kristy minded all that much.

Slowly, she worked her way up and down his length with her tongue, gently caressing it with small licks. She nipped it slightly from time to time, rubbing on him with her buck teeth while her hands propped him up and worked his balls. His hard-on came slowly and smoothly, his shaft rising up like some great tower. It stood a full foot tall when Kristy finally finished with it, and she whipped her tail in excitement as she squeezed and massaged it in her hands. Daryl and his massive cock was definitely up there with Christmas and

sexy clothing, and something deep inside her loved how ridiculously oversized it was. She had always been into big cocks, but it had taken her quite some time to get used to Daryl. It was totally worth it.

Kristy pulled her top down and began working the reindeer's enormous length between her breasts, panting and whimpering as she did so. She gripped him as best she could and popped the fat head of his cock into her mouth, moaning and working it back and forth. She slobbered a bit as she tried to take him, her tail whipping in delight as she gulped down his salty pre. He was really getting going now, his shaft throbbing visibly in her hands. Daryl sucked air in between his teeth, gripping the chair firmly, his arms flexing and stretching as he squeezed down. Kristy was really getting into it, and he could feel himself letting go.

Daryl wasn't exactly soft and quiet when it came to orgasm. His gigantic shaft was a slow, rumbling beast, and Kristy had learned to anticipate it. She wrapped her lips firmly around the head, sucking it into her mouth while her hands squeezed and worked up and down the shaft. Daryl gasped, then groaned as he felt himself riding the crest of the wave, while Kristy gulped him down as best he could. Daryl hadn't visited Kristy or even gotten some time alone for several days, and he was more than a little backed up. Try as she might, Kristy couldn't get all of it down. Long, slick lines of cum and spittle trailed down Daryl's shaft and splattered across Kristy's cheeks and tits. Kristy gasped, planting wet, sloppy kisses all up and down Daryl's shaft, sucking and kissing and licking him clean.

Daryl smiled down at Kristy, gently caressing her head and ears as best he could through the hat. She was a wet, sticky mess, but her outfit was mostly clean, and it was clear she was really enjoying herself. And that she wanted more. She crawled up Daryl's chest a bit, her hands firmly pressing and caressing his firm abs and pecs. She looked down at him, an eager, naughty smile on her face. He raised his eyebrow quizzically. "You're not going to kiss me, are you?" he asked. "We already had a discussion about snowballing."

"Awwh, you're no fun," she said, giggling and hopping off him. "But I do have an early Christmas present for you!" Kristy bent down low under the tree, giving Daryl an excellent view, and then tossed him a box. It was very delicately wrapped with a fine paper and several green and red ribbons, and looked more like a decoration than a real present. Daryl hefted it in his hands. It was weighty, and as moved it up and down something inside jingled.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Just go into the bedroom and put it on," said Kristy, making her way to the bathroom. "I need to wash up and fix my outfit real quick. Just change into that and come back here, I'm sure I'll be ready and waiting for you."

"I find this outfit demeaning to me as a person and to my species as a whole," said Daryl. The outfit Kristy had given him was a mix of fetish gear and holiday kitsch. The massive, black leather harness had been decked out with ribbons, mistletoe and numerous jingle bells. The bells were in fact so frequent that they almost bumped into each other. In addition to the harness he was wearing a collar, arm bands, wrist bands, thigh bands, and anklets all of which were similarly decorated. The only part he personally cared for was the massive cock ring which was built into the base of the harness. Not only did it feel good and firm around him, it helped him get a hard-on and keep it. And he needed all the help he could get, what with his massive size and embarrassing getup. "Can't we just fuck like a normal couple?"

"Oh hush, at least I didn't make you put on a red nose," said Kristy, bouncing forward and kissing Daryl on the cheek. "I could have busted out my candy cane strap-on too, from back when I was still dating Ashley."

"If you did that, you know you'd be getting nothing but coal for Christmas," said Daryl. The outfit was certainly embarrassing and irritating, but the look of pleasure, arousal and contentment in Kristy's eyes almost made it worth it. They kissed, and Daryl could taste the thick mint and chocolate flavor from whatever candy Kristy had been eating while she'd waited on him. It was thick and sweet, especially with the warmth of her mouth. It felt more like a delicate hot cocoa mix than a kiss at times, but as he rubbed his hands up and down her back, Daryl could feel Kristy's nipples hardening in excitement. His massive erect shaft, held firm by the cock ring, was certainly getting to her. Their kiss broke slowly, their eyes locking firmly as they stared deeply into one another. There was love in there, beneath all the taunting and teasing. And deep down, for a brief moment, the Christmas season seemed to be nothing but good.

"Well enough foreplay," said Kristy, slowly and tentatively sliding away from Daryl. "How about you show me that North Pole of yours?"

"Fine, but if I have to dress up in this silly outfit, I get to fuck you up the ass tonight," said Daryl. "I indulge you, you indulge me."

"Fine, but that comes last," said Kristy, pulling Daryl over to a massive mat of faux fur laid out in front of the fireplace. It was certainly warm and cozy there, and as Kristy laid down on her back, spreading her legs in a wide invitation, Daryl found himself wanting to do anything but disappoint.

"So does this make you naughty or nice?" said Kristy. She rolled her eyes and reached out, grabbing Daryl and pulling him down on top of her. She silenced him with a kiss, and he grabbed his length in one hand, gently aiming himself and pressing against her slit. She moaned into his mouth and he pressed further, slowly sliding and working his length into her. It seemed to go on forever, and as he gently worked his way in she moaned and writhed beneath him. He took

his time, letting her adjust to his length, but as she dug her heels into the small of his back he knew it was high time to pick up the pace.

Daryl really didn't much care for the jingling noise that his multitude of bells made as he worked his massive length back and forth inside Kristy, but he was at least somewhat comforted by the drawn blinds, low light and the very thick walls of Kristy's apartment. Still, he blushed a bit as he moved back, putting himself on his knees and grabbing at Kristy's ankles as he worked his massive length back and forth inside her, slowly moving it in and out. Kristy moaned, rubbing and squeezing her breasts even as she squeezed Daryl as best she could with her legs. It was heaven inside her, and Daryl wasn't about to waste the moment by trying to take it faster.

Daryl kept his thrusts slow and smooth, gently rubbing Kristy back and forth across the fake fur of the rug. He could feel the heat from the fire creeping up on him and warming him, but he wasn't going to give in to it just yet. The record finished and the player brought the arm to rest, filling the room with a strange quiet. There was only their hushed breath and the rhythmic jingle of the bells on his harness. They jingled in unison as each thrust was brought to a sharp end, his body bouncing a bit as he gently collided with Kristy's limit. She wasn't bottomless after all, and he dared not press the issue, so to speak. As he continued to work himself back and forth inside the mouse, he adjusted himself, climbing over her and planting his hands just above her shoulders.

Kristy wrapped her arms and legs around her lover as he pressed down into her again and again, making the best use of his enormous length and considerable musculature. Kristy was dwarfed beneath him, but as she moaned softly he knew that she loved his size. She groaned, she caressed, she gasped for air and nipped at his neck. She was beyond words now, wrapped in ecstasy that made Daryl downright jealous. He was, after all, doing all the work!

"Let's change up, I'm getting hot on this side," said Daryl, turning his right side to face the fire and laying down on the soft rug. He grabbed his shaft and waved it back and forth at Kristy, smirking at his lewd invitation. Kristy giggled to herself a bit and then straddled it carefully, biting her lower lip as she gripped it in one hand and slowly lowered herself down. Daryl moaned as he felt her wet, tight folds envelop him yet again. He reached out and grasped Kristy gently by the thighs, helping to guide her down as far as she dared go. Considering her size it was pretty impressive that she could get as far as she did, as well as a testament to her love of big boys and their big tools.

Kristy leaned forward, kissing Daryl on the nose as her large breasts glanced and rubbed across Daryl's muscled chest. She worked herself gently on his enormous member, panting and groaning with each short, deliberate thrust. She reached back to grip the exposed handful as she worked herself along his big length, whimpering and groaning. He gently caressed her shoulders in his hands, helping to

lift and support her as she worked him on her hands and knees. Her movements were slow, but eager. She whimpered and pressed herself down onto his massive shaft, her thrusts so hard and so deep that his massive balls smacked against her ass over and over.

Daryl pressed his feet flat against the floor and pushed as hard as he could, driving himself into Kristy. The force of his thighs, combined with the angle, lifted her up and up until her knees were off the floor, leaving her supported only by her palms and the tips of her toes. Her moans reached a peak, letting Daryl know that her orgasm was near, and so he grabbed her tight. Muffling her joyful cries with his mouth, he kissed her deeply, wrapping his arms around her and holding her close. He could feel her hot, hard nipples against his chest, pressing and digging in to him. With one massive thrust he drove almost the entirety of his length into her, his cock ring pressed firmly against her folds. Though the ring kept him from going off, his shaft was nonetheless soaked with Kristy's juices. He could feel the hot, wet liquid dashing around his cock and splattering across his balls, dribbling down his thighs and across his ass to the rug beneath him. Though his own body was begging and aching for release, he concentrated on Kristy, rubbing up and down her back as his tongue played with her carefully.

They remained locked together for some time, Daryl basking in Kristy's afterglow as she caught her breath. Though she was no lightweight when it came to sex, the intensity and buildup had clearly taken a lot out of her, and Daryl was seriously reconsidering his request for a bit of anal. If she was as tired as she looked, better to take off his silly outfit and jerk off in the shower than to risk busting her up. Daryl smiled at Kristy when she finally broke the kiss, her face glowing, her cheeks red. He smirked as he realized how similar she looked to when she'd just come in from the snow.

"See something you like?" said Kristy, moaning slightly in the back of her throat as she worked herself slowly off Daryl's enormous length.

"Of course, you." She giggled, they kissed briefly, and Kristy completely extracted herself, gasping as Daryl's length slid out of her with a wet slop. In his mind, Daryl could picture the drippy, gaping hole he'd left behind with profound satisfaction. It had taken him awhile to get the hang of handling his enormous shaft, but with the right girl it was totally worth it. While not many girls could handle his immense size, those who could always ended up loving how he put it to work, stretching them wider and pleasuring them deeper than just about anyone else.

"Mmm, that was good, but I still owe you something don't I?" said Kristy. Standing up, she grabbed a green and red towel she'd stashed beneath the tree and began to wipe up. Her hands gently caressed her sex through the cloth, then slowly worked along Daryl's enormous shaft, which was still standing at attention. Daryl propped himself up on his elbows, smiling down at Kristy as she wiped him and the rug clean. "You asked for anal, and I promised it, but wear

this." She stood up and reached into a big red stocking hanging over the fireplace with his name emblazoned in gold glitter. As she withdrew her hand, she presented Daryl with an XXL condom. The words "SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER" were written on it in big, bold letters.

"What's this?" asked Daryl. "Other than the obvious, I mean."

"Just open it and put it on, you'll see," said Kristy, giggling. Daryl shrugged and got to his feet, tearing open the condom with his teeth. As he rolled it out across his shaft, it was all he could do to keep from laughing.

"My dick looks like a fuckin' candy cane!" he said, chortling. The condom had red and white stripes with a gentle twist, just like the traditional holiday candy. It was a good fit too, big enough to have just a little give, to ensure he actually felt something while he was pounding Kristy up the ass. "Normally your Holiday stuff gets on my nerves, but this is really rather cute."

"It's flavored too, but considering where you're going to stick it I don't intend to test the flavor right now," said Kristy. "I've got eleven more, though, if you wanna do a twelve days of Christmas sort of thing." Kristy came up and kissed Daryl on the cheek, visibly pleased that she had selected something that they both enjoyed. Her hand gripped his shaft, and he throbbed at her touch, his shaft eager to get to work and release what was pent up. "Give me a minute to loosen up, and then we'll go at it."

Kristy retrieved a bottle of lube from her own stocking and then got down on her knees and shoulders, groaning and whimpering as she raised her tail and worked herself loose. Daryl hated to admit it but he had a dirty fascination with Kristy's fine, pert ass, and he loved looking at it almost as much as he loved fucking it. And when it came to fucking, the dirty perversity of shoving his enormous shaft up her tight tailhole filled him with a filthy glee. He knew it was dirty, and gross, and wrong, but somehow that just made it all the more fun for him.

Once she was ready, Kristy wagged her ass at him invitingly, curling her tail back and spreading her cheeks for him. Though the condom was already lubed and slick, Daryl applied additional lube just to make sure things went as smooth as possible. He aimed his shaft against her hole and carefully applied pressure, halting when he heard her gasp. He waited a moment, and when she didn't protest, he pushed in deeper, letting his shaft slowly sink into her.

Kristy grabbed at the rug, panting and kicking at it with her feet as she groaned and strained to take Daryl's enormous shaft. Though he'd done this many times by now, it was always a slow strain. Still, the intense warmth and tightness was so worth it. Daryl's tongue lolled out as he pressed his length into Kristy, his tiny tail standing at pert attention as his cock was worked and squeezed by her ass. He took his time pushing it in, and he loved every inch of it.

Once he was in as deep as he dared he reached forward to grab Kristy's hands, bracing his massive body over her and slowly working his length back and forth in her ass. She roiled beneath him, her

back arching as she bent and bucked under his weight. He did his best to be gentle, but with his enormous cock it wasn't exactly easy. The tight pressure sent his entire cock shivering and tingling, encouraging him to push it and shove it all the harder.

As he nibbled on Kristy's neck, he took the pace up, slowly accelerating until he was pounding at a firm speed. It was nowhere near as fast as he could go, but it was about as fast as he felt safe with. Kristy was a sweet and fragile thing, after all, and he didn't want to break her. Still, his lust was rising to it's peak, and as he brought himself down on her again and again, he could feel his climax coming. And hard. All that pussy fucking and riding from before had pushed him well over the edge, and were it not for the firm control of the cock ring built into his harness, he'd have cum long ago.

Pulling out suddenly, Daryl stood up and ripped off the condom, tossing it into the fire. The latex burned and popped with unusual colors and a surprisingly pleasant smell, but he was much too distracted to notice the wet burning rubber right now. As he fumbled to extract himself from his harness, Kristy knelt in front of him, closing her eyes and opening her mouth wide. Daryl strained to rub his aching shaft in one hand while undoing clasps with the other, and it was inevitable that this clumsiness would make things less than perfect. As he extracted himself from the cock ring his shaft exploded in his hand, shooting out thick white gobs of cum. Daryl groaned, going weak at the knees. This had been weeks in coming, and every ounce of his being ached for the release.

Daryl found himself grabbing the mantelpiece for stability as he sent out wild shots, his cum spraying far and wide. Blasts went across Kristy's face, in her mouth, and on her tits. As the reindeer continued giving his mousey lover a one-man bukkake bath, she whimpered and rubbed herself between her legs, panting and moaning as she licked at the warm, wet sticky. Daryl gasped for air as the orgasm slowly faded, his cleared head slowly sliding back to reality as he rode the waves of euphoria. It was the best sex he'd had in weeks, possibly even months. Kristy really knew how to give him what he wanted.

"Shit, looks like I really decked your halls, didn't I?" said Daryl.

"Yeah, and the tree behind me too," said Kristy, looking around as she grabbed the towel and began wiping her off. "Man, you were really pent up in there. It was like a machine gun, only with cum instead of bullets."

"What can I say? I guess you got me infused with the holiday spirit," said Daryl. "And now it's all over your face. And your tits. And the rug."

"Well, I liked it, and maybe on Christmas day Santa's biggest, handsomest reindeer can come give me a second helping," said Kristy. She smiled and gave Daryl a big hug, his own cum splattering on his chest as it was squeezed between them. He was willing to overlook that, though, and it's not like he wasn't going to go take a shower.

"We could see about that, but as for right now we need to wash up," said Daryl. Kristy nodded, gently holding his hand and nuzzling his arm as they walked to the bathroom.

Kristy pointed up to the mistletoe she'd hung at the beginning of her long hallway. "Merry Christmas, Daryl," said Kristy, kissing her lover on the cheek. He blushed.

"Happy Holidays, Kristy," he said, grinning. And indeed they were.