

Naughty but So Nice

Nick stepped into the hall and closed the front door behind him with a weary sigh. Another Christmas over with, thank God. The heat of the house wrapped round him and he quickly shed his hat and jacket, followed by the fake beard and padding. With a disgusted groan he shoved the whole lot in the closet.

Why on earth human's had to perceive him as a fat, jolly man he'd never know. And as for the outfit? He missed the regal green of his younger days. Coca Cola had a lot to answer for with the garish red and white.

Still it was done for another year; all the presents were delivered, the elves were off partying, and the reindeer were away in their stable. He kicked off his boots and walked through to the living room, which was in darkness, his wife Mary nowhere to be seen.

"Mary?" No answer came. Nick frowned as he made his way to the kitchen. Mary always greeted him when he came home. She was the reason he still did his duty after so many centuries, she got him through it every year, and coming home to her welcoming smile and warm embrace made freezing his ass off worth it.

Nick walked through the house but all was quiet and still and with a feeling of unease he went to the bedroom. "Mary, are you..." His words died on his lips and his mouth fell open.

His wife was lying on the bed, dressed in a skimpy red and white santa outfit that displayed her ample curves, her pink lips curled into a seductive smile.

"Mary, what are you doing?" Nick's voice was hoarse with both shock and desire.

Mary didn't answer, just moved onto her knees and presented her ass to him, the thong she wore doing little to hide her most intimate place. Nick groaned at the display before him.

When she was in position Mary arched her back provocatively and looked back over her shoulder, flicking a hot inviting gaze over him. "Ho ho my love," she whispered. "Merry Christmas."