

A decorative banner at the top of the page features a bookshelf with various books. The central part of the banner has a textured, wood-like background with the author's name and a quote in white cursive script. The books on the left include 'OVER THE MOON' and 'Coming Together 5.11'. The books on the right include 'GAMES' and 'THE BOOK OF MORMON'.

Jude Mason

Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!

Sparkle's Lusty Christmas

© 2007 by Jude Mason

The workshop was just beginning to have that busy feeling about it. You know, when the equipment is purring, as are the elves, I'm in and out, counting toys, making sure everyone's busy and on the right track, ordering more parts, cursing when they don't arrive when they should. It's sheer mayhem and the room literally hums with activity, and I love every second of it.

Looking over the sea of tiny men, it might have surprised you to see one lone woman busily working away. She'd arrived, hungry and cold, one cold winters' day, five years ago. After we'd fed her, and warmed her up, as only we can do, she never showed any inclination to leave—or contact anyone from the outside world—which, by the way, suited us all just fine.

Not very tall, but with more curves than seemed right on a frame so small, she worked diligently along-side the crew of little fellows. Her name was Sparkle, at least that's what everyone called her, and she seemed happy enough. But sometimes, when I'm sure she thought she was alone, I'd noticed her gazing wistfully at some nut crackers or office binder clips meant for stocking stuffers, while furtively pinching at her nipples.

This story begins when I'd become concerned at how often I noticed Sparkle gazing off and smiling at one of her secret thoughts, while fondling some bit of merchandise or other. The look on her face was enchanting. Full of lust, which is a rare thing here, and wonder, which is not. Her short red hair framed a face that seemed to glow, bright green eyes danced with a mischief that I wanted to know more about. Even her breathing was more rapid; her enormous breasts rose and fell at an unconscionable rate and I'd never seen her dollar-sized nipples quite so—so—outstanding. Her fingers weren't idle either, but cruelly squeezed and twisted at the points of each breast, forcing small mewling sounds to sputter from her rosy red lips.

Late one night, while everyone was snug in their beds, I found her, in one our storage rooms, taking some of the bright red ribbon we use to wrap special gifts and a handful of bright little clothespins from a huge bin. Her pockets bulged when she finished and crept out. Curious, I followed her.

She snuck her treasures into her room, and I managed to find a hidey-hole to spy on her. Spy, such a nasty word perhaps, but you must remember that it was concern for her that had brought me to that spot.

As I got comfortable, I watched her in her tidy little room; empty the contents of her pockets onto the bed. Then, before I could blink more than twice, she was naked.

I thought my heart had stopped and I could scarcely catch a breath, she was so lovely. Her gargantuan breasts stood proudly out, perched on a ribcage that seemed much too small to support their great weight. But not a hint of sag could be seen. None! And I marveled at them. A tiny waist nipped in smartly below them, and her hips flared lushly out. A beautiful round bottom that promised more than adequate handholds for the husband I hoped she'd one day find—a man to hold and caress, while they explored and enjoyed the wonders of marital bliss.

Ho ho, I thought, unfastening my pants and releasing the monster I kept hidden, how I'd love to assist in her enjoyment. My staff rose up, and while I stroked its great girth and length, I gazed in wonder at what happened next.

A soft tapping at her door, surprised me, but evidently not her. She rose from the bed, where she'd been fondling the clothespins, and naked, went to the door. Her bottom jiggled and bounced, as two puppies squirming against each other in sleep. My fingers clenched, and I had to remind myself to be still and quiet. I needed to better understand her desires, before letting my presence be known.

Opening it, there stood two of my little men.

My prick sagged. What the...?

Lefty and Righty stood at the door, both naked, but for their little belled hats and curly-toed boots, and both with erections that rivaled my own. Sparkle took each by the hand and drew them hastily inside, pushing the door shut behind them.

And ho, ho, ho, how those two rushed in. Long beards teased the round tips of their pricks as each stiffened member jounced and wobbled its way in. Free hands touched and pulled at the naked flesh before them, tweaking turgid nipples and patting her fine round bottom as they hurried to her bedside. Their gargantuan staffs waved and flopped in the air, the tips dripping into the soft hair of their beards.

In an utterly uncalled for show of authority, the two pushed poor Sparkle to her knees. I was about to reveal myself, but noted her bright smile and the turgid state of her nipples. I re-settled myself, for the time being. Sagging prick approved of my choice and rose up again, eager to see what naughtiness the three had planned.

Now, Lefty was left-handed and Righty was right-handed, that's how they got their names. Under the circumstances it also made it much easier to play with their eager

lady friend. So, each tiny man took a long length of crimson ribbon and began winding it around the base of the breast closest to him. Sparkle knelt quietly, hands behind her back and joyously watched her two playmates have their way with her boobs. They tugged and tucked and pulled the ribbon tighter, while she squirmed and sighed in quite obvious pleasure.

I leaned back against the wall and took the shaft of my throbbing prick in hand, slowly pumping it while gazing lustfully at the scene before me. I slid my other hand into the front of my bright red slacks and pushed them below my balls. Oh ho, I thought as I cupped those tender orbs and felt them squirm inside the crinkled flesh.

Before me, on her knees, our sweet Sparkle was the same height as my two lusty little men. Her gorgeous breasts, once bound and thrust forward, should have toppled her over.

Oh ho, how I wish I'd known of her desires, I'd have gladly taken care of her myself. But even as those thoughts entered my mind, I saw more ribbon being put to use. Lefty, or was it Righty, went behind her, and while the other elf toyed with her tantalizing tits, he tied her wrists together nice and tight. She pulled at the bindings, and laughed when she realized how her gorgeous mounds bounced and bumped against each other. A moment later, the mischievous elf tied her ankles together as well. Then, last but not least, he tied her ankles to her wrists.

A tidy bundle of woman flesh, I thought and had to close my eyes, for a moment, to keep from shooting, long before I wished to. "Oh ho," I moaned, as quiet as a mouse, and squeezed my balls, attempting to hold off until the scene before me came to its conclusion.

When I dared open them again, I gasped. The two naughty elves had pushed Sparkle's knees wide apart and together stood between them. So close their cocks bounced on her flesh, and she squirmed to make sure they did. Each tiny man had a handful of

clothespins and was merrily affixing them to the luscious redheads' bosom. They worked together, as all good elves should, one pinching a bit of tit flesh, while the other attached the pin to it.

Every third or fourth pin, they'd stop, and grasping the root of their pricks, they'd rub themselves boisterously over the soft mounds they were tormenting. Sparkles eyes were wide and lit up even brighter as the two tormented her tits. Her sobbing cries of joy had become loud enough for even me to hear as she begged them each for more. And more they gave her, more clothespins, one to each side, while she trembled and thrust her tits out for them to pinch and nip. More and more of them, a dozen at least got fixed to each bountiful orb.

Twice more, I had to close my eyes and try to shut out the sounds of her pleas, while squeezing the rampant prick in my hands. I trembled as if palsied, so great was my excitement and I too wanted more. Even with my eyes firmly shut against the sight of

those lovely deformed tits, I ached to add my own torment. To add the clamps and clips I'd dreamed of possessing, the whips and leather bindings that haunted my dreams. Oh ho, if I'd only known, I thought and dared open my eyes again.

My breath left me, I daren't move as I watched, glassy eyed and heated beyond reason. Candles—long red tapers of wax and pain—held in the hands of my tiny helpers. Lit and dangled angle-wise over her chest, I watched as red rivers of wax fell and adorned her mountainous teats. Her shuddering sobs at first alarmed me, but I quickly realized that she was nearing the throws of climax. Her hips thrust upwards as her nipples burned.

Oh ho, they must have burned I mused, and felt my prick lurch in my fist. My balls had all but disappeared in their preparation to spew their great load. I pulled on the wrinkled bag of flesh, searching for enough pain to hold off, just a little longer. Gasping, I took the tip of my cock and pinched it. Groaning at the sensation, almost coming because of it, aching, shuddering, I managed to slow the tide that threatened to overwhelm me.

I peered at the wondrous sight before me and was again almost lost. Another candle, long and sleek, had appeared as if by magic then, before I could blink, had disappeared into the lovely Sparkles snatch. Biting my lip, I watched the tiny elf plunge the blood-red waxen cock inside her. His own mighty staff slapped across her belly as he fucked her.

Laughing merrily, he wedged the blunt end of the candle against the floor and let her work herself onto it. He, and his brother elf, began slapping her tits with their drooling pricks. Held at the base, each seemed to be aiming for the colorful clothespins they'd adorned her with. One by one, the nipping pins flew free and Sparkles shuddered with near bliss. Her eyes were glazed and her mouth gaped wide as she humped herself on the candle. Her breasts jiggled and danced as the two mighty cocks bashed into them. Flecks of wax clung to their shafts as they struck her, gobs of pre-come shone on the soft fleshy boobs. One to a side, each tiny man was soon over-come with the need to come and began stroking themselves wildly. Two handed they pumped themselves. They aimed the drooling heads at the rubbery tips of her tits.

I found myself matching their pace, pumping and thrusting, my hips jerking uncontrollably. In an agony of need, I watched as the last clothespin flew off her tit and she screamed. Red welts adorned her, blessed her with pain and pleasure as she climaxed.

A heartbeat later, I followed, my spunky juices splattering against the wall I'd hidden behind. Another followed, and a rivulet of come slid down the wall. The elves both bellowed and dropped to their knees, as if in honor of her climax they joined her. Thrashing themselves on her red-flecked tits, they anointed them with large splashes of elf come. The sounds of flesh meeting flesh resounded through the room and I shuddered, vowing to be included in her game.

Still in her bonds, the candle gripped inside her, Sparkle sagged to the floor. The elves got towels and blankets, comforting her as they cleaned the wax and come off her. Their once proud cocks dangled and flopped between their thighs, and each was so

exhausted that he could hardly stand. But, they cared for their lady, kissed her and stroked her, while helping her to her bed.

When they were sure she was settled and near sleep, the two naughty elves snuck out of the room. I, on the other hand, snuck in. I'd refastened my trousers and made myself presentable. With a trembling hand, I touched her cheek. Her soft flesh was still flushed and damp from her ordeal, her curls plastered to her forehead.

Her eyes fluttered open, and at first, there was fear. But, I smiled and leaned down, kissing her on the forehead and stroking her hair. There was still the smell of sex in the room, on my hands, on her body.

"Chris," she began, but stopped and blushed. "I mean Santa, what are you doing here?"

"Seeing that a good girl gets what she wants for Christmas."

She blinked and the fear was back in her eyes, but again I smiled and slid my hand under her blanket—and pinched her nipple until she groaned.

The End

About the Author

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

If you'd like to keep up to date on what she's up to, visit her website at www.my-haven2001.com

To join her mailing list, please send an email to Jude_Mason@my-haven2001.com

To have your name added to my mailing list, please email me at: Jude_Mason@my-haven2001.com or fill out the form [HERE](#)