



Kismet: The Christmas Elf

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Whatever you call it, Christmas is the time for miracles

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"Well, hi folks! Do you remember me?" "Yes, that's right! I'm the talking Snowman from that old TV show!" "What was that you said?" "Why yes, I suppose I do sound like Burl Ives, and why not? The man had a perfectly wonderful voice." "So, I'm sure you're wondering what I'm doing here at this time of night? I mean, the kids are all snuggled up in bed and all, and it's too late to tell them a Christmas story, isn't it? Hehe, you must think this old Snowman's brain is half melted after all these years!" "Well, here's the thing. You see, not all Christmas stories are for kids, and not every Christmas miracle is meant for children." "What's that? You don't believe in Christmas Miracles? Well, that's probably because somewhere along the line you wound up on the naughty list. In fact, if you're reading this, you ARE on the naughty list, but see, that's not the case for everyone..." "What? Oh, just relax! I'm not going to start singing! That's just for the kids! I am going to tell you a story though. A story about a man. A nice man, and while it's nice to be nice, well nice doesn't often get you laid, does it? That's just kind of the way it is." "No, it isn't fair, but 'nice' often goes along with being shy, and that was Aaron's problem. He was very nice, but terribly shy, and one day he realized that he would soon be thirty years old, and yet he had never truly fallen in love. Well, since he WAS nice, and unlike you, never got on Santa's naughty list, Santa decided that Aaron needed a special gift for Christmas." "This was no ordinary gift, mind you! It couldn't just be wrapped up and put under a tree! Oh no, so Santa sent a very special Elf to deliver this gift, and it arrived late at night on a cold Christmas Eve..." *** Aaron finished the last column on his report and sighed as he gave it one last check. It was 5:00 PM, and while he normally wouldn't have minded earning a little overtime, it was Christmas Eve, and he just wanted to get home. It wasn't so much about the Holiday? Aaron wasn't married and had no one to go home too, but after listening to the bubbly excitement of his coworkers all day, he just wanted to go home and relax. 'Maybe I'll have time to finish that jigsaw puzzle.' It might not be the most exciting of Christmas Eve's he mused, but then Aaron wasn't expecting to share it with anyone, anyway. Just as he was about to log off his computer, a smiling woman with a head full of blond hair peeked around the corner of his cubicle. "Hey Aaron, a few of us were thinking

about heading over to ' Barely & Hops.' Why don't you come along?" "Oh, high Lindsey! Ah...well I..." Aaron looked into her smiling eyes and felt that cold hand of fear begin to squeeze his throat. He wanted to go with her so badly, but every time she looked at him, his mind froze and his words just seemed to get stuck in his throat. Swallowing hard, he was finally able to take a breath. "Yeah, that would be great!" Lindsey smiled brightly. "Great! I was hoping you'd be able too!" Aaron breathed a sigh of relief, he really liked Lindsey and had since they first met. He'd been dying to ask her out for months, but the closest he'd come was asking her to join him when he handed out the firms gifts at the Children's Shelter on Christmas morning. "Just let me wrap up a few things and I'll be ready to..." His happy response, and his equally happy mood were suddenly interrupted by the harping chimes of his desk phone. "Leave it be Aaron, it's after five..." Lindsey tried to stay his hand but knew it was a waisted effort before she even started. Aaron's line took emergency calls from policy holders, and she knew he wouldn't ignore someone who might need help, especially that night. Aaron just shrugged hopelessly and answered the line. *** It was almost midnight by the time Aaron got home that night. His plans to join Lindsey were forgotten, brushed aside by a disaster that befell a family he didn't even know. Their home had burned down, another fire caused by a single spark on their Christmas tree. As their insurance adjuster, It wasn't exactly his responsibility to save their Christmas. He could have just taken their information and waited to process it after the holiday, but Aaron just couldn't leave it at that. To him, being part of a faceless, and equally heartless Insurance company wasn't a real choice. He spent the evening calling around and finding them a place to stay. He made arrangements to get them clothing and transportation. He'd even found a temporary shelter for their dog until they could make other arrangements. Lastly, he'd contacted an online supplier and had Christmas presents sent for their children with assurances that they would be delivered in the morning. It hadn't been easy, and it angered him that so many people were less willing to step out of their way to help, but he did represent a large and powerful insurance company. Using veiled threats, he was finally able to give the family everything they would need to save their Christmas, and to get them through the holiday weekend. "God, I need a shower" he said to himself and started the water, looking forward to finally being able to relax. The hot water felt wonderful though, and he put aside his disappointment at missing out on Lindsey's company and focused happily on the thought that he'd been able to do something of value for someone. The fact that he didn't actually know them really didn't matter at all. Now cleansed of the days drudgery, Aaron slipped on his robe and decided to make a sandwich. It was just after midnight, and he realized that he'd skipped dinner in his frenzy of phone calls. He was thinking of nothing more exotic than egg salad when he opened his bedroom door and was greeted by the unmistakable aroma of roasted turkey! "What the heck?" The aroma was strong and smelled so good it made his mouth water, and he wondered where it could be coming from. It certainly hadn't been there when he arrived home, just a half hour before! As he exited his hall though, his shock was confounded. His living space was bathed in light, and on his dinning room table was the most extravagantly laid out Christmas dinner he had ever seen! ' Oh my gosh, where did all of this come from!' He would have sworn he was dreaming, but when he tasted a bit of the cranberry sauce, it tasted all too real! "Hi Aaron! I hope you don't mind, but I know you missed dinner,

and I thought you might be hungry!" Aaron heard her musical voice and spun around, his head spinning at everything that was happening. What he saw did little to calm his nerves. The woman, who had just come out of the kitchen, was maybe five-two and had the most luminescent blond hair he had ever seen. Her facial features were soft and youthful and her skin almost glowed. She was dressed in a green elf costume that barely contained her generous bosom, and green stockings clung tightly over her beautiful legs. She wore a green elf cap on her head and was carrying a platter of sliced turkey to the table. If she hadn't been so small, and frankly beautiful, he might have been frightened out of his mind, but even in this extremely unusual situation, she seemed completely harmless. "Well, don't just stand there silly! Sit down! Eat! You're going to need your strength tonight! Here, try the stuffing, I bet you've never had anything as good as my stuffing!" Her enthusiasm was infectious, and he couldn't help but smile. Aaron sat down, trying to get his mind around this. He'd only been home a short while, and it was impossible for her to have made all of this in such a short period of time. When she sat next to him and poured him a glass of wine, he finally calmed down enough to talk. "Um, this is all wonderful," he started when she playfully slipped a piece of turkey into his mouth, and his thoughts were again scrambled as the meat melted into a symphony of flavors in his mouth. "Oh, wow! That's amazing!" "Thank you Aaron, I'm glad you like it!" Aaron shook his head. It was delicious, easily the best turkey he'd ever had, but what really had his attention was this beautiful girl in front of him. "This is really amazing, and I'm grateful for all of this, but why? I mean, I don't even know your name!" She just smiled and laughed happily as if she was enjoying his confusion. "I'm sorry, I do get carried away sometimes, but I love meeting people who are so nice to others!" Aaron was smitten by her cuteness and felt an embarrassing attraction to her incredible body. He tried to judge her age, but she could have been anywhere between sixteen and thirty-six from what he could tell. Her smiling laughter was contagious though, and he couldn't help but join her. "Well, thank you, but really, what is your name, and who put you up to all of this?" he asked, indicating the magnificent meal laid out before him. "Oh, I do suppose this might all be a little confusing! So, let me introduce myself!" She popped out of her chair and curtsied in front of him with an unearthly grace matched only by teenage girls. "I am Kismet, the Christmas Elf, and I'm here to give you your Christmas Present!" Aaron stopped eating as her words sank in. It sounded preposterous, but then the entire situation was. Then he noticed her ear poking out slightly from under her cap. 'She's got pointy ears!' Aaron took a drink of his wine and then looked closely at the girl. "So, you're an elf, and you're saying that..." "Santa sent me to give you your Christmas Present!" she laughed again and he couldn't help but laugh with her. "Come on, that's a wonderful story, but really, who are you?" Kismet came over and straddled his lap, draping her slim legs around him and wrapping her arms around his neck. "I know this is hard to believe, but I am an elf, and I'm here to give you the pleasure that you've been denying yourself for all of these years." She then kissed him deeply, and his heart pounded as her soft lips melted against his. "Oh my gosh" was all he could say as she broke the kiss. "You're real, aren't you! This isn't some kind of joke, I mean, you look so young!" "Ah, you are sweet, but I am young, I'm only 725 years old! For an elf, I'm still just a young woman!" She settled into his lap and fed him another bite of the meal. "You see, for the last ten years,

Santa has watched as you've worked to help others. You spend Christmas giving gifts to orphans, and just tonight, you gave up a date you really wanted, just to make sure a family would still have Christmas. Santa knows you've kept Christmas close to your heart, and I know you've put aside your own needs to do it. I have come to give you one night for you to put all of that aside, and just be the man you ought to be." Aaron listened and was amazed at how much she knew about him. His hands had slipped down her slim waist as she spoke, and it was with some surprise that he realized he was holding her bottom. Horrified by his actions, he quickly pulled them back, but she caught his hands in hers and returned them to the softness of her body. "It's okay, you can touch me. I like it!" Kismet pulled his robe open and let her fingers trail down his stomach until her fingertips caressed his rapidly growing erection. "It's been too long since you've had a chance to use this Aaron," she whispered. "Tonight, I'm going to make it up to you." She slipped off his lap and held her hand out to him. "Will you take me to bed? I am so ready for you!" Aaron didn't know if he was dreaming or if he'd lost his mind, but he took her hand and led her to his bedroom. Just before they left though, Kismet waved her hand at the table, and the remains of the feast she'd prepared vanished as if it had never been there. " Oh my God, I'm about to have sex with an elf! No one's ever going to believe this!" If Kismet noticed his shock though, she gave no sign. Once in his room, she turned toward him and raised herself on her toes, kissing him. It was a soft and sensuous kiss at first, but soon his passion rose and he sucked her tiny tongue into his mouth. She was almost weightless in his arms, but the curves of her supple body felt just like a woman should. There was a knowing wisdom in her eyes as she looked up at him. There was none of the awkward shyness of the teenager her small size made her seem. Instead, there was a natural confidence of a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. Pulling off her cap, she tossed it on the bed. "Would you like to undress me?" Her voice was soft and clear and carried a musical quality that Aaron found irresistible. "Yes, yes I would!" he responded excitedly. Aaron's fingers shook as he began removing the green jacket that made up the body of her suit and Kismet trembled under his touch as each button opened. By the time he was half-way down her body, the creamy beauty of her skin was becoming visible as was the gentle swell of her breasts. Aaron's mouth went dry when he realized she wasn't wearing a bra. By the time he was finished with the buttons, he was ready physically rip her jacket open. Kismet turned her back to him and then guided his hands back around her waist. The moment when he began to draw her jacket off of her shoulders seemed to transpire in slow motion. Inch after inch of her beautiful body became exposed to his view. By the time he was looking at her naked back, his cock was as hard as it had ever been. Her skin was clear and pale and had an almost unearthly warmth that penetrated into him. Slowly, he brought his hands up her belly and then cupped her breasts. "Mmm," she moaned as he fondled her. She was leaning back into him and held his hands in hers, guiding his touch to where she wanted it most. He rubbed his hands over her nipples and delighted in how they poked against his palms. Kismet moaned softly as he squeezed and kneaded her pliant boobs until she was whimpering at his every touch and when her head lolled back a bit, he kissed her shoulder and then her neck. Kismet loved sex, but then she was an elf, and elves loved anything that was fun or felt good. They could also tune themselves into the feelings of whomever they were with, and she sensed that Aaron had

reached a point where he was unsure of what to do. Turning in his arms, she mashed her breasts against his muscled body. "You really are a sexy man Aaron. I'm sure any woman would feel lucky to have you! I know I do!" Taking hold of his cock, she began stroking him with nice, even pressure. She felt him groan slightly and smiled broadly as she actually felt the pleasure course through him. Being able to share such pleasure was another elven gift, and it allowed her to know just when and where to touch him. Kismet felt his excitement grow and then squeezed his cock just enough to temper his need. "Mmm, lay down on the bed baby, I want to suck your cock," Aaron couldn't believe what was happening, but he wasn't about to argue. He lay down on the bed and then watched eagerly as the little elf peeled her bottoms off and rolled her green stockings over her slender legs. Her pussy was shaved bare, or at least he thought she was shaved, but it occurred to him that he didn't even know if she grew pubic hair! The rules were turned inside out, and Aaron could only go where Kismet led him. Kismet kneeled next to him on the bed and lifted his swollen prick off of his belly. Smiling playfully at Aaron, she gently caressed his length with her fingers. "I love how it feels baby" she said. "It's so hot and smooth, and I can almost feel your excitement flowing into it." Wrapping her delicate fingers around his cock, she pumped him until a drop of pre cum appeared at the tip. "Wow, look at that," she murmured wistfully as she stroked him. Kismet sounded somehow distant to Aaron, almost as if she were talking to herself, but then she bent down and sucked him completely into her mouth. Aaron felt her soft lips gloss over the head of his cock and he sank back into the cool sheets as her tongue flicked up and down his shaft. He couldn't resist the urge to hold her head and he wound her hair around his fingers as she bobbed up and down over him. He couldn't remember oral sex ever feeling this good, and feared he would explode into her tiny mouth at any moment. It was almost too late when Kismet pulled off. Aaron breathed a sigh of relief, but then she licked her way to his balls and he quivered again as an entirely different sensation came over him. She had an amazing skill, and time seemed to become meaningless as she suck and slurped on his raging cock. Kismet felt every pulse of his body and used that ability to keep him right on the edge. She had learned to do this centuries before, and knew exactly how when to make the subtle changes that would keep him from coming for as long as she desired. She looked into Aaron's eyes and winked, and then plunged downward, taking him deep into her throat. "Oh fuck!" he groaned as she sucked hard on his cock. She felt him trying to pull her head farther onto him and let him push for as long as she could take it. Her little pussy was leaking juice onto her thighs by then, and she scooted around and squatted over him so that he could lick her hot little cunt while she sucked hard on his throbbing shaft. Aaron could smell her fresh and musky aroma and pulled her ass down until her pussy was almost dripping into his mouth. Spreading her lips open, he poked his tongue into her as deeply as he could reach. Her juices flowed into his mouth and he swirled her nectar over his tongue, loving the exotic taste of her dew. Kismet pulled off of his cock while she rode Aaron's mouth, stroking and squeezing him in reward for each time he made her jump in pleasure. Soon, she felt her orgasm approach, and she squealed in delight as the delicious feeling enveloped her. "Oh goodness baby, you really know how to make a girl happy!" Kismet squealed as she spun around and pressed her svelte body over his. With a huge smile, Aaron drew her into his arms and kissed her hard. "I don't know if this is real or if

I've lost my mind, but this is easily the best Christmas present I've ever had!" "Aw, thank you, baby! I'm really enjoying this too!" Aaron loved the combination of naughty innocence Kismet had and delighted in the feel of her body. She was wonderfully warm and small, and seemed to relish his every touch. He cupped her butt in hands and ground her pelvis into his still rock-hard cock. "Mmm, do you want to fuck me, baby? Is that what you're trying to say? It's all right you know, I'm here with you. It's not a bad thing!" Aaron realized that was exactly what he was thinking, and the thought that she might actually want him was much as he wanted her never really occurred to him. It was like a revelation in his mind. In that instant, something inside him clicked, freeing him from his uncertainty. Without warning, he rolled her onto her back, reveling in her excitement as she scream playfully. "Yes, yes I do want to fuck you. Whether you are real, or just in my mind, I'm going to take you for as long and as hard as I can!" Kismet was overjoyed to hear him say such things. Her entire purpose was to free him of doubt. When she felt his cock searching for her opening, she knew she had succeeded. Wrapping her thighs around him, she reached between their bodies and gasped as she guided him into her body. Feeling the soft depression of her entrance, he wasted no time in driving his cock into her. Kismet felt the width of his crown push into her and she whimpered in happiness as he sank in deeply. Her hands found his hips and drew him in until she possessed his entire length. "Oh fuck yes baby! Give it too me hard, just like that!" Aaron wrapped his hands up and around her shoulders, pulling her onto his cock. The little elf weighed so little that he could easily manhandle her body, and he started pounding her as hard as her could. Years of frustration bubbled to the surface of his mind and he let it out in a torrent, battering Kismet with his need. The little elf was tough though, and even the hard, driving sex of a man unleashed only served to drive her passions. She connected her mind to his, drawing from his own uncontrolled lust and channelled it into her body, causing her arousal to mount and come to grips with his. Somehow Kismet flipped him onto his back and then she ground her hips down hard, flexing and rolling them while his cock jabbed into her like a hot spike. As it had all evening, time lost its meaning, and when his orgasm approached, she used its force to trigger her own. Their moans of pleasure merged together in a harmony of desire as the pleasure of release washed over them. Once they were spent, Kismet collapsed onto his chest and melted into his weary embrace. *** At 7:00 AM, Aaron's alarm sounded. He was alone when he woke, and he looked about the room, seeking any sign that the last night had actually happened. At first, everything seemed as it normally did. He saw no evidence that he had ever been seduced by an elf. "What kind of fucking dream was that?" he wondered aloud, feeling depressed that he was back into his mundane life. He was about to fall back asleep when he realized what day it was. As he rolled out of bed, he saw a small package on his nightstand, wrapped in scarlet paper with a bow on the top. He couldn't help but laugh when he saw the tag: Merry Christmas, Aaron. From: Santa Claus. "Well I'll be, look at that" *** When Aaron arrived at the orphanage, Lindsey was already there. She laughed pleasantly when she realized the skinny, disheveled looking man in the Santa suit was him, but still gave him a joyful hug. "Aaron! Merry Christmas! I missed you at the pub last night, but I heard what you did for that family. That was really sweet of you!" Lindsey said and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. To Aaron's surprise, the choking fear he always felt around her was nowhere to be found.

Then something caught his eye, and he felt like he'd been hit with a lightening bolt. On Lindsey's neck hung a silver neckless with a half heart pendent hanging from it. He had only seen one such like it in his life, and after everything that had happened, he knew it couldn't be coincidence. "Lindsey," he asked with a tremble in his voice, "would you mind if I asked where you got that pendent?" Lindsey's hand went to it and she held it tightly, looking every bit as thunderstruck as he did. "Ah, it was a gift from, well its kind of hard to explain." Aaron's heart was beating so hard he was afraid it would burst. The cold fear that plagued him his entire life had returned, but even that wasn't enough to keep him from reaching into his pocket and pulling out the mate to her pendent. It was the other half, and they both stood in silence, wondering what had just happened. It was Lindsey who finally spoke. "This is going to sound crazy, but last night, an elf told me that I should look for the man with the other half. She said he would know her name." Aaron just stood, stunned in disbelief. "It was Kismet, wasn't it..."

*** Yes, Kismet brought them together, and made them see what had always been right in front of them. So you see ladies and gentlemen, Christmas has a miracle for everyone. You just have to have faith that someday, it will happen to you! Merry Christmas everyone. You may know it by a different name, but the miracle knows no barriers.