

JODIE GRIFFIN



steigh
bells
ring

SLEIGH BELLS RING



JODIE GRIFFIN

This book is a work of fiction. Name, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

Sleigh Bells Ring Copyright ©2015 by Jodie Griffin

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce, distribute, or transmit in any form or by any means. For information regarding subsidiary rights, please contact the Author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

First Edition December 2015

For N , as always.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This idea came to me as a complete scene, and many of you will know how unusual that is for me. But what made it a whole story was the picture, and for that I have Alexandra Houghton to thank. First, for suggesting I buy the credits package at the stock photo site on Black Friday, because when I searched Santa, I totally found Nic. And second, for taking that stock photo and making an amazing cover and incredible teaser images. You made me cry.

I'd also like to thank Jennifer Porter, Michele Harvey and CJ Lemire for beta reading for me. You guys rock!

Any mistakes are my own.

SLEIGH BELLS RING



*'Twas the week before Christmas and all
through the...*

CRASH.

Through the fog in my brain—that lovely, elusive fog only one elf was capable of giving to me—I rolled my head against the pillow and squinted toward the sound, trying to make my voice more than a heated groan. “If that was my porcelain tree, Dash, you’re getting me a new one. I don’t care if you have to fly all the way to the States to get me one, but you’ll do it.”

He, Nicholas — known to the rest of the world as Santa — cupped my chin and turned it back. “Focus, Vix. After today’s dismal practice session I require it of you and if I have to gag you to get it, I will. Understood?”

“Trying, Sir.”

The stripes against my back, the ones he'd given me when I'd been in reindeer form just an hour ago during sleigh practice, tingled and throbbed. I'd never seen him strike a reindeer in anger, but he always gave me extra lashes because he knew exactly what they did to me when I returned to human form.

“Try harder.”

His voice had a magical, sensual quality I'd heard about during the season when we trained to try out to be part of his sleigh team. I hadn't believed the stories, but it didn't take long for me to see just how accurate they were.

I was still wearing the harness that shifted with me from human form to reindeer and back, and he wrapped the leather reins around my hands, cuffing them together. He bound them to the headboard of the sleigh bed, the focal point of the room on a raised dais. As his body brushed against mine, I groaned when the leather rubbed against my new welts, and I grew wetter than I already was. Nic noticed as I wiggled and tried to get some relief, and he forced my legs further apart.

Damned sadist.

Part of Santa's workshop, this room was magically shielded from the North Pole beings who didn't share our propensity for pain and pleasure, for domination and submission, for the kinky sessions that kept us entertained during the long winter nights after daily sleigh practices.

The center of the room was Nic's—he was, after all, the Master Elf. Around the perimeter of his space were smaller private rooms, one for each of the reindeer shifters. He also kept a few rooms set aside for kinky friends who liked to visit so they could play with his naughty magical toys.

There were more crashing sounds that drew my attention away from Nic's heated hands on my snow-cooled skin. Each of us reindeer shifters had different preferences. Dasher was a Dom who liked to top the other male reindeer, and he spent a lot of time with Dancer and Prancer. All three of them were into naked wrestling in human form and while it was hot to watch, half the time they wound up rolling into my room and knocking shit over. The noise was probably the three of them getting busy.

Like me, Comet was also new to this year's team. She liked playing with multiple partners at the same time, male and female, and she was Cupid's Domme. But he was only into women, so their third was often Blitzen. Blitz was very much a slave-type sub, happy to do whatever was demanded of her, and with whomever. The three of them spent a lot of time together, in bed and out of it, and I'd seen them go off to Comet's room as soon as we'd gotten in from practice. Both Cupid and Blitzen had been way off their flying game today, and I'd heard Comet muttering something about figuring out what was bugging them. Maybe she was planning to beat it out of them with a candy cane. Strengthened by North Pole magic, a candy cane was extra strong and, when used against naked skin, extra wicked, because it had a *serious* peppermint burn to it.

Donner was a flexible kinkster. He was neither Dom nor sub, but into service, and both giving and receiving pain turned him on. Dasher and Comet had each included him in their scenes on different occasions. He was a master at the whip, and the only one better at it was Nic. Lucky me, and I meant that seriously.

And then there was Rudy, that red-nosed shifter sadist. Good lord, what he could do with that thing. Everyone wanted him to join their reindeer games.

Nic made a low, growly noise, and I turned my head back to him. “You’re not focusing, Vixen. I think you may need some help with that.”

Both Don and Rudy were standing on either side of me and as they moved closer to Nic, each of them grabbed an ankle at the nod of his head. They bound me to the sleigh bed with magic garland, which was far stronger than normal household garland. I tried to move my legs, but I couldn’t.

His eyes twinkled and when he wiggled his fingers, a Christmas-ball gag appeared in his hand. An actual Christmas ball, threaded through with festive ribbon. My heart rate sped up. “Nic, no....”

He took that tiny opened-mouth moment to set the thing between my teeth. Not breakable, but some slightly flexible surface that kept me from talking but wouldn’t hurt me. My hammering heart eased down.

Nic *tsked*, his twinkling eyes going serious. “We’ve been together long enough now that you should know I’d never harm you. Hurt you, oh, yes. But never harm.”

My eyes swam for a moment but I blinked the moisture away. He’d realized I was worried it was glass and, though I was glad for his immediate read of the situation, his words cut me to the quick. How could I trust him when *never* wasn’t something he could promise? I was the latest Vixen, not the last one. In another year, I’d be too old to fly the sleigh, and then what? He’d find another reindeer to warm his bed and his spanking hand, and I’d be back out in the real world, ruined for any other Master. The harm in that...I tried not to stress about it.

This time, he sighed, shoving a hand through his thick, tinsel-colored hair. “You’re thinking too hard, my little doe. It’s time to ante-up this reindeer game.”

He stepped from the bed, leaving me there, spread out like a holiday feast, tied down and at his mercy. He stood there, powerful arms crossed over his chest, watching me carefully. He wore deep burgundy trousers that I knew

were as soft as real velvet, because I'd lain across the hard thighs hidden by them many a night as he spanked me until I cried. He'd already lost his black leather jacket and he wore just a white T-shirt that fit his body like a second skin.

As I watched, he peeled it off. Whoever had come up with the *shook like a bowl full of jelly* line in the poem had obviously never met the real Nicholas. There wasn't a spare ounce of fat on his muscled body. His hair was silver but it was the silver of magic, not that of an old man. He *was* old, centuries old, but he looked like a human in his early forties, fit and fierce. His cheeks *were* rosy —when he was aroused. And he did have a booming laugh and a droll mouth — especially when he was in full sadist mode.

“Rudy, get to work on her. Start on her legs, but don't go any higher than her thighs for now.” Nic walked toward the top of the bed until I couldn't see him anymore, and then his face hovered over mine, upside down. He smiled, an elfish, wicked smile that had my heart drumming a beat like a little toy soldier. “Vixen, Vixen. What *am* I going to do with you?”

I made a noise behind my gag and, with a wink of his eye, I knew I had nothing to dread. Whatever evil thing he had planned, he meant for me to enjoy all of it.

More movement, and as he shifted to my left side, Don moved to my right. As though they'd agreed on the timing, the three of them touched me at once. Nic's mouth, on my left breast, sucking my nipple so hard I bowed off the bed. Don's teeth on my other nipple, which made me gasp around the gag. And Rudy's glowing red nose —*yes, he was able to make it glow in human form*—blazing a trail of heat and sizzling pain wherever he touched me with it, making me writhe with desire. Who needed a violet wand when you had Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer?

Don leaned back and Nic attached a jingle bell to each of my nipple rings. “You have such lovely skin, my little doe. I love the way the brown deepens when I do this.” He slapped my breasts lightly, smiling as I started to sweat. His dimples flashed beneath the close cropped beard he wore. “All that blood, rushing to the surface. Use the flogger on her, Don. I want

her warmed up all over. Make those bells jingle all the way, please.”

“Yes, Nic.” Don was still naked after shifting, and his cock rose hard and thick, probably at the thought of meting out pain. It was the nature of our shifting that the energy we got from being in reindeer form transmuted to sexual energy in our human form. It shimmered around him like the glow of a moonlit night, and I wanted to taste him so badly that I whimpered.

Nic laughed, once again reading me as easily as he read the naughty and nice list. “A bit more suffering for you before I let you suck him off, Vixen.” His voice grew stern. “If I let you. Not sure you’ve earned it today.”

I knew he was teasing, but not teasing. I’d been distracted, and I too had messed up in sleigh practice. Visions of sugar plums, he’d call it. I’d been daydreaming about tonight and what he had in store for me—and worrying about how I’d survive the rest of my life without his particular brand of torture—so I’d missed my cue. Nothing like a reindeer pileup to ruin the Master Elf’s day. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see the disappointment on his face,

and was startled into opening them again by his hand against my cheek. He locked eyes with me and rubbed his thumb gently back and forth but didn't speak and, after a long moment, went right back to his sadistic work.

As I watched, his magic shimmered around him and another Christmas ornament appeared in his hand. Rather than ball-shaped, this one was shaped and textured like a fat icicle, bumpy and twisty and far thicker at the top than at the bottom. At the widest end, there was a star-shaped piece of metal that Nic slipped his fingers through. His eyes twinkled again, and my stomach clenched.

I knew where that was going.

Rudy moved out of Nic's way and poured some lube into his hand. Nic lifted it to his nose and sniffed. "Mmm. Gingerbread. My favorite." And then he tilted his hand until it dripped against my skin, drop by torturous drop, making me twist against my bonds. He rubbed it along my slit and against my anus, teasing me, and then without warning or fanfare slipped a large finger inside my rear hole. I bucked against him, making the bells hanging

from the nipple rings jingle, and I bit down into the gag.

God, the burn from the real ginger in the gingerbread lube was almost too much to bear. Almost, but like many reindeer shifters, I needed pain to enhance the pleasure, and Nic knew it. He poured some more lube onto the icicle and set it against my puckered hole and pushed. “Here we go.”

The twisty bumps and the burn and the relentless way he used me as he wanted to sent me over the edge into my first orgasm of the night. I flashed hot all over, and I swore I saw stars. Then I realized Nic had again used his magic to open the playroom ceiling to the stars. Millions of them, shining bright, streaking through the sky as my world spun around me.

But he wasn't done with me yet.

Another wave of Nic's hands and suddenly my bindings were gone, all of them including the gag. His large, firm hands flipped me over until I rested on my hands and knees, my ass up in the air. Rudy was seated beneath my head, leaning against the back of the sleigh bed, his cock standing straight up like the North Pole. His skin was a lighter brown than

mine, with dark freckles across his shoulders that also appeared in his reindeer form, but his swollen cock was flushed an almost alarming red. He reached out and pinched my nipples, making the bells hanging from them jingle, and I let out a tiny moan.

I was disappointed that Nic stood beside me by the bed rather than behind me, until he fisted my hair and turned my head toward his. He took the kiss he wanted, deep and powerful and demanding, and I whimpered into his open mouth. He pulled my head back and squeezed his fist again, tugging the strands. “Suck him and make him come. But don’t you dare come until I tell you.”

I wouldn’t have a problem with that, because only Nic could make me come. Yet another reason I was worried about leaving the North Pole. After him, would I ever have another orgasm?

He used his free hand to cup my chin. “Stop worrying, little doe. Things will work out as they’re meant to.” He kissed my nose, then pushed my head down. “Now open, and suck.”

I did, taking my time and teasing Rudy until he tugged at the bells, growling. “Dammit, Vix, stop playing.”

Suddenly, I felt blooming pain across my ass and smelled the scent of peppermint. A candy cane, but Nic was standing beside me, and Rudy was under me, which meant this was Donner. He was as good with a cane as he was with a whip, and I started counting the strikes in my head, but as the pain increased, my focus decreased. I was so, so close...almost there, and without—

Suddenly, Nic pulled my head back and Rudy spurted all over my chest. Like with all reindeer shifters, the milky white fluid sparkled and smelled like sugar cookies. Nic rubbed some of it in, pinching my breasts lightly, keeping me on edge. Rudy kissed my cheek then bounded off the sleigh bed, heading who knew where.

My mouth felt stretched, my ass throbbed, my pussy ached. But I wanted more, of all of it. Needed more, and more, and more. As though he could read my mind, Nic let go of my hair and kissed me. “Not done yet, my sweet.”

And we weren't. Donner, whose reindeer coat and human skin were both a light cream color, took Rudy's place and immediately I started sucking on him. He ran his hand along my sternum, swiping it through Rudy's essence, then licking the sweet taste off his fingers.

The noise level in the room increased, maybe because Nic had opened the playroom to the sky. We all loved the winter wonderland where we lived, but it wasn't often possible for us to play like this outside in our human form. I looked up for a moment and grinned.

Dasher had Dancer bent over one of the railings that circled the sleigh bed and was fucking him while Prancer knelt before him, sucking him off, his own cock still stiff and waiting. Blitzen lay on her back on a thick pile of blankets, her legs held up and wide by both Cupid, who was fucking her, and by Comet, who was fucking *him* at the same time with a strap-on. The sounds were lush but not unknown, because we often wound up in the same space, choosing to play separately but together.

I dropped my mouth back to Don's cock, sucking harder this time. As everyone else's arousal rose, so did mine. I felt Nic's pants brush against me, and then I felt the even-more velvety head of his cock at my entrance. He fucked into me slowly, allowing me a single stroke to get used to having both him and a butt plug inside me, playing with the stripes on my ass while he did it. And then he gripped my hips with bruising fingers, pulled out, and plunged back into me. He bent over me, and I felt his beard against my ear. "Do not even think about coming yet."

I whimpered and he just *laughed*, a right jolly, kinky, sadistic elf.

He nudged my legs wide and I would've toppled onto Don if Nic hadn't been holding me so tightly. I learned why a millisecond later, when I felt Rudy's nose nudge against my clit, shocking it with a terrible, magical zing. I screamed around Don's cock, and even Nic groaned as the effect traveled through my body to his.

"Hold it, hold it," Nic muttered, though I wasn't sure if he meant that for me or for himself. He fucked me hard, so hard Don's cock

went right down my throat. I gagged but that only made me burn hotter, even more so when Rudy ran his nose along my skin, up one side of my pussy and then the other.

I panted as I was bombarded with sensations, everywhere but the one place that needed Just. One. More. Nudge. Don pulled all the way out of my mouth, but the grip he had on my head told me he wasn't quite done yet. I thought maybe he was waiting for Nic's approval as well, even though he wasn't submissive, and then I stopped thinking at all and started begging. "Please, Nic. I need to come. Please."

He, too, pulled out, and also drew the plug out. I felt empty, so empty, and it was the most horrible feeling ever. I squeezed my eyes shut, and then everything happened at once. Don fucked back into my throat, Nic twisted the plug back in while he drove his cock deeper into me than he'd ever been, and Rudy, that red-nosed bastard, placed his glowing nose against my clit.

"Now, Vixen. Now!"

I shattered like a glass Christmas ball, into a million splintered pieces no one would ever be

able to put together again. I barely heard Don's shout of completion over Nic's roar of satisfaction as he held himself tight against me, coming inside me for what seemed like forever, in long, heated, glorious spurts.

I felt myself enveloped by strong arms and warm blankets, and I may have dozed. When I started coming out of that fog only Nic could send me to, it was to realize that he held me tight and was murmuring words against my hair, praising me and—

I blinked up at him. "Wait, what?"

He nipped my lip with his teeth. "Wait, what *Sir*. You heard me, my little doe. I love you and I want you to stay here with me forever."

I felt my heart stutter, but ... "That's not possible. You're immortal. I'm not. No reindeer shifter is."

"I'm allowed one forever mate, and I get to choose. I choose you. I've never asked anyone else to be mine." He smiled gently, the sweetest smile I'd ever seen from the big, tough sadist with a heart of gold. But his eyes held worry, something else I'd never seen in his face in the entire time we'd been together. "You'll be able to fly with the team forever, if that's what you

want. If you want to stay with me forever, that is.” When I didn’t answer, his smile dropped from his face. “Say something, please.”

All the worry I’d had over losing him, of never finding anyone who understood me and what I needed, dissipated. “Yes. I say yes. I love you, Sir. I’ll be yours forever.”

He waved a hand, and a sparkling collar appeared in his palm. I bowed my head and he locked it around my neck. “It’s magic, so like the harness, it’ll shift when you do. I love you, little doe. You’ve made me the happiest elf in the world.”

Also by Jodie Griffin:

Bondage & Breakfast Series

Forbidden Fantasies (B&B 1)

[AMZ](#) | [BN](#) | [Carina](#) | [iBooks](#) | [Kobo](#)

Forbidden Desires (B&B 2)

[AMZ](#) | [BN](#) | [Carina](#) | [iBooks](#) | [Kobo](#)

Forbidden Fires (B&B 3)

[AMZ](#) | [BN](#) | [Carina](#) | [iBooks](#) | [Kobo](#)

Forbidden Obsessions (B&B 4)

[AMZ](#) | [BN](#) | [Carina](#) | [iBooks](#) | [Kobo](#)

Forbidden Forever (B&B 4.5)

[FREE](#)

Holiday Stories

Matzoh and Mistletoe

[AMZ](#) | [BN](#) | [Carina](#) | [iBooks](#) | [Kobo](#)

**Most books are also available as audiobooks from
Audible.com**

For more information, please visit my website at
www.jodiegriffin.com or find me on Twitter at

@Jodie_Griffin.

