

SANTA'S VERY NAUGHTY LIST

by Paul Watson

For and starring Becca

Now, everyone knows that Santa has two lists that he checks obsessively to find out who's been naughty or nice. And the people on the naughty list get given coal to make them change their ways. Of course, there are a lot of types of naughty and some deserve something special from old Saint Nick. Which brings us to Becca. Becca is very, very naughty. She's not bad naughty, it's not like she's a murderer or health insurance CEO, no, Becca is just a lively young woman who enjoys getting naked online for her attentive, and paying, fans.

Still, she is very surprised to find a present under her tree on Christmas morning in festive red and white wrapping paper. She looks for the tag but finds nothing to identify the sender and she's far too mature and worldly-wise at the ripe age of twenty-two to still believe in actual Santa Claus. Of course, that doesn't stop her unwrapping it in a hurry, the plain brown cardboard box inside giving no more clues than the wrapping paper did. She lifts the lid and stares inside. Her mouth opens at the large, very large in fact, black dildo inside. "Oh...my." She touches it, her fingers coming away covered in black dust. You see, just because Santa always gives coal to naughty boys and girls, doesn't mean he can't make the shape interesting. "Well, that's going to leave some interesting marks."

Later that day, Becca checks her streaming set up and makes sure the white fur trimmed dress is juuuuuust long enough to tease without exposing anything the audience hasn't paid for, the animal track tattoos wending their way from around her left thigh, under the dress and up between her breasts to her right shoulder. She licks her painted red lips, adjusts her festive Santa hat on her crop of dark red hair, makes sure the tree is clearly in the background (it is a Christmas stream, after all) and her newest present definitely isn't. At least, not yet.

She watches the clock, counting the viewers logging in to watch her. Good number of gooners. 3...2...1...She starts the stream. "Merry Christmas, all you horny merrymakers, and welcome to Santa Becca's special Christmas stream. I've got a fun surprise planned for you all...if you make my goal. With all of you here, that's not even ten bucks a cock. And you know I'll make it worth your while. Thank you, Stan." she smiles winningly, leaning forward to show her cleavage and hint at the delights to come, "Come on, the rest of you. I need to get stuffed more than the turkey today." The stream moves along slowly, everyone a little tapped out for Christmas, so Becca decides to drum up more excitement. "Come on, guys. Don't you want to see me use my newest Christmas present?" she pulls out the dildo, "Express delivery from the North Pole. Hi, Santa, didn't know you were a fan." she waves a soot-stained hand at the camera, "And I hope you can agree I'm very nice to my boys as well as very, very naughty. So, if you want to see me playing with this big, bad boy, you've gotta tip, guys. As it's Christmas, I'll give you a bonus present to keep your cocks eager if you tip in the next 60 seconds."

One minute later, as a suitable number of new tips add to the total, "Thanks guys. It seems the festive spirit has finally gripped all you Scrooges. So here's your reward." she lowers her dress, letting her bare breasts pop free, "Now, this is going to leave soooo many marks I don't want to explain, so I hope you're all suitably appreciative with your tips." She presses the dildo between her ample chest, squeezing her breasts around it. The black stone feels warm nestled there, one hand leaving a black print all over her skin as she pumps her tits up along the shaft, decorating her skin with soot marks. It's not much of a simulation as she moans. "And if you all work together in the spirit of Christmas to make my goal, you'll see me use this a lot lower down."

The chat erupts.

"Yes, it's real coal." she taps the solid dildo, letting out a tiny shower of dust and nary a wobble, "And it's very, very stiff. So I need you to tip to make up for how much it's going to hurt! The things I do for my adoring public."

The total increases after that, "Come on, guys, the clock's counting down. Are you sure you don't

want to see me fuck this thing? You've only got a few minutes.” a whale tip appears, bringing her up to the total, “Oh, wow. Thank you so much, Nicholas.” she presses something on her computer and a party popper emoticon flashes up the screen. “So, hold onto your cocks, boys. It's going in.” she hitches up the dress and spreads her legs wide, spreading her pink lips with sooty fingers. She takes up a bottle, dribbling it's contents over the dildo, running her hand up and down the coal cock to smother it in lube. She presses the surprisingly warm, rock hard head against her lips, staining them black, coal dust coating her inner thighs. “Mmmmmm. That feels, oh, God, that...” she pushes it slowly inside, surprised at how easy it feels, how...painless it is. I mean, it still hurts given she's pushing a cock the size of her forearm into her pussy, stretching it mercilessly, but the monster cock seems far more flexible inside her than it should be, not that she's complaining. She pushes it deeper, encouraged by a chat she can't focus on any more as she teases her clit with a black-stained hand. She grunts and moans as she squats up and down on the dildo, head lolling, “Oh, God, fuck, I'm gonna, I'm gonna...cummmmmmmmm!!!” Her body tenses, pussy gripping the warm intruder tight, leaving her full and spent, barely able to wish the chat goodbye with a merry Christmas, the dildo still buried in her cunt.

As the stars begin to fade from her vision, her hands reach for the dildo, her cunt feeling warm and full and kinda numb. But it doesn't move, stuck fast, the numbness spreading. She looks groggily down, trying to process why her hips look black and why they feel so stiff. Her fingers start to tingle in the same way, freezing in place as the blackness spreads along her arms, her wide open legs, her stomach. “What is happening to me!?” she screams, but stops as the dildo pulses in her frozen sex, sending another pulse of pure pleasure washing through her. “Ah...ah...ahhhhhhhhh!” her chest heaves, moments before it freezes into solid black coal, only her face left and soon she's sitting in her studio, toes curled, face twisted in orgasmic bliss, her hands seemingly pushing the dildo deep into her wide open sex.

“My, what a ho ho ho you are, Becca. Definitely deserving a place on my naughty list.” she barely hears his deep, rumbling, laughing voice, or the thump of his heavy boots on her floor as he approaches, examining her coal-black form from every angle as she drifts in a sea of ecstasy, “But you're still just a bit too big for Mrs Claus' tree. So let's see what we can do about that.”

His hands glow and Becca finally feels something other than pleasure: pressure, covering every inch of her body, and heat, so much heat, like she's been thrown into the heart of a bonfire, and all of it making the pleasure filling her climb higher and higher. Even if she could move her mouth to speak, she couldn't do more than moan now. The heat builds, the pressure unrelenting, her coal body starting to feel the strain. Deep within her, she feels something change. She doesn't know what, can barely string words together, but part of her feels harder. Santa keeps running his gloved hands over her, directing the heat and pressure until he's happy. He taps on her skin and her body crumbles and flakes away, coal dust raining onto the floor but not daring to touch his bright red suit or gleaming white fur trim. On the chair, in exactly the same wanton pose, sits a gleaming diamond figurine of Becca, a tiny hook attached to her back. Santa picks her up, letting her twist on the hook, light streaming through her, tickling, caressing, drowning her in pleasure. “Yes, Mary will like you, you naughty little thing.”

And he's gone. So take care this Christmas that you don't make Santa's special naughty list, unless you'd like to make a permanent trip north like Becca.