

Merry Kinkmas

Alexis Alexandra

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Pulling into the driveway of my rundown ranch-style home, I slammed on the brakes, skid about twenty feet on ice and stared in complete astonishment at what my eyes were seeing. The usually unkempt lawn was buried under nearly a foot of snow – no surprise there given it was Christmas day in northeast Ohio, but the chipped, rotting and in dire need of replacing cedar slats had been replaced with brand new, light blue siding and the drafty windows – two of which had been busted out for the better part of a year and boarded up because I was as broke as they were, had also been replaced. Even the old, dilapidated steps leading up to a front porch ready to collapse at any time had been completely overhauled and I wondered if I was in the right driveway.

Fourteen-thirty-seven, I thought as I looked at the new metal numbers of my address attached to a four by four porch roof support. *This is the right address. Am I on the right freaking street?* The houses on either side of me looked the same as always, but this was not the home I left two weeks ago on the first, and probably last, vacation I could afford to take. Pulling up to the garage which had a new door, I put the car in park and got out at the same time my neighbor Janet walked out bundled in a heavy winter coat – plaid scarf wrapped around her neck.

“Hey Jayde! Did you hit the lottery or something?”

“I have no idea where all of this came from. You know me, Janet, I can barely keep the leaky roof over my head. Let alone...” My eyes went to the roof and instead of the aged brown shingles that had covered the roof since it was built in the sixties, I saw brand new, dark grey ones. “I’m thinking someone made a horrible mistake and remodeled the wrong house.”

“No, I don’t think so. Some men showed up a day after you left and got right to work inside and out. I talked to them as much as I could without getting in the way or freezing my ass off and a man named Jeff gave me your name and said they would be renovating inside and out.”

“Um, okay. I still don’t have any idea what’s going on. I certainly didn’t hit the lottery or come into any other money.”

“I guess this is your Christmas Miracle. Anyways, the place looks amazing and now I’m taking my ass back inside before I freeze to death.”

“Thanks, Janet.” *Christmas Miracle indeed.* Walking up onto the front porch without fear of falling through was a welcomed change and when I opened the door and went inside the gift continued giving. The hole in the wall where I tripped and put my elbow through it last summer had been patched and the walls had been painted a light grey with just a hint of purple and decorated with artwork depicting nature that I always wanted, but could never afford. In place of my old ratty thrift store furniture and yard sale tables was a new couch, loveseat and chair-and-half. And in the corner of the room was a fully decorated, six foot Christmas tree with about three dozen boxes underneath.

Tears forming in my eyes, I walked through the rest of the house to see that every room had been stripped bare of my old belongings and replaced with new. Even my closet – which was full of second-hand clothes bought at the goodwill and worn well beyond practical use was now empty. Then there was the spare bedroom which had become a collect-all of useless junk was locked tight which piqued my curiosity. But with no key in sight moved on.

“What in the holy hell is going on? Did the bank repossess the house and sell it to someone else who remodeled while I was on vacation? No, that doesn’t make any sense. I would have gotten letters and besides, poor as I am I always make sure my mortgage is paid. Who did all of this? And better yet, why?” I said aloud as I walked back out to the living room where I

noticed a folded card sitting on the coffee table. Picking it up with trembling fingers, I stared at the cover depicting whom I assumed was Mrs. Claus being gang banged by half a dozen elves with the caption: MERRY KINKMAS AND A PERVERTED NEW YEAR written across the top. Opening it, I read what was written on the right side in the neatest cursive lettering I had ever seen.

Jayde,

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! And welcome to your new home! This first part is going to sound stalkerish and for that I apologize, but I am every bit as shy and socially awkward as you and find it very difficult to talk to people in person. I've been watching you for a long time now and though you are reclusive and shy, you are also an incredibly kind and compassionate woman willing to help those around you regardless of whether you can afford to do so or not and that sort of selflessness touches at my heartstrings and renews what little hope I have for humanity.

Your life has not been an easy one. Abandoned at birth by parents unable, or unwilling to take care of you. Bounced around from one abusive foster family after another. Unable to trust anyone for fear of them taking advantage as so many others before. But you never let it get you down. Or if you do you are damn good at hiding it from the world. Anyways, I am a firm believer in karma and you deserve something for all the good you have done, all the sacrifices you've made – such as that day back in April when you went to the grocery store and ended up giving that woman your last eighty dollars so her kids would not starve.

I've helped people out over the years in one way or another, but doing this for you has been my greatest pleasure in life and I mean that with all my heart. Sitting under the Christmas tree are thirty-nine gifts – one for each act of kindness I've seen you perform over the years, to replace some of the things my men tossed out. Speaking of which, I spent the better part of a day going over every inch of your home and carefully packing away anything I deemed would have sentimental value. You may find the boxes in the garage if you haven't already done so. Everything else has been placed in a storage unit that you are free to go through at any time. Again, I sincerely apologize for this invasion of privacy, but like I said: I know you pretty well and I think you'll like the selections I've made. And if not, then you are free to toss it all to the curb and use one of your gifts to buy what you like.

Not to sound any more like a stalker than I already do, I'll continue watching from afar for many good deeds to come and maybe one day I'll have the nerve to say hi and thank you in person. Until then enjoy your much deserved Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

S.A.

Tears freely rolling down my cheeks, I read the card three more times before finally sitting it back on the table and walking over to the tree. Running a finger along a strand of silver tinsel, I smiled. Sure, I celebrated Christmas with one foster family or another over the years but I was always the odd kid out – the one that did not belong, and was lucky to get socks, gaudy

sweaters or other gifts that no self-respecting kid or teenager wanted, let alone would wear out in public.

Going out to the kitchen, I opened the third drawer down before remembering everything had been removed and remodeled, but sure enough there was a utility knife in there just as before. Grabbing it, I went back to the living room, sat at the base of the tree and grabbed the first box my hands went to. Ripping the paper away like an excited little girl, my eyes went wide, cheeks flushed when I saw a box depicting a woman wearing a sexy peek-a-boo lace teddy with cutout sides and a strappy top that had chrome heart accents over the nipples. Biting into the left side of my lower lip, I opened the box and pulled the garment out.

“Jesus Christ! D-Does he expect me to...” Unable to finish the thought, I stuffed it back into the box and set it aside for another. This one contained three sexy dresses in black, burgundy and navy blue. I’m not entirely sure why, but I sat the box on the coffee table and quickly stripped down to my panties. Picking up the burgundy one – my favorite color, I put it on – the form-fitting material hugged every curve. Not used to wearing anything so revealing, I blushed but kept it on as I went back to the floor and opened another box.

Inside box number three were about two dozen or so pairs of the sexiest panties I have ever owned from lacy g-strings and thongs to latex boy shorts, there was a little bit of everything in the box. Beginning to see a pattern emerging, I opened another box of lingerie followed by three more and then my jaw hit the floor. Tearing the wrapping paper from a rectangular box, I stared in undisguised embarrassment at a box containing a set of thirteen glass sex toys. There was a double dildo with nubs at one end and a spiraling ridge at the other, an assortment of colorful butt plugs and a mammoth foot long dildo that looked thicker than my wrist.

Butt plug trainer kit. Nipple clamps and suckers. Medical supplies including enema supplies and speculums. More lingerie. More sexy dresses, skirts and tops in latex, leather and spandex that was sure to show off more than I was comfortable with. Each box that I opened contained something more humiliating and perverted than the previous until I got a break with number thirty-five. Opening the smallest of the boxes, I dropped back on my ass as the box fell to the floor – spilling banded stacks of cash all over the place.

“No fucking way!” I exclaimed, reaching out to pick up a stack of hundreds. And then I recalled what the letter said about tossing everything to the curb and using one of the gifts to buy what I wanted. “H-How much...” Picking up each stack of cash one at a time and placing them back in the box, I had my answer. One-hundred-fifty grand. It was more money than I had made in my entire working life and more than I ever thought to hold in my own hands. The blinds and curtains were closed, the door locked, but paranoia set in and I quickly shut the box. Taking it to the bedroom, I shut it in the closet until I could get myself a safe until I could slowly deposit it in the bank in small enough amounts that it did not get flagged by the IRS.

Going back to the living room, I slid box number thirty-six out from under the tree and slowly peeled the paper back to reveal a box containing a shockspot sex machine and nine vac-u-lock dildos in various sizes.

“Okay, SA, who in the hell are you and what the actual fuck? A sex machine? Really? Not to mention everything else. Thanks, but what kind of pervert do you take me for? The twenty-five year old virgin kind,” I answered with a sigh. “Guess you don’t know me as well as you think.”

Box thirty-seven and thirty-eight contained two more sex machines – the twin plow for simultaneous vaginal and anal penetration, and the joy rider which looked like a small scooter with two dildos sticking through holes in the seat. The final box contained a dozen bottles of lube

and a Christmas card with a very fit Santa taking a whip to Mrs. Claus' naked ass with: **SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA BE NAUGHTY** written across the top. Opening it, I noticed a key taped to the left side and writing on the right.

Jayde,

You're no doubt thinking I'm a complete pervert for buying you so many sex toys and lingerie and you would be correct. I am, without doubt, one of the kinkiest people alive and for years I've only ever wanted to make you feel a fraction of the pleasure you deserve and it is my hope you'll put them to good use. The key is to the locked room but only use it if you are interested in thanking me for this Christmas gift.

*Sincerely yours,
S.A.*