

All He Wants For Christmas

On the frosty morning of December 22nd, Katelyn waved goodbye to her roommate Nelson as he pulled out of the parking lot and headed out for his long overdue Christmas “vacation.” And good for him, she thought. Nelson needed a vacation like nobody else she knew. He was working on his PhD in bioengineering while also tutoring part time, volunteering at the local animal shelter on weekends, completing his dissertation, doing some grant-writing, and trying to keep up on his end of the apartment’s chores before he collapsed from exhaustion.

Sure, Katelyn could’ve just picked up the slack herself, but not like it was her fault he was a workaholic dork. She had the utmost respect for his ambition – some kind of fancy-sounding nano-something-or-others that would cure the world of blah-dee-blah – but he was a major cramp in her social life.

Unlike him, she was a real college student. She didn’t just look the part – long reddish brown hair, girl-next-door face, boobs just slightly too big for her height with an ass just slightly too small for her boobs – she lived the part. Studies, sure – year six of her fashion design major was halfway over already, sadly – but she also lived the life. Parties and bar crawls and frat houses and drunken hook-ups and having so much fun she couldn’t remember it in the morning – that was what college was really about.

Now Nelson was gone on his vacation, the details of which either he’d never told her or she’d never listened to. It didn’t matter. What did was that Katelyn had the place to herself for a whole week. She had it all planned out, ways to cram in all the fun she could until ol’ stick-in-the-mud came back with his stupid 1 AM quiet hours. In less than an hour, she was scrubbed up, made up, hooched up, and on her way to the strip where all the college student bars were. She met up with some friends, ran up an \$80 tab, booted, rallied, and made out with at least three guys on the dance floor before calling a cab to practically drag her flagging body home. With Nelson gone, Katelyn passed out on the couch in her underwear with Gilmore Girls streaming on the TV at high volume.

Basically, heaven. She woke up slowly the next morning, filled with a deep sense of malcontent. Some of it was just being hung over, but as she started up her morning routine, she realized it was more than that. As the brunette looked around the apartment, it began to sink in.

How had it gotten so filthy so fast? She could remember the how of it, but somehow it just didn’t make sense to her. Why would she just leave her dinner plate on the coffee table? Her pre-party bottle of Jim Beam uncapped on the floor next to where she put it down to put on her shoes? Ugh, her shoes – strewn all over the closet, with no space at all for anyone else’s things. Her dress in the middle of the floor where she’d discarded it, makeup all over the bathroom, discarded towel in the hallway.

Nelson would flip his shit if he saw this. Not that it mattered, since he wasn’t here. But still.

Maybe Katelyn wasn’t a neat freak all the time, but she figured in the here and now it was bothering her, so she may as well do something about it. She spent hours tidying up, organizing

all the clutter and assigning everything a place. It was an improvement. Not perfect, but much better.

With that out of the way and her hangover beginning to fade, it was time to do some Christmas shopping. She always dreaded this time of year, but there was nothing to be done about it. She flipped open her laptop and pointed her browser to Amazon. She got her mom something off her saved list, and same with her dad. Her step-brother hadn't made one, so she just ordered him a gift certificate – a generous one (since daddy was paying anyway).

All told, it took maybe twenty minutes. Then it was time to see what Katelyn wanted to spoil herself with for the holidays. This was usually where the lion's share of her Christmas shopping went, and 2016 was to be no exception.

On a whim, she blew over two hundred bucks on new lingerie (including some real toe-curlers, just in case), then a few comfy outfits just for hanging out around the house. Well, maybe not comfy, necessarily, but fun. Tight sweaters that would show off her D cups, new volleyball shorts to do her workouts in, some new boots with 4" heels that ran up to mid-thigh, for... um... shoveling the snow off of the balcony, or something.

Whatever, they were cute. She'd look amazing in them. She even ordered her new outfits in slightly different sizes than her actual, optimistic for some good changes on the horizon.

Then some friends swung by, and they killed the evening playing drinking games and swapping sex stories and singing karaoke just to piss off the neighbors. (She did feel a little bad, though – certainly the kind of thing that would've bothered the hell out of Nelson.) Katelyn spent half of the evening buzzing around cleaning up after people, reminding everyone to use coasters and wipe their feet thoroughly before coming inside. Eventually some went home, some crashed until the morning and made their goodbyes then.

And none too soon. Despite her best efforts, Katelyn was positively mortified at how the house looked. Her roommate would've blown a gasket for sure – bottles and cups and cans all over, fresh stains on the rug, and she really ought to run the vacuum for the love of god. Last night had been fun, but obviously she couldn't have people over any more if this was to be the result. It was a nightmare for her – utterly unpresentable and unacceptable to either of the apartment's occupants.

By late afternoon on the 23rd, she was done. Sure, she probably still ought to rent a carpet shampooer and she hadn't touched her roommate's bedroom (out of respect for his privacy), but otherwise it looked perfect. Nelson would be so pleased with her. Not that his pleasure was all that important. She was just a people pleaser by nature.

Well, no. But Katelyn was a roommate pleaser at least. No doubt about that. Speaking of, maybe she should get him something for Christmas? Back on her laptop, she did a quick search to see if he had an online wish list, but no such luck. What would he like? She'd lived with the guy for four months, she ought to know. Yet Katelyn was coming up blank. He spent all his time on his work and his stupid philanthropy.

Well, let's see. What did she know about him? He volunteered at the animal shelter, so

he must like animals. Still, buying him a pet seemed a bit extreme. Instead, in a stroke of genius, she got a little costume for herself – a cat ear headband, a customized corset covered in black velvet with an attached tail at the back, and a black choker with a blue stud to complete it.

Katelyn giggled at the thought as she clicked Purchase. She'd probably never get around to actually showing him, but it'd be nice to have the option. Maybe he'd let her host a costume party sometime, and she could wear it then. (And just for fun, she paid an extra \$40 to guarantee next-day delivery.)

So that was something. It still didn't feel like enough though. What else did she know about him? He was a science nerd, sure, but she didn't know enough about that to make an informed decision. (In fact she was sure he'd prefer she completely stay out of his research. Not her business, clearly.) What else. He liked it clean... but she'd already cleaned the place top to bottom.

Although... maybe she could try something along the lines of her last present? She went back to the same site – they specialized in costume-wear – and browsed until she found it. A little French maid uniform that she'd looked absolutely divine in. A black skirt that would just barely cover her butt while still revealing her hard-earned thigh gap, a tight-laced bustier that would advertise the hell out of Katelyn's boobs, lots of white lace on the trim and bodice, white lace panties, a white lace choker and matching wristcuffs, and of course a feather duster.

So when she cleaned the house, she'd be able to make it not just satisfying, but satisfying. Katelyn blushed a little to think of it – she'd always discouraged Nelson from seeing her as a woman, for some moron reason she couldn't begin to imagine the why of – but it was Christmas, after all. Maybe just once. Another \$80 (plus more overnight S&H again) and she'd done it.

Did he deserve anything else? She really didn't know much else about his interests. He was a guy, though, so if she needed to she could just use some of the stuff she'd bought the day before. That was convenient.

By the time she was done shopping, it was time for bed. How could that be? She'd slept in, sure. And then the cleaning had been pretty thorough. But it had been light out when she'd started shopping. Had she really played with herself that much? She remembered she'd gone through every sex toy she owned (which wasn't a modest collection), getting herself off as she browsed slutty little costumes and imagined modeling them for someone (her roommate, or whoever). It was hot.

Apparently hot enough that she'd done it on and off for almost six hours. With one last orgasm – keeping it quiet, so she wouldn't disturb the neighbors (which Nelson frowned on) – she shuddered her last and went to sleep. All night, she was visited by dreams of Christmas fun – all the clothes she'd get, being seen in them, by Nelson maybe, and if he got turned on, maybe even helping him out.

Not dreams she'd ever had before, but they still felt really normal. Healthy. When Katelyn went to groom herself the next morning, the morning of Christmas Eve, she realized her hair was decidedly darker than usual, more mahogany than her usual auburn. Should she be startled? She wasn't. It was pretty – Nelson had said he liked women with black hair, and she was definitely much closer to it now – and it hadn't hurt or cost a cent. Sometimes people just change, right?

Looking herself over, she saw that wasn't all. Her waist was a little more trim, her tummy a little flatter, her hips a smidge wider and her butt a bit better padded. Her boobs – tits, actually,

Nelson would think of them as tits – were different too. Just a teensy bit smaller, but perkier and the few little stretch marks from her last growth spurt completely erased.

Neat, she thought as she went on with brushing and flossing. Her clothes didn't fit right, so Katelyn just remained naked in the apartment. Her new clothes would fit – weird, that she'd anticipated this when she'd ordered. Her brain must have been anticipating her body's needs – prescient, really.

Speaking of anticipating needs, she headed into Nelson's room for the first time in months. It was filled with notebooks and textbooks and weird diagrams and gadgets and even a whole shelf full of chemistry stuff. She didn't remember seeing any of this in here before, but when she tried to see the titles or examine the containers, her eyes just blurred over and refused to see them. Just as well. Nelson wouldn't want her nosing around in his stuff.

So she just cleaned where she could. If only he were here, watching her bare body strutting around tidying up for him. She could see firsthand he was pleased with her. She'd be a good roommate. Maybe he'd even tell her so – that'd really be something. She wanted to play with herself some more, but really, she hadn't earned any of those orgasms. It wouldn't be fair to Nelson to get herself off without bringing him actual pleasure first. So she just let her vag – her pussy, Nelson would call it a pussy, maybe a cunt? – Katelyn let her cunt juice up as she buzzed around doing his chores, careful not to disturb any of his sciency things.

Much of the day was spent primping herself. Her nails had grown out since yesterday, so she did her best to do a self-manicure. Then her toes, too. She teased out her hair, adding volume and a little bit of curl to it until it framed her face in lustrous waves of deep, dark brown.

The only time Katelyn put on any clothes was when the delivery guy came by with boxes of her new outfits; she wrapped a towel around herself and had him haul box after box into her bedroom. He didn't seem to mind the extra few steps for some reason. She dropped the towel before she'd even closed the door on the man. Whatever. This was Nelson's apartment, and her being naked in it felt entirely appropriate.

The more she thought about it, the more she regretted not going with him. Sure, it was supposed to be a private hermitage, but she could make herself scarce when he needed to be alone. And when he wanted company, she could give him that. Or if he wanted someone to tidy up after him, or cook for him, or give him a back rub, or a foot massage, or... or whatever. She could do lots of things he would probably like.

She sure hoped he would like. Katelyn was sure she would like it, with a man like Nelson. She thought back on the guys – boys really; lame, wimpy boys – she'd been flirting with at the bar the other night. What a waste of time. The losers.

Come to think of it – and think of it she did, for hours and hours, all evening long – there was no reason to be coy about her feelings and intentions towards Nelson. She was attracted to him. Plain and simple. Well, more than attracted maybe. Drawn – was that the word? Magnetized? Consumed? Consumed was probably a little strong. Though she felt strongly, so maybe it was right.

Maybe when he came back, she could make a play for him, see if maybe a man like him

could be interested in her. She wouldn't throw herself at him – unless that's what he seemed to want – but she could just let him know she was interested. Willing, even. So very willing.

Not that Katelyn was a slut. She just liked a strong assertive man exactly like Nelson who knew what he wanted from a woman and made her give it to him. She snickered, thinking of all his crazy experiments, wondering why he didn't use all his genius to get himself a girlfriend. Or even just some hot babe who'd suck and fuck him on command.

Just thinking about it made her jealous. She could please him better than that fantasy bitch she'd made up. She could please him like no other woman could. Those words repeated themselves over and over in her mind as she masturbated – while carefully never quite reaching an orgasm – until she fell asleep.

Katelyn awakened at the first light of dawn Christmas morning feeling better than she could remember. She usually wasn't a morning person, but today she had energy. Purpose. There was no grogginess at all – she just leapt up out of her bed and started getting ready. Her skin looked amazing, like she'd been airbrushed all over. Her boobs were even perkier, her nipples hard and showing no signs of flagging. Her hair was jet black now, just how Nelson would want it (so it made perfect sense that it would be). Her tush jutted out proudly behind her, round and soft and perfectly smooth.

Oh, and as she looked herself over again, her eyes were blue now. Nelson would like that too.

A thick layer of bright red lipstick complemented the blush she applied to her cheeks. Her lashes were longer and darker than ever, and she accentuated that too. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror when she was done. She looked like a doll, almost. Except with a perfect body.

Then it was time to get dressed. She ignored her old wardrobe – she'd have to ask Nelson which parts of it she should burn – and rummaged through her new boxes. Camisole, no; thong and cupless bra, no; leather bondage slut costume, no...

Aha. There it was. Like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, Katelyn flitted out of her room and into the living room. She wasn't dressed in some grotesque jeans and hoodie like usual; no, today she wore the uniform for her new life. The skepticism she'd felt upon ordering a maid uniform two sizes too small and with the wrong cup size in the bustier vanished as she slid into it like a dagger into its sheathe. On a hunch, she'd exchanged the fishnet stockings for her new thigh-high boots – not the most practical, but the impracticality made it mesh better with the ensemble rather than worse.

There was only one thing left to add, and for that, she'd need to borrow from Nelson's gift-wrapping box. It wasn't right to take from him, so to make things right, she logged into her bank account and transferred everything to Nelson. It wasn't much, barely enough to pay for the rest of his college and maybe a year or two traveling abroad, but that's all her daddy had given her. (How she knew Nelson's account and routing numbers, she didn't even wonder.) With that taken care of, she felt a little better stealing a bow from Nelson's things and fastening it to her choker.

Then she knelt at the base of their apartment's sad, fake tree, smiling at the door and waiting. And waiting.

And waiting.

She had no way of knowing what time it was when the door opened – that would've required turning her head to look at the clock, when she'd much rather be smiling at the door – and in stepped her master.

Master – that was a conclusion she'd arrived at while she was waiting, actually. She'd been thinking of Nelson as her roommate, but that didn't really make sense. Roommates shared rent and utility payments. They abided agreements about noise and mess levels. They respected personal boundaries as equals.

That didn't really describe Nelson and Katelyn at all. They didn't split bills – she'd given him all she had and would keep doing so, and he'd do what he wanted with it. They didn't make compromises about preferences – she'd keep the place however he liked it kept. And they certainly didn't respect one another as peers.

They always had, sure. Now, she realized she certainly wasn't his equal. The more she thought about it, the more she realized she wanted him to make the decisions. What temperature to set the thermostat, what meals she should cook, what she should wear, which hole she should use to get him off. She wanted him to rule her.

The only word she knew for that was “master.” And now, Master was back. “Katelyn. You... you look so...” He ogled her, and she held perfectly still, the portrait of a well-wrapped Christmas present. She'd never been so glad to have shapely tits as when Nelson was staring at them.

“Merry Christmas, Master.” “It actually worked.” He kept staring; she thrust her tits out a little farther for him. One little red bud of a nipple was partially exposed in her uniform's plunging neckline.

“What worked, Master?” “I... you... ya know, never mind. Just stay right there, all right? Can you do that for me?” She giggled. Nelson ought to know that of course she would obey him. He was so funny. “Absolutely, master.”

He set down his luggage – Katelyn winced; that should have been her carrying it in, not him! – and darted into his room. When he came back, he was holding a little satchel. Curious (but careful not to disobey by moving), she watched as her master opened it up and withdrew a syringe from among its many contents.

“Just hold still, all right – this won't hurt a bit.” Katelyn wondered why he felt the need to repeat his command not to move, but far be it from her to point out he was being silly. She kept smiling into the distance as he took a blood sample, then injected it into a complex-looking instrument with a slot for the syringe.

He spent a few minutes fiddling with it, then used a few other instruments on her as well, prodding and probing. Katelyn was proud of herself for managing not to squirm when it tickled. “Hormonal levels recalibrated... nanite psychotropic interface online... tissue realignment at 94%... no signs of follicular damage...”

None of it made any sense to her. Even the things she understood, she knew to forget before they could register in her obedience-fogged brain.

Finally, he seemed to exhaust his curiosity for his tests and set them aside, plopping

down on the couch across from her. “I mean, you do round after round of testing and see the results in the lab, but... seeing it firsthand, I’m just... wow. Blown away.”

Katelyn sensed it would be all right to redirect her smile to her master. "I'm so happy you're pleased, Master. I wanted so much to give you the perfect present. But I couldn't think what that would be, so I just wrapped what I had lying around." She cupped her tits for him, lifting them up and briefly out of their confines. "Namely, me."

"Well you did just fine. Though... maybe a test run is in order. Play with my toy a little, see how it works."

"Of course! How would you like to play with me, Master? Would you like me to make you breakfast? Or to give you a massage? Or would you prefer something else?"

"Actually, I'd like to test a few things, if that's all right with you." She had no idea what he meant, so she just smiled vacantly and waited for him to explain. Instead, he tapped away at something on his tablet.

It hit her like a thunderbolt, and Katelyn shivered a little as her libido amplified. "Oh Master, I'm so horny – my pussy is so ready for you, so fucking wet and empty." She crawled towards him, then circled around so he could get a good long view of her panties as she crawled away, then another look at her dangling titties as she returned. "Fuck me, Master. Oh god, I need to be fucked. I've waited for so long for this, to get my needy cunt drilled by my master. Please fuck me. Oh please oh please, fuck me."

Nelson smiled, stroking her raven hair as she nuzzled her mouth at his crotch, still pleading. He hit a few more buttons, and like that, her fire extinguished. She was still perfectly eager to please her master, still felt a thrill at the thought of offering herself to him. She marveled at the power he had over her. He was so smart.

Then another few buttons, and she felt a similar jolt. Only this time, it wasn't horniness, it was... awareness.

Awareness that she was dressed in a whorish costume, kneeling at her dork roommate's feet, her body and mind warped to his liking.

"Nelson? What the fuck did you do to me? Did you brainwash me? Oh my god, what am I wearing? I look like such a fucking slut! You did this to me, I know it – I'll kick your ass. Why am I just sitting here – why can't I move?"

"You can – you just need authorization. Come sit on my lap, Katelyn." He grinned confidently, and she rewarded his arrogance by rising to her feet, sauntering over, and sitting down. Her skirt was so brief that her panties rested on his pants, his cock poking her in the butt. "How dare you! This is outrageous – you let me go right this—" "Kiss me." Katelyn did – and not just some friendly peck. She kissed him with all her heart and soul, wrapping her arms around his shoulder, working her neck and jaw and lips and tongue in tandem to pour her everything into the act. Nelson squeezed her boobs through her top, and that only made her kiss harder. Which she hadn't known she could, but she did.

"All right, I think that's enough teasing you," he said as he pushed her back (and she made him push her to break off the kiss, as her body felt the need to communicate that she was enjoying it so much she didn't want to stop). "Let's see here..."

He went back to his tablet as she launched into a fresh tirade. “You’ve got some damn nerve, you bastard – to just make me perform for you like some little wind-up toy slut? As soon as I get out of this, I’m gonna... I’m gonna... um, going... to...”

She tried to steady herself, suddenly dizzy. Her head cleared after a moment, or at least a little bit. “Um, like, Master? Why was I complaining about kissing you? That was totes dumb. I didn’t mean it, for srs.”

“I know. So tell me, you get any studying done while I was away? I know you had that big project you were working on this semester.” He was smiling at her, but Katelyn felt like it wasn’t a happy smile or even a horny smile. It was like he knew stuff and he knew she didn’t know stuff.

Which made sense. She was just a silly girl, after all. Boys knew so many things! “Um, like, no? I prolly should’ve, right? Only there’s numbers and all these SUPER long sentences, and you know how there’s only one sort of long thing I like in front of my face...”

Katelyn giggled, then just to make sure Nelson understood her, added in a whisper, “I mean your cock.”

He laughed too. That was nice of him. Even if she wasn’t a smarty like boys, Nelson was always nice enough to laugh at her jokes. Or just laugh at her, which for a girl with nothing but pink sparkly fluff between her ears like Katelyn, was understandable.

Then he went back to his tablet again. “All right. That was really just for fun – I don’t want you to be a total moron. Just slutty and obedient.”

“Oh! Sorry, I don’t mean to be a moron, but I sorta can’t... like, help... it...” Another jolt to her system, and suddenly everything made sense again. She was in her apartment, on her master’s lap, his cock trying to stab through three layers of fabric to get at her dripping cunt. Numbers and words were intelligible to her again, but they were still every bit as meaningless, at least until they became a way of understanding and obeying her master.

“Tell me how to please you, master,” she murmured to him, squirming into his groin. She could feel his heart beating in his dick through her ass cheeks.

“I think I’d like to fuck you now, Katelyn.” She squealed in delight at hearing a means of providing master pleasure – and one of her favorites, since he was generous enough to pleasure her in return. He lifted his hips to allow her to shed his pants and underwear, and there it was – the cock she’d been fantasizing about for what felt like her whole life. All of her life that mattered, certainly. He took her panties off himself, giving her a soft bite on her bare ass. “Oh man, this is going to be the best Christmas ever. How the hell did I manage to pull this off?”

Katelyn groaned in ecstasy as she impaled herself on his dick, inch by glorious inch. She was his ornament now, just like those chintzy bulbs on their crummy tree. Only he was very real, and she was literally made for this exact function. Her pussy was now so tight she only barely fit him, and though she’d never done so to anyone else before, she gave him a little squeeze with muscles she hadn’t known she had as she answered his question.

“You were a very, very good boy this year.”