

Many Mansions, Many Problems, Lots of Wiw

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Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, Slave, Xmas

Nothing exists on the rocky frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean near isolated Cape Discover where the polar waves meet Ellesmere Island in a frozen kiss. Furthermore no one has ever seen anything unusual on Beergenberg on isolated Jan Mayen Island. And Zemelya Wilczak, no one ever talks about. And in the far South Seas, we have the fragmented South Sandwich Islands where wintry gales sweep endlessly to and from. And well south of New Zealand lie the desolated and deserted Auckland Islands. Do not be concerned; there is nothing to see and furthermore what you see does not exist.

Nothing exists at any of these places except vast wastelands, barren of trees and people.

They are also desperately cold places with a population of polar bears, penguins and the like. No one really lives there except a few crazy scientists, sealers or the like from time to time. Nuts of course.

Wiw.

Standing, aloof and mighty, a rotund man dressed in red with fringes of a ghastly white on wrists, ankles and collar and waist, puffed on an odd corncob pipe. Faint smoke rose in a straight column from its center. Meanwhile, a blizzard was building, flowing, swift and deadly, in from the north. Already the craggy peaks of the bitter United States Range swirled with a white haze, invisible in the greater gloom of the polar night.

Santa knew. He knew all, saw all but only let some small portion be. Wiw dominated his thoughts but there was no puzzlement or uncertainty. He was a philosophical soul and had no real cares or concerns. He liked it in these white on white hills where the ocean rarely showed. No one hunted him down. No one visited without permission. It was peaceful to be despite his chores.

Besides it was where the elves were. Best deal ever made! Free labor and excellent quality and quantity. In the eons of wiw, he preferred their company even to his beloved reindeer. But that was due, of course, to wiw.

Besides, none of it existed.

Shrieking into the heavy wind, he shouted: "Rudolf, get your brown ass here!"

A gasping wheeze answered from behind. "Yes, Santa. What's up?"

Turning Santa saw a rosy glow about four feet high. Intricate and complex antlers crowned the magnificent stag: "What took you so long?" Santa inquired, miffed but jolly.

"Cool it, time is, like, zip and you know it."

"And get that slut off your dick too!"

In the grayness under Rudolf large and strong four legs, crouched a slender big bosomed brunette. Her ass was up reaching for Rudolf's cock. She was shivering in the ever-increasing gales and icy tears marked her cheeks. Which was little wonder. She possessed only a sheer black nightie pushed above her waist and a Santa cap. If you counted her bonds then she wore, and well, roped wrists, ankles and a red gag ball.

"Oh, forgot about Brenda Lee." Rudolf arched and pumped strongly into her moaning body. "Be done in a second."

"Damn animals! Spoiled rotten! Mrs. Claus treats you too nice while I and the elves have but one night."

Rudolf chuckled even as he pushed down with all of his weight making Brenda Lee yield and accept. "Dang long night though!"

"C'mon the Ebenezer wants to see me before I take off. "

"Same route as always, Santa. No big deal at all. I will assemble the boys if I can tear them away from their toys and Christmas joys. Meet you at runway three." Refreshed Rudolf had finished and was withdrawing his cock from Brenda's crouched and still hip wiggling form. Rudolf grabbed her neck leash with his teeth bringing up quickly to his side on her knees that she quickly widened. Her nightie slopped down to hover near her crotch line. Snagging her leash into his antlers he took off into the night, vanishing with a faint pop. Barely visible, Brenda staggered up to follow before disappearing too.

Rudolf reappeared instantaneously, minus Brenda, and snapped: "Can we have some fun?"

"No!" Santa gruffly roared. "Rules are rules. He would be miffed."

"Who cares?"

"For the moment, me!" Hitching up his belt he bellowed: "Hohoho!"

Annoyed, Rudolf turned and turned again. He winked at the old man. They had been together for a long time. It had been different in the old day of lore.

"Well?"

"Well. Good bye, I suppose, for now, maybe." Rudolf went in a blink of spinning quarks and muons.

Santa worried even with wiw. It was his nature. One day the reindeer would revolt. Luckily, he had been training substitutes for decades. Fine fillies they were and not a bit sassy. Still that was to come and where would they go in this dull world? Times have changed radically and would again in the infinities of ennui and space/time. Wiw was good but it would too change.

For the while Rudolf and Comet would mumble and jump as many sluts as he brought home in his great bag. Perhaps, it would be enough; perhaps it would not. Their gonads drove them as they did men and in that matter laid their ultimate control.

The Black Elves were another matter. Free will was an unfortunate evil but unionism was a bit much. Demands upon demands. Ages ago they had coveted gold and gems. But with the wrack and ruin of the battle of the rainbow bridge behind them, they had needed new goals that Santa had supplied as well as places dark and dreary for most of the year. Indeed they were content to create great toys or machines of death; it did not matter which and Santa thought he had provided a great service to the witless race of men when he had employed them in such a docile manner.

It was almost that they had been in a great shock and only now recovered some. Their female sex had withered and disappeared even before the modern historical days. Their cousins of Alfheim had perished to the last flimsy and frail creature, unable to bear up to the shocks of reality. The Black Elves were stronger and smarter than their cousins and without perplexing morals. Santa respected that.

Three hundred years ago, he had let them enjoy a few prize whores from the warm Mediterranean shores. Now they desired more than a gang bang once a year, but wives and faithful girlfriends. Somethings even Santa could not do.

Exhaling into the dense fog of snow, he next inhaled in a warm and cozy subterranean warren where Ebenezer stalked up, furious and petulant. His sheer nose tumbled in a great ugly hook from the middle of his diminutive face. He stood at Santa's black belt, staring upwards with vehement righteousness. He

wore the traditional green uniform and idiot peaked cap and slippers. Though smallish, his temper, voice, magic and cock were all respected weapons.

"Well?"

Did anyone know how else to start a conversation?

"Well what?" Santa queried, wondering what new drug they had invented to make his night yet longer.

"Our demands, of course! What about our demands?"

"What about them?"

"We want more women, shorter years and longer nights!"

"I do believe the female sex of men is vastly overrated."

"Doesn't stop you!"

Santa ignored the jibe. "And time is flexible to the point of meaningless. You gain nothing by having more."

"You refuse to understand."

Santa sighed and gestured with a slight wave of his large right hand. "I know the lives of boys and girls, things and machines. I never said I understood anything about women."

Ebenezer gestured too and a shout rose up from behind Santa. Typical elf move to load the deck against him: "Strike!"

Santa wondered where Rudolf was. He needed his support in a way. Mrs. Claus did not care. At least his reindeer comprehended the problems involved.

He knew where Rudolf was but it filled the wiw as did the elves and sluts.

"Very well, Ebenezer, very well. Can't have disappointed kids in the wee morning hours. The time is as you wish it. "'Tis no big deal. The women even I have difficulty with. You must make your own amends with them if you can." Mrs. Claus would be annoyed. She still carried bitter memories of her own women warrior legions before virulent invading barbarians smashed them.

Ebenezer snorted, wiping his vast nose against a verdant sleeve. He grew uglier with the millennia. And his habits were even worse. If it were not for ropes and chains, few sluts would be willing to beg his dick. Of course, they did well to do so and enjoyed the result. "Not good!" Ebenezer proclaimed to his cohorts and supporters and then added a side comment too soft to be overheard by the rank and file: "Done, the sluts we can handle."

Santa laughed uproariously at wiw as he accepted a Xmas drink of mulled warm wine from a charming elf helper. She had been Lisa Gough of Duluth but was better nameless wearing a brief green dress with matching open toed platform shoes, Elf peaked cap and a green ball gag. Even her finger and toe nails were a verdant green to match. She bent forward from the waist letting her tunic open up delightfully to reveal a pair of large bare breasts. Brown eyes sparkled in a seductive invitation as it had long ago when Santa had first selected her from her bed.

From under her dress dangled an emerald crotch leash to a bit below her bony knees. Just the right height it was for an Elf to seize for leading her. And so it has been so for many Xmas Eve celebrations. Playfully

Santa yanked her once making her worm her hips in response. A plaintive "Ooohh!" leaked out of her ruby red mouth.

She dashed away suddenly blushing even after several years of gang bangs and wickedly tight bondage. As she fled her little dress flared up to display yellow-green bikini panties creased by an emerald rope through her ass crack splitting her buttocks finely. Her ankle and wrist chains slowed her step and kept it dainty.

"Fine lass. Tame now." Ebenezer commented.

"More fun breaking them in," remarked Santa.

"So catch some fresh meat, don't complain so much."

In that way it was true. Santa kept long lists filled with remarkable details. J. Edgar Hoover had files as did Beria but Santa had computers before they were called computers. In all of the world he had indisputable and elaborately accurate records of every boy and girl of every age. Actually it was limited to the Greco-Roman culture group, his personal preference since he was, in a way, their parent.

It was easy to find thousands of sexy candidate girls of nubile age. Runaways. Bitches. Shrews. Women who would be minimally missed or could be returned thinking it all a dream. Girls who were bad, kinky or naughty. Boys too, of course. All a side to his assigned mission of bringing good cheer and presents.

Even now, without looking, he knew of 6 possibilities in Oslo. 76 in the New Jersey/New York metropolitan area.

But Ebenezer would have to learn the hard way as usual. Women were fun to bang but impossible to live with. Yes, he had Mrs. Claus but she was a symbol rather than a woman. Besides she had mannish ways from the old days.

His nasty union business was completed. It was well to be over.

"Inspect the hall before you leave. Hopefully it will give you ideas for later." Ebenezer offered. "As for I, I have paperwork to do." The perils of leadership and the curse of the non-productive. Actually, Santa knew he was off to play with three young girls in green nightgowns in a private setting.

Sipping his pleasant wine and brooding over all of the things he still had to do, Santa gazed around the great hall where the elves danced with slave girls and met each other with curses and derision. Three petite blondes had been strung up by their wrists to hang suspended scant inches from the floor. To their left three brunettes hung upside down with their hands behind. To the right three more sluts were being strung up by one slim ankle each with the other dainty ankle moored to their wrists. All were elf helpers in the traditional green and veterans looking forward to a long night of festivities.

A dozen sluts of assorted races and colors had been assembled in the center floor on their backs. Elves had exposed their tits and were panty stripping them. The remainder of their dress was wrapped around their waists out of the way. Rookies would be joining them later tonight in amusing their elves.

Other elf helpers wandered amidst the elves serving mulled wine, dark beers and greenish appetizers. Elves helped themselves to their leashes pulling them wither and hither. Pinches brought squeals and muted laughter. Many had given up serving drinks and foods and had hands properly behind and paraded about searching for an elf eager to lead them.

Wiw.

"Rudolf, are you ready?" Santa shouted to the roof.

"Yah, of course." The obstinate stag had materialized at his side bringing snowflakes and a buxom blonde on a neck and crotch leash. She wore red heels and a Santa cap and looked rather frightened. A heavy Caucasian white harness, shining with the labors of elf helpers polishing and cleaning with tongues and hair, was wrapped in a y through her crotch and around her belly. She jerked forward with each leash tug swaying hot and passionately wide hips. Undoubtedly, Rudolf had already molested her on the way over; nibbling at her alert red nipples and making her kneel and beg under his belly. "This is Yvette. She will lead the sleigh team tonight." Rudolf announced with a leer.

Santa took her leash and inspected her nipples with his hand. She twitched when touched moaning into her panty gag and red ball. She swayed slightly and attempted to bring her hands up to cover her pretty bosom but her hands were fastened behind her. Frustrated she whimpered and pleaded with her blue eyes. With a whip on her behind she would be running through the skies like lightning.

"Ohhrmphh!" She mildly protested.

"Lovely, lewd and arousing. A good choice."

"OK, Pan, thanks."

"Never that name! Apollo will be angry. He hears amazingly well. If I could find his spies..."

"Pooh!"

"Remember who holds power in the ruins of Olympus? Not I!! Great Pan is dead, dead, dead! Artemis is a damned legend! And satyrs are a myth to frighten mortals!"

"If you say so, Santa."

"Not I, wiw. What was, is, will be. Remember that always."

"Not I, I don't have too, old man."

Disgruntled, Santa led the voluptuous Yvette out of the elf hall passing through walls like mist to the great sleigh of eternal alloys forged in a land long destroyed. Standing on tall slender crimson heels, in their leather crotch and lower belly harnesses and upper torso collars were a dozen anxious and timid lasses who paced, feared and snorted. The reindeer kept them in order and occasionally nibbled at their tits making them protest in annoyance through gags. A thick snowstorm raged all about keeping the girls shivering and blinded. "Mmmm! Hrrmphh! Ohh!"

Santa was to be off to give presents but also to select a few really bad girls for a vacation and long one night stand at Ellesmere Island, Zemelya Wilczak, Auckland, Jan Mayen, or other lonely polar environment.

And tonight it could be you especially if you are cute, feminine, young, bad and have a need to learn to beg on your knees. It could be you, or you or you or all of you. Just be bitchy and join the list. Afterall, the quota has gone up and the elves are really repulsive. Union rules demand you as a bonus incentive.

Their dicks are extra thick and long though.

But nothing exists at the Poles. Never has. There is nothing to be afraid of. Wiw is as it is. To be or not to be.

The Greek gods are not dead. They never existed. Their all too fatal lusts were dark Homeric entertainment on foggy, lost Aegean seas.

Wear exotic perfumes, gold jewelry and sparkly gems, mascara and lipstick to bed with something sheer, daring and short. Do wear panties, you must chew on them during the long trip in Santa's great bag. Go to sleep quickly in an alluring sprawl under thin blankets. Stick out a bare foot or arm. Santa will wake you to a surprising, neat and demanding hogtie with your hands reaching for your feet which makes your back arch for Santa's diversion and use. Your tits will be out being gently pawed and sucked. His great "hohoho" will fill your bedroom with bountiful cheer and the Christmas joy of giving.

Do not be afraid (much). Just keep his cock happy (Easy enough to do. Just try to resist your rape in progress. He will encourage your protests.). Even laying under him is sufficient, your bound hands will make you too uncomfortable and you will have to move. And relax, your thighs will already be open for insertion and you will find it difficult to close them unless Santa assists. Remember to give and you will receive a hard prick.

On second thought, be apprehensive. The Black Elves like that look and it makes the new slut eager to be agreeable and her terrified shivers are fun to watch or experience under a twisted hand as she is stroked and coaxed.

Hope you look good in green on the end of a leash. Remember to bend forward and let your tits plead for you. Some elf will take pity and reach between your knees.