

The Naughtiest Girl in the North (BBW X-Mas Story)  
By Haxcall

**Year 1563**

Nick laughed with a joyful, bellowing “Ho! Ho! Ho!” as he flew in his sleigh above the next town on his nightly trip, ready to reward all the good little boys and girls with new toys. The bulky, red suited young man peered down at the buildings below with his cheerful, red bearded face as he picked the first house to land on

Nick had grown up an orphan in an impoverished and neglectful orphanage in a snowy village so far north that it was rumored to be the town that was closest to the top of the world. No one had ever given him anything or shown him any unconditional compassion. One day, he had wandered far into the woods surrounding his village and encountered a tribe of elves. Far from the malevolent beings he had heard from stories, these elves were bright, cheery beings who happily extended a hand of friendship to Nick and freely shared their magical and mechanical skills with him. From them, he learned woodworking, metal smithing, clockwork and a host of various supernatural charms that made life easier in a variety of ways.

Using these skills, he became a toymaker for his village. The playthings he crafted were so great in quality that he could have been rich but instead he gave away his wares for free to children everywhere. Eventually, his fame grew across the land and demand for his toys became so great that he enlisted his elvish friends to help him but they were still overwhelmed with toy requests. He and his friends eventually decided to retreat and create a workshop near the North Pole, where they would be free to work in peace. Nick decided that he would build toys throughout the year and deliver them to all the good children of the world on Christmas night.

Utilizing the enchantments taught to him by his elven friends, he charmed his sleigh and a team of reindeer to be able to fly him and dilate time to allow him to travel quickly across the many cities and towns of Europe. Soon, he and his legend grew across the countryside and beyond and within just a decade of him starting out he had thousands of children writing him letters and creating holiday songs and traditions about him. His favorite one was leaving milk and cookies, something that resulted in him needing to tailor a bigger suit every year. The children also created a number of new names to call him, with the one that stuck the most was “Santa Claus.” It was a name that had become so widespread and synonymous with Nick that he himself now began to consider it his real name.

This Christmas his nightly travels led him to a new town called Glutenburg, a large northern trading hub with plenty of houses to visit. He left nice presents for all the good children and left coal for all the naughty ones. Bad children got nothing fun for the holidays but at least Nick would make sure they didn't go cold. Thanks to his magical skills, Nick successfully visited every house in town in but a few moments of real time. The last house on his list was the town bakery.

Some kids from out of town were staying there as they prepared for a relative's wedding and they had written to Nick to make sure he knew where to find him.

As he placed gifts under the tree, he heard a gasp and looked up to see a red headed woman dressed in an ill fitting sweater and winter pantaloons with a thick coat in one hand and a bag of light luggage in the other. She looked about his age and about his weight as well. Her jelly belly was almost as big as Nick's, with her sweater poorly hiding her fat muffintop. A large chunk of her weight was also directed towards her firm and heavy bosom, which was also poorly hidden by the tight sweater, as well as her large birthing hips and ample backside that could be seen jiggling with the slightest movement. Even with a surprised expression she now sported, her plump, rosy face was a lovely sight. She was an image of rubenesque beauty that would make any man's heart flutter. Nick himself couldn't help but stare for a second before quickly coming back to his senses.

One of Nick's magical abilities taught to him by the elves was to be able to discern people and their history with a glance. With one look he knew that the woman before him was Katina, the willful 30 year old daughter of the town baker. She could be friendly with just about anyone but she bristled under the patriarchal and strict nature of her town. She frequently got into trouble and gained the reputation of a delinquent, eventually earning the epithet "The Naughtiest Girl in the North" from the older townsfolk. A few years back, she had been caught having a tryst with a handsome young merchant passing through town. This resulted in her being shamed and socially outcast as a harlot.

However, this didn't bother Katina as much as the townspeople hoped, as her status as a pariah only meant that she no longer had any reason to try and behave herself. And while the elders of the town wanted to wash their hands of her, the young men of the town couldn't keep away from her soft, attractive figure or her playful personality. It wasn't long before she had taken the virginity of every unmarried adult man in town, something she loved to brag about within earshot of their mothers. However, this wouldn't last as a few weeks ago her father finally managed to find a decent suitor willing to take her hand. Her husband-to-be was a nice but stern man working at the town's accounting office who would ensure that Katina's days of being the local hellion was over. Unwilling to marry a man she didn't love, Greta planned to sneak away from her father's house on Christmas night, grabbing one last midnight snack before her getaway only to run into Nick as she tip toed to the front door.

Nick reached into his back pocket and pulled out a pinch of enchanted dust. Just a little in her eyes and she would fall asleep and think the encounter was little more than a dream.

"Wow, you're real!" She said quietly but excitedly. "I thought you were just some new fad parents came up with to make kids behave! How do you get around so fast? How did you get in houses without opening any doors or windows?"

Nick was slightly stunned enough to drop the dust on the ground. Usually when he accidentally met the adults of a household, they freaked out at the red suited prowler in their home. None of them wanted him to stop and chat with them before.

“My reindeer take me around from town to town and I come down through the chimneys.” Nick hesitantly explained.

“Really? Reindeer move that fast? Someone of your... size can squeeze through our tiny chimney?” She said quiet but incredulously. “Also, could you please speak more quietly. My family will lose their minds if they see me down here.”

“Oh don’t worry, I’m charmed with magic, as long as I’m here things like time and sound are stifled. It was just a coincidence that you managed to be close enough to me when I entered to not be affected.”

Katina thought that sounded insane but then she looked out the window and saw that the snowflakes were moving so slow they may have been stationary. She listened to around her, her house was full of relatives who had come for her arranged marriage but she couldn’t hear the snores and various other noises upstairs that should be echoing through the building.

She then looked Nick over. She had no magical powers but she was street savvy enough that all it took from her was a cursory examination and she could tell that he didn’t have a malevolent bone in his body. He was responsible and kind but also strange, mysterious and free spirited. He was bulky, bearded and clearly had a large appetite for baked goods, traits that Katina found attractive in a man. Katina’s heart skipped a beat when she realized that she could do whatever she wanted right now without her family hearing her and immediately put her seduction skills to use.

“Tell me, Mr, Claus. You like cookies, correct?” She asked, her voice shifting to a sultry tone.

“Of course!”

“Well, how would you like to taste mine?”

She walked up to him and with a single, experienced motion she dropped her bottoms to her knees, her sweater barely covering her hanging gut and not being able to fully cover her expansive rear, with Katina feeling the brisk nightly chill on her exposed cheeks and thick, creamy thighs.

Nick was taken aback the lady’s quick request for sex from him, a man she had just met, but also more than a little interested. He had never really thought of relationships aside from his platonic friendship with his elves. Being presented with this kind of sensual offer was a first for him and he was heavily tempted to accept.

"I'm afraid I have more deliveries to make, milady." Nick tried to meekly say, doing a poor job of hiding his attraction as he weakly attempted to make what he thought was the responsible choice. "I have to get back to my route..."

"Surely if you can visit so many houses in one night you can spare an extra ten minutes with me."

She grabbed him by the shoulders and, with him barely putting up a resistance, pushed him to his knees and pulled his bearded face to her chunky groin. Once underneath her sagging belly and face to face with her womanhood, Nick saw she had a moist bush of red hair almost as thick as his beard. Having never performed cunnilingus before, Nick just started clumsily licking and sucking at her lower lips. It had the desired effect as Katina start moan and trembling.

"Ohhh... you're pretty good but I can tell you're an amateur. Tell me Mr. Claus, have you ever been with a woman before?" Katina asked.

"Umm...of course I have!" Nick said with a mouthful of moist hair in his mouth.

"Uh huh." Katina said unconvinced, having been with enough virgins to know when she was dealing with one. "Don't worry, you're doing fine. Just keep at it. You brought all my little cousins gifts. It's only fair that I get one as well, one that's fit for a big girl like me." Katina pressed his head closer to her plump, hairy mound, starting to breathe heavily from pleasure she was receiving.

Kris continued to haphazardly lick, suck and kiss her pudgy clit and her excitement built more and more. As she felt her heart pacing, she noticed that the cookies her little cousins had left out for Santa was within her reach. She grabbed a couple and popped them in her mouth, moaning as she chewed them. Nothing turned her on more than stuffing her face during sex and eating cookies while have her cookies eaten was something she found particularly amusing. Soon, Nick's efforts paid off as Katina arched her back, moaned loudly and came. Nick removed his head from her groin, his face sopping wet and mouth full of hairs not from his beard. He was surprised by how much he had enjoyed that experience and by how hard he now felt below his belt, however he still had a job to get back to.

"This has been a rather enjoyable evening, milady." Nick said, wiping his face with his sleeve. "But I'm afraid I must be going now."

"Wait!" Katina pleaded. She was still incredibly curious about Nick and desperately wanted to know more about him. Also, her orgasm was okay but nothing to write home and she wanted to "play" with him some more. "You said you had some kind of charm that holds time in place so what's the rush?"

"I might be able to slow time but that has its limits and I need to get moving before it wears off." Nick said as he turned towards the chimney. Katina quickly waddle ran towards him and stopped him from leaving.

"Please, Mr Claus." Katina asked, getting close to Kris and slipping a hand into his red trousers, gently taking hold of his extended member. The red faced Kris slightly winced with pleasure at the action. "You work so hard to make everyone happy, let me have the chance to make you happy this year."

Katina pulled Nick's pants down to his ankle, briefly struggling getting it past his generous waistline before gently pushing Nick onto a fur skin rug in front of the chimney, his member poking up above his jiggy belly.

"You certainly are a big boy, aren't you?" Katina asked playfully.

Katina got on top of Nick and started grinding her moist nethers on his crotch, teasing her latest conquest for a little while before taking him fully into her and started fucking him, slowly at first but increasing her speed as time and her own horniness progressed. Their flabby guts audibly slapped against each other as she bounced up and down on his mast, Katina's wide ass cheeks clapping with every movement. Halfway through, Katina pulled up her sweater and exposed her flopping double d-cups to the toymaker. While still humping him she leaned forward, smooshing their fat bodies together, and pressed a tit into his face, forcing him to nurse off her. He had tasted her cookies, now it was time to get his fill of her milk. The sensation of having her sensitive nipples suckled just enhanced her excitement and caused her to ramp up the strength and frequency of her gyrations.

After about five minutes of being under Katina's loving embrace, Nick came hard in her, taking almost ten seconds to finish sowing his seed in her. It was enough to cause Katina to have a second, stronger orgasm, with her unable to keep herself from shouting in pleasure. She briefly froze in fear that she had woken up her father and the rest of her family but, like Nick explained, as long as he was there no one in the house could hear them downstairs.

"You did much better than most first timers I met'." Katina complemented.

"Thanks." Nick said as he remained laid back only to bolt up once he remembered his deliveries. "I have to go!"

Nick quickly moved to get dressed and head up the chimney, but then he felt Katina's hand on his leg headed into the soot covered opening.

"Take me with you!" She begged.

"What?"

“I have nothing left here but a marriage I don’t want and neighbors who do nothing but hate and judge me.”

“But what about your family? Your father?” Nick asked

“He’ll be fine. I left them a letter in my room explaining that I’m leaving. He’ll understand. He probably half expects me to pull something like this after all the stunts I’ve pulled.”

Nick thought about it. It seemed wrong to help Katina run away from her father’s house but it also seemed wrong for her family to force her into a marriage she didn’t want. Besides, Katina was an adult woman, she was allowed to make her own decisions.

“Okay, hold onto my pants sleeve and follow me up.” Nick said.

Nick and Katina climbed up the chimney, magically squeezing through the narrow passage, and flew off together in the sleigh. At first she was terrified at the but she soon became exhilarated by the ride and was mesmerized by Nick’s magical abilities and how fast he could deliver gifts. As they traveled between towns, the two talked about their lives and experiences, with Nick telling her about his days as a lonely orphan and Katina telling him about being her town’s pariah and they both felt themselves click with each other

Nick offered to drop her off anywhere in the world she wanted but she told him that she wanted to see his home so he took her back to the workshop. Katina was surprised by the existence of the elves and the elves were surprised that Nick had brought a guest home with him. After the initial awkwardness, Katina found that she got along well with the strange little fair folk. They were much less judgemental than the people of her hometown and much more kind and open minded. Much like with Nick, the elves were all too willing to teach Katina their magical skills and craftsmanship like they did with Nick. In return, Katina taught them about the outside world, taught young elven men what girls like in a man and elven girls the best ways to please their significant other.

Nick had initially assumed that Katina would eventually ask to be taken away from the frigid hamlet but as the weeks and months passed it became clear that she was planning to stay for good. Katina set up her own bakery in the ever expanding village surrounding the workshop and her freshly cooked goods were popular with everyone. She often brought a large basket of her wares to Nick while he worked on new toys and they shared the sweet treats together, resulting in their already plump figures becoming even plumper. Her firebrand personality also tempered significantly, with her no longer feeling the need to challenge authority in her new, more friendly environment. What’s more, Nick and Katina’s relationship had been quickly moving from physical trysts to true romance. By the time next Christmas rolled around, the two were already picking out wedding rings and china patterns.

As the scope of the world grew larger and the legend of Santa Claus spread across the globe, both Nick and Katina felt themselves aging more slowly, an effect of the elven magic they

frequently used. The more people who believed in Santa meant that he and his companions would live longer, becoming effectively immortal if enough people believed. By the time the couple were in their sixties their bodies had completely stopped aging, leaving them the jolly old timers the world is familiar with.

Mrs. Claus fully embraced her role as the loving housewife of Ol' St. Nick. The elves saw her and husband as the leaders and the kids of the world saw her as a grandmotherly figure so she felt the need to be a good role model. However, despite this, she still remained a hellion at heart and even as the centuries went by she frequently reminded her husband in their bedroom, especially around Christmas time, that she can still be the Naughtiest Girl in the North whenever she wants.

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