

Frozen Christmas

By G.L. GUY

As the cold began to bite at his toes, Brock Landis stopped worrying about whether he would make it home for Christmas. As he trudged through eight inches of newly fallen snow, his thoughts were filled with doubt about whether he would make it back to the farm at all. The great blizzard of 1871 was relentless, and he had lost all sense of direction hours ago in the total whiteout.

Still, he forged ahead in obscurity, dragging behind him the family Christmas tree and praying the path he had chosen would lead him to terrain he recognized. Of course, nothing looked familiar in the driving snow storm. Each time he raised his head to the horizon, icy flakes stung his eyes and blurred his vision. He feared he was hopelessly lost and surely suffering from the early stages of frostbite. He had to find refuge.

Physically drained of energy by the relentless storm, Brock spotted a massive oak and sat down in its wake. The gargantuan tree was ten times the size of a man and provided a natural shield from the driving snow. At its base was the only place there wasn't deep snow. Brock kicked away an inch or two and took a seat on a layer of soft moss, his back to the raging torrent. He pulled the Blue Spruce close to him, closed his eyes and fell fast asleep.

It was the sound of a crackling fire that caused him to awaken. He knew not where he was or how long he had been there. But he was no longer freezing, and the room around him was softly lit and filled with the aroma of freshly-baked sweet breads.

What was this place? Where was he?

“I don't think you should get up yet,” a tiny voice whispered in his ear. “It is not time yet; your body has not completely recovered.”

He looked to his right and discovered the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was small, almost childlike, but definitely a mature woman. She had long, strawberry hair that curled around her face and eyes bluer than the winter sky. She had her warm fleshy body wrapped around his and they were lying together in a bed covered with animal skins. As feeling returned to his

extremities, he hoisted the covers above his head and was shocked to discover both he and the mysterious woman were naked.

“Who are you? What am I doing here?” he asked in a startled voice.

“You are safe,” she said with a smile. “Did you think we would let you die out there in the storm?”

“But when? How? Why?” he stammered.

“Because it is Christmas, silly,” she said. “We couldn’t let you perish on this most wondrous day.” As the words slipped from her lips a twinkle or tiny spark of light sprang from her eye, and suddenly the room became brighter.

As his eyes focused on his surroundings, Brock discovered he was in a one-room shelter, decorated lavishly for the holiday. Stockings hung from a fireplace on the far side of the room. Poinsettias were in every corner and ivy, heavy with bright red berries, was strung from a ceiling that seemed so close he could reach out and touch it with his fingers. The pallet on which he rested comfortably filled a large portion of the room. Restless, he shed the covering but again was restrained by the tiny woman next to him.

“If you insist on moving,” she said, “I must first check your temperature. You were icy cold when we found you a few hours ago.”

Without hesitating, she pressed her mouth against his and wrapped her tiny fingers around his penis. There was something in her kiss that sparked and tingled against his lips, and it did not stop just there. Her fingers were magical, too. Her touch was so gentle, yet enchanting. It didn’t feel like four fingers grasping his manhood, but one hundred with a touch as soft as rose petals. When his cock began to swell in response to her fondling, she quickly pulled away and declared him fit as a fiddle and free to walk about. She threw the covers from their bodies and leaped from their resting place.

That is when he heard laughter coming from elsewhere in the room. It seemed to be the laughter of children and not grownups. She reached a hand to him and said, “Why don’t you sit up?”

When he did, he was amazed at what he saw. She was smaller than he originally had thought. She stood maybe forty inches tall, but had the most voluptuous figure of any female he had ever seen. Mind you, at 22 years of age Brock Landis had not seen many naked women but he knew pure beauty when he

saw it. Her full breasts and slim hips were as stunning as the long, red locks that hung past her waist. A tiny strip of strawberry pubic hair stood out brightly against an alabaster abdomen that was athlete thin. He stirred with excitement stir and his cock twitched.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I am Gelsey, and these are my sisters, Lorelli, Marigold and Raisa,” she replied as three more naked pixies appeared at her side, still giggling.

They were equally beautiful, and each a carbon copy of the other. Maybe an inch differentiated all four in height but their physical appearance identical. Nipples blossomed like pink roses from full, perfectly-shaped breasts. They had slim waists, thin hips and a tiny wisp of pubic hair that contrasted beautifully with their ivory skin. Their hair was the only way to tell them apart -- Gelsey redheaded, Lorelli blonde, Marigold black as coal and Raisa brown.

Brock rubbed his eyes, as if to clear his vision after a long night of sleep. He had never seen four women so similar yet so different. Their beauty was breathtaking. Gelsey, obviously the leader of the group, motioned for the three to stop giggling so she could continue her conversation.

“What is so funny, if I might ask,” Brock queried.

“Don’t mind them,” Gelsey said. “They have never seen a naked man before, and they are quite impressed with your erection.”

Brock hadn’t even thought about it. He too was amazed when he looked down and saw his cock fully erect. Embarrassed, he cupped his massive hands in front of his engorged phallus in an effort to shield it from their eyes.

“I am so sorry,” he said. “I have no idea why it is reacting like this. I generally awaken with an erection by it normally subsides quickly. I don’t know why it’s...”

“I do,” Gelsey interrupted. She smiled and brought the fingers of both her hands in front her face and wiggled them. They fluttered slowly at first and then picked up speed until they were moving so fast Brock was unable to tell one finger from another. They moved quicker than the wings of a humming bird.

“How do you do that?” he asked.

“We all do,” the three sisters chimed in, showing off their skills at the same time.

“Is that why my erection remains?” Brock deduced.

“We call it ‘trysting’ and it is quite magical. It is how we were able to bring your frozen body back to life so quickly. I believe your hard-on will go away in time if you really want it to,” she said. “That is what you call it, is it not?”

“We don’t want it to go away, though,” Raisa said. “It makes you look very manly. Does it hurt when it is so swollen and hard?”

“Of course not,” Brock replied. “Do you know nothing about men?”

“We know some,” Gelsey explained. “But you must understand we have been waiting for one of your kind for many years, and you are the first and only man that has been permitted into our chamber.”

“Who are you and where do you come from?” he asked.

“That is a very long story,” Gelsey said. “I am going to let Marigold take care of you hard-on, and then we can talk without distraction.”

“Oh thank you, Gelsey,” Magnolia said. “I promise I will be good and take very good care of Mr. Landis.”

Marigold was smiling and a bit giddy as her sisters ran their fingers through her long black hair, kissed her on the cheek and pushed her forward. In the time it took Landis to blink she was upon him, straddling his legs with hers and pressing her beautiful breasts to his lips. He had not time to ask questions or refuse her advances; she was far too quick for that. Of course, her hardened nipples felt wonderful against his tongue, and she provided both of them for his sampling.

With lightning quickness, she lowered herself onto his erect penis and began to push and pull with exceptional expertise. Lorelli and Raisa stepped close in order to watch Marigold and assist if needed. The spry nymph needed no help, though. She clung to Brock tightly and concentrated on sliding her pussy up and down on his rigid pole.

“Oh, it feels wonderful, girls!” she cried out. “I can’t believe how perfectly we fit together. This hard-on is far better than I ever dreamed it would be.”

“Tryst, Marigold! Tryst!” her sisters called out simultaneously.

Much like when Gelsey fluttered her fingers, Marigold increased the movement of her hips. She began slowly and picked up speed until the up and down thrusts moved faster than Brock could imagine. He lost the ability to keep up with the tiny female. So he sat still as she gyrated and pumped his cock at light speed. The feeling was unlike anything he had felt before and in seconds he was gasping for air and ready to climax. Just as the first spurt of semen poured from the head of his engorged cock, Marigold stopped and leaped from his arms. All three girls dove to the head of his penis and lapped up his love potion. Brock struggled to understand what was happening as three tongues savored the sensitive head. He was trembling when Marigold sucked the last droplet and he collapsed onto his back.

Thinking he had passed out, the three pixies immediately gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation before his breathing returned to normal. When he started laughing, they sat up and stared.

“We were afraid we might have injured you,” Marigold said. “Are you okay?”

“Fine, I’ve never been finer,” he replied. “And you ladies are wonderful. Where did you learn to do that? I’ve never felt anything like that.”

There was no reply. The three sisters just pointed to Gelsey, who smiled and said, “Come, you must be ready for some refreshments. While we eat, I will explain why you are here.”

“Yes, let’s eat!” the three sisters added and began dancing in circles and celebrating.

“Why are they so excited?” Brock asked.

“They enjoyed trysting with you, and are pleased that you had as much fun as they did. You are the first man any of them have enjoyed. Plus, they have been baking non-stop for days, anticipating your arrival. As you can see there are breads and cakes and cookies everywhere.”

As he looked about, he saw she was correct. Cakes and breads were stacked on tables and shelves everywhere. Baskets of cookies filled every corner of the room.

Lorelli and Marigold helped Brock to his feet, each grasping one of his giant hands and pulled him from the sleeping pallet. “Be careful when you stand,” Marigold said. “You are much taller than us and the ceiling of this chamber is not made for anyone your size.”

She was right. The chamber was just six feet high. His hair brushed against it as he stepped toward a small table and chairs that sat adjacent to the fireplace. They munched on cookies and nutbreads of all kinds as Gelsey explained the role Landis would play in each of their lives.

“We are Sprites, the last of our kind and descendants of a people who lived in this forest for hundreds of years. We were here before the Norsemen and the Native Americans. We took care of this forest and the forest cared for us. Of course, the trees were far more abundant then. We lived in peace and happiness. But it did not last. Eventually we were invaded by what you call civilization. Your hungry hordes brought us plague and sickness. Both the Native Americans and the Norsemen feared us, and they hunted us almost to extinction.

“Tatiana, our beloved priestess, saw the end coming and guided what was left of our people to a new land far away. She concocted a potion for the four of us to drink that would induce sleep for many years. She said we would not be awakened until the forest needed our help. Amidst a raging storm, she predicted a stranger would come to us with a blue tree, just as you did. We are required to teach you how to replant the forest with mighty oaks like the one in which you sought safe harbor. Then and only then will we be allowed to return to our families far across the horizon.

“The oak is a source of much magic, you see. Without its abundant fruits our species will not survive. So, it is important that you help us bring this forest back to life. It will provide you with hardwoods for a variety of uses and we will live happily ever after.”

“How am I to do that?” Brock asked. “I am but the son of a poor farmer who lost his leg in the Civil War. I came here hunting a Blue Spruce for my family’s Christmas celebration, although meager it might be.”

“See all those cakes,” Gelsey said. “Within them are the oaken seeds that will sprout from the rich soil on this hillside. All you need to do is dig a hole and plant them. Mother Earth will take care of everything else.”

“Why can you not complete this task?” he asked.

“We are Sprites! We cannot be seen outside of this chamber. So, you must do the planting,” Gelsey explained.

“And if you agree, you will be given a great gift,” Marigold said, once again giggling.

“Tell me of this chamber first? What is this place, this tiny refuge to which you have secreted me away?” Brock asked.

“It is you who found refuge,” Gelsey said. “Remember when the storm was raging at its greatest intensity? You came upon a giant oak and leaned against it for shelter from the storm. This chamber is inside that very oak tree, as it has been for as long as I can remember. You are the first outsider to be brought inside. Of course, you were nearly frozen to death when we rescued you.”

“I don’t believe you,” he said. “We cannot be living and breathing inside an oak tree.”

“If you do not believe what I say, we can return you outside where we found you,” Gelsey said. She snapped her fingers and suddenly Brock stood freezing outside the giant oak. The driving snow stung the cheeks of his naked backside as the bitter cold froze his breath.

“I’ll do it! I’ll do it!” he called out.

And with a snap of Gelsey’s fingers he was back inside the warm chamber.

“That wasn’t nice,” Brock said. “It’s freezing out there, and you sent me out without my clothes. That was mean. I thought we are friends.”

“We do what we must for the forest and our people,” Gelsey said flatly. “Do we have an agreement?”

“Yes, I will do as you wish.”

“There are a few more terms I must disclose. We are deep into winter now, and our seeds cannot be planted at this time,” Gelsey explained. “You will return here each Spring, perhaps the last Friday in April, for the planting of hundreds of seeds. Each year you will find the cakes stacked nicely at the spot where you found refuge this day. You will do this for ten years and encourage others to plant also. Only then will Mother Earth be able to bring forth her great bounty and the future of my people secured. We will name this day after my father, King Arbor the Great. Are we agreed?”

“Yes, Gelsey, I think it will be a task I will enjoy, especially if you and your three sisters will meet me each year. I like that ‘trysting’ thing you all do.”

“That will not be possible, but we will give you something you will cherish even more. I ask you to allow Raisa and Lorelli to ‘tryst’ with you while the storm still rages outside. Once you have enjoyed our good natured fun, you will leave here with the promise that your penis will never grow weak. It will be as strong as the oaks you replenish and never will fail you. You will be able to plant your seed for as long as you live and your heirs will spread the word of Arbor Day far and wide.”

“Please, say yes! Please, say yes!” Lorelli and Raisa begged.

“How can I refuse?” Brock said, opening his arms to the sisters. As Lorelli and Raisa’s fingers began to flutter about his penis, Gelsey pushed him backward onto the floor. She stood over him and said, “There is one more thing, too. You and I must tryst also. But I promise you, I am not as easy to please as these other Sprites.”

She moved quickly. One second the redheaded leader was standing over him and in the next her thin strip of pubic hair pressed against his nose. As Lorelli and Raisa took turns on his penis, Gelsey’s wet pussy pressed against his lips. He cupped her tiny ass with his hands and pulled her closer. When his lips locked on her swollen clitoris, she began to ‘tryst.’

As they all laughed, loved and shared multiple orgasms, Brock knew Arbor Day would be a great cause for celebration, even though the world would never know of its wondrous beginnings.