

(Christmas Eve.)

Lizzy was stirred from doom scrolling down her social media feed by the sounds of hail hitting her rooftop. That was odd. It wasn't supposed to snow tonight, never mind hail. Things only compounded in strangeness when she heard the ching-ching-ching-ching-ching-chinging of sleigh bells. She was sure she heard it coming from outside, but the sound was so crisp and clean, not muted by walls and insulation, that it could have been right beside her.

"HO-HO-HOOOOO!" A bellowing voice called through the front door. "MERRRRRRRY CHRISTMAS!"

Someone was here! At her front door! Lizzy leapt out of bed and put a robe on over her nightie. "Coming!" She called out of habit. "Coming!"

She stumbled through the darkness of her home, flipping lights on as she moved from room to room. Who could it be at this hour? She scanned the floor of her living room and doubled back to her bedroom looking for slippers or something to put on her feet.

A simple knocking-cadence of 'Jingle Bells' thump-thump-thumped on her door.

"Coming!" Lizzy grouched. This better be some kind of emergency.

"HO-HO-HOOOOOOO! MERRRRRRRY CHRISTMAS!"

"Yeah, yeah," Lizzy mumbled. In the back of her mind she wondered if it was a burglar, but no burglar would be stupid enough to advertise their presence in such a way. "I know, I know."

She flung open the door and saw:

A red suit and white beard and a bag of toys.

Twinkling eyes and merry dimples.

A broad face and a round belly, chubby, but somehow not 'fat'. The most pleasant of plumpness. Kind of short too. Still taller than her, of course' Lizzy was five-foot-five in heels. But most Santas she'd seen were on the big and burly side; they might have cosplayed as lumberjacks before their beards turned white (assuming the beard was real). This one had a more ethereal, almost elven quality about him.

"Who are you?" Lizzy asked, bewildered.

"Oh, I think you know who I am!" The impersonator replied with a grin and a wink.



Lizzy did her best to not roll her eyes, and failed “You’re Santa?”

The impersonator gave her a quiet smile and nod.

She let out the smallest titter of a laugh. “Okay buddy, no, I don’t have any money to give. I don’t have any tidings. I’ve already been stopped by ‘you’ at the mall, and the corner store, and at work.”

The impersonator held out a black gloved hand to stop her. "That wasn't me," he said. "Those were just my helpers."

Wow! The nerve on this guy! The commitment to the bit! Honestly, it took both to be doing this on literal Christmas Eve. Lizzy wasn't sure whether to be impressed or even more deeply annoyed. "Uh-huh. Sure you are, bud. What do you want, then?"

He hefted a massive matching red bag up from the ground and over his shoulder. "I'm a little ahead of schedule tonight, so I thought I'd stop by and teach you something!"

Lizzy smirked, oddly entertained by the absurdity of the situation. "What do you want to teach me? Not to open the door to strange men pretending to be fictional characters?"

To her surprise the Santa threw back his head and laughed with a booming "Ho-ho-hoooo!" like he appreciated the joke. More surprising, the sound rang as genuine laughter and not a rehearsed character quirk. Were there people who actually laughed like that? This guy was good!

The sound of hail caught Lizzy's attention yet again. It wasn't on her rooftop this time, however, but was coming from the stomping of hooves on her front lawn. "Are...are those reindeer?" she said.

The Santa actor looked over his free shoulder towards the sleigh and the eight not-so-tiny reindeer the same way an ordinary person might regard their car in a parking lot. "Why yes. Yes they are! You don't have a chimney and your roof is tilted at an uncomfortable angle, so-

Lizzy tore into the actor. "Do you know how hard that lawn is to keep up? Do you know how expensive it can be?" They were already pawing into it, sending bits of sod folded up into patches of dirt blankets. One reindeer lifted its tail and Lizzy gawked as something that definitely wasn't a Christmas ornament fell out of it onto the lawn. "What the fuck?!"

The Santa looked at her, beneath his snowy beard, Lizzy could still recognize a cocky grin.

"What's so funny?" she asked. "What are you smirking about?"

"Oh nothing, dear," the impersonator said. "Nothing. Just someone's a little further gone than I expected. Ho-ho-ho!"

Further gone? What the fuck was he talking about? "Okay buddy," Lizzy demanded, "who put you up to this? My friends? Some people from work? Who?"

"Let me come in, and know me better, Lizzy!" The actor said.

That settled it. This was a prank. Also the actor was clearly ad-libbing, quoting from the wrong

story.

Yet a little voice in the back of Lizzy's brain whispered to her, urged her towards the most illogical course of action. "I know I'm going to regret this," Lizzy said, "but come on in. You've got ten minutes to come in, talk to me, and I don't know...do whatever you came here to do."

"Ten minutes is more than enough time," the actor said, taking a step forward.

"But if you're not gone after that," Lizzy stopped him, "I'm calling the cops." She hastily added, "And animal control."

There was a strange twinkle in the old man's eye. "Deal."



He crossed the threshold of her house and walked right past Lizzy as if he owned the place. Lizzy's home was no mansion, but her living room couldn't be seen from the street; nor was it exactly a straight shot from the front door. Somehow, the old man knew which way to turn to get there. He didn't race her; there was no urgency to his pace; but it was still unnerving how calmly and surely he walked. No looking around or searching with his head; like he'd been here before and knew the place well.

Just like the real Santa would...

Lizzy brushed away the thought and followed the man to her own living room. Without even asking, he walked over to the only chair and sat down with a satisfied groan, setting the heavy looking sack. That, Lizzy thought, just shortened his sales pitch. "Please, my dear," the actor said, gesturing to her Christmas tree. "Make yourself comfortable."

In short order, Lizzy was sitting cross legged on the floor like a child on Christmas morning waiting for Mommy and Daddy to pass out her presents to her. She was such a combination of annoyed and curious, that she didn't notice an entire bevy of familiar senses and emotions all around her: Like how comfortable sitting on the floor was. Or the extra cushioning that was from more than the carpet. Or how her nightie clung to her a little tighter and was a little less like silk and a little more like cotton. Or the slight crinkle as she adjusted herself and pulled her legs in like a Kindergartener at story time.

"Okay 'Santa Claus'," Lizzy said once she was settled. "You have five minutes to explain what you're doing at my house and why you're reindeer or whatever the hell they are are on my lawn."

The old man took his time and reached into a suit pocket and pulled out a pipe. "I'm here to teach you a lesson about Christmas, Lizzy." He wiggled his fingers and produced a match, striking it on the bottom of his boot.

Lizzy rolled her eyes again. "I don't need any lessons."

"Oh really?" the old man said. He lit the pipe and started to puff on it. Sweet smelling smoke drifted up from the pipe, wreathing his head in angelic looking halos. "Tell me then, young lady. What do you like about Christmas?"

Lizzy fidgeted in place, not registering the crinkle beneath her robe. "Well of course, I like presents."

"And...?"

"And I like the time off."

The little old man looked at her expectantly, almost like he was reading her mind. “But...?” His gaze was past her, looking at the tree she’d set up.

“But I really only put the tree up for my social media,” she admitted. Not that she felt guilty about it, but she’d never have admitted something like that to her friends. It was all ‘Christmas Spirit’ and ‘Tradition’ and ‘Festivities’ as far as her Instagram was concerned. She sniffed, inhaling the smell of sweet tobacco and peppermint. “I mean, if I was taking selfies during this month, they wouldn’t look very good without a Christmas Tree, would they?”

The impersonator took another puff and blew. Every exhale brought a little donut of smoke. He nodded thoughtfully. “So it’s just about appearances? Not spreading holiday cheer to others?”

Lizzy rested her hands on her knees. “Naw,” she confessed. “I’ve never really been about the whole holiday cheer thing. I can’t remember the last time I sang Christmas carols or any of that.”

“Parties?” the Santa suggested. “Kinship and goodwill to your fellows?”

Her tongue clicked reflexively in disgust and misanthropy. “Christmas parties are stupid. I don’t get that ugly sweater thing. Why would I spend money on something that’s ugly, and then wear it to a party and be photographed in it?”

Like an old grandfather, (he probably was), the actor nodded again. “That one is still pretty new to me, but it’s grown on me. It’s laughing at oneself. Not taking things so seriously as a way to make merry despite the dark and coldness outside. It’s still part of the magic of-”

“And no,” Lizzy cut him off, “I don’t feel the magic of Christmas.” She wasn’t going to let this joker throw the book of tropes at her.

The old man put down the pipe. “Don’t believe, huh? What if I could prove to you the magic of Christmas?”

Oh! Here it goes!

“Prove it?” Lizzy asked. “What are you going to do? The beard is very real. The reindeer; very nice touch.” He was a very good actor, admittedly. “I don’t know where you stole them or rented them from, but very nice touch.” Still just an actor though. “Only babies believe in Santa though.”

“Is that so?” the impersonator said, stroking his snowy beard. “If you don’t believe in Santa, and don’t believe in Christmas magic, why don’t you look under that tree for me?”

The young woman frowned. “There’s nothing under it though.” She would know. She cleared away all the prop boxes she used for photos yesterday. It’s not like she’d gotten actual presents

for anyone she knew.

“Humor me.”

“Fine,” Lizzy said, leaning back and recognizing something that sounded like wrapping paper jostling. “Fine. But I have a taser somewhere. I will use it if you try anything on me.” The actor was content to sit back in Lizzy’s favorite easy chair.

Keeping her eyes on the old man she reached behind her, groping at the air, and despite all of her expectations, grabbed onto something!



“Wait a minute...” she said, staring at the red gift bag. “How did this get here?” It hadn’t been there a second ago, she was sure. And the plump old elf hadn’t gotten close enough to her tree to slip it underneath.

“I hope you don’t mind me not wrapping it,” he said. “It’s easier for little ones to get to their goodies if they don’t have to bother with so much paper.”

“What’s in it?” Lizzy couldn’t help but wonder.

“Take a look, dear. Take a look.”



As if in a dream, Lizzy reached down into the bag and pulled out something she hadn’t thought about in a long, long time. “Snickers?!” she said to the stuffed tiger cub. “Snickers?!” She turned it over in her hands, examining the toy the way a jeweler examines diamond.

This was him! Not a recreation or a similar stuffed animal. This really was her childhood toy! She used to drag him along everywhere with her and knew every stitch and fiber in the little-big-cat’s body. He even had the little birthmark she’d put on in pen because she wanted

him to have a birthmark identical to hers.

He'd been a Christmas present when she was only three years old. It was, of course, a gift from Santa. "How did you get this?" she asked the plump old man in his chair. The slightest hint of wonder was creeping into her voice.

"There's more gifts in there," he said, softly. "Keep looking."



So she did. There hadn't been anything in the bag besides the stuffed animal, of that Lizzy was certain, but sure enough when she looked again, she found another long forgotten toy from the depths of her own history.

"The rattle?" Lizzy said as much to herself as to the impersonator.

He took another puff on his pipe and blew more smoke wreaths. "Do you know what that is?"

Transfixed by it, Lizzy shook it and turned it over. She had had a rattle exactly like that when she was a child. She'd always loved it and had held onto it longer than she should have. She'd liked to pretend that it was a gigantic diamond ring and that one day a big strong man would give it to her and sweep her off her feet and take care of her. If not for one of her friends finding it at a sleepover and trashing it, she might have still had it.

It had been 'for babies' according to her friend. Lizzy hadn't cried then, because the other girl had been right; it was literally a baby toy. But that little bitch never got invited to another sleepover.

"Do I know what it is?" Lizzy repeated. "Of course I know what it is!" She kept shaking it nervously, almost afraid that the next shake would make it go up in a puff of smoke from the old man's long wooden pipe. "They don't even make these anymore!"

Back in college she'd looked and had no success.

"Correct," the impersonator said. "*They* don't." His cheeks turned a little rosier and his nose wiggled.

That's when Lizzy saw something she hadn't. "It even has my initials..." she let out the tiniest gasp of joy, and slipped the enormous loop over three of her fingers. It used to go all the way over her wrist, but the faux wring still 'fit' for the purposes of pretend. She shook it again, feeling an odd calm, mixed with nostalgia. "How did...? How did you get this?"

Meanwhile, the Santa actor's smile slowly but surely spread beneath his beard. "How do you think, little one?"

Dawning realization came over Lizzy. She wouldn't have believed it, but the more and more she thought about it, the more she kept coming to the same conclusion. "Are you really Santa?"

The jolly old elf gave one more puff on his pipe and just winked at the girl.

"Oh my god," Lizzy said to herself as much as to him, "I yelled at Santa. I yelled at Santa, and I yelled at his reindeer and I probably offended all the reindeer and-" she paused, feeling her emotions heighten and panic and embarrassment rise within her with every passing second. "Oh my god Santa, I am so sorry that I yelled at you, I did not mean that!"

Santa tapped some ash onto Lizzy's floor and put the pipe back in his coat. "It's perfectly fine, Lizzy. Perfectly fine." He had the patient bubbly charm of an old grandpa used to dealing with little kids. "Nothing to be sorry about, dear. I expected it."

Ouch! That stung! Despite being a grown woman in her own house, Lizzy suddenly felt very

very small. Like an ungrateful child being quietly scolded after doing something naughty.

Naughty!

“Listen Santa, “she said, “I don’t know if there’s a naughty list or a good list or whatever, and I don’t know the full extent of what you do...”

“You don’t know what I do?” Santa asked. “Do you still doubt, Lizzy?”

“Oh no!” Lizzy backpedaled. “I don’t doubt you. Not at all. It’s just...you know...babies usually believe in Santa Claus. So I never needed to pay attention to that stuff.”

Softly, Santa asked the strangest question. “And you’re an adult?”

“Well..yeah...” Lizzy said, taken aback.

The tiniest twinkle turned into a full blown glimmer in Santa’s eye. “I don’t think you are...”

“What do you mean?” Lizzy said. “Of course I’m an adult. This is my house.”

“But you believe in me. And don’t only babies believe in Santa Claus?”

“Well yes, I said that,” the young woman admitted. “But that doesn’t make me a baby.”

“Doesn’t it?”

Time for another tact. Lizzy might not have magical powers, but she had something else. “If I’m a baby, does that mean I get to sit in your lap?” She grinned seductively. “Tell you what you want for Christmas?”

Santa patted his knee, inviting her. “Alright, little one. Come. Tell Santa what you want for Christmas.”

Lizzy stood up slowly, swiveling her hips as she walked over to the chair. Santa was still a man. Absentmindedly, she wondered if she had gift paper trailing behind her. She sat down and whispered into Santa’s ear.

“I want a big, strong Prince Charming to take me away so that I have no worries whatsoever,” she whispered. “Could you do that for me, Santa? Could you? Could you be my Prince Charming?”

The man’s cheeks blushed. “Oh-ho-ho,” he chuckled. “I’m far too old to play Prince Charming, my dear. And even if I wasn’t too old, you’d have to be on the Nice list for me to even consider it.”

“Then maybe I could show you ,” Lizzy flirted breathily, “why I’m on the Naughty list.” She started to play with his beard, twisting it in her fingers. “I could play Mrs. Claus tonight.”

She slid down his knee, grinding her way back down to the floor, crawling back over to her spot, making sure to wiggle her tush on the way back. Santa hungrily leaned forward. Men, even mythical men, were all the same.

“Then maaaaaybe you can put me on the Good list, and I can ask for some presents,” she teased. “Like a million dollars, or a cadillac or something.”

“Check in the bag,” Santa said. “I’ve got one last present for you.”

Proof though they were, Lizzy was tired of baby toys. She was thrilling and impatient at the idea of big girl toys. “Santa, we don’t need what’s in the bag,” she coaxed and pulled at her nightie, opening just enough of her robe to show a hint of cleavage. “Why look at what’s in the bag when I can show you a looooot of what’s under here?”



“Please dear,” Santa said. “Humor me. Do it for Santa.”

Fearing her opportunity would slip away, Lizzy did as instructed. Just like the last time, the empty bag was no longer empty.



“A pacifier?” Lizzy inquired. “Is this some kind of joke?” The last time she’d had all of those toys at once, she suspected, she was still using one of those. Though looking at it, Lizzy realized, it looked too big to be a child’s pacifier. The bulb and shield were bigger than most baby’s mouths.

An adult though...

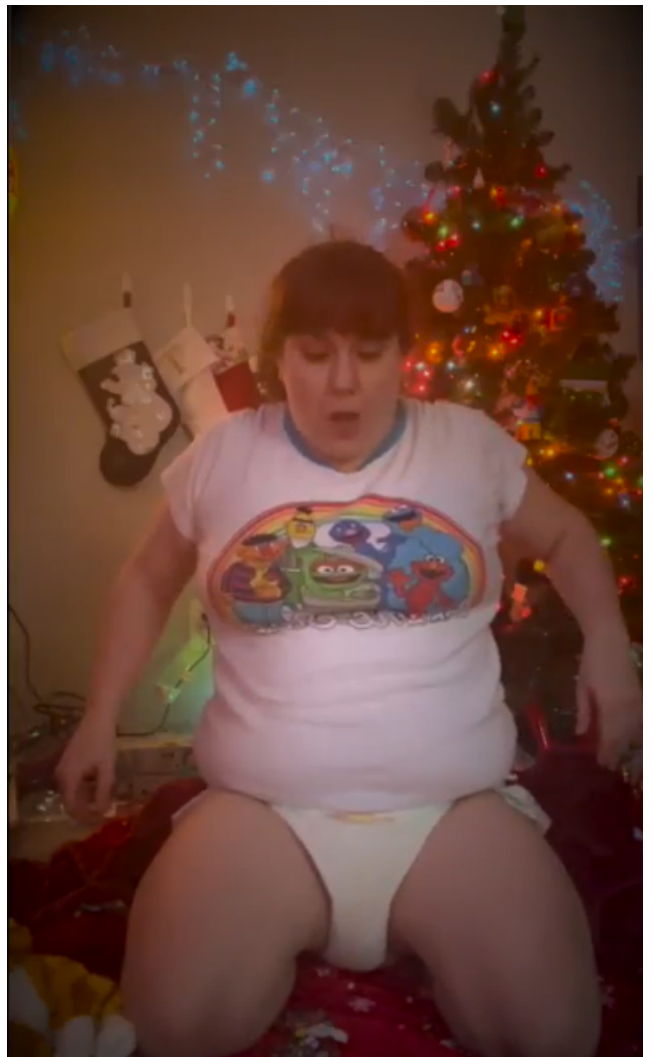
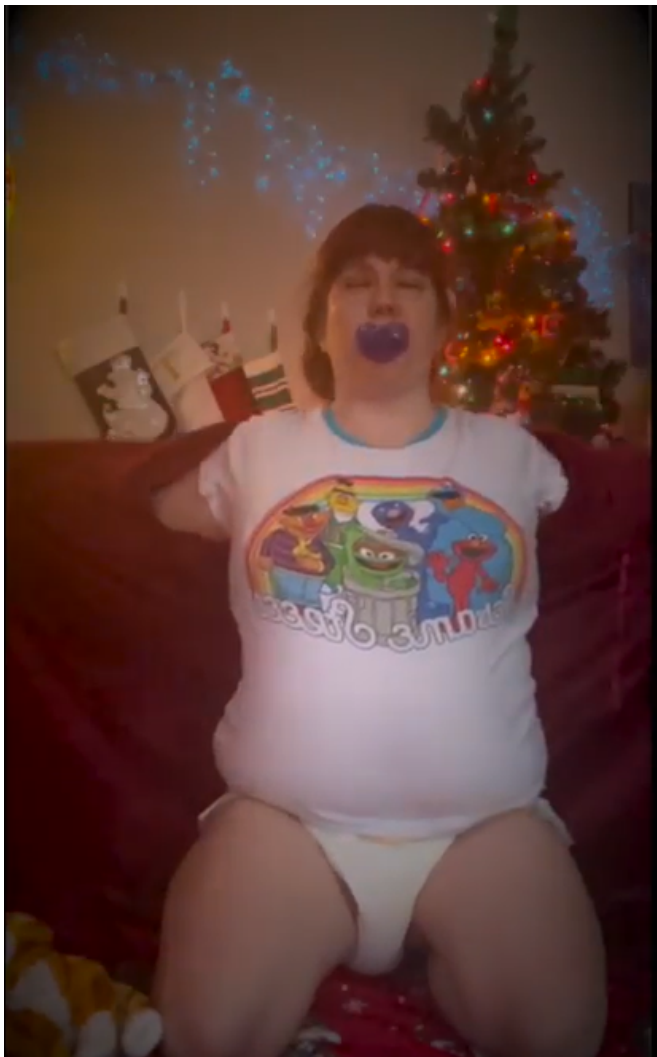
I mean..." Lizzy started again, trying to redirect the mood to something decidedly more adult in nature. "I did have an oral fixation for a long time. Do you want to see how I deal with it now, Santa?"

Santa's smile became more of a smirk. "Why don't you put it in your mouth, little girl? Give it a nice suck." A hint of dirty old man crept into the back of his throat. "Suck on it and take that bathrobe off, baby girl."

Now they were talking.

"Oh Santa!" she cooed. "You're kinkier than I thought!"

Lizzy closed her eyes, put the pacifier in her mouth, and opened her robe for the old pervert to see!



Santa stopped and turned. "Anything?"

"Anything!"

"Then I suggest you start sucking on your binky and playing with your toys like a good girl. Then maybe I'll consider adding you to the Nice list this year."

Lizzy was shaking with existential terror. "You'll change me back?"

"I'll change you," Santa replied, "But only if you're a good girl."

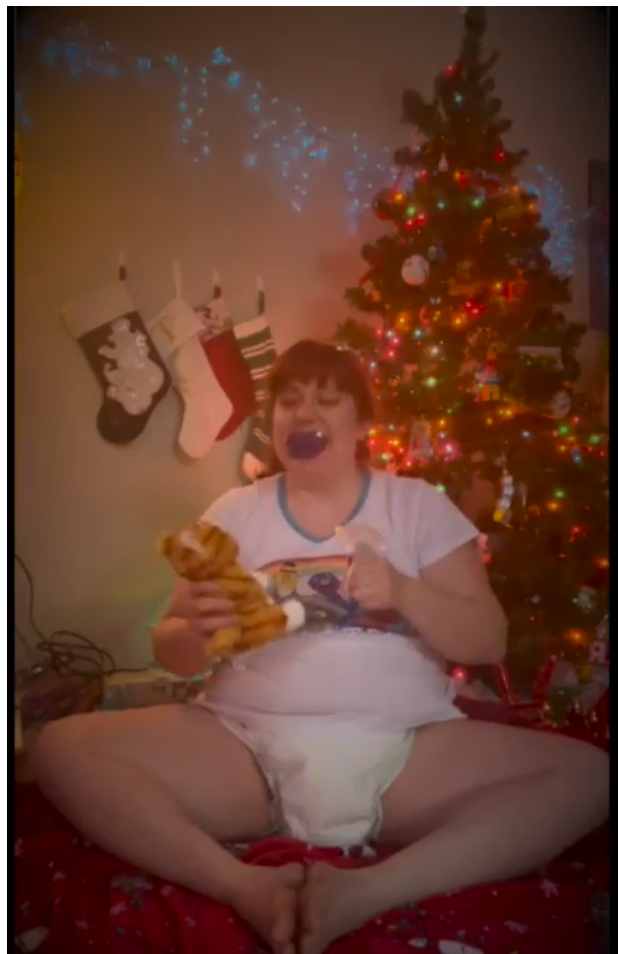
Lizzy crawled back to her spot by the Christmas tree and grabbed her old rattle. She stuck her binky in and started shaking the diamond shaped bauble. "Look Sthanta!" She lisped around the pacifier. "I'm doin' it!"

"Why...yes you are," Santa beamed. "Very good! Very nice!"

Lizzy looked into the plastic diamond and shook it more, the hollow rattling sound being oddly comforting and entertaining. Nearby, Snickers watched and purred. "Hee-hmmm," she giggled from behind the binky. Her brain was feeling so foggy all of a sudden. It was getting harder and harder to concentrate. And her diaper was feeling warmer and squishier.

"What's...happening..."

"For the first time in a very long time," Santa said, "you're being a good girl. Keep playing."



So she did, grabbing Snickers and making him growl while she shook her rattle and sucked her pacifier; giggling while she clapped her feet together.

“Good girl,” Santa praised. “Good baby.” But Lizzy was too busy having fun to hear him.

(Christmas Day)

Eric Prince didn't know what to make of the gift wrapped keys and address he'd found under his tiny Christmas tree. The struggling artist hadn't expected anything there and had only set up the decoration by his nightstand as a way to keep his spirits up in an otherwise dark month. A Happy New Year hadn't been on the docket, but gosh darn it he was gonna try.

“Check under the doormat...” the note with the address said.

Expecting it to be a prank, Eric went to the address anyways, drawn by curiosity more than anything.

A second envelope was found under the mat. Eric lost his breath when he saw the stacks and stacks of hundred dollar bills inside it. “The money, the house, and the cadillac in the garage, and everything else inside it are yours if you promise to take care of it,” the second note read.

Deal! Double deal!

Eric turned the key, rushed in and closed the door behind him. It wasn't a mansion, but compared to his shitty apartment, this place was huge! A slice of suburban paradise! Who cared that the lawn needed a little bit of work?!

And the biggest surprise of all was yet to come. There, laying under the Christmas tree with her butt up in the air was an adorable baby girl. Maybe it was Christmas magic, but when Eric looked down at her, she didn't register as a 30-month old, yet alone a 30 year old.

The balled up diaper next to her indicated that she was nowhere near potty training. Someone had changed her recently but hadn't bothered to throw the old one away. Wanting to care for her, Eric bent over and picked the used diaper up off the ground.

“There's gotta be a nursery or something around here somewhere?” Eric thought out loud. “A garbage can, or a diaper genie or...something.”

A yawn and the sound of more crinkling hit Eric's ears as the big little girl by his feet started to awaken. She looked up at him innocently, not a grown-up thought in her head. “Are you my Daddy?”

Everything in the house was his as long as he took care of it. She had a bow on her and everything. “Yeah,” he grinned. “I guess I am.”



(THE END)

The above is a novelization of a video on clips4sale.com "Santa Baby"

Both the Video and this Story are written by: Personalias

Performed by and with pictures provided by: Lizzy James

<https://www.misslizzyjames.com/>

@babylizzyjames on Twitter