**Susie's No-Panties Christmas Surprise**

by[Sabledrake](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=81075&page=submissions)©

*I'm not wearing panties under my elf costume.*  
I have the rest of it, though. Boy, do I ever!   
  
Starting at the top, I have a little pointy green hat tipped with a jingle bell... fake elf ears... dangling crystal-snowflake earrings... my own shoulder-length blonde hair brushed smooth and shiny... a crystal snowflake necklace... a low-cut white puffy blouse showing off creamy cleavage... a green corset with gold laces that pushed my pert bosom up and out and whittled my waist down to nothing... a green satin skirt over several layers of frilly petticoat... thigh-high elastic-topped stockings in a snowflake pattern... and finishing it off, strappy green high heels with jingle bells on the toes.   
  
No panties. Under these frilly layers of petticoat, above the tops of my stockings, I am totally bare. And I mean *totally* bare... as an extra Christmas surprise, I got myself waxed baby-smooth.   
  
I look, if I do say so myself, like sex on a plate. Holiday Barbie goes Fredericks of Hollywood. *Way* too sexy for the town Christmas parade. Probably too sexy to be outside without getting arrested.   
  
Silver Falls isn't the big city. Silver Falls is the quintessential wholesome Midwestern town, smack in the heart of the heartland, where everybody knows everybody and church bake sales are the highlight of the week's social calendar.   
  
And here I am, Susie Simmons, former Homecoming Queen, this year's Miss Silver Falls, a good girl from a good family and dating a good boy... strutting around in public with no panties. If I bent over, I could flash the entire Chamber of Commerce a sight they would never forget.   
  
Even without bending over, I'm getting looks. Men who are my father's bowling buddies are ogling my tits and legs. Women in my mother's bridge club are blinking like they can't believe their eyes.   
  
I can only imagine how *Billy* will react! I can't wait to see the look on his face. And Billy is going to get to do a lot more than look.   
  
So maybe I'm not *that* much of a good girl, comparatively speaking. I'm no virgin, though my parents think I am.   
  
I'm almost nineteen, after all. I'm out of high school.  
  
I gave my virginity to Billy Brewster on the night of the Senior Prom, under the stars at Lover's Lane in his father's convertible, him in a tux, me with an orchid corsage still pinned to my perfect-pink ball gown. At least, until the tux and ball gown were crumpled over the back of the front seat and we were sprawled in the back seat, him trying to get a condom on with one hand and unhook my strapless bra with the other, and not doing a good job of either because I had his cock in my mouth.   
  
The thing is, Billy's a nice boy. A shy boy. Handsome? You bet. Dark wavy hair and dreamy blue eyes and a fantastic body. Athletic? Varsity everything. Football, baseball, track, swim team. Rich? Only son of the richest man in town. Smart? Straight A's, scholarship, but he put off college this year so he could work in his dad's store.   
  
That's where we both work. Brewster's Department Store. *The* place to shop in Silver Falls and all the surrounding regions. Billy's in Sporting Goods. He could have had a management spot, but he said he wanted to start out just like everyone else. That's Billy for you. Humble. Or maybe it's because he can't stand the thought of supervising anybody. Of maybe having to confront people, and be mean.   
  
I work in the cosmetics department. It's a job I could do in my sleep. I thought it'd be all glamorous, but I spend most of my time giving makeovers to old ladies.   
  
Every December, Brewster's sponsors the Silver Falls Christmas Parade. None of that generic "Happy Holidays / Season's Greetings" stuff here; in Silver Falls it's all about Christmas.   
  
And the parade is *the* big event. People come from the smaller towns and farms for miles around. The Elks and the Masons and the VFW guys all march with their flags, the school band plays the same old carols, the Girl Scouts dress up like wrapped presents in cardboard boxes with bows on their heads, the Silver Falls Kennel Club marches with their dogs all wearing Santa hats or antlers.   
  
And finally, for the big finish, is Santa's Sleigh. Chicken-wire and plaster reindeers, fake snow, and a big red sleigh. Children in elf costumes – theirs are red-and-white tights, green tunics, red belts with gold buckles – ride on the sides tossing miniature candy canes into the crowd.   
  
Up top in the sleigh? The very seat of honor and all? Santa Claus and his special helper.   
  
This year, Billy's dad convinced him to be Santa, and I volunteered to be his special helper. Mr. Brewster thought that this would be a good way to get Billy used to doing things in public.   
  
So did I, though somehow I don't think what I have in mind is the same as what Mr. Brewster has in mind.   
  
See, he wants Billy to take over for him someday. In addition to running Brewster's Department Store, he's the Grand Poobah of the Elks or whatever they call it, he's on all sorts of committees, and next year he's talking about running for mayor. His picture is in the paper at least twice a week. He's the big cheese in Silver Falls. It bugs him that Billy is so shy.  
  
Which is why poor Billy is up there right now, in a Santa suit.   
  
I don't know what he's so worried about. Everyone in town knows him anyway. Besides, he's going to be up on a float the whole time. All he has to do is wave, and shout, "Ho-ho-ho!" every once in a while. It's not like he has to make a speech. When he was class valedictorian, he had to make a speech and he wouldn't have gotten through it if I hadn't slipped him one of his mom's Valiums.  
  
Besides, with the big red suit and the hat and the wig and the spectacles and the curly white beard and mustache, you can barely even tell it's Billy anyway. But he's all nervous. He hates this. I don't know what he'll do if he ever does get on a major league team and is on television and everything. I mean, if he can't get through*this*...  
  
I'm going to take his mind off it. That, or scare him into a heart attack. When he finds out that Santa's special helper doesn't have any panties on, right here in front of God, Silver Falls and everybody, he will just about drop dead.   
  
I've got to be careful climbing onto the float, though. Wouldn't want anybody down below to get a peep up my skirt. Especially the kids.   
  
So, here we are, and the band is marching out ahead of us. Playing "Jingle Bells." Dashing through the snow, yeah, great, jingle all the way. I jingle, my hat and my shoes, and the first thing that I realize is that it's damned cold up here! The wind goes right through these stockings, not to mention right up my...  
  
Well, anyway. What did I expect? There's snow on the ground, though the streets have been plowed and sanded. Everything looks nice and Christmasy. Wreaths and garlands, twinkling lights outlining all the roofs and windows, the lampposts wrapped in red and white like candy canes, snowmen in yards, the thirty-foot tree in the middle of the park. Christmas in Silver Falls, how Norman Rockwell can you get?  
  
I'm up here in the sleigh, and here we go turning onto Main Street. The sidewalks are lined with folks, all bundled up in scarves and mittens. And I'm freezing my ass off, but that's okay.   
  
Billy is waving. A bit woodenly, but at least he's waving. And I hear him go, "Ho-ho-ho!" though I can barely hear him over the band, and all the kids on the float singing along.   
  
He's got a bench to sit on, with a big bag of presents that at the end of the parade will be donated to the needy at the orphanage and the welfare shelter. There's a little heater under the bench, too, thank God, and it's blowing warm air around my ankles.  
  
I catch Billy looking at my legs. I'm standing up, sort of leaning on the curved rail at the front of the sleigh, waving and smiling that Miss Silver Falls smile, and he's staring at the space between where my stockings stop and my skirt takes over. Maybe wondering what I've got on underneath. He may be shy, but he's never been hesitant about his fascination with my underwear.  
  
Rocking my butt back just a little, I know, shows him a rounded curve of bare cheek. He can see it but nobody else can; the angle is wrong. And now he's got to be thinking "thong." I see the silky strands of his beard and mustache ripple as he clears his throat. I give him the saucy little smile back over my shoulder. His blue eyes narrow as if to ask me what I think I'm doing, and I purse my lips – holly-berry red is the color of my lipstick – and do the kissy-kiss thing.   
  
Pretending I'm cold, I sit on the bench next to him. A bunch of local police and firemen dressed up like clowns are zooming around on comical miniature motorcycles and throwing buckets of confetti into the crowd. Nobody's really looking at us.   
  
So I take Billy's hand – he's wearing white Santa gloves but I can feel his varsity ring – and put it high on my thigh. He shoots me another look. I inch his hand up. Now his fingers are edging under the skirt, onto skin. He tries to pull his hand away.   
  
"Bill-lee!" I say, and roll my eyes. "Don't be a prude."  
  
"Susie –"  
  
"Smile and wave, Santa," I say, and push his hand higher up under my skirt.   
  
The sides of the sleigh prevent anyone from seeing, but it turns me on like crazy. Here I am, out in front of everyone, with Billy's fingers near my pussy. This is better than being at the drive-in, or at Lover's Lane. I squirm a little on the seat. I'm all wet and warm and slippery down there, and I want him to feel it.   
  
"Um, Susie –"  
  
"Here. I've got an idea."   
  
I hoist myself up and perch on his lap. Just like any kid visiting the department store to get a picture taken with Santa. The crowd loves it. They cheer. We wave. I smile. And what they don't know, what they can't see, is that when I did that I shoved his hand right up against my naked pussy.   
  
Billy freezes for a second. I can really only see his eyes, dreamy-blue, wide with shock behind the Santa spectacles. He knows what he's feeling. Can he tell, through the glove, that there's no hair?   
  
Then his fingers move. Just a little. And I wiggle on his lap.   
  
"Ooh, Santa! Do you know what *I* want for Christmas?" I coo.   
  
"Oh, my God, what am I doing?" he says, and tries to take his hand away again.   
  
I squeeze my legs shut, trapping him, and sort of scoot back on his lap so that my butt is against his crotch. And what do I find there? Not just the buckle of his wide black Santa belt, believe me! There's a hard lump in those red pants.   
  
He makes as if to push me away. "Susie, stop. This is –"  
  
"You're making a scene," I pout, all hurt-like, but at the same time I roll my hips to bring my pussy more fully against his hand. It feels so good, and I'm so wet, probably soaking through the leg of his Santa suit. Not to mention his glove.   
  
"You're so hot," he says, almost moans. His hand moves some more. The glove is so soft and feels nice, and I start to melt.   
  
"Mmm, Billy, that feels so good!"  
  
"I shouldn't be doing this!"  
  
"Whatever. Just – ooh! – don't stop! Put your fingers in!"  
  
His hand turns, so it's sort of cupping under me, and slides. He's doing it! He's groping me, getting his first two fingers into my pussy. And then he surprises me and rubs the pad of his thumb on my clit, and I almost come right there.   
  
"Billy, oh, Billy!" I gasp. Then I remember I've got to keep smiling and waving. My wave is shaky, and my smile probably looks demented.   
  
He's waving, too, his other hand ticking back and forth like a metronome. He's forgotten all about going, "Ho-ho-ho," and I can hear him breathing hard. His spectacles are steaming up.   
  
I grind my butt against his erection. He groans. I see him look both ways, and he's in agony. Here we are, and the school band is playing, "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" and half the crowd is singing, the kids on the float throw their candy canes, and his fingers sink deep in my pussy and curl to press against a spot I've only read about in magazines, and his thumb rubs my clit, and this is it, I'm too turned on, and I come on his lap with a shudder and a breathy, "Ooh-oh-ooh-billeee-unh-oh-ohhh!" My pussy walls contract around his fingers and my little green shoes flail as I helplessly kick my feet and my hat almost falls off.   
  
Then, really shocked now like he can't believe what he just did, Billy yanks his hand away. He throws another terrified look around. But nobody seems to have noticed. I can barely sit up, I want to dissolve into a puddle of goo, my face has got to be flushed... but nobody's noticed. If they have, they probably think I'm flushed from the cold.   
  
"Susie, I'm sorry!" he says, and he sounds like he just ran over my dog or something, instead of giving me a fantastic Christmas orgasm.   
  
"Ooh," I sigh, because I can't talk yet. "Mmm."  
  
For some reason this only makes him scrunch up his face all guilty-like, but the big stiff thing pushing against my butt is still there, so he can't be feeling *too* ashamed. And though really all I'd planned to do has already been done – let Billy know I have no panties, and maybe get him to touch me while we ride in the sleigh – all at once it isn't enough. All at once, nothing will do but I get that big thing up inside me.   
  
It's crazy. It's too far, even for me. But I want it. And I think it'll work. Nobody would be able to see, if I did it right and we were careful.   
  
Billy wouldn't go for it. He's already trying to push me off his lap again, but I laugh and wave to the crowd. There's my parents, and my little brother, and they're taking pictures. There's my grandparents, too, and my cousin. I do a big movie-star smile, and at the same time I work my hand under my butt and grab Billy's cock through his Santa pants.   
  
He jumps like I electrocuted him, and damn near bucks me off his lap. "Susie! Don't!"  
  
"Silly Billy," I chide, and give him a firm squeeze. I think his eyes are going to pop out of his head, but his cock strains in my grasp. And how does it feel? Enormous. Rock-hard. Wonderful.   
  
"Susie, I mean it. You don't know what you're doing!"  
  
"I know exactly what I'm doing." Smile. Wave. Squeeze.   
  
He groans again and shuts his eyes like he's praying for strength. "We can't do this!"  
  
"I want you," I say, and he starts to choke, sputters on beard hair. "I want to fuck you, Billy. Here. Now. With everyone watching."  
  
"No!"  
  
"They won't know. Trust me!"  
  
"Susie, I –"  
  
That Santa belt is sewn onto his coat, and doesn't really hold up his pants. The pants are too loose anyway, with elastic, and by turning around on his lap so I'm waving to the crowd on the other side of the street, I am able to slip my hand down there with no one the wiser.   
  
No one but Billy, who lurches on the bench as I reach into the damp heat of his groin and wrap my fingers around something that feels as big as the North Pole. He's very hot there, and I realize that my hand is probably cold, but it warms up fast.   
  
The float is pulled by a tractor, and Main Street is bumpy in places, so the whole thing jiggles and nobody thinks it's strange if we look unsteady in our seats. That's why the kids down along the sides are held by harnesses to keep them from falling off.   
  
"Susie, listen to me," he says, and it sounds like his teeth are gritted. His voice is strangled and hoarse.   
  
"You feel so good," I say, sliding my hand up and down.   
  
The school band plays "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," which I think is pretty appropriate. Except Santa Claus isn't coming yet. Not if I can help it. Not until I've got him where I want him.   
  
"Stop," he begs. "Please, Susie, stop."  
  
I pump his cock a few times, and he quits objecting. His beard is puffing in and out around his mouth and what I can see of his face is bright red, almost as red as his Santa suit.   
  
Glancing ahead I see that we're almost to the old train station. We'll be crossing the tracks, which will be bumpy. It's only a few more blocks from here to Town Hall, and a block past that to Brewster's Department Store and the end of the parade. That's where we're supposed to stop and get off.   
  
I want to get off again before then. I want Billy to get off, too. Besides, it's my civic duty to help him get rid of this colossal erection, right? I can't send him in to do his Santa thing at the Christmas Village set up between Men's Wear and Home Furnishings with the front of his Santa pants jutting out.   
  
He's panting, making little "mmph-mmph-mmph" noises as my hand slides faster.   
  
All the big important muckety-mucks in Silver Falls will be on the steps of the Town Hall, and the idea of riding past them while fucking Billy, past the high school principal and the mayor and the lady-judge, just gets me even hotter.   
  
The tractor's going over the train tracks. Now the front wheels of the float. And the Main Street Crossing is barred off by sawhorses so that, momentarily, there aren't people lining the sides of the parade route.   
  
I hitch myself up for a second, and in the same instant I tug down hard on the front of Billy's Santa pants. He gasps as the cold air rushes in. His cock springs out, bigger and stiffer than I've ever seen it. I twist my body so we're both facing forward. Reaching behind me, I grip his cock and aim it.   
  
"No, Susie, you can't," he says, in this tone like he's finally waking to the realization that I am really going to do it. And with no condom or anything. He's never had his naked cock in me before, though of course I've sucked it.   
  
He may be saying I can't, but when I set the tip of his cock against my pussy, he mutters something that sounds like, "oh, to hell with it!" and pushes up as I lower down.   
  
Oh, and God is it good! I sink onto him as the rear wheels of the float judder across the train tracks, sending delicious vibrations through us both. I want to scream, it's so good, but I manage not to. Billy groans again as I settle all the way down onto his lap. My butt is snug against his belly and my pussy's impaled on his cock to the hilt.   
  
His arm loops around my waist. Now we're to the Town Hall, and there's the mayor waving, and a photographer from the *Silver Falls Star* snaps a photo, the flashbulb dazzling. Front page of the paper and there we'll be, looking all innocent, just cute elf-girl Susie Simmons sitting on Santa's lap, and no one will ever know the truth.   
  
I can't really bob up and down, though I sure want to. I want to feel him slamming in and out, want to raise up and drive down on him so hard that it makes my tits bobble out of my corset.   
  
But that would be too much... so I sit, and I grind my hips down on him, and I clench my pussy muscles. And Billy does little thrusts up from the bench. They only move his cock an inch or so, but the friction is incredible.   
  
We pass the Town Hall and I can see the sparkling lights of Brewster's Department Store up ahead. The window displays are all done up with a Santa's workshop and toys and displays of furs, jewelry, power tools, appliances, clothes, electronics.   
  
His arm is still around my waist, sort of pulling me down each time he thrusts. He's really into it now, fucking me as vigorously as he can without being too obvious. Wave after wave of delicious feeling rolls through me. I'm amazed that Billy hasn't come yet; he always gets so excited that he can never last very long. But maybe the fear of being caught in the act is counterbalancing his excitement.   
  
Whatever the reason, I don't care. I quiver on top of him, almost about to explode as his thick, meaty cock thrusts in those short, forceful jabs. He slips a hand under my skirt again, over my thigh, and massages my clit again.   
  
The doors are barricaded with red faux-velvet ribbons and standing behind them to cut the ribbons and let everyone in to start their holiday shopping is the rest of the Brewster family, Mrs. Brewster in a luxurious white coat, little Tammy dressed like a sugarplum fairy with a pair of big silver scissors...

... and Billy.  
  
I see Billy by the front doors. With his mother and sister.   
  
I'm on the verge of a tremendous orgasm and I see my boyfriend standing way over there. Stunned shock hits me like a lightning bolt. My instinct is to leap up, and never mind that the crowd is so packed now that there'd be no way to hide it as I sprang off his cock and left it standing tall and slick with my juices, steaming in the frosty air.   
  
But his arm around me clamps tight and he thrusts up into me harder than ever. "Oh, no you don't," he says. "You started this."  
  
I turn as much as I can and I see his dreamy-blue eyes that are so like Billy's.   
  
"Mr. Brewster!" I gasp in horrified realization.   
  
It's Billy's *father*, and I understand everything in one shattering flash of insight. Billy had chickened out and his dad had taken his place. And is... and is fucking me... is*still* fucking me... holding me by the hips and jerking me down onto his lap as he humps up at me from below...   
  
I can see Billy with a shamefaced, sheepish look. He half-raises a hand. Even being there, waiting to open the store, is more attention than he likes.   
  
"Smile and wave," Mr. Brewster says, jaw clenched. He tweaks my clit, presses it like a button.  
  
I want to scream again, want to run, want to slap him... but somehow, at the same time, the knowledge that it's *him* and not Billy turns me on even more. I smile and I wave as he fucks, fucks harder, and my orgasm breaks over me with unbelievable intensity.   
  
This time my hat *does* fall off and I barely notice. I whimper and grind down onto him, and his cock throbs. I hear him go, "Oh, God, yes!" and then he's coming in me, his hands digging into my hips, hot gouts of it spurting into me, spurting.   
  
The band is into their big finish now, "Up on the Rooftop," and everybody is going nuts with cheers and applause. Little kids are in raptures, leaping around shouting for Santa. The float stops.   
  
I'm trembling all over. Mr. Brewster removes his hand, and eases me up so that his softening cock slips wetly out of my pussy. My ruffled petticoats conceal him as he tucks it back in his Santa pants real quick. He pats me on the butt.   
  
Tottering upright on seriously unsteady legs, I turn and stare at him. I can feel warm trickles oozing down my thighs, soaking into my stocking-tops. He grins at me through the beard, winks at me from behind the spectacles. Adjusts the front of his coat to cover the damp spot.  
  
He stands up and waves to the crowd and calls, "Ho-ho-ho!" And climbs down from the sleigh toward his wife and kids and department store, to welcome another Christmas in Silver Falls.