

THEE XMAS CARD

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A xmas card exchange of unusual nature...

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Everyone exchanged cards every year around the holidays. The office was littered with bland holiday jingles stuffed with repetitive sentiments carbon copied for each coworker under a standard tree or religious image. All or nothing, you either did a card for even the obnoxious and most vindictive neighbor so as not to offend or exasperate poor politics; or no cards at all which left the chooser appearing unappreciative and very much like a grinchy heel. The execs were exempt from this as their contribution was potentially a rowdy office party and bonus giveaways and on a good year a little extra spicy paycheck. The top management were my favorites to card. I hated Christmas but i loved an opportunity to say thank you for a year of paid support. I chose the card option but took the greatest time in choosing special cards and encouragingly grateful sentiments for my friends and management. Supprisingly the CEO reciprocated this year. My secret crush, ohhh ahhh. I kept the card to take it home expecting a standard holiday cheer. It looked like it was as expected from the open versions peppering desks and hung with that impossible to clean off invisible tape. I didnt care it still meant something that an unusual consideration had been made. I put the sealed envelope in my purse to admire and read at home alone while looking at his official photo hidden in my phone next to my rockstar crush.

***** I got home walked the dog and then curled up on the couch with a glass of white wine and my token of him. Heels kicked on to the persian rug still dressed for work, I opened the sealed envelope that had Happy Holidays on scrawled it. An expensive heavy card was beautifily layered with holiday colors in an avante gaurd artistic motife. This was not the standard issued card the staff recieved. ?? i thrilled at the personal gesture my thrill had only just begun. As i opened the card a Bach concerto played and a folded handwritten note fluttered to the foor. i smelled the mans aftershave that haunted my bath sports dreaming of him. Inside the card was written Merry Xmas from me to you. signed with his initials which were mine backwards. I picked up the note and read it then reread it a thousand more times in terrified and hopeful amazement. The note was actually a scented letter on paper so light it almost floated in my grasp. It read as follows:.....my dearest employee. i know your love for me. i echo your desire. and burn with latent fire. ive nothing left to do. than profess my love for you. lay my body and my heart. upon this gifted cart. im afraid my dearest girl. that my future twirls. upon the coming year. to live within your sphere. prepared to risk it all. for any chance to call. you closer to my side. i sacrifice my pride.

*****i drank the bottle of wine and thought deeply on this expression. The note was typed instead of handwritten. was this an addition by a nasty secretary who noticed the personal gesture and aimed to make a fool of me in protest?? The aftershave was easy enough to find and mimic. The envelope to steal and reseal. Chrstmas had never been kind to me i doubted its generosity now and found it highly suspect. Even a private response to a counterfeit note could jeopardize my beloved position, my reputation, and a professional working relationship with anyone that found out. I went to bed that night with visions of a king of fairies dancing in my head on the night before the week before Chistmas. The jolly man was not fat or old and he was bearing the gifts of spices frankensense and myrh as he made love to me all night despite my legitimate fears. I came in my sleep to ministrations of my lover and my hand pressed hard against my clit. Cruel joke or not a stolen moment of reality was my unconscious gift to myself.

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