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Hello Lovelies!

In so many families, it is tradition to read *The Night Before Christmas*. So in that spirit, here is my NSFW version... O'Donnelly Style! I hope it makes you chuckle.

For a version compatible with screen readers, you can click [here](#).

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

O'Donnelly style



was the night before Christmas, when all through the house

The O'Donnellys were preparing, for a feast fit for their spouse;
"A game we should play," Aela cried with great glee,
"How about Truth or Dare?" Declan answered, dragging her onto his knee,
"Aren't we too old for this?" Eoghan asked with a sniff,
To which his wife did tut, "Oh, don't be a stiff!"
The silk stockings were slipped on by Camille with flair,
Her chair turned away as Brennan's teeth removed them for his dare,
While Savannah squirmed on Aidan's lap,
Confessing her truth that she loved her tush to be slapped.
As the adults celebrated, the kids pretended to sleep,
When Nanna Lena down the halls did creep,
And Liam dared Conor a Montreal Mounties' jersey to sport,
"When reindeer fly," his grand retort,
To boos and hisses, out he bowed.
While Aela made knots out of cherry stems to stun the crowd,
Then on the lawn, a cacophony followed a boom,
Safeties were released as the brothers sprang from the couches and out of the room,
Away to the French doors, Inessa rushed in fear,
To find Conor and Star laughing in great cheer!
Around them a million fairy lights flicker and glow,
While, in sync, they made angels in the snow,
As Eoghan bellowed about recklessness into the night,
The children darted to their windows in a fright,



But cries of joy soon fell from their lips,
And Kat executed two or three back flips,
Thanks to the eight reindeer galloping along the driveway,
And a man in red sitting atop a full-sized Santa's sleigh.
With a wither eye, Eoghan's fingertip did rest on his trigger,
As St. Nick grew bigger and bigger,
"Who is he?" Finn demanded. "Has his background been checked?"
"Who do you think I am?" Star retorted as a kiss to Conor's cheek she pecked,
"Here, Dasher! Not there, Dancer! Come hither, Prancer and Vixen!
Quickly, Comet! Are you listening, Cupid?! Don't do that, Donner and Blitzen!"
"Can he control that thing?" Aidan groused, a wary eye cast,
"I don't think so," Brennan muttered, his thoughts racing fast,
As the sleigh jerked and swayed, disaster struck,
Santa soared from his seat and chaos ran amok,
With gifts raining free from the sleigh with alacrity,
The children did rush down the stairs with barbarity,
But they surprised the adults by aiding St. Nick,
Who was groaning and moaning, "My head feels like it's collided with a wall made of brick!"
"Uncle Paddy is that you?" Shay in bewilderment did declare,
"Of course it is, lad," he whimpered in despair.
"Mommy, why is Santa weeping?" Jake whispered to his mom,
"Because he ignored me when I tried to send him to a Santa Clause course," Conor reasoned with aplomb.
Still moaning and groaning, St. Nick staggered to his feet,
While the adults gathered the gifts from the concrete.
Dressed in crushed red velvet from head to toe,
His face bruised and battered but smiling thanks to the mistletoe,
Lena chuckled and swatted him as she graced a kiss to his cheek,
"You lost the sense the good lord gave you," she chided with a squeak,
With a wink, he hobbled into the living room door,
Cursing before he planted straight onto the floor!
"Does he need to go to the hospital?" Aoife muttered, her concern most severe,
"No hospitals," St. Nick denied. "I just need a beer!"
"You're nuttier than I thought, Uncle Paddy," this time Finn said with a snort,
"7 going on 70," was Lena's witty retort,
"Shall we help you with the gifts, Santa?" Camille offered as she gave him some cake,
"Aye, lass, that'd be kind, but I'm no fake!
Help me up, boys," Paddy did demand,
While the O'Donnelly wives sorted the presents into his hands.
Soon, the stockings were filled to bulging,
Thanks to the family's indulging,
"This is certainly memorable," Star whispered in Conor's ear. "I'm so wired."
"I knew we couldn't trust him to do this," her penguin grumbled, "A professional Santa Claus we should have hired!"
But amid the mayhem of a concussed St. Nick, the O'Donnellys did gather,
The children hooting and hollering as reams of wrapping paper did scatter,
And joy fluttered through the house as the family rejoiced,
Especially later, when the husbands made their wives moist,
But betwix his wife's thighs, it was Brennan who with his tongue on Camille's pussy did write,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"



And, as a bonus Christmas gift... **Stan's Theme Song**, because, yes! He is speaking to me and it's making me tingle all over!

My muse has been rather difficult this year... You probably know that seeing as I haven't released many titles, but it feels so amazingly good to be writing again! It's the crossover I didn't know I needed and I hope you will love. <3 <3 <3 No idea on a date for release, but check this space, I'll be sure to let you know as soon as the preorder goes live!

Title	Edited ↓	Words
... Stan	2m	32,076

So, on this note of hopefully good news, I wish you all a very happy Christmas, and may love and peace fill your hearts!

Much love!
Gem/Serena
xoxo

P.S. Do you want to keep in touch with the other side of my personality? Make sure you sign up for her newsletter [here](#).

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