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649 words.

<Secret Santa>

by <Growing Desires>



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*Thank you for two wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## Chapter One

*Why do these things always go on for so Goddamn long?*

I could feel myself starting to doze off. The perfectly air-conditioned meeting room and the contents of the meeting were sending me to sleep. I was sitting in a meeting room; it was decorated with cheap festive lights and tinsel. The upper management loved to throw a lot of fuss into the Christmas meetings, I just rolled my eyes harder each time it came about. I sat next to a close friend who I just so happened to work with. He knew the limits of my apathy and entertained me throughout the meeting with silly jokes and doodles. I can't say I took in a great deal of the corporate spiel that the boss was ramming down our throats this year. I turned to Dean and saw that he was subtly highlighting the time on his watch.

*15:57, they better not let this run over.*

Thankfully the managers were pretty good at getting us out of meetings on time, I was hoping that this would be true today.

"And now, our favourite part of the year." Gary, our boss said, gesturing to the deputy manager who was walking around the room with a hat filled with paper.

*Secret Santa. I hope I get someone good this year.*

I picked a name out, Lucy.

*Shit. That is a pain.*

Lucy was a department manager who I regularly feuded with. Her ideals did not match my own and therefore our stylistic clashes meant that we worked poorly together.

*And now I've got to get this bitch a present... Great...*

I turned to Dean to see him reading his little slip of paper, he quickly clutched it close to his chest. "It's meant to be *secret* Santa." He scolded me.

"What's the big deal, everyone knows who gets who each year." I whispered.

"Because without the secret part of the game, where is the fun." Gary's voice pierced the room and he stared at me. "I trust you all will stick to the £10 limit, can the gifts be in by the 15th, no later. Thank you everyone."

He turned off the projector and dismissed us. I shuffled out of the room with Dean in tow.

"C'mon Dean, tell me who you've got." I quizzed him.

"You've not even told me who you've got."

"Lucy." I huffed.

Dean laughed. "Serves you right for trying to break the sanctity of Secret Santa."

"So?" I pressed him.

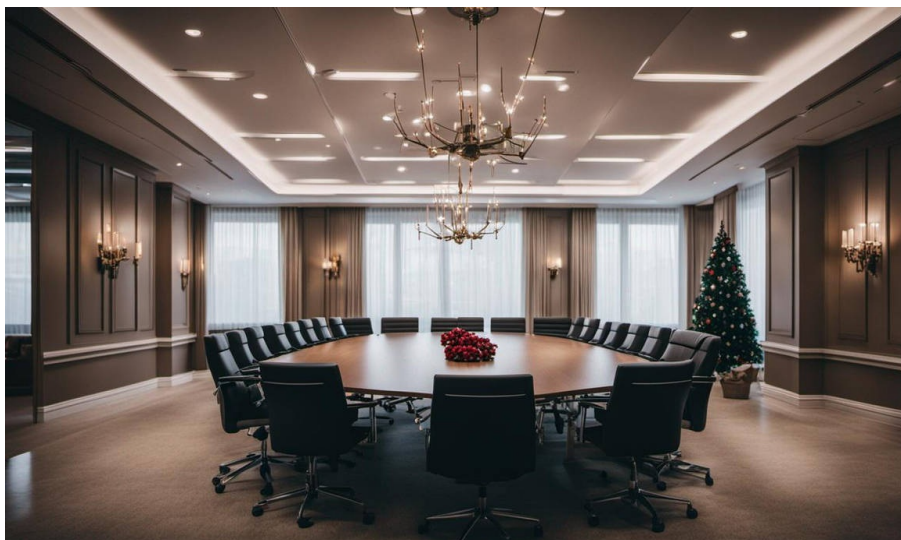
"It's a secret Belle."

I huffed.

"I'll tell you after Christmas, like everyone else will most likely do." He smiled and walked into his office to grab his stuff. "See you tomorrow. Talk to you later."

Dean and I met at work and had become great friends. He joined the company only a year ago, but we quickly became very close. We worked in the same team, and it meant a lot of close working, but it went further than that, me and him just kind of gelled well together. We had similar interests, an inquisitive mind and loved music. I slung my headphones on and turned on my music and strutted out of the office. Quick to get home so that I could enjoy every second away from "my prison".

*I wonder what I'll have for food.*



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