

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a...

There was a crashing noise from the fireplace.

"Fuck, OW!"

"...mmmh?" Mandy jerked awake from her seat on the couch. Her long blonde hair was disheveled from laying against the armrest, and she wiped away a small amount of drool from her mouth. The teenage girl had fallen asleep there, waiting for Santa Claus to arrive.

Mandy might have been a little too old to believe in Santa Claus, but she had never lost the spark of excitement for Christmas. Mandy always left milk and cookies out every year, and every morning after, they were gone. And presents appeared under the tree too! So what if her friends at school made fun of her for still believing? Mandy always knew she'd get the last laugh when she stayed awake for Santa this year!

Only... the person who rolled out of the fireplace and let out a groan wasn't what she expected. The pale woman was tall, and sour-faced. As she stood up groggily, Mandy saw that the woman was shockingly buff, with tight muscles rippling across her chiseled belly. Long white hair hung to her waist, and she was dressed in what looked like a Santa-outfit, although it left her belly exposed.

Mandy straightened her pajamas as she sat up, unsure if she was actually awake or not. "Are you... Santa Claus?"

"Huh?!" The woman jumped and spun around to stare at Mandy. "What the... oh, *shit*." She groaned at the sight of the blonde girl. "Were you waiting for me?"

"I... guess?" Mandy was still a bit confused. "Are you Santa?"

"Yup. Guess there's no point being coy." The white-haired woman shrugged, and turned back to the fireplace. "Fucking shit, I'm supposed to get an alert if it's a house where a kid's staying up... Wait, how old are you?" She turned back to Mandy with a raised white eyebrow.

The blonde girl rubbed sleep from her eyes. "Um... eighteen? Nineteen next month."

"You're *eighteen*, and you still believe in me? No wonder I didn't get an alert, most kids stop believing when they're *way* younger." Santa rolled her eyes at Mandy and turned back to the fireplace, and began to pull on something that was still lodged in the chimney. After a moment, she turned back with a sour look. "You gonna stare at my fucking ass all night, or are you gonna give me a hand here, Miss Barely Legal?"

“Oh! Sorry!” Mandy jumped up from the couch and quickly walked over the tall woman. “Um, I’m Mandy, by the way.”

“No sher, Shitlock. Your name’s on my fucking list.” Santa pointed up the chimney. “Reach up and grab that, would you?”

Reaching up into the chimney, Mandy touched something that felt like cloth. Grabbing a handful, she tried to pull whatever it was down. It didn’t budge. “Am I doing it right?”

“Yeah, definitely.” Santa was looking down at Mandy’s chest. “Just lean over a little bit more...” Mandy leaned her chest forward a little more.. “Yeah, perfect... You always sleep with top two shirt buttons undone?”

Mandy looked down, and realized her cleavage was visible. “Yeah, it’s more comfortable.”

“Damn, talk about an open invitation...” Santa shook her head. “No, I’m already late, I gotta focus!” She reached up and grabbed the cloth as well. “Come on, pull!”

With a mighty effort, the two of them managed to dislodge the blockage, and the cloth sack tumbled onto the floor. It bulged oddly, as if various boxes and objects were inside.

“Wow!” Mandy stared down at the sack. “What’s inside?”

“My collection of dildos, you fucking moron.” Santa rolled her eyes. “*Presents*, obviously.”

“Really?” Excitement welled up in Mandy’s heart. “You have presents for every child in there? How do you get to every house in one night? How do you carry them all? Why do-?”

“I’m not going to try to explain the logistics of my job to a girl with a fucking room temperature IQ,” the white-haired woman growled, and couched down. Rummaging through the sack, she produced a small box. “Here, this is yours.”

Mandy took the box, and stared at it reverently. “Wow, it’s even got my name on it!” Indeed, ‘Mandy’ was written on the label. “Can I open it now?”

“Of course not, retard! It’s not fucking morning yet!” Santa jabbed a thumb toward the christmas tree in the corner of the room. “Go and put it under there, already.”

Feeling chastised, Mandy obediently walked over and placed her present under the tree. Turning back, she stared at Santa, who was re-tying the strings of the sack. The woman didn’t seem anything like the Christmas movies she’d ever seen. The Santa who’d carried a bulging sack of presents in those had been a jolly fat man, not a big-breasted woman. Speaking of bulging sacks, when Mandy’s eyes wandered a little more south, she saw that Santa was sporting more than just big breasts.

“You wanna take a fucking picture or something? It’ll last longer. Actually, don’t do that.” Santa picked up the sack and swung it over her shoulder. “What, what’s your damage? You keep staring at me!”

Mandy blushed as Santa glared at her. “No, I... You’re just a lot different than I expected, Santa!”

The white-haired woman shrugged. “Lemme guess, you expected a fat guy with a big white beard? Fucking Coke-Cola invented that. Told me that my actual image wasn’t ‘family-friendly’, or some shit.” She jabbed a thumb toward herself. “What? This isn’t family-friendly enough? Fuck off.”

“Uh...” Mandy had a feeling if this Santa appeared in a movie, it would have been an adult one. “I mean, I like you!” she chirruped, trying to brighten the mood.

“Oh, that’s great, makes up for everything.” Santa scowled at her. “Hey, where’s the fucking milk and cookies you owe me?”

“What?” Mandy blinked and looked around. “They’re over here...” As soon as she pointed, Santa gracefully dropped the sack of presents and pushed past her.

The traditional glass of milk and plate of cookies was sitting on a nearby table. Mandy had left it out every year since she could remember, but this was the first time she would be able to witness it getting consumed.

Santa downed the glass of milk in one gulp and then slammed it down as if she’d just chugged a beer. “Fucking hell, I needed that.” Picking up a cookie, she roughly stuffed it into her mouth and swallowed it. “Every year, it’s the same kinda shit. ‘Santa, please try and be more jolly...’ Well, excuse me for not being the jolliest asshole on this side of the nuthouse! ‘Santa, please don’t drink and pass out on the workshop floor...’ It’s *my* fucking workshop, I’ll do what I fucking want! ‘Santa, please don’t proposition the elves...’ Well, maybe they shouldn’t dress like sluts!” Stuffing the last cookie into her mouth, the white-haired woman sighed and stared into the empty glass.

“Um... are you okay, Santa?” Mandy wasn’t sure what to do, as she waited nervously for Santa to continue.

“Peachy.” Santa sighed again and turned to glare at Mandy. “Hey, since you’re awake, go and get me another glass.”

“Uh... Sure!” Mandy took the glass from the woman’s hand, and walked over to the kitchen. “More milk?”

“Got anything stronger?” When Mandy turned around, Santa had sat down heavily on the couch, spreading her legs and arms in a way that suggested deep weariness. “I’d kill for a stiff drink.”

“Oh, um...” Mandy’s family kept some alcohol in the cupboard, but she wasn’t allowed to touch it. But, if it was for *Santa*... Opening the cupboard nervously, Mandy stared at the rows of bottles. One of them looked strong... and expensive. Taking it from the cupboard, the blonde girl poured a small amount of what the bottle claimed was ‘vodka’.

Taking the glass and the bottle over to Santa, Mandy held out the glass. The white-haired woman gave her a withering look for a moment, and then snatched the bottle from Mandy’s hand. “Ooh, Belvedere. Your family must be pretty loaded to have this shit just lying around.” Popping open the cork, she took a long swig from the bottle, and then made a satisfied hiss. “Fuck, that’s the nasty stuff, exactly what I wanted.”

Mandy stared at the glass of vodka in her hand. “Um... what should I do with-”

“The fuck you just standing around for?” Santa patted the couch next to her impatiently. “Sit your barely legal ass down, would you? I can’t relax if you’re hovering around like that.”

“O-okay!” Obediently, Mandy sat down on the couch next to Santa. The white-haired woman took another long swig from the bottle, and then sucking in a satisfied breath of air. At least a third of the bottle was gone now. Mandy bit her lip. “Um, what should I do with this?” She held up the small glass of vodka.

Santa rolled her eyes. “Give it to me,” she commanded, and took the glass from Mandy. “Good, now open your mouth.” Mandy felt a little confused, but she opened her mouth.

The white-haired woman grinned nastily, and poured the vodka into Mandy’s open mouth. It took a moment for the blonde girl to realize what was happening, and she barely managed to swallow down what tasted like liquid fire. She’d never tasted alcohol before, and it was absolutely *horrible*. Mandy gagged badly as she struggled to keep the vodka down.

Santa’s laughter sounded cruel and crude as she snorted at Mandy’s reaction to the glass of vodka. Tossing the glass over the armrest of the couch, she took a long swig of the bottle in her hand, now having downed half the bottle. Her cheeks now bright red from the alcohol, Santa fixed Mandy with a lecherous stare. “Hey, now that I get a good look at you, you’re not half bad, kid.”

“Huh?” Mandy was already feeling light-headed from the vodka. “Uh... thank you, Santa!” The white-haired woman seemed fixated on her chest.

“I got a long night ahead of me...” Santa licked her lips. “You wanna be a good kid and help me relax a bit?”

“Yeah, sure!” Mandy nodded eagerly, and then felt the room begin to spin suddenly. “H-how, though?”

There was a clicking sound as Santa fiddled with her black belt. “When I get drunk, I get a bit... y’know. Be a good little barely legal girl and help me calm down...” As her belt popped open, Santa pulled down her red pants, and Mandy’s eyes widened.

A long, thick cock sprang out from between Santa’s legs, almost eight inches long. A pair of fat, heavy balls hung underneath. Below them, a moist, pink slit pulsed with arousal. Veins throbbed vibrantly as the cock stiffened, and Santa sneered nastily at Mandy as the blonde girl stared. Mandy felt herself blush at the sight, although it might have also been the drunkenness setting in. She wasn’t a large girl, and it had been a pretty decent glass of vodka.

“You’ve got a...” The blonde girl heard disbelief in her own voice. She’d seen the bulge before, of course, but seeing it directly was another matter entirely.

“Yeah, and I’m not ‘family friendly’, right? Kiss my fucking ass.” Santa ran a finger along the length of her erection, and it twitched obscenely. “This thing fucking *makes* families.” She gave Mandy a scowl. “Well, it’s not gonna suck *itself*, is it?!”

“Uh... right!” Mandy leaned down nervously. Up close, Santa’s cock looked even bigger. Could she even fit it into her mouth?

Santa let out a small moan as she felt Mandy’s breath on her erection. “Uhhh... this is gonna be so much better than the normal routine. Most years, I gotta just make do with busting a fat load into a sleeping parent...” There was a long pause, as Mandy tried to steel herself. “Bitch, what the fuck are you waiting for? I got enough cum in those orbs to knock up a small town, you expect me to wait the rest of the night to empty them? Pucker up!”

Mandy felt a strong hand seize her blonde hair, and her heart leapt as she felt the muscled woman’s strength take control of her utterly. There was no chance of Mandy breaking free, and the thought was both scary and erotic at the same time. As Santa pushed her head down, Mandy didn’t resist, though it would have made no difference if she had.

The cock rose up to meet her. It was vast and shining with wetness, the tip already leaking cum as the massive organ throbbed in arousal. It almost seemed to fill the world, and Mandy felt a twinge of fear as she hesitantly opened her mouth. She felt Santa reposition herself slightly, aiming the monster into her open mouth and then simultaneously pushed Mandy down and thrust upward.

Mandy’s first impression was the smell. It was hot and heavy, and indescribably primal. The scent traveled through her nostrils and sank deep into her brain, causing organs she was barely

even aware of existing to suddenly light up in anticipation. Her ovaries felt like they had gone into overdrive, reacting to the scent of monstrous fertility with a primeval readiness.

The second thing Mandy noticed was the taste. As her lips touched the cock, she drank in the taste of salt and fire. It was overwhelming, driving the thoughts from her mind for a moment. Inside her mouth, she could feel heat radiating from Santa's organ, as blood pulsed eagerly. In response to the touch of her lips, Santa's cock twitched happily, slapping against the side of her mouth.

But of course, the muscled woman wasn't content to stop at Mandy's lips. The blonde girl felt Santa's cock slide past her lips and fill her mouth, driving enthusiastically toward the back of her throat. For a moment, Mandy thought that Santa would simply keep going until the leviathan was plunging down her throat. But to the blonde girl's eternal gratitude, the white-haired woman paused for a moment.

"Ah... that feels so much better... having a wet mouth around my dick is like heaven..." Santa was breathing heavily as she took another swig of the vodka bottle. Her hand was still gripping Mandy's hair tightly, not letting her rise even an inch, something that Mandy herself was surprised to realize she was enjoying. "This is your first cock, right? Enjoying the taste?"

The answer was 'yes', but the blonde girl's mouth was too full of Santa to answer. She tried to moan in a way that sounded affirmative, and she heard the strong woman above her laugh. She could only breathe through her nose now, and Mandy was struck by the sudden thought that if Santa pinched her nose, she could do nothing but choke. The idea filled her with enjoyable fear.

"Guess I'm giving you the gift of sluttiness this year too..." Santa snorted, and her other hand began to slide down Mandy's back. "I'm gonna start fucking your face now, kid. I'll give you three seconds to prepare.

Three seconds was almost nothing. Mandy barely had time to take a deep breath and steel herself before Santa's hot cock slowly ventured toward the back of her throat. A moment later, it drew back, leaving a cold and empty feeling behind it. That feeling was quickly removed when the cock drove back into her throat again, and then again, and then again...

As Santa pumped her cock into Mandy's mouth, the muscled woman's other hand found the blonde girl's ass. "You're one spoiled girl, with a nice pair of tits *and* a nice fat ass! I thought naughty girls got coal, not *two* gifts like that." Taking another long draught of the bottle, Santa swayed a little in her seat, clearly quite drunk. "Not to mention, I'll be stuffing your stocking in a little while..."

Maybe it was the vodka that Mandy had drunk earlier, but the blonde girl was surprisingly good at getting face-fucked. Clearing her mind of any thought other than the taste of cock, Mandy let the boiling hot organ thrust into her mouth, managing to keep a careful balance in her mind to

avoid gagging. She felt Santa's hand take a painful squeeze of her ass, and almost gagged from the shock of how good the pain felt.

"Ugh... I gotta go deeper..." Santa paused for another moment, resting the cold bottle on Mandy's back. "You ready, kid?"

Mandy wasn't, but she knew she'd never be ready for this monster. Moaning to the affirmative again, she shivered as the cock probed deep into her throat, and then continued. As it delved deep into her throat, Mandy's nose sank into the thick forest of white pubic hair that ringed the base of Santa's cock.

Without even really thinking about it, Mandy slid her hand into her pajama shorts, as Santa began to thrust again, this time pushing as deep into Mandy's mouth as she could go. At any other time, the blonde girl would have been embarrassed to admit she was no stranger to loving herself. But right now, she had no concern about touching herself as the muscled woman used her as a fuck-toy.

"Oh fuck... oh *fuck*...!" Santa's hand slipped into Mandy's shorts, and seized a bare handful of the girl's ass. Orgasm was swiftly approaching, and the white-haired woman was making no attempt to delay it's arrival. "Come on, come on, come on... *YES!*"

With one final thrust, Santa plunged her dick deep into Mandy's throat, and left it there as it twitched violently. For a moment, the blonde girl was confused as to what was happening, until she felt something hot sliding down her throat. Santa was cumming, so deep that not even a single drop entered Mandy's mouth.

After a small eternity, Mandy remembered to breathe. Sucking in air through her nose, she realized she'd almost passed out from lack of air. Finally, she felt Santa's grip begin to rise, pulling Mandy off the monstrous cock. As it slid back out of the blonde girl's mouth, a few stray spurts of cum splashed onto Mandy's tongue, and the strong taste both revolted and excited her.

Now free of Mandy's mouth, Santa's cock flopped back against the hard muscles of Santa's belly, not yet losing it's hardness. Her mouth suddenly empty, Mandy gagged for a moment on air, rubbing her throat from where Santa's cock had ravaged the inside.

"Ah... ah... not bad for a beginner." Santa gave Mandy a respectful nod. "Not bad for a kid on the 'nice' list."

Mandy opened her mouth to reply, but coughed suddenly. Her mouth and throat felt very sore, but it was a strangely satisfying pain. Clapping her hands over her mouth as she coughed, Mandy desperately managed to keep the few remaining droplets of cum from escaping. Once her coughs had subsided, she swallowed quickly, enjoying the hot liquid sliding down her sore throat.

“Guess you’re not feeling too hungry now, are you?” Gently, Santa’s hand reached under Mandy’s shirt and began to caress her belly.

“N-no...” Mandy managed to stammer, her voice hoarse. “I... uh, *oh...*” The room was spinning a little. Well, the glass of vodka that Santa had forced down her throat had been a pretty strong dose, at least as far as Mandy knew. The bellyful of cum probably hadn’t helped either. Mandy felt her stomach growl, and it was an oddly pleasant feeling to realize that she was now digesting Santa’s cum.

“Easy now, kid...” Santa caught Mandy as the blonde girl swayed a little. Holding the blonde girl in her arms, Santa smirked at the young girl’s reddening face. “Fuck you’re cute... I’m half-tempted to just take you home with me and turn you into an elf... or even a new Mrs. Claus...” Santa’s lips brushed against Mandy’s, and the two kissed deeply.

After a long moment, the muscled woman broke off the kiss, and licked her lips. Reaching into her red coat, Santa pulled out a small golden pocket watch, and flinched at the time. “Oh *fuck*, I’m running so late...” Shaking her head in amusement, Santa wrapped an arm around Mandy’s waist and hefted her up slightly. “Whatever. They’ll just have to fucking deal. No way I’m leaving without tasting this kid’s pink...”

Mandy blinked back to awareness as Santa shook her gently. “W-wha... Oh, right...” She felt the muscled woman place her gently down on the couch, Mandy’s chin resting on the armrest, and then slide her legs out from under the blonde girl. “Are we gonna make love now?” That was the term for it, right? Behind her, Mandy felt Santa’s fingers hook under the waistband of her pajama shorts and pull them down.

“Yeah, but I’d call it ‘fucking you senseless’ more than... holy shit...” As Santa stripped off the blonde girl’s shorts, the white-haired woman hissed in pleasant surprise. The girl’s thighs were shining, coated with arousal. “Holy fuck, you’re *really* enjoying this...”

“Yeah...” Mandy braced herself against the armrest, as she felt Santa’s cock slapping against her bare ass. She wasn’t *quite* a virgin, not after a few ventures with a toy or two. But she’d never taken a penis before, and definitely not one so large that it put her toys to shame.

Santa put the bottle of vodka to her lips, and chugged. The last of the alcohol drained into her mouth, and the white-haired woman eagerly gulped it down, feeling her cheeks flush red even more. “Fuck, that was some good *shit!* I love a nice glass of milk, but this shit just hits like *nothing* else.” Tossing the bottle away, Santa fumbled for her erection, drunkenly probing the tip against the base of Mandy’s asscrack. “Ah, shit, where’s the pussy again? Ah, there it is...”

Mandy sucked in a deep breath of air as she felt Santa’s cock pressing up against her entrance. She was utterly wet, but no amount of lubricant could make the monster that was poised to invade any less devastating. Mandy felt her eyes water as just the tip began to stretch her out.



“Ooh, it’s been a while since I’ve had someone this tight... Maybe I need to start gunning younger from now on...” Santa’s breath hitched as she began to push deeper into Mandy’s vagina. “Yeah, I can feel your cunt trying it’s best to keep me out, kid. You think it’s got any chance of that?”

Mandy felt Santa’s arms wrap around her waist, as the muscled woman leaned down to rest heavily on top of Mandy’s back. Feeling Santa’s hot breath in her ear, the blonde girl shivered in delight. “N-not at all!” Far from trying to keep Santa out, Mandy was trying to pull her inside as much as she could.

The sheer size of Santa’s organ was incredible. Mandy had thought it felt big in her mouth, but it felt colossal inside her vagina. She could feel her ovaries singing, driven utterly wild by the smell and strength of the woman above her. It was a disturbingly primal feeling; the desire to submit and be bred by someone far more powerful than she was. There was nothing, no condom or pill to prevent what her womb was begging for. With a desperate certainty, Mandy knew that she would get pregnant if... *when* Santa came inside her. And there was nothing about that idea that the blonde girl didn’t desire.

It took the better part of a minute for Santa’s balls to finally touch Mandy’s thighs. The blonde girl was gripping the fabric of the couch so hard that it began to tear, as she felt the serpent inside her vagina pulse vibrantly. Santa had paused for breath once her cock was fully inside, and the muscled woman kissed Mandy’s neck gently, making the blonde girl shiver.

“Are you ready?” came the whisper that made Mandy’s nerves shudder in anticipation. She nodded, trying to pretend that she ever could have been ready for what was about to come.

As it turned out, what was about to come was Mandy herself. As Santa pulled back and thrust inside her slowly, the blonde girl felt her thighs twitching violently. A few thrusts later, and Mandy was ashamed to admit that she’d orgasmed for barely five seconds of sex. Pleasure surged from her vagina, spreading rapidly throughout her body, and she began to shake violently. The pleasure reached her brain, and Mandy’s mind went white.

After what felt like an hour, but was actually only a few seconds, Mandy came down from her orgasmic high. She felt Santa stroking her blonde hair gently, and Mandy blushed heavily. “Fuck, that was amazing...”

Santa’s lips curled into a domineering sneer. “Oh, you thought so? Well, you’re in luck. I’ve got a few more of those gifts to give you, kid.” Roughly seizing Mandy’s hair, the white-haired woman grunted in satisfaction. “Let’s see how many more of those I can wring out of your barely legal ass before I’m done.”

Mandy let out a whimper, but it was a happy one.

The answer, as it turned out, was seven. More than Mandy had expected, or been able to cope with. After the fourth crushing orgasm had been pounded into her, the blonde girl passed out. She woke up to the fifth one though, and then the sixth one had rendered her almost limp.

Finally, her seventh orgasm coincided with Santa's own. With a series of deep, animalistic grunts, Santa drove her cock deep into Mandy's vagina, and then stopped, her cock twitching violently. This time, Mandy felt the sudden burst of hot liquid inside her, filling her pussy with alarming speed. Just when the blonde girl was afraid she would burst, Santa pulled her cock out, and the liquid began to spurt out of Mandy's entrance, sloppily cascading down her thigh.

A few moments later, Santa's hands touched Mandy's shoulders, and began to massage them gently. "Ah..." the white-haired woman leaned in to whisper conspiratorially. "That's your third present right? But, you gotta wait nine months to open it..." Santa began to snicker, laughing at her own joke. She was clearly quite drunk as she rose unsteadily from the couch.

Mandy struggled to rise, but all her energy had been sapped from Santa's domination. "You... are you okay to..." To tell the truth, Mandy herself felt quite drunk, and even she could see that Santa wasn't fit to drive a sleigh.

But as the blonde girl sat up, she felt an oddly warm sensation in her groin. She could feel Santa's hot cum inside her, but that wasn't quite it. Actually, the sloshing sperm seemed to make her feel oddly tingly. As Mandy curiously rubbed her groin, she could feel the tingly sensation spreading through her body...

"It's all good..." the white-haired woman slurred. "Oh, fuck, I was forgetting something, wasn't I?"

Mandy had never had sex before, but she was pretty sure she wasn't supposed to *buzz* afterward. "Uh... Santa?" Mandy looked up at the drunken Santa. "I feel kinda... weird!" The strange tingly sensation didn't feel *bad*, it just felt... Actually, it kinda felt good! Mandy could now feel her whole body tingling, her muscles fizzing slightly in a way that felt really pleasant. Especially her *ears*, for some reason.

"Huh?" Santa looked down at Mandy, and then gave her a drunken smirk. "Oh... right. Yeah. I mighta forgot to mention that me nutting inside you would turn you into an elf..." Santa's face suddenly lit up, as if she'd remembered what she was forgetting. "Ah, that's right... I'm real fucking hungry... those cookies were great, but they don't fill the belly properly..."

"An elf?!" Mandy wasn't sure that she'd heard correctly. "You mean like a christmas elf?"

"Yes, like a *christmas* elf, dumbass!" The white-haired woman stood from the couch, swaying dangerously as she rose. A lecherous grin spread across her face as she looked down at Mandy. "What, did you think turning a little slut like you into an elf would be hard for me?" Santa chuckled to herself and stumbled over to the fridge. "Ugh... Gonna raid your fridge!"

Ooh... Mandy felt really weird now. All across her body, her muscles were tingling, and the girl almost felt like her blood was fizzing up like soda. "Ugh... I feel..." Was it just her, or did the room seem to be getting bigger? "Are you growing?" She asked Santa, as the muscled woman ransacked her family's fridge.

All of a sudden, Mandy's whole body felt hot. The blonde girl could feel a wave of sweat break out across her face. Her ears were tingling like *crazy* now! As Mandy began to quickly unbutton her pajama shirt, she could feel her thighs becoming slick again. Whatever was happening to her, it was incredibly erotic!

Santa turned around, a chicken leg in her mouth. "No, you're *shrinking*, kid!" She spat out the chicken leg and sneered down at Mandy. "Heh... Too late for you now, slut. You took my seed, so your fat little ass is gonna become an elf whether you like it or not!"

Oh gosh! Santa was right! Mandy looked down and saw that her pajama shirt was now at least a size too big for her. As she pulled the shirt off, the blonde girl suddenly realized that her feet could no longer touch the ground. "W-wow!" She gasped, feeling the hotness in her body only increasing. "This is magic!" Almost without thought, Mandy slipped her hands between her legs and began to rub her vagina, which was still leaking Santa's cum.

The white-haired woman rolled her eyes as she munched on the cold chicken leg. "Yeah, pretty awesome, right? I used to turn little sluts like you into elves all the time... until the brass whined that they made shit workers... and that covering up disappearances was too much work." She kicked the fridge closed with a sneer. "But, fuck it! What are they gonna do, fire me?"

"Ngh!" Mandy drove a finger deep inside herself, feeling Santa's hot cum trickle around her wrist. "Oh! Shit!" She couldn't help but moan, as she felt the world growing around her. The blonde girl had already lost nearly a foot in height. Mandy had never imagined that transforming into an elf could be so *amazing*! "Ah... This is awesome! Thank you, Santa!"

The muscled woman actually looked a little surprised to hear that. "Jesus, kid! You're such a massive slut that you're *masturbating* while being turned into an elf? Jeez, most girls I turn aren't happy to be dragged back to the North Pole, but I guess you're built fuckin' different, huh?"

Slowly reaching up with her other hand, Mandy gingerly felt her ears. Instead of the familiar round shape she had expected, the blonde girl was amazed to feel that they were slowly becoming more and more pointed by the second. "Ah... I wanna be an elf!" Mandy moaned, slipping another finger inside of herself. "Make me an elf!"

Santa let out a snort of amusement. "God, you're such a little slut! Turning you into an elf is gonna be so worth the ass-reaming I get from the elf worker's union when they find out." All of a sudden, Mandy felt a powerful hand on her arm. A moment later, the blonde girl felt herself

flipped over, laying down on the couch with her bare ass sticking out. “Anyway... I filled my belly, but I’m still hungry for some *pink*...”

“Huh? What are you...?” Mandy began, and then felt the muscled woman seize her thighs. “Oh!”

Santa buried her face between Mandy’s legs, and inhaled deeply. “Ahhh... Alcohol, cum and pussy juice. That’s all I fuckin’ want in life...” The white-haired woman stuck out her tongue and ran it slowly across the top of Mandy’s vagina, making the blonde girl shudder. “Hey... Sing me a fucking a christmas carol, okay? It’s past midnight, y’know?”

Mandy turned and looked over at the clock. Indeed, it was 12:38. She had totally forgotten about the day change. “Oh... M-merry Christmas!” The blonde girl chirped to Santa, and then let out a squeak of delight as she felt the muscled woman wrap her powerful arms around her legs.

“Merry Christmas, kid.” Santa kissed the girl’s thighs slowly, and Mandy could feel her grinning. “Come on, let’s hear a christmas carol. I’d sing it with you, but my tongue’s gonna be pretty busy...”

“Hmm...” Mandy thought for a moment. She knew a lot of carols, but one in particular seemed to spring to mind for this occasion. Clearing her throat, the blonde girl began to sing. “I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus... Underneath the mistletoe last ni-IGHT!” Her voice shook as she felt Santa’s tongue invade her vagina.

“She didn’t see me creep...” Mandy continued weakly, as she felt the thick tongue drive deeper inside her. “...down the stairs to have a peep...” Oh gosh... She’d only stayed up late tonight so that she could prove her friends wrong about Santa Claus. Now she was being turned into a christmas elf herself!

“S-she thought that I was t-tucked...” It was hard to keep her concentration while being eaten out. Mandy’s could feel her pussy quivering as Santa’s tongue fucked her. “...up in my bedroom fast asleep...” Even as she was tonguefucked, Mandy could almost feel Santa’s tongue getting bigger inside her!

Santa’s nose was buried in her ass, and the muscled woman seemed quite happy about it, judging by the noises she was making. Mandy groaned as she felt Santa squeeze her thighs, her powerful grip almost painful.

Oh... The room around Mandy seemed so big now! She’d lost at least two feet of height now. For a young girl who’d barely reached six foot tall, it was a huge difference. And yet, Mandy couldn’t help but love how much her body was changing.

Santa paused her cunnilingus for a moment, and then slapped Mandy on the thighs. “Oh!” Mandy realized she’d trailed off from her christmas carol. “Um... T-then, I saw Mommy tickle Santa Claus...” Seeming satisfied, the white-haired woman resumed her work on the blonde

girl's vagina. "Underneath his..." No, that didn't quite work, did it? "Underneath *her... pubic hair* so snowy white..."

Mandy could feel her ears lengthening, sharpening as they became full-fledged elf ears, like she'd seen in fantasy movies. "Oh, what a laugh it would have been..." Impressively, despite the loss of her height, Mandy's breasts have retained their size relative to her body. If anything, they actually feel *bigger* to the blonde girl. "If D-daddy had only seen..." Santa's tongue seemed to be working harder and harder, pushing even deeper inside...

Oh gosh... The blonde girl could feel her orgasm coming, the muscled woman's powerful tongue bringing it relentlessly closer. "M-mommy..." The blonde girl tried to sing, as her body began to shiver in anticipation. "...kissing Santa Claus..." Ah! It was coming! It was... "...last ni... NIGHT!"

Mandy felt her vagina finally surrender to the constant hammering of her deepest depths by Santa's tongue. Another orgasm exploded in her groin, rapidly spreading throughout her body. Despite it being the eighth orgasm of the night for the blonde girl, she still couldn't do anything other than feel her mind go blank as the pleasure ripped through her now-tiny body.

Pulling away from the shivering girl, Santa took a deep breath, and swayed slightly in her seat. "Oh, man... you've got a *real* fucking nice singing voice. You must do a lot of carols..." The muscled woman wiped her mouth and looked down at the blonde girl, checking out her new body.

Mandy looked quite a bit different to how she had when Santa had arrived earlier that night. The blonde girl was now barely four feet tall, and her ears were sharply pointed. She looked, to Santa's drunken eye, indistinguishable from any other Christmas elf. "Ah...!" Mandy moaned, as her orgasm finally ebbed. "S-Santa..." The girl could do nothing but lay there, her body still shivering from the aftershock of Santa's power.

"Yeah, I think you'll do well as an elf, kid." Santa chuckled as she sneered down at Mandy. "You'd *better*, cause I ain't turning you back!"

After a few moments, Mandy felt a powerful arm around her waist. "What are you- Wah!" She let out an involuntary cry of alarm as Santa hoisted her into the air. A moment later, the blonde elf was being held in the muscled woman's powerful arms. "Oh... thank you..."

"Alright..." Santa walked back over to the chimney, still noticeably unsteady on her feet as she carried Mandy. Drunk as she was, the white-haired woman didn't seem to have any problems carrying the blonde elf's admittedly much lighter body. "Get your fat little ass over here, elf. Maybe with your help, I'll finish my rounds on time this year."

"With my help...?" Oh gosh! Did Santa mean... "You're gonna take me with you when you deliver presents?" Mandy felt her heart race in excitement. "Will you take me to the North Pole

after that?" She begged desperately. Right now, she couldn't imagine anything she could want more!

Santa grinned down at the young elf in her arms. "Damn right I am! You're *my* present this year. Besides, the toy workshop always needs more workers, even if they're a slut like you. But you'll get some maternity leave pretty quickly, I imagine..." With a lecherous chuckle, the now-huge woman reached down and grabbed a handful of Mandy's butt. The newly-made elf let out a squeak of pleasure. "Better say goodbye to your home, huh?"

"Ah...!" Mandy looked over at the Christmas tree in the corner. "My present...!" The small box was still under the tree, a tantalizing mystery that the blonde elf couldn't leave behind.

"Hmm? Oh, right!" Santa looked over at the tree. "Easy enough..."

All of a sudden, the small present was in Mandy's hands, along with her pajamas. The blonde elf blinked for a moment, and then grinned in excitement. Magic! Real Christmas magic! "Yay!" Mandy hugged the present in total joy.

"Yeah, alright." Santa rolled her eyes. "Just make sure you don't open it 'till morning. ANd keep real quiet when we get back to the North Pole, okay? If and when the brass finds out I turned you into an elf without permission, I'm gonna be on the naughty list again." The muscled woman chuckled to herself. "Not to mention the shit I'm gonna be in when Mrs. Claus finds out I brought home a new elf and got her pregnant."

Reaching out, Mandy snuggled up against Santa's chest. All of sudden, the muscled woman was magically dressed again, but the blonde elf could still feel the sheer hardness of Santa's abs against her pointed ears. "Ah... you forgot something, Santa..." Mandy giggled softly to herself.

"Huh?" Santa paused in front of the chimney. "Did I?" She looked down at the tiny elf in her arms, confused.

Mandy looked up at Santa, smiling warmly up at her new lover. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

Santa blinked for a moment, and then a smile slowly crept across her face. For the first time that night, her smile had no hint of cruelty or frustration. "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you too, kid."