

**A Christmas Gift: The Origin of the Christmas Beast**

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Warning: This story contains wonton acts of an alternative sexual nature including growth and transformation. Reader discretion is advised. Also, depending upon your state/providence/territory and the country of your current residence, if you are considered underage – anything less than an "Adult" – then it is illegal for you to read this story, and if you do read it then you are a naughty child and your parents are to be blamed and not Canada.

Rated: X for Explicit

Dedications: I wish to take the moment to dedicate this story to Susan who requested a Christmas Story from me on behalf of all her friends and all my readers. I also wish to dedicate this story to the profound skill of Jolly Jack, to whom I draw inspiration for this story.

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**Chapter 1: The Girl**

It is said to whom much is given, much is expected.

It is also said to whom is given power, also goes the need of responsibility to use that power, and the greater the power the greater the responsibility.

In truth, depending upon the culture you're from, there's a myriad of these similar statements, but then they never speak of what is expected of a person to whom very little is given.

As an example: does that mean that he or she that is given the least, then that means that the least is expected of that person, or the least responsibility is required of that person? By all accounts that would be how it would seem... especially nowadays. Look around... no matter where you are, you will see those who try to lower the bar for themselves so that you don't expect anything of them, or they have no need for responsibility.

I didn't believe in any of that rot... especially when so many seemed to.

I was given so little in my life, so very, very little. To begin with, I wasn't given parents. None at all. I didn't have the knowledge of parents and then lost them; instead I spent eighteen years of my life – give or take, since they didn't know my real age – as a ward of the state. For those of you who believe that orphans get loving madams and loving sirs and have warm beds, nice neat clothes and books and toys... you are thinking of fairy tales that were invented by orphans in what they wish they had.

Most of the time it isn't like they show in the movies, though if you want a movie example, Orphan Annie was perhaps the best example of what most orphans got to experience.

As you can assume, we orphans come in two varieties: Boys and girls. Girls still stymie in the world in the fact that there is a grand sociological order that places the feminine second and the masculine first. Even in great empires like England where I resided, and in the incredibly diverse and ancient city of London, there was still a residual effect that minimized women wherever they went.

As such, to introduce myself, you may call me Daniele, and as you can assume by the spelling of my once masculine name now turned feminine, I was a girl. I have no Surname, the authorities keep nagging me to chose one, saying I can't just go around calling myself by a single name, but in all effect a single name had been my identity for eighteen years to the point where I became of age, and it was hard to refer to myself as anything other than that.

As an orphan girl, when parents do come looking in your orphanage for a child to call their own, they most often wanted boys, boys that were smart or boys that could play sports like baseball or football were the ones that parents would spend tens of thousands of pounds upon acquiring as their ward... not a ruddy little girl like me. When they did choose a girl, they wanted her pretty, not comely like me.

Don't get me wrong, despite the damnable deficiencies on my body, below average height and weight, stymied vision to where I needed glasses and a slight asthmatic effect that I was too poor to buy medicines for, potential parents often looked me over once and then passed me over. You never know hope lost till you look at a potential mother and father, and then see that look in their eye, or the sneer or the wrinkling of the nose and then they move on. The experience leaves you with a broken heart each time, and each time it happens your heart breaks a little bit more.

I got to hate them, then I got to not wanting them... but secretly, deep down inside my very soul... there was nothing, absolutely nothing I wanted more than a pair of goodly parents who wanted me.

True, I was comely and deficient, but I was smart. Oh I was smart all right, my grades proved that, but still, then they took one look at me, at how small and frail I was, and then moved onto other little girls and boys.

Other little girls and boys grew up into big girls and boys... but I didn't. They grew up into young men and young women... but I didn't. I possessed a despicable genetic quality that made it so that I didn't mature. Eternally young was a despicable thing. I didn't grow much past being a girl. Below average height with no breasts and no hips... seriously... I had no breasts and no hips. I most often was mistaken for a boy if I didn't wear girlish clothes, but even then I could only be considered a girl and not the woman that I was inside.

I sympathized with that girl growing into a woman but keeping the body of a girl in "Interview with a Vampire." With me now at the age of twenty-three, I had the mind of a mature woman but the height and bearing of a girl of twelve. Puberty never found me, I lacked the poise and form of a woman and, for that matter, I didn't even bleed as a woman nor did I have a lick of hair below the scalp.

A woman's insurmountable ability was being able to be virile, sexual... able to have children. Take that away from her and she was... she was... so incredibly distraught. Feelings of worthlessness filled her, she lost hope to ever find a man that would desire her because she couldn't bare him children.

As a girl, the older girls even picked on me because of my size; the parents didn't adopt me because they saw me as sickly, the madam and the sir ignored me. I slept on a cot with a holed blanket and a pillow that was little more than a folded up towel with no cover over it. I had public schooling and wore donated clothes my whole life. Even now.

But like I mentioned I'm twenty-three, and at the age of adulthood, the support of the state immediately stops and they throw you out into the street. I was shunted away from the orphanage the moment I came of age, forced to live on my own, beginning that life with a pittance of money to my name. I was so very nearly among those who would've wound up on the streets, or worse, whored out for money.

It was perhaps a measure of luck, what little of it that I had been given to begin with, that an old mom and pop pair found me as I was going door to door looking for a job, any job. I was desperate, anything that I could do to avoid becoming one of the countless living in the streets. As such they took me in, spared me from the street or being a whore... even if I could've had that particular kind of life as a whore. I looked like a child, the only sort of man I would attract was the pedophile or was into the school girl thing, then I could've made top pound for my... services. But nevertheless, Mom and Pop... as I refer to them, I never learned their real names, were the closest people I ever had to real parents. They saved me from both the street and the bordellos.

They gave me a tiny little room above their shop, one that they rented out mind you... and I've been a month behind since coming here. Little by little I'm approaching the mark of '*on-time*', but I needed clothes and food of course, but nevertheless... they did install upon me the insurmountable measure of "To whom much is given, much is expected."

And I was given so much by them, so I gave back to others who needed it. I shared what I could. I had a roof, food, clothes and heat. Trust me... that's a whole lot more than some have.

Well... I could've more appropriately paid back Mom and Pop by now... but... well... I had to help those who weren't as fortunate as I was. It was the right thing to do after all.

I'd not had a single thing in my stocking all my life, but then... who cares about silly little knickknacks? Not when you can hear the repeated words of:

"Bless you. Bless you Daniele." Mother Day mentioned to me, reaching out with her gloved hand to touch mine, giving it as firm a shake as she could manage.

Mother Day was an old woman. She'd lived on the streets since she was a girl, and so the homeless looked to her for guidance, but her words weren't the last.

"Thank you Daniele." From a middle aged man who still wore the tattered suit he got thrown out of his business in. He was known as The Sir.

"Bless you child." A true diamond in the rough... she was a beautiful, beautiful woman who took the street over being made a whore. Her name was Belle.

"I pray for you Daniele. You bring us such hope." A young man who worked at the churches as often as he could. Possibly he could get a father of the church to take him in and give him room and board.

For them, with no thought of return for myself, I wasn't trying to buy my way into heaven or something, I worked the soup kitchens weekly, but during the Christmas season it was several times a week. The winter brought cold, and the cold brought more deaths on the streets, but for Christmas, the Catholic Church, the Lutherans, the Red Cross and several others charitable organizations always... always helped the poor.

But times were tough for the churches too, and lately they had to pool resources into one fabulous whole, putting away all their differences just so as to be able to feed the poor, who, during Christmas, were universal regardless as to what God that they prayed to.

What God... feh. It was one God... many names. Why doesn't anyone else see that? Elohim, Allah, Yaweh or, or whatever, they all prayed to the same God. Because one look at the sick and hungry and the depressed, sleeping on a damnable grate in the middle of the winter because the cold air from the grate was slightly warmer than the freezing air around you, or stuffing newspapers around their body while their tummies growl... they were all the same.

Destitute.

I could not in good conscience, being that I had a better life, leave them behind.

I at least had a warm place to sleep, I had food, I had clothing and a place to shower and clean myself. Despite all my frailties, I saw that I was indeed blessed. And because I was blessed, I gave of my own food and donated my old clothes back to the shelves I bought them from... so that another may be clothed.

"So delicious, Danielle. It is amazing what you do with so little. The soup this year is marvelous."

"I live with a woman who is an absolute great cook. She could make a rock flavorful. Now... don't forget your bread and cheese." I smiled at him.

"Oh child... you give so much. All of this? Just for us? We don't deserve such kindness" And the old bearded gentleman reached out and kissed my hands, and I saw that his gloves were missing their fingers.

"Nonsense. Don't think yourself above help. I only wish I could give more." I said and removed my gloves from my own thin, slender little hands and handed them to him.

"Oh no... no-no-no... not your gloves child. It's going to be cold tonight."

"Exactly." I told him and pressed the gloves into his hands. "It'll be freezing, and your fingers will frostbite if you don't have proper coverage. Now go... eat your soup. I found a new recipe that's flavorful and hearty and most of all cheap to make."

“Bless you miss.” He blushed and moved on.

Things like this brought a tear to my eye at times, and wiping one away this time, I continued serving the meek and the poor food paid for with money from my own pockets.

I gave at the poor box here at the soup kitchen... leaving most of my remaining unused pay for working with Mom and Pop at their store. This would leave me little, but that was ok, I'd get paid in another two weeks anyways.

I walked home without any gloves... I always walked. I couldn't afford the busses that ran through London, but I was dressed warm regardless. Pull over hoodie, scarf, large men's jacket that was worn well but it didn't have any holes in it, and most of all it was dry. I was wearing a pair of long johns beneath my jeans that I had to roll the cuffs up because they were too large, and the shoes I wore were a bit large for my feet... nice for the extra socks I had on that not only helped to keep my feet warm but also to double for the soles of the shoes that were worn nearly off when I got them. From the distance, I looked like some boy till one peered into my hood and saw that I was wearing barrettes and some meager make up; just lipstick and some eye shadow.

The cold of a London winter cared for the blush on my cheeks and nose.

“Money... Money for the poor?” a woman who looked to be about my age said, and I stopped and looked upon her. “Please, I haven't eaten for days.”

I held out my cold, naked hand. “I know of a place where you can get warm food and a warm cot and some clothes. Come with me.”

“Oh bless you... bless you.” She wept, the tears freezing to her face. But I turned right around amidst voices from a Catholic Church singing Silent Night, and brought her right back to the soup kitchen I'd just left, back tracking through the cold and snow to take her to where for at least a couple nights she could enjoy the warmth of those that really do give.

There were so many poor and needy, and so few of us that could provide for them.

## Chapter 2: Mom and Pop

I returned to the store to find a man there, and he had Mom and Pop at gunpoint.

“Open the fucking safe! Open it or I’ll plug you both for it!” he shouted, and I could hear the desperation in his voice that this season seemed to bring forth instead of the joy, happiness and perpetual hope it was supposed to.

I turned slightly... people in the streets were turning a blind eye. There were many cops in the streets of London, all it would take would be for someone to call the alarm, blow the whistle as the phrase was coined. Americans carried Pepper Spray or a gun, but here in London all you needed was a police whistle. I had one. Mom gave it to me, afraid that while I out and about just giving-giving-giving that someday someone would corner me and just take.

I could’ve blown the whistle, I could’ve called several cops for many blocks around over to take this man down, but I didn’t. This was Christmas after all and of all things I understood what was going on in his mind. Unlike Mom and Pop, I’d tasted desperate... and it was a bitter pill to swallow. He was desperate. I’d seen the look, I’d had the looks, saw it in the mirror more than once. The sad thing is, is that with the threat of living on the street approaching, some people, the desperate sort, would do anything to avoid it. They committed crimes so that when it was cold they would serve time in jail, get hot meals and a cushioned bed with a pillow for their head. Others would try snatch and grabs... steal purses, rob stores like this one so that if they got away then they lived free with spare money, if they got caught then the state took care of them.

They called it being ‘*institutionalized*’ for those who got in the habit of just being criminals so that they were constantly in jail being taken care of.

Looking through the window, with intricate holiday paint done by Pop, I looked in on the closest people to ever be like my parents, Mom a short woman of Irish descent... complete with red hair and green eyes, she was as Pop called her, ‘*a bonnie wee lass*’. She was plump and ample with her red hair speckled with gray, and she always wore a dress and whenever she was down in the store she wore an apron that was in the colors of her clan. The Irish, the Scots and the Welsh always had a pattern that identified themselves to a particular clan on their kilts.

Pop was dressed as Chris Cringle, which made this even harder to bear. Who would hold up Santa Claus on Christmas Eve? As such, it wasn’t a pillow that gave him his paunch, but dying his hair and beard for Christmas made him look like Chris Cringle. He must’ve just returned from one of the malls. They paid him a thousand pounds or more just to work Christmas Eve till the stores closed. He was well suited for the role because of his natural body shape, his natural beard and the fact he really did wear wire rim glasses.

And then I looked to the hood. A stain down his front, a long coat that was too thin for the weather, his hat was pulled down low over his ears. He was possibly half-drunk at the moment.

The bell over the door created a little jingle as I entered, and the man turned and fired. The bang made people in the streets run and scream, and there was a shout as a can of milk over my shoulder spilled its contents from the bullet hole. Striding over to the cash register, I opened it, removed two hundred pounds in the form of twenty pound notes, and then shut the drawer.

“What are you doing?! Give me all of it!”

“I know where you are right now...” I said and held out the twenties in a neat fan. “You’re between a rock and a hard place with the roof caving in, you’re desperate, and chances are you just shot the only bullet in that gun. Take this money and run. There will be half a dozen bobbies on you within less than a minute... you don’t have time to think twice. If they catch you, you’ll have nothing, and whatever you’re fighting for right now will be for naught.”

He hesitated, then he snatched and then he ran out the back door and into the alleyway behind us, and Mom and Pop who were huddled together gave a sigh of relief. I turned to them.

“I’ll pay you back.” I told them.

“Dearie,” Mom said. “Ye just saved th’ rest o’ th’ till. That be our whole day’s earnings in there. I think we can call it even that we only lost a couple hundred pounds. We could’ve lost a few thousand!”

“Still, nevertheless, I should...” I continued as I pulled back my two layered hoods.

“Don’t you fret lil’ bop,” Pop said. He had a definable Liverpool accent. You want someone comparable to understand the accent, the look at a Beetle named Ringo Starr. “And oh me, you lost your mittens again.”

“I wouldn’t say lost.” I said meekly.

“Gave them away then did ye?” Mom replied. “Oh ye kind soul. Here... an’ Merry Christmas.” And she handed me, just like that, a pair of gloves that were sold in a box behind the counter. The expensive kind.

“Oh I couldn’t...” I gasped. “These are too nice.”

“Oh I know they’re going to wind up onna nother’s hands eventually, here then.” She said and produced a pair of mittens she’d been knitting.

She made several hand-made things, so did Pop, but hers were a multitude of hand-sewn, stitched, cross-stitched, embroidered and so on things and sold them here in the store. They brought hundreds of pounds in when the occasional tourist like a Jerry or a Yank – those are Germans and Americans for those unfamiliar with the lingo – came by to check out jolly ole’ England.

“These are just so precious...” I gasped. “Thank you Mom.” And I embraced her quickly, enjoying the press of a real woman’s bosom against me. It was so comforting to feel her embrace me like a daughter.

“Daniele, it’s the least we could do.” Pop said. “You think of everyone else first and yourself second. We haven’t had such a phenomenal young woman like that since Princess Diana, may she be made into a Saint.” Pop said and crossed himself. “Child you do so much, and we know those gloves will find their way onto the hands of someone needy, but we still want you to have them. Now turn out your pockets.”

“But...” I protested.

“I said turn out you pockets girl.” He said with a laugh and I did, and when they found them empty save for lint, I saw them frown.

“Oh honey... how will ye eat?” Mom asked me and combed my hair with her nails.

“I have some money upstairs.” I told them. “And that fridge you fixed up Papa...” and I stopped, looking away abashed with my cheeks reddening. I’d wanted to call them ‘*mama*’ and ‘*papa*’ for a long, long time. That was the first time it’d slipped out. “...still has some... food... innit.” I finished.

“Oh honey...” Pop said, and this time he came to hug me. “Don’t be ashamed of that. You go ahead and call me your Papa if you want.”

“But it’s not right... it isn’t proper.”

“Oh pish-posh.” Mom said. “Who be t’ say wot’s proper? Heavens... not since we found out...” she paused and I looked to them. They had no children. I only assumed that it was that they couldn’t. “But anyways, ye call me yer mama, and ye call him yer papa if it be making ye happy. Anything t’ make ye happier than ye are child. Ye’ve been a blessing on us these past few years, and I can tell ye that I’m so... so happy that th’ Good Lord brought you t’ our doorstep that Christmas Eve.”

“I’m unhappy?” I asked.

“We can see it in your eyes.” Pop replied. “You’re only happy when you’re helping those less fortunate than yourself.”

And then there was a jingle, and a bobby, that's a police officer to you Yanks, entered and removed that tall conic hat of his with its winter ear flaps as he entered.

"Mum, sir... we have a report of a burglary?"

"We'll take care o' this kiddo." Mom said as Pop turned to give a report to the policeman. "Ye just go upstairs an' run th' bath. I'll be up t' wash yer back."

I hugged her again and went upstairs to run a bath like she said, rubbing my hands from the cold I still felt from outside.

### Chapter 3: The Gift

I didn't often get to have baths. To minimize my impact to Mom and Pop's costs here I didn't waste things and a heated bath was a remarkable luxury in regards to water and the energy needed to heat it. It was something I usually didn't spend money on. Besides, I grew up getting cold showers shoulder to shoulder with about a dozen other girls during our shower time. Liquid hand soap doubled as shampoo and body wash, so I was used to it. So sitting there, naked and skinny and short blond hair undone, mama entered with a beaming smile and took the necessity of washing me with her own pretty things. Bath oils and real shampoo using a soft frilly sponge to wash my back.

Oh I loved it. This was the sort of thing I always wanted... a mother who loved me, who washed me and shared her secrets of womanhood and beauty with me. Who knows? Maybe with her help I really could grow up and become a woman... not this small, sickly fem that I am.

Mama got me to my room and said she'd clean my clothes for me, and once inside the tiny little room I closed the door and removed the long bath towel and stretched my slender and small shape, revealing the almost complete lack of feminine form on this body. I looked like a boy without his boyhood. Like I often did I turned to the mirror and palmed the place where my breasts should be, but only flattened and rather bony ridges laid where once could see my ribs through the skin.

I hated this body.

With a sigh I proceeded to find something to wear for the night, padding across a thin carpet on the floor in a small room where one side of the room was slanted greatly due to the roof cutting down across the room here. Despite the small size of the room, I nevertheless had a few fineries in it, if only everything here was scavenged and donated to me.

Papa was the sort of person who called the city dump a mall. I guess there were all sorts of persons who did that sort of thing all over the world, these people often called a tinkerer, one person's junk was their treasure, and they took pleasure and pride fixing things that others thought to just throw away. Mama was oft times upset being that he brought back more than he dropped off at times, but nevertheless after it was cleaned and repaired... you'd be amazed at the sorts of things people just threw away!

As such, in my room was a wardrobe... a tall narrow thing that when I came looking for work five years ago, Pop put me to work sanding it. So I sanded it in multiple layers, wanting to do a good job, because if you did a good job they might ask you back. I worked through the night and into the morning meticulously sanding it, and when it was time for me to go I curtsied and excused myself before leaving as was proper. It was then they asked me if I had a place to sleep, I told them I didn't, the pair looked at each other once and then offered me this room with a simple bed roll to sleep on then after giving me a deliciously warm Christmas breakfast of tea and cakes with real churned butter and honey. A whole week I worked on that wardrobe, sanding it with finer and finer sand and each night I slept in that room at the top of the stairs and they fed me for my work. Pop showed me how to stain and then glaze and then polish the wardrobe even, very professionally done too with plastic hanging drop clothes dust elimination. When it was all done, I, little old me, helped him carry it up the stairs, where we placed it in this room and here it'd stayed.

Over the years more and more things were added to this little room that Mom and Pop and I restored or repaired. I had a little television that just needed a new power cord, a mini refrigerator that wasn't even broken, it just needed to be cleaned, a twin bed that likewise needed sanding and preparation for staining, a mattress still in its plastic that fit it, and many blankets and sheets that just needed cleaning.

I often went looking for clothes people threw away when I went to the dump with papa... just to clean and give them to the poor. Much better place for clothes than rotting away in a dump.

Placing the towel in a simple basket here that was on top of a dresser, I paused in the corrugated light in the room being shone up from the street lamps below by the slats of a blind as I viewed myself in the mirror on the back of the door to my room for the second time. Papa was right... I was unhappy, my face showed it and this body was to blame.



Forever locked as a little girl, I had little probability to ever find love. Unable to menstruate, I was unable to bare children. I could hardly orgasm even... the times I tried to express myself sexually I only got a shiver out of it, like someone running up and down my spine.

I would change only this one thing in my life... I wanted to be a woman. I wanted to be strong and sexual, I wanted to bring home a boy to meet Mom and Pop, show them my babies and... sigh.

Like all times when I looked at myself like this, I slid two hands down my body to feel my loins. Nothing. The tight, smooth pair allowed for no level of sexual comfort. I might've just been a little girl wondering what made me a girl and boys boys. This was the problem to me... it was weak, the weakest sex ever, so weak it couldn't make me a woman.

Sighing, going to the wardrobe, I removed my pajama, or at least what served as one, from it and donned it. It was a long shirt... and an oversized one at that. It was the sort of thing that would fit a three hundred pound person half again my height like, only on me it fit like a muumuu would. As a ninety-eight pound woman, the great big thing fell down to my ankles with sleeves that came down to my forearms in deep folds. It was a cute thing, white with a picture of a kitty face on it where the chest might be on a person this would fit, but on me it was at about my belly.

Putting my own woes aside, deciding instead to be thankful for what I did have instead of dwelling upon what I didn't, I slid into bed under a thick warm quilt and nice linen sheets. Whenever I start feeling bad about what I didn't have, I tried to think of what I did have... and I reminded myself that my meager possessions was a lot more than others had, more than I had as an orphan. Sliding deep into the sheets and the bedding, praying my thanks for the things that I had before bed, I settled myself into a deep winter's nap, especially when I didn't have to work tomorrow.

I was about to go to bed when something went... click.

It was the sound of something hollow clattering to the floor, and blinking and rising, looking out into the blurred room before I reached over for my glasses and put them back on, I looked around and saw something strange. There was a little red package tied up with a pink bow and a little card under the ribbon and bow lying on the floor before the warm fire that had died to coals. Throwing the blankets aside I rose to retrieve the box, and found that it had my name on it as the addressee on the little card of its front.

"Curious." I said aloud, and then pried the pink ribbon off of it and then opened the also pink tissue paper inside and blinked at its contents... a truly unexpected sort of thing to find in a box like this in the middle of the night on Christmas Eve.

Inside the box was a pair of panties. But not like the ten in a package that I usually got, these were... oh they were *fancy*...

I was pretty sure they officially could qualify as lingerie. The backs were a half seat... a rather narrow triangle of white but it would still cover my bottom... mostly. That design was meant to show off ass not conceal it. Rather it was meant to conceal crack not ass, I realized.

The front was a mixture of sheer and transparent lace with an inside was an oval band made of sleek white silk meant to cover my sensitive womanhood... girlhood, that shone even in the dim light. On the front was a tiny little bow that looked like a holly that might be held over the door to prompt lovers to kiss, but instead over a door, this one would be held immediately over my loins. I bit my overly thickened lower lip, blushing with the thought of the implication of putting it over my maidenhood meant. To imagine a man's lips there... ohh... it made me shiver. The sheer lace glittered lightly in the dim light of the fading fire, with a butterfly imprinted beneath the bow that was like it was kissing it.

As a final note, the straps were... rather interesting. They stretched... a lot. And I do mean a lot. They would go from fitting a little woman-girl like me to fitting a five hundred pound elephant woman. It must've had a yard of pleated cloth that bunched and tightened together that in its little diminutive form for me, it would've been like a frilly waistline. There was more stretchable cloth between crotch and seat too. Talk about one-size-fits-all...

And they smelled of cinnamon, mmm... cinnamon. Pressing the finery to my face I smelled them, the aroma so pungent I could taste it through just smelling it, pressing the crotch of a woman's undergarment against my lips and indeed kissing them. It made me slightly incensed.

I looked around as if the real Daniele that these were really meant for would storm into my room and demand me to return the gift rightfully meant for her, but no one like that came. These were for me. So, tentatively, I lowered them, and since I was the sort of fem that didn't wear panties at night – gotta get air up there sometime, right? – I stepped first one and then the other leg into the women's finery, an undergarment that I knew would've cost a lot of money because of the lace alone. Mama's lace doilies cost at least fifty pounds. There was at least that on these panties.

So I pulled them up, biting my lower lip again in anticipation of feeling the finery around my loins, till at long last the largish patch of fabric settled neatly over my maidenhood; a thing that was both hairless and pert, un-pierced like a girl's, undeveloped because I'd never had a man to lay me. The silk was smooth and gentle to the touch. It was perhaps the best sort of fabric to cover my loins, and when it touched me there I shivered, and giggled high in my nose from the sensations of it.

Holding the pajama shirt I wore, I palmed my navel, feeling something awakening there, something I'd never felt before as my loins clenched and I felt something tickle me high in my nose... the sensation of the feelings I gorged on rose to a peak and then exploded... and I shivered.

Wonderful...

Letting the shirt fall to my ankles, I marveled at the wonderful gift that had fallen from the fireplace and... wait. I don't have a fireplace.

And I turned, and instead found the narrow radiator there with the kettle on top of it that supplied heat for me was, and the fireplace that had just been there, just like a dream, likewise had disappeared.

## Chapter 4: What's in a Gift?

There was a term that some gentlemen would use in regards to us women, and that term was *'hot and bothered.'* Supposedly, gentlemen don't get hot and bothered, they just get randy. For the uninitiated, essentially this term refers to a heightened and rather extreme sexual state where the mind grows numb and dumb as the sexual centers of our bodies draw all the blood for arousal. Breasts blush and perspire, areola swell and nipples erect and harden, our vulvas grow hot and swell as they likewise blush, and our innards grow flush with slick, sticky ejaculate. We perspire greatly and we enter into an enhanced sexual state, but those are only the external signs. What happens inside a woman's body is expressly intense.

Inside our bodies... we get an erection, just like men, only the column of vaginal flesh inside our bodies swell and firm up, just like the gates of our lovely bodies, the muscles grow thick and ridged, knotting and churning and...

At... least that's what I heard happens. I'd yet to experience that sensation. But to feel it... to feel your loins pucker and then thicken with the flushing of hot passionate blood throbbing into the peaks of nipples and clitoris till they poked out of your clothes and you blushed across face, neck, chest and loins, was an entirely different sensation.

But that night, in that place between sleep and awake, something monstrous was waking up inside me.

It began at the hollow of my throat and slowly, ever so slowly, slid down my gullet like I was swallowing it. It passed my chest and heated the nipples, erecting them till they twisted into knots and tightened till they ached; the pair enlarging and erecting above puffing areola to what some would call golf tee nipples. My breathing quickened, fueling the rising passions inside this frail and tiny body of mine, and in that place between sleep and awake, my room and bed melted away to fluffy white clouds and my clothes were stripped from me till I was naked as I felt something changing inside me, transforming me.

There were hands on me, lips kissing my body from several directions, sucking on nipples, pressing against my lips, licking the sensitive areas of my body while I felt what was like fingers sliding tantalizingly up and down my twin labial muscles. Those hands spread the lips, massaging and molding them into thicker and longer things that broadened and flared and disgorged its innards, the clitoris erecting and throbbing thicker and thicker as it drew out the folds inside of me with the intensity of the rising arousal, right in time for another pair of lips and a tongue to find it... and ever so gently... *suck.*

In my half-sleep I pressed my knobby knees and coltish legs together, rubbing them around the once pert sex that was growing and engorging impossibly between my legs, and ever so slowly lifted those knees up into the air. Sighing audibly then, I then let those slowly spread open, the movement causing the shirt-dressing gown I wore to slide up both legs to the hips, and lowering a hand I slid a finger up and down the deepening crevice of my sex as I blushed deeper, sighed lower, massaging the silken fabric against the engorging and sensitively enhancing vaginal muscles as my innards moistened.

The muscles of my belly rolled from sternum to sex, and at the very end of the roll, those vaginal muscles of mine clenched like a fist as I tossed, my body twisting in the blankets with one hand gripping the sheets of my bed and the other the knot of clenching vaginal muscles as my hips rolled and back arched. The breath panted through my lips as that monster awakened within me, and in the view of my dreams I saw the half-seen images of men and women about me, worshiping me with their love, till one, a man with rippling abs and pecs that bounced with his every move, and a great big huge dick that swung heavily from his loins, kissed my lips, gripped my chest to massage it, pulling mounds of flesh upward and leaving tits in their place. Small things... but they were tits nevertheless! He lowered his kisses down my bodice, lower and lower, till he kissed my loins and probed it with his tongue.

The blush burned in my skin, turning the pale white of my flesh into a darker peach as it flushed with an even redder blush. The energetic sensations I felt rose, and rose as those kisses enticed me, the hands massaging and the kisses loving me. But then that man rose in a deep powerful arch, and I swear I felt the press of something hot and meaty against my loins right before it pushed, but the strength of my loins was powerful! He had to push harder, and harder, and ever so slowly the clenching strength of my powerful womanhood spread open, the tongue of my clit sliding over the head of a thick cock that was riddled with muscles and throbbing veins before that column of curving meat invaded my womanhood and penetrated me. With a series of crunches and cracks, his girth made my hips widen, widen into a woman's hips as he penetrated deeper, throbbing harder as he went even deeper, shoving up into my body as I gurgled from the sensation of it as if it were pressing against the base of my throat.

I perspired so heavily that the clothing I wore stuck to me, and as the sensation of that cock in my loins drove home again and again, my pelvis flat with it, I only felt his erection thickening, spreading my loins open into a wide O-shape, his chestnuts pressing against my bottom, while instinctively my body tightened the vaginal muscles as my innards clenched and rolled of their own accord, moistening my insides with a sticky white juice that aided in the sliding and the stirring of that thick meat in me.

I moaned and thrashed, tossed my head and gasped, feeling the tantric pain of lovemaking as my innards flushed, clenched. With my mouth open, another suitor was above me, and I kissed his prick before its mass began to press home, penetrating my mouth, sliding down my gullet as my teeth slid against his manhood. Not all the way so that I felt his balls on my face or anything, this was my damn dream after all and that was disgusting, but nevertheless this man's prick surged and I began to swallow rhythmically what he gave me, and every swallow filled me with such warmth and such strength that as the beast awakened, and my womanhood evolved, suddenly... I came.

I must've lost five pounds just in the jet of water that flushed from me before I sat bolt upright, my body clenching and re-clenching as I bit my hand and moaned nasally to be kept from being heard from Mom and Pop. When it was over, I dared to pull the sheets away and see the mess, but when I did, despite how much my body must've expelled, I found that there was no welling wet spot like that time I pissed myself.

But there was nothing, and palming my pussy, not only did I find myself still dry, but I also found myself still aroused, still popping the camel toe with all the neat lace curving around the labial folds of my loins, and as aroused as I was, I soon felt the stabbing sensations of further arousal, and closing my eyes and biting my lower lip, I felt that sensation of a great big meaty cock thrusting over and over in me again. I came one more time, a repeating ejaculation that flushed into those panties, but when I opened my eyes again, despite how real it felt, it was still dry.

Despite how dry it was the rest of me was wet and hot, and sliding out of bed I hopped up onto the gracefully cooled wooden floor of my room, and surging toward the window I thrust it open and peaked my head and body through it, breathing the thankfully moist cold air that breathed against me. Puffs of vapor exited from my mouth and nose and immediately turned into falling snow that it was so cold outside, so cold that its cooling tongue on my cold nipples and loins only enticed them more, and both erected even harder than ever till they ached.

Girls got boners, just like boys did, and though the only visible part of that boner was the vibrant little clit hiding beneath its hood, the rest of that boner was the column of womanflesh that drove up inside our bowels, a column so large and thick that it took a man's boner inside us. I never thought of it like that before but the awareness only increased the sensations of sexuality in me, to think... even in this little girl's body I was still sexually more powerful than most men!

But whenever I closed my eyes I felt that boner penetrating, stirring me, surging inside me till I grew weak and swooned... forgetting that I was leaning out the window of the second story window.

I tumbled over the awning, rolled and fell, but in the short ten foot fall from the top of the awning to the floor, my body reacted, twisted and flipped in an instinctive acrobatic twist so that I landed nimbly on my hands and feet.

Blinking as I rose, with only a pair of wool socks covering my feet as I did and the heavy folds of the oversized shirt I wore, I balanced on my spread toes, amazed that I'd managed that maneuver. Perhaps it was some need of self-preservation thing, but I'd just nimbly saved myself short of a broken neck or back or both, and on a slippery icy surface no less. Rising more fully, I looked at my hands disbelievingly that they'd moved as such with the rest of me to save me even as my pussy throbbed and pulsed even harder, the lips clenching as they billowed and I panted, feeling it swelling with my nipples still, hardening and firming and spreading open till the lips pressed against my legs, but as I looked at my hands I blinked at the length of the nails I had.

I was a nail biter... I chewed off all my nails and kept them short, but nevertheless since I'd gone to bed they'd grown by several inches, rounding to points.

A thought in my head was just beginning to develop as to how that was possible, but a surging in my loins distracted me from that thought as I came again. The sensation made me stupid; it drove the thought from my mind and I had to lean against the stone wall here as my pussy throbbed and engorged even more, the slit lengthening as the muscular folds swelled even more and pressed into my

thighs. Stuffing a hand down those panties to twist and twirl my loins with a pair of fingers, I caressed and fingered and twisted my loins and clit unabashedly, getting them to respond for the first time in my life.

I felt the fluid rush of ejaculate splatter my hands, but the moment they hit those panties they disappeared; or at least dried instantly. Several pints of my nectar had already left me. I should be dehydrated but I was producing so much heavy water that I expected to be losing weight from drying out as it were. But once that silken fluid splattered those panties it cleared, disappeared or was absorbed into the world's best moisture locker...

Bringing the juices up on those fingers, fingers that seemed to be strengthening, thickening and lengthening, I began to lick them off my paw – wait... paw? No, Hand! What do I mean by 'paw?' – tasting the delectable sweetness of the orgasmic juices.

Steam rose from me as I perspired, growing hotter despite the heat of the surrounding air, and despite the loosely flowing clothing I wore, I felt as if I were constricting everywhere, but most especially my chest. Absentmindedly I reached up and clenched the cloth over my chest in hopes to relieve the pressure of what felt like the hands still knotting me, clenching my chest and kneading the loose flesh over my bony chest, but what I found there made my eyes snap open wide and pupils dilate till the colors of those eyes almost disappeared. Pulling the deep neck of the garment forward, I gaped at the appearance of what I thought was impossible, but nevertheless, there, along the corners of my chest causing a subtle conic slope were the beginnings of two budding breasts.

"I have breasts..." I gasped. "I have breasts!!" I cheered and danced a pirouette, agilely spinning and prancing on just my toes like a prima ballerina, hind leg lifting and arching backward well outside my usual flexibility as I felt the panties slipping and sliding about me, fingering me even as they slid into the crack of my bottom and into the slit of my sex.

But after I'd turned and swayed and finished dancing the short little steps, hearing music like *'The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies'* inside my head, I whirled and turned and pirouetted one more time, only to slap right up against a tall, masculine and rather young and strapping policeman.

"Indeed you do miss." He breathed and I panted energetically, my nostrils flaring at the smell of him, the hard smell of cedar and wood chips and Old Spice... of hard sweat of a working man. "Are you well? Are you lost? It doesn't seem right that a young lady like yourself should be out and about in this sort of weather."

It began to snow... just like a Christmas gift, and before I knew what I was doing I surged against him, gripping his sides and smelling his throat.

"You smell nice." I told him, and perhaps in his mind he was thinking that I was some sort of nutter.

If I were to watch someone dancing and prancing in nothing but their underwear I would've thought the same thing, but that sort of thing didn't strike me at the moment. What did strike me at the moment was that this was a man, and a strong, virile and vibrant man at that, and grinding my hips against his groin I licked his thickened neck.

"Ah... th-this is highly irregular. I should... I should call for help... to help... you, and... mmm." He'd been in the process of removing the silver whistle from his front coat pocket to call another of the lone cops that were working the constant vigil on Christmas Eve when I reached up and kissed him.

Something in my kiss silenced him, he fed off it, kissed me back, tried to passionately suck that sensation from me as I drove him into the nearest alleyway, up against a wall, feeling that monster in me growing hungry now as it swelled and surged inside me even as I began to undo his belts and pants.

"A-are..." He swallowed. "Are you from around here?"

"Mom and Pop's Corner Store... right here." I said and slapped the cold stone wall behind his head, and then pulled his boxers down to unleash the long, hard, and bulging dick therein.

All it took was a subtle shifting of my panties aside to reveal the thickened and swollen, red blushing labial lips. I paused, breathing excitedly as I brushed my fingers against downy little hairs that had formed above the clit against my pelvis, right before with great

anticipation I drove myself onto his built in saddle horn and began to drive myself onto it, impaling this body upon it. Soon his duty was forgotten as he hoisted me onto his lap, and with all that remarkable strength of a young man, and a policeman, I rode his lap and creamed, leaving the smell of my juices on his maleness as he came into me in several lances as my loins knotted and clenched as they thickened within me. I felt that column of womanflesh seemingly swelling in me, distending my rounded tummy, the pussy lips thickening as they all drew on his cock, making it enlarge inside me perhaps? I seemed to grow only as he did; my loins fattening with muscular strength as he and I kissed again and again, all while the monster in me grew and grew.

The first miracle of Christmas is that finally I'd passed ever so slightly from girl to young woman, sexually alive, arousing and desirable by a man enough for him to sex me with his mighty spear.

The second was that I at long last had sex with a guy.

## Chapter 5: Awakening the Beast

“Thank you for the cocoa.” Bill mentioned. Oh! Who’s Bill? He’s the cop. Everything about him was simple, short, sweet and to the point. Even his name. “The peppermint stick is a wonderful addition.

“No... Thank you.” I smiled warmly to him... feeling so erotic now as I accepted the cup and held it to my chest.

The mammalian swells had thickened noticeably, both pert and both presenting excise erections of teats that stood on end so much that they created a looping line between them, and two long curtains that fell from them. What was more... were that his eyes were upon them. To feel a man’s attention on me, to know someone desired me was a remarkable sensation, and I gravitated to him automatically because of it, wanting the attention. “Come by any time. My name is Danielle.”

“Miss...” he said and tipped his cap but then stepped forward and I felt him knuckle my breast, feeling the swell and the areola and the teat, each separately, going so far as to finger the teat with a finger as he drew near. My legs spread open immediately, revealing my panties and the rolling mounds of sexual muscle there, inviting him into me again, but with a peck on my forehead, then one on the bridge of my nose and a final on my lips, he withdrew but nevertheless palmed my breast with his gloved hand. “Forgive me. If I don’t report in then someone will come looking for me.” he turned but then paused and turned back to me. “May I call on you again... when I’m not on duty that is?”

“Yes!” I shouted and he blinked, taken aback by that. “S-sorry... yes... please. I’d love to meet you again.” I blushed more deeply than ever, thighs pressing against each other as the growth of the she-beast inside me grew even more rapidly... swelling faster and faster than ever, especially now that the body it inhabited was no longer a virgin.

My sexuality was awakened, and now it just kept expanding!

He took my hand, bowed over it and kissed it briefly between the knuckles, tonguing my hand briefly as he lifted his eyes to look me straight in the face for a moment, spreading those fingers like a sexual promise. I almost swooned again. Oh merciful heavens he was one of those gentleman cops, the sort that fast-tracked to detective. Oh yes... hmm... and before I knew it I was guiding his hand to my tit to press against the growing pad there again. He held it, smiling at me till I blushed even deeper and backed away.

“I’m sorry... I don’t often have the attentions of a fine gentleman like you.”

“And I don’t often have the attentions of a fine lady like you.” He said and I shyly shrugged and blushed. “I almost thought I’d be one of those lonely cops my whole life, coming home to my cat night by night.”

“You have a cat?!” I beamed. “I love cats!”

He smiled grandly. “That makes me glad. And... I’m also glad that I was able to meet you Daniele.”

Again a tip of his cap before he left, tying the ear muffs down beneath his chin and lifting the scarf before he set off again, and I blinked after him till suddenly my vision began to blur. At first I thought that I was growing misty-eyed, and lifting a finger to wipe the tears away, I moved the glasses out of the way only to find that as they lifted my vision cleared without the glasses in place.

I could see without my glasses? Another Christmas miracle!

I removed them and blinked, wrinkling my nose as I set the glasses beside the cash register, picking up this and that and able to read them at a distance, even the fine print!

“Oh my goodness! This is so neat! It’s like Lasik without the surgery!” I gasped, but then slowed, tensing as my innards clenched, and then with a groan I tightened, clenched my thighs together and came in a long hard jet, huffing and puffing as my body clenched and ground yet again and again a jet of nectar split my loins in two.

I heard creaking and popping as muscles rippled and spasmed rapidly all about me, veins throbbing beneath my flesh and it felt like I was doing a full body flex!

Falling back against the counter, thighs rubbing against each other as I felt them squeezing and cajoling my incredibly engorged pussy, suddenly I felt popping sensations in me along with cracking sounds, and twisting and embracing myself as my breathing quickened, I came again and again, pissing lances of hot wet nectar that spilled into my panties but went no further. But as I breathed, my heart racing, every breath seemed to work like a bellows pump, and looking down as I tugged down the neck of the shirt-gown I wore and watched amazedly as those tits capping my chest just began to swell outward with every breath I took.

Panting I cupped them to see if I was seeing things, but nevertheless, those hands of all those lovers from in my dreams from before were touching me again, and rising up on tip toe with legs spread, all I needed to do was close my eyes and suddenly that man who was naked above me from before had now transformed into Bill; his hard cock lancing deeper and deeper inside me as it grew with me.

I panted and breathed as the kisses made my skin supple as it blushed even more, hands kneading my muscles to loosen them as they rose like a cake in the oven beneath the flesh, thickening and rounding as the veins in me pulsated and throbbed; all of them steadily thickening as I did grow. And with each breath I took, those breasts swelled inside my hands, filling and swelling little by little while I writhed in ecstasy.

Again I came and lifted the shirt-gown above those panties as they shone and seemed to glitter like they were made of millions of little ice crystals, and snaking an arm beneath the gown I gripped and massaged a tit, experimenting with the swelling areola and the erecting nipple as its nib thickened and swelled, billowing outward within my fingers with each breath. My other hand slid inside the panty guarding my loins now that it was neatly back in place, and I pissed more and still more of that delectable nectar that Bill had feasted upon, drank from and licked clean off my loins as he placated and worshiped me like I was an altar of love.

The effects of that man's erection up inside me had flipped switches, activated sensations that now that I was aware of them, they grew in me, changed me.

And then with a snapping pop, a spine in my back cracked.

It was like an incredible release, as if I'd always had a back ache and didn't know it, and the moment the crack happened a pressure flooded downward from my brain along my spinal column, coursing down the blood and nervous streams of my body, pressing against the inside of the next vertebrae before that cracked too. Shortly after that the next one cracked, and then the next one, till the last third of the thirty-three spines in my spinal column just became a rolling crunching right down to the coccyx. When the last spine cracked, my pussy spasmed hard from the force of it, and the changing of flaring hips and deepening of the bowl of those hips, my sex was enlarged and the slit deepened all the more.

The effect of just that change lengthened my body by at least four inches.

Huffing and puffing, suddenly there were more popping crunches as the ribs in my chest snapped outward one pair after the next. To feel bones realigning might madden one, drive me insane with pain, but what I felt was instead pure erotic pleasure. Each crack and break and realignment of bone was a release... like I contained a reactor's force of pent up energies wanting to get out, and now that the pressure was releasing it allowed this body to change and grow... and most especially mature!

The broadening of the ribs thickened my chest, spreading the chest muscles and allowing the tits I was playing with to swell even more. Those mammaries spread apart, thickening then till the one I gripped filled palm of my hand and then swelled to spread the fingers apart before it swelled so much that it pushed my hand away from my chest. I grew horny... actually felt horny as my hips suddenly rocked backward and the arch of my back deepened to counterbalance that growth, right before the arms and legs of my body knotted and felt like they were twisting, but the twisting instead transformed into lengthening and thickening as hips and shoulders widened, the new growth pushing my body upward while it changed and transformed, transforming from the way this once frail and lithe little body was as my proportions went from Dwarfish... to Amazonian!

Longer neck and body, longer arms and legs than human averages... giving me a tremendous long bodied look.



A few more inches extended me upward, the groaning and grinding bending and twisting me as I convulsed and spasmed little by little, till at a whole new size proportion claimed me with arms and legs, neck and back lengthened, I'd pushed well beyond five feet and perhaps even beyond six feet! I was nearly seven feet tall! And... and...

I groaned as a new change occurred, and suddenly with a creaking sound emanating from me as the pert little tits I'd begun this night transformed into voluptuous ones, and even as the fat and gland of the tit swelled so that my one hand couldn't completely encircle it, I felt hips and clavicle bones spreading open, broadening hip and shoulder and reshaping my newly highly feminine bodice into a sexually feminine hourglass shape.

I felt... ripe... ready to bear sons and daughters now, and with shirt raised both my arms went to palm and massage my rounded belly as if already I was pregnant with Bill's child. The workings of my innards were turning on like a factory already built but never switched on, and now fresh new machinery made to make a complex organism were coming to life in me. I was virile, I was sexual... I... I was a woman!

As I gasped, I blinked as something slid before my eyes, and blowing on it I found that it was my bangs; only the dark blonde hair had instead lightened into a white-yellow coloring. Turning my head from side to side, I found that the hair atop my head, a length I usually kept short to no deeper than the nape of my neck, had now lengthened to shoulder length.

"M-my word..." I breathed and then cupped my throat, hearing a voice that was much, much deeper, breathy and... dare I say it... womanly! I wasn't squeaky and high-pitched like a little girl... this voice was a woman's voice! Yes!

Long bodied and lithe still, the flushing of my flesh deepening, I panted while my breasts kept on swelling endlessly still. Busty wasn't a strong enough word for these tits. They climbed the alphabet in cup sizes as they rolled over my ribs and pulled on the chest flesh to bulge themselves outward. But instead of pancakes on a stick look, they pushed outward, lifting the shirt -gown as they fattened, defying gravity as they engorged steadily, the areola fattening and swelling, the nipples thickening, the meat of the breast growing heavier and forcing my back to arch deeper and also thicken with added strength to carry such a bust size.

It was a struggle as my boobies grew as big as Mama's, but she had the thick bones and body type to carry such weights, I was now taller and far more lithe.

And then I felt rushing fluids as blood pumped into the flesh, suddenly engorging and thickening the flesh as the glands uncoiled and spread, growing ever the larger but now filling with those fluids of flushing blood and... and something else as my nipples dragged against the cloth over them and made me moan from the sensation. I pinched a teat between my fingers and rolled it, nearly collapsing from the shot that electrically seemed to be connected to my pussy as I flushed with more juices about the hand that was rolling and caressing my insides, sexually enticing me while shoulders and hips continued widening as they occasionally bucked. And then something wet flushed into my other hand teasing my tit and drawing it out from the shirt-gown that I wore, I saw something white and thick, and licking it I tasted... milk?

With a gasp I looked down as those tits rolled outward faster than ever, inflating and stretching the flesh over them as I closed my eyes, again feeling the humping piston action of my man's cock in me, my anus puckering between clenching and thickening butt cheeks as they bunched from my rolling hips. Panting, I pulled one of those thickened torpedoes that were undulating from my chest; wobbling and swaying realistically from side to side till leaking from the fattened nib at its end I saw more of the creamy white milk.

Long, long have I held the fantasy of having tits so large that I could suck from my own breast. I think it was a fantasy that was held universally by many women, secretly inside their heads away from their husbands and boyfriends, which a small breasted fem would want to suck from their own tits.

And here I had that opportunity.

I cradled the pair, either thick enough to just out from underneath the thick folds of the gown I wore, and pressing them together I murred to myself, my lips trembling as I hefted them higher atop my chest, and hefting one higher, cradling it in one long-nailed hand, I pressed it into my mouth, kissing the teat... and then sucked.

The creamy, vanillay warmth of the milk that exited my tit was desirable, it was wonderful, and after drawing the foremilk from it I moved to the other one as it throbbed thicker with its own sustenance in its desire to be teased. Wet pulses lancing from my pussy and feeding the panties that were sinking deeper between my butt crack escaped me over and over again, even as I then stuck both nipples in my mouth and drew from them deeply as my chest pushed forward on thickening ribs, my rounded belly lengthening into a long band that rose and fell like a wave downward from ribs, outward for pelvis, with the lengthened V-shaped wedge of my sex guarded by the illustrious panties that started all this.

Those tits grew and continued growing up the alphabet, generating milk almost faster than I could drink them, and pressing my face into the pillowing masses, at long last I let them go and they bounced and wobbled, spraying and ripping small droplets of milk onto the wood floor as they engorged and spread apart atop my barreling rib cage, and panting, palming the bulbous mound of pussy beneath the panties, I reveled in the fact that I now had hips that caused the panty straps to stretch and arch over the hip instead of band across them.

They looked as if they'd shifted, a deeper V-shape instead of the wider triangular shape so as to appropriately cover my loins with the doily-like lace covering, a butterfly decorating the peak of the slope of silk that kept my loins from being visible through the sheer cloth and protected it from rubbing irritatingly against the lace.

But I panted and rubbed my pussy, closing my eyes and enjoying the sensations of my pussy throbbing and thrusting and creaming despite that the glittering silk remained dry and silky smooth, creamy smooth even, like it was saturated with aloe.

Stumbling through the store, I found one of the hand mirrors that were for sale and looked at myself, gaping at what I saw.

I was indeed a woman now. I'd come out of my cocoon.

Tall and demure, wide-hips and heavy laden bosom... possibly larger than mama's even. And even as I stood there the swells just kept enlarging, billowing and rolling forward and causing the shirt-gown to hang off them. It was so much that the base of the shirt had crept up my legs till it'd ended at the mid-thigh just below those panties from all the growth I'd been doing.

The kitty face on the shirt actually was on my chest now... right between the two richly thickened nipples sticking out of the shirt.

I was so pleased with this body, it was the sort of woman's body that they loved to film, the sort that would perhaps allow me to have a husband that didn't have to look past the fact that I was a woman in a girl's body, and therefore have to run the effect of being called a pedophile.

I liked this body, I liked this face. Full lips instead of just one overly fat lower lip, wide bright blue eyes and long white-yellow hair. But... I wasn't done changing... even as I stood there in this temporary lul, I could feel my insides tension... further transformation and sexual expression on the way.

## Chapter 6: Unleashing the Beast

The heat I felt then was unbearable, and I fumbled at putting the mirror back before I hurried out the door and out into the cold weather again. Panting and breathing brought frost from my breath with each exhale while the beast now spread so far through me, filling me from the hollow of my throat, deep into both breasts, till it was now delving into my loins.

Another moan and another gasp escaped me; my breathing still deepened and my heart still racing as I palmed the sides of my head at the feeling of the blood pumping into my brain and the backs of my eyeballs. The changes I was feeling was affecting everything! Every bit of me, every surface prickled and every organ twisted as I throbbed, my veins thickening yet again while I panted and gasped and whimpered from these torrid sensations. They were growing to the point where a person shouldn't feel it.

I began to realize that the throbbing my pussy did wasn't just the beat of my heart within it, tantalizing the rubbing and massaging veins that were etching themselves through my inner thighs, but also a repeated orgasm that wasn't stopping. Hundreds of those tantric beats must've strummed me from heart string to pussy lips, and after every few microorgasms, each like a piston machine that was pumping me with more sexual power and more strength, I came hard. The climax was like a fully body knotting and clenching, and every breath and every beat of my heart lent strength to the beast awakening inside me, awakening something in my loins.

I heard the splattering rush of my nectar leaping from within me as I hoisted the hem of that gown of mine just so I could loop the lengthening breadth of my fingers into the panty straps and tug on them, feeling the soothing feeling of the silk digging in between my vaginal lips and press against my clit, but again the moisture didn't escape the wedge the glittering white silk cloth and lace covering my loins. What did happen was that the parts of those panties, designed it seemed to change shape with me, deepened into a deeper V-shaped slope. Panty straps extended and unfolded their pleats, the strap between crotch and seat lengthening as the seat dug into the crevice of a thickening and widening butt the crotch slipping lower and lower as the mound of my sex grew.

But who would know that I would change like this? Who knew that I would transform like this and likewise design some underpants that could hang onto me through all that? But... then... why did they make the straps so elastic to be able to hold onto such a great creature? How did they make the silk cloth so absorbent to take in – what? – gallons of my nectar?

I gasped and moaned and clawed at my sex as it drove me half mad with its erotic power growing inside me.

I stumbled forward, one foot in front of the next as my pussy throbbed and tightened into the fronts of those panties, the seat tightening into the small of my back as the band between seat and crotch lengthened and the bands over either hip deepened. More cracking and groaning came to my ears from the bones in me breaking, twisting and growing, dislodging and realigning. A rippling sensation coursed its way through me from the base of the skull to the tailbone of this body, the constant cracking of bones releasing more and more of the pent up potential, strength and power of this body as I literally grew taller inch by tenuous inch, and leaning forward against a wall, feeling my tits conform around a cold pipe like it was a cock penetrating that swelling bosom, I clawed at the wall, only to blink as my nails scored the stone.

I stepped back, still panting, and looking at my hands now I blinked at the... *inhuman* look of them.

The nails had come to points, and they'd also curved subtly from the backs of each finger. The immaculate white coloring hooking from fattened fingertips, and remarkably, as I flexed the fingers, the nails... *lengthened!* Each hooked more, each driving toward the palms that were thickening and becoming velvety, and looking to the back of the hands I saw the broadening width of them as the fingers extended – like man-hands – with the tendons for each of the fingers standing on end. Those hands were twitching and the flesh coalescing, as I stood there flexing them, the arms telescoping out of the baggy sleeves of the shirt-gown while they thickened along with my hands with growing strength. The upper arms rolled outward as well, and pulling back the curtain of the shirt-gown, I was amazed at how meaty my arms were.

Meaty... but not fat, I discovered as I pressed in on them, and then fingered the thickened vein over the bicep as it bulged and throbbed heatedly, feeding the muscle. But as those arms and hands grew and lengthened, I pulled back the sleeve only to find that the arms were thickening, the forearms flaring and rounding, the biceps growing larger and rounded. I even flexed the arm finding the subtle creasing between bicep and tricep appearing as I actually developed a thick pad of a bicep.

So strong.

That was another quiet fetish of mine other than nursing from my own breasts, and that was strength. This was a fetish of both men and women, perhaps especially women because as a gender we were so much weaker on the outside than our male counterparts. Bill defined that difference between he and I, but as I transformed the distance of that difference was diminishing. My fetish was growing stronger and stronger, growing so strong that I burst my clothes! Oh! That would be wonderful if I did, and even as I watched, the cold air of the outside thankfully cooling the burning heat in me, I palmed my muscle and flexed it and murred deep in my lengthening and thickening throat as that muscle kept growing firmer and firmer and larger.

Veins were standing out thicker and harder... it was like someone was stringing my veins slowly with blue piano wire; the thickened bluing color of the veins tracing a webbing through all the muscles through me as I panted deeper and harder, feeling the strength in this body growing steadily with each breath.

And then I came to know a new pleasure... the pleasure of my flesh stretching around throbbing muscles and sinews.

Groaning yet again, the bones in me creaking and shifting, cracking, snapping and popping, I turned against that cold wall and pulled the shirt upward so the cooling of the air could touch my flesh and loins as they throbbed and bulged, distending the panties as the crotch slid downward due to its growing power. A wave of hot passionate steam rolled up from within the shirt-gown as I lifted it, baring my heaving and amassing tits as I balanced on my toes, groaning and rolling from head to toe. I heard a releasing of cracking and popping from the top of the spine downward to the tailbone, the growth of each vertebrae lengthening and thickening me some more by several more inches in both directions. The change drove head upward atop a lengthening neck and the waist to lengthen between hip and ribs while those ribs barreled outward and thickened as the whole of my back thrust outward while the hips flared even wider.

I was still perspiring and steaming in the cold weather, frost gathering on my body to thankfully cool me as I clenched my jaw, and feeling the throbbing in my head I gripped my head, those claw-like nails sliding against my temples and into my hair momentarily before I paused, feeling something strange. A gasp blew from me as I slid both hands along the sides of my head and felt that my ears had changed, the pair having extended to a point, and tugging on them, making sure that they were mine and finding that they were – indeed they were attached – I could feel them lengthening beneath my fingers, telescoping enough so that they poked out of the still lengthening and lightening hair on me that was growing whiter and whiter as it grew longer.

“Oh no... what... what’s happening to me?” I gasped, and then winced as I bit my tongue. “Ow!” and I felt the teeth that did the biting, and I paused, feeling that the front teeth in my mouth had all lengthened greatly.

I scrambled, hurrying out into the street again as I looked at myself in the surface of a shop front, and with the light outside and the darkness inside, the windows of the shop fronts had turned into definable mirrors. They showed my body in perfect detail, and I watched as my ears migrated with a tugging feeling toward the top of my head, growing with the white hair that was even now turning frost as those ears folded forward and projected from the top of my head. My mouth had widened then, and grimacing as I tugged on those kitty-like ears, I suddenly found my mouth widening as much as the Cheshire Cat’s did. Pulling a face, like little boys did, clawed fingers in the corners of the mouth and spreading the lips to show my reflection my teeth, I saw fangs growing from the canine teeth with smaller sharper teeth forming from off the front teeth, and I could feel my face molding and reshaping with tensing and rippling muscles.

Blinking then in surprise as my eyes widened, those eyes suddenly began to shine from the reflection of the light, right before the pupils pinched into almond-shaped pupils. I blinked in surprise, and when I did a third eyelid slid into place over those eyes and I blinked again in further surprise. Those pupils widened into great big O-shapes then, the whites of my eyes disappearing from the faceted irises that swelled to overflow the whites, and the insides of those pupils glowed a luminescent blue-green while my face sort of... mutated.

Nose turned downward as the face drew to a definite point at the chin, the nose flattening to a little triangle at the tip of the nose with the nostrils thinning where it met with the thickening mouth, flattening the face into something feline looking.

“Great, I’m a Neko girl now.” I groaned.

But then a sudden shifting of weight in my body dragged me downward, and slapping a hand against the window and bonking my head against it, I rose from the obese breasts that were flaring the chest and stretching the cat face across them, the pair trembling larger and heavier and filling with loads of water weight from milk.

“Unreal!” I gasped as I hefted that bust that had just engorged to twice its previous size, going from G to N in cup size, and still swelling toward P while wet spots decorated the front of that shirt from the milk escaping me.

That chest was so full that it filled the whole of the shirt I currently wore, lifted it above my panties and stretching the cloth as I climbed larger with those breasts weighing at least my whole body weight now!

Panting, groaning as the liquid weights of those breasts alone must've been more than fifty pounds apiece; my body began to shift and change in order to take that weight. Suddenly I began to heat up even more than before so that the frost on me promptly melted off as I cradled those tits to me, teetering there in the snow on my toes as little gray flakes began to fall on me, and heaving while those tits grew, I began to feel the muscles of my back spreading, widening into a deepened triangle from shoulder to shoulder to the small of my back where the panties seat were clenching. The strength of those back muscles rippled and coalesced long bands that rounded the whole of my back and dragged the spine further out with them, giving me the strength to at least remain upright, but that was a rather grand chore as I had to palm my butt in order to do it.

Now my knees now creaked and groaned as I started to sink from my heels planting against the ground and my knees bending from the sheer weight of my upper body. I panted from the muscular exertion necessary to support all this, fighting against my own bodyweight to remain upright.

I creaked, and those knees popped with a twinging stab of pain, but to counteract that weight both my legs stated thickening then, with the slope of the calves deepening as they rounded outward, the forelegs rippling as they bulged outward while both thighs rounded and flared, gaining thick pads down the tops of either thigh. My pussy distended even further outward, reshaping the panties so they dipped inward from the pelvis but grossly dipped outward again for the covering of my sex while the bowl of my hips widened some more, the bones in me thickening to support the growing muscle as I panted from the growing mammaries while they slid through the R, S and T-cup sizes now, the wet spots spreading while the nipples enlarged to the thickness of my thumb tips, and those had thickened thanks to the claws that extended from them now.

Still cradling those mammaries as they dragged me down, my back separating from a thickening and lengthening spine as its curvature deepened, and I grew and extended inches at a time now, my body trying to change and grow so as to carry all the weight of those two enlarging tits as they rolled over my cradling arms, dragging the shirt-gown further and further up along my stretching navel, snatching up more and more of the cloth of the gown I wore. That gown crept up thighs, crept up from off my distending pussy as it became a thickened mound between my widened legs, slid up over hips that flared wider than the waist of the garment as I grew and grew and grew.

Eight feet and then nine feet passed by in a blur almost, passed me by quite easily and I hardly noticed amidst the sexual strain beating on my tits and pussy, I stumbled forward till I got to some boxes in order to rest my chest against them, and reaching before me with both hands, I teased my nipples as my pussy burst with eruptions of nectar that filled my nostrils with a scent of cream and cinnamon despite that those sexual eruptions never made it past the silken coverings of my loins.

Chest muscles flared and thickened, rolling outward in engorging slabs of meat that immediately made my bony chest disappear and instead became thick with hardening muscle chords that were easily strong enough to hold those engorging tits now that they'd flared past Zed-cups... that's Z-cups for you Yanks in case you didn't know. The stretching of those tits, the weight of the milk in them, the heaving of each breath sending pulse after wet pulse of lancing nectar from within me to lance from my loins made me yowl... not like a moan from a woman like me in heat, but a yowl... like a cat.

As a matter of course, a window opened above me and someone stuck their head out and shouted. “Shut up you stupid cat!” before the window slammed shut, and I covered my mouth with one hand and moaned into it instead.

Back muscles rounded and stomach muscles clenched, the long waving navel separating into two long halves from sternum to navel, two long waving bands to either side of the belly button, and clenching at the wood of the crates here, I panted and gyrated, humping

the air between my legs as parts of me snapped and cracked from further change, and opening my cat-eyes I found them focusing in and out briefly till I looked upon my arm.

That arm was already thickened, its usually hairless length prickling with little downy hairs that glistened in the light right before the deep blue of veins carved their way down both arms that were thickening right before my changing eyes. The veins crept from biceps, around forearms, down wrists and into each finger tip, and there the fingertips thickened, the claws lengthening and hooking more, scoring the wood as it broke beneath my grip. I clenched the wood into splinters, squeezing the frozen planks till water leaked from them, the muscles of that arm creaking and groaning and popping with smaller muscles breaking out from the inside of those arms to the surface, sweating profusely as water was just pressed from the pores. The forearms then telescoped longer than the upper arms, right before both flared and widened while long chords of muscle grew into place, or seemingly grew into place being that they probably were already there long before now, only they were growing strong enough to actually show definition now.

Biceps rolled outward, separating into pairs while the veins grew thicker and wider, larger and greater, the triceps rounding outward in opposition as that arm grew.

Another creaking greeted me, and my eyes widened from the sound, but instead of the sound my bones made while thickening and enlarging, this time it was the crates I was resting my chest on, as suddenly they couldn't take the weights of my tits that were swelling atop them, and suddenly the stack just broke beneath them. I pressed both arms against the wall as those tits hung from my chest again, swelling still and filling the whole of the shirt-gown so that it was above my sternum, the panties an even deeper panty line than ever.

I couldn't really call that shirt a gown anymore. I was actually filling this Five-XL shirt!

The thickening torpedoes grew and grew, pressing into my naked thighs that were widening and molding, stretching as they engorged into things wider than my narrow, almost waspish belly. Daring myself to, I wedged a foot beneath me, the wool sock ripping open as thick claws from each toe tore through the wool, clinging to the ice as the toes ripped through the socks as those toes enlarged, and pushing upward, feeling my back strengthening, my body heaving with growth, I pushed upward, ever upward, fighting to stand from the weight of my chest. Neck muscles billowed, chest muscles enlarging, till I rose fully and banged my head against a post above my head. Looking up, I saw that I was banging it against a post of an awning!

That was at least ten feet high!

And still I was growing, the muscles in me allowing me to straighten as they grew, counterbalancing that heavy chest while the gray snow fell on me more heavily, right before I palmed my belly with both hands as it tightened amidst lengthening, my upper back flaring wider and my neck thickening to fill the neck hole of a shirt for someone who weighed at least three hundred pounds. Well, my tits were at least a hundred each now, and as I swayed and felt them pressing together, conformed together by the shirt, the waist of the shirt conforming around my still thickening ribs, I balanced and stood, having to palm a wall briefly... right before there was another rolling of the spine, but this time that spine turned outward at its base, dragging the tailbone upward, up and out of the crack of my thickening and rounding bottom to hang over the sunken seat of the panties I wore that were very nearly a thong now.

The change of the tailbone tugged on the distended and thickened muscles of my pussy, drawing them deeper between my legs, the crotch of the panties drawing downward with them before my spine rippled over and over, with the tail telescoping longer and longer with each arching roll.

It lengthened into a tail that thickened and fattened to fill the whole of the small of my back and hung over my rounded and thickened bottom, and daring to move away from the wall, my ears flicking as they deepened into hoods, I blinked and mewed quietly, actually mewed and pawed at the walls, feeling my spine still rippling, lengthening body and neck, thickening the spine as well and thickening that tail before this surge of transformation ended, leaving me panting... and the transformation back building already for another go.

The shirt I wore was still loose, it hung from off my bust a little, and what a bust! Either tit was larger than my head and panting I – ptoocie – panting I – I spat another few flakes, feeling the bitter taste in them, but then I realized that not only was snow not warm and bitter, it also wasn't gray.

My nostrils flared and I turned, and over the buildings I saw a bright red glow, and flaring those little slits for nostrils I had now, I smelt burning wood. My ears flicked and I heard cries for help, and without thinking and a whip of my tail, I pounced upward, landing on the side of a building, discovering the first negative for having large breasts as the pair mashed against the building side, and that was the fact that they acted just like built in springs to push you off. But then it was a double edged sword, and as I clinged, digging in the claws of hands and feet, they offered a nice little cushion effect... right before their impacted power rebounded like a tidal wave machine and beat first one then a second impact crater into the wall I was hanging against.

“Oopsie...” I groaned and then pulled myself up onto the rooftop and surging past the hanging laundry and the other things people put on rooftops like aviaries, I found myself looking down at a building on fire.

No alarm had been wrung, and it was the sort of a place that couldn't afford an alarm system... the reason why was because it was the self same orphanage I grew up in.

“Oh man... some kid finally lit that fire.” I said aloud.

## Chapter 7: The Beast Unleashed

I dropped and first went to a pay phone, and lifting it dialed nine-nine-nine, the phone number for the police emergency in London. Immediately I was struck with a problem that an ear at the top of an enlarged head didn't quite get the mouthpiece to my ear, so when the operator came online, I was shifting the earpiece to my ear and the mouthpiece to my mouth.

"Nine-nine-nine... what is the nature of the emergency?"

"Hello? Hi! Are you there?" I said shifting the phone about.

"Yes... what is the nature of the emergency?" the person sounded bored... even with this being a possible emergency they seemed bored. Why is that?

"Fire! Send the Fire Brigade!" and I dropped the phone, letting it dangle, confident that our country had a phone trace system that would zero in on the phone so they could get the address.

In two leaping bounds on all fours, my tail whipping to counterbalance the hem and haw of my weighty chest, I leapt to the middle of the street and then to the double doors of the orphanage, and gripping the door handle on the door I pulled, but not able to gauge my strength right, I ripped the door right off the hinges!

"Crikey..." I blinked and flexed my other arm while still holding onto the door like a riot shield, feeling the muscle swell and burn and throb with veins, but then there was a small snapping explosion inside and cries for help.

Ducking inside, finding flames roiling along the ceiling, I used the door to hide under as I ran along, surging up the stairs and at a flight at a time, getting to where the screams were coming from. Using the door I still held as a shield and standing on splayed toes poking out of the socks I still wore, I ripped open the next door, seeing flames having lit several beds on fire and a huddle of kids trapped between a second story window and the raging flames. Planting the door from the front entryway, I used it to scoop the beds aside and held them by with the door absorbing the heat of the flames.

"Come... come kids... quickly." I panted being that my head was a lot closer to the smoke on the ceiling.

"Monster! Monster!" they cried pointing and shrieking at me, bawling at the fact that their situation had just gone from terrible to hopeless.

I can't win. Either I'm a child or I'm a monster... Feh!

Growling I shoved the beds harder, throwing them through another of the thinned walls, clearing the way before striding to the kids. I guess I did look pretty menacing... I nearly had to duck in this ceiling, had to weave my head around a light fixture. The kids tried to scramble out the window, perhaps to dive to the ground when I yanked them back, only to hear them all screaming even louder.

"Be quiet!" I shouted and they silenced obediently, too afraid now to do more than hiccup and whimper in fear. "I'm not a bad person – er – kitty, I'm just a big kitty. I'm going to get you out of here. Now please... trust me."

And gathering a couple of them up, I led them toward the fire, but the roof collapsed suddenly in front of the door, and they began fussing again.

"Ok... second option." I said and put the children down.

I had to kick out the window, but nevertheless, climbing through the window became a whole lot more difficult, especially when the distance from my back to the front of my tits was wider than the window frame... and with my tits having firmed up, almost to the consistency of bags of sand or medicine balls, the window frame broke off after my second tit began squeezing through. Hanging from the wall, I took the kids one by one and lowered them to the ground with my long arms, one after the next before I went searching for others on the other levels and rooms.



I'd made several trips, pushing the children to the other side of the street as they watched their home burn to the ground before the fire engines roared in and began setting up. I knew there was a sir and a Madame here, and it took me time to find them both out cold from smoke inhalation. Picking them up, one over each shoulder, I tried to carry them out into the hall, but the insides of the orphanage were old, dry wood, quick to burn and quick to crumble, and avalanches of burning wood cascaded against my exit path. Turning then, I shifted both the sir and madam under one arm and hammered through a wall, hammered through another to get to the roof access, and reaching up I yanked the stairs down and forced my way upward with a splintering of wood. Then turning, I surged across the burning cold roof and vaulted off the top, hurtling downward and landing right before the Fire Captain. Laying down the madam and sir – apparently the old ones retired – before the men here so they could be taken care of.

And then I stood to my full height and took to counting the children, making sure that the usual capacity was taken care of, but with the Fire Captain nearby, I at long last got to compare myself with another person to see how large I'd grown. In their thick boots and fire retardant gear, I was still half again as tall as they were.

"This should be all of them sir." I said and turned to the Fire Captain with a wobbling of tits. "The state won't allow more than that number, but the children may know if there are more.

He stared at me dumbly. "Who... *what* are you?"

"I don't know that myself sir, I'm just glad to help."

And turning on my heel I bounded down the street, leapt and vaulted to the top of a building, escaping from the naked eye before they could raise an alarm. Once on the rooftops I walked, pleased with myself as I strode cat-like, my legs rolling around each other so that I stepped one foot in front of the next before I surged forward and leapt away on all fours again, disappearing into the night with the flick of a white tail.

## Chapter 8: The Christmas Beast

I walked now across the roofs of London, panting as I wandered aimlessly, and now that the adrenaline of saving all those kids was gone, the pheromones and hormones flooded me once again and I surged with immaculate feminine power again even as a torrential rush, a pissing jet lanced from my primly engorged vulva in a steady stream that got me to roll my head back and gurgle from the immaculate sexual power it brought with it. One orgasmic lance wasn't enough for this rise of sexual power in me and a second, a third... a fourth and a fifth and still more spat from me in shorter lances till the infusion of power was done.

It skyrocketed within me, surging up my inner vaginal muscles before exploding at its peak like fireworks on new years eve, and with a whimper I gripped a panty that felt soggy but there was no escaping of the massive – gallons even – of nectar that must've sped from me by now into the neat high arching triangular wedge of this mysterious Christmas Gift. After it was done I murred to myself, and a sound similar to a purr broke from my throat and vibrating my chest which in turn quivered my nipples into creaming again. I had to grip and clench my vulva with that one hand, rubbing the fronts of my tits with the other hand to coax a modicum of calm from me in the aftermath of that empowerment of sexual power and most of all... sexual knowledge.

Gathering myself then, panting for breath, I steadied myself and continued to... prowl.

I had this need inside me to do something or other but I had no mental knowledge of what it was... so I walked around looking for the source of whatever that was. As I did, nevertheless, I walked with purpose, a highly sensual and erotic sort of walk that got my feet to curl around each other, stepping one foot in front of the other as I changed. The very act of walking was making me stronger, feet spreading as they lengthened, the four small toes extending out of the feet, the big toe remaining behind to act as a dew claw, the wool socks clenching at heels and ankles as my strength kept growing and growing. Already those socks were ripping and stretching about the broadening ankles they were caught around.

Actual snow began to fall as I panted, mouth open, steam and vapor escaping my hot body as it prickled with warmth instead of cold, and rubbing my belly as it continually clenched, hardened and reshaping itself while added nipples formed out of the muscles growing there, I likewise felt my chest and back engorging forever more in opposition to each other. The larger my tits became, the thicker the pectoral muscles grew. The thicker those pecks grew the stronger and thicker the rib bones and spinal column became. The stronger those bones became the taller I grew, and the thicker my back muscles and supporting skeletal muscles became just to counterbalance the mighty orbs that had grown against my chest.

To call it lightly... I had breasts that were far, far larger than my wildest fantasies had ever made them out to be. The undersides were now sliding out into the air, the nipples tight knots the sizes of a child's hands, and the pads of my areola even grander than ever as they puffed conically outward. The shirt was now binding across those nipples, and for the umpteenth time I tugged down on it to keep my dignity safe.

With the spine growing my neck had lengthened and my skull thickened, and to carry that skull the throat and neck muscles likewise needed to be hardened and thickened, billowing and bulging outward, stretching the neck of the shirt now, the kitty face on top of the chest now as the waist of the thing stretched so tentatively close to ripping about the swells of that chest.

Adverse to the neck was the tail, which was billowing thickly over a naked bottom, that had flared with the hips and deepened with the growing strength of the legs which needed to tighten and coalesce to support this phenomenal upper body of mine.

And it was such a long, long body. Sitting down as I trembled and throbbed, veins turning even more outward, with the milk veins the thickest on my body aside from the bulging ones over my biceps. Coiling over myself with my tail wagging I lifted a leg and bent it open, palming my tight and bulging wide vulva with the panties across them. Tentatively I hooked a clawed finger into the crotch of those panties and for the second time slid them away, seeing the wet moisture as the cold gripped it, but the heat of my vulva was so hot that the icy cold had no reaching sway on it.

My body was lengthened, I was very cat-like, so I wondered if I could, so I delved into the third fantasy I'd had and bent over myself, tongue opening as my tits pressed to my thighs at first, till I lifted my shirt and let those tits roll about the sides of my hips beneath my arms, and lowering my muzzle and lengthened tongue, I began licking my own pussy.

The tongue comb began to slide against the twin bulbous muscles, either thicker than three fingers put together, and either the strength of my fists. The tongue comb slid the hairs that were growing there and making them straight, while the nectar from my loins pooled upon tongue before I swallowed the sweet nectar. It was like licking a vanilla and cinnamon candy cane. It was so sweet.

Inserting a hand I drew out the stamen of my clitoris, tonguing it as those fingers probed my insides, and with the guidance of my own mind, I found the most sensitive spot that was inside me, coaxing, rocking onto my fingers, probing the crevice between the lips with the tip of my tongue, teasing myself and coaxing myself until a hard, solid jet of cream lanced from me like a shot, and without the panties in the way the lance glittered diamond like and slapped against a wall, only to crush its side and cave it in slightly on a radial crack.

“Oh my!” I gaped as I rose, my tits wobbling heavily as their milky cream splattered the ground and my thighs, and looking back down at my pussy I laughed at its strength. “My pussy is a lethal weapon now apparently.” I chuckled and neatly slid the panty back in place, only to find that in that brief few moments that I’d pleased myself that I’d grown enough and my pussy had swollen with even more strength and power that the meaty lips were now peaking outside the lace and frill of the neat undergarment.

Hardened muscle and harder bone arched and cracked beneath me as I stood then and pulled the shirt over my nipples again, veins forming rivers of flowing energetic blue power that pounded downward into my extremes, and I moaned and yowled with the erotic sensations filling me as I pressed both thighs together in an effort to contain it. I came again in the effort to do so.

Arms lengthened as they disgorged more and more muscle, the sleeves of the gown riding upward, sliding up over the rounding masses of shoulder muscle, forearms flaring ever the wider while thighs and calves burgeoned outward to impossible thicknesses.

Those arms disgorged biceps that pressed against the heaving and undulating tits I had, their bound muscles separating as a webbing of hard veins throbbled over them to keep them growing thicker and larger, with more webbing across the forearms as, despite my lengthened belly, those hands kept themselves down to my mid thigh. Those hands too had grown, and lifting one, flexing the thickened pads that were the insides of palm and each finger, each capped with a long hooking claw that was as long as a carpet knife, I saw that the downy hairs I’d been growing had now covered the fullness of my hands save for those pads. It was a frosted color, white and beautiful like what the long mid-back hair had become, frosty white and almost glittering like newly fallen snow, and every step I took made the hairs on the backs of my arms thicken and spread wider.

Thighs bulged, separating into each of their quadricep formations, and even those muscles creasing further into long muscle and tendon striations that coiled and carved this way and that. Ass cheeks tightened as they swallowed most of the seat of the panty, leaving only a patch that thankfully covered my poor anus and kept it from being cold or chafing against the thickening and bushy tail that had kept its length as long as my ankles even as I continued to grow and grow.

Those ankles grew so wide that the tearing wool socks were slowly tearing completely off from having been worked at such a hinge for so long till finally the pair ripped completely apart. The fine wool socks fell against the snow-covered roof I stood upon as I came again, my poor socks giving way to the thickening set of bones that held a lengthening foot, the toes thickening with the claws and growing bushy with fury. With deep carpet knife like claw on those toes too, and my feet having begun with a deep shag on their tops, the fur had climbed up both feet, covered the backs of the feet and heels save for the pads on the balls of the feet and were now creeping up both forelegs. Those forelegs kept throbbing and bulging thicker and thicker in order to support the billowing and towering muscle above it, all of it deep with veins and chorded muscle that groaned with every little movement, with the Achilles tendons standing on end and as taut and as hard as stretched rebar.

The inner thighs were bunching and hardening, bundles of piano wire hemmed in by the thickened cable of wound rebar attached to the hip bones that spread subtly to make way for thicker and stronger thigh muscles that coalesced and separated into finer muscular definition. The backward thighs cleaving into vertical chords, the butt muscles thickening and tightening at the same time, clenching into halves and then tighter into thirds, making like a butterfly’s wings that made the fabric between them all but disappear.

Between those thighs then was the seeming source of my growing power, the sex, the pussy that was developing and engorging so that all the rest of me had to grow with it. As its power grew my breasts developed to insane proportions, filling with creamy milk even despite that a woman only had that trait of lactation after having a baby. But I didn’t, but nevertheless I lactated like a herd of cows! As those breasts developed the rest of me had to grow stronger in order to carry them, and with the sheer, unmitigated muscular

formations that surged and coalesced with my every movement, every little muscle fighting each other for dominance of space in me, they surged and grew just with the element of breathing, just with the motion of walking.

I paused as I palmed my belly, feeling the hairs of the treasure trail climbing up the center of my navel as the pubic furs, white and frosty spread across those loins and pelvis in a thickening bush that I could feel prickling up around anus and bottom to join the white hairs of my spine. Panting, my breath escaping me in long exhales of mist and vapor, I moaned low, but instead of a moan or a yowl, it was a low roar of a female cat in heat calling for her mate.

The throbbing veins in my arms were tantalizing me as I fingered the erect and hardened nipples lining my belly, hard and tactile, each one throbbing and beating in tune in a rolling wave from tits to abdominal nipples to clit with every heart beat. Beneath my thickened and furred hands as the fur spread from my face as I breathed, turning the peach coloring frost white with the fur, I panted while the cold wind picked up, rushing around me and wailing like a banshee about the rooftops and forcing me to step back and pivot so that my side bore the wind. I stood there while feeling those abs clenching and unclenching rhythmically with each rolling throbbing of teats and clit, the milk in my breasts, all of them, even the new secondaries, swelling me as the twin bands of abdominal clenched and grew lumpy, with six different lumps welling out into the air. They clenched again and those abdominals creased between the thickening lumps into a six pack as I moaned, clenching pussy lips as I came in a torrent again that those panties again thankfully absorbed... especially after I discovered as to exactly how powerful my climaxes were.

My belly rolled again and those six packs of muscle pressed against each other even as long bands of lateral obliques slid into place, carving their way into place from ribs and into the sunken abdominals while chest muscles bunched and chorded and the fur from my face clamored down the hollow of my throat and kept creeping down the center of my chest toward the rising treasure trail to finally meet at the sternum.

Exhaling a sigh I came again in a more studious jet than ever, one that made me feel like the twin pussy lips were spreading open from the force of it, a force that I thought my panties would tear off of me this time. The rush came again and again, making my brain numb from the sensations they ripped from me, my ears flicking as I gurgled, and with this roll of abdominals, the six abs turned into eight, and a second pair of lateral obliques slid into place. The change left me panting as a hand lowered to finger the swollen and distended lips that were barely covered by the fabric of the panty between my legs, barely visible with their fringe and their bow from between the legs now since they'd slipped downward along with the rest of my vulva; the stretching straps of panty extending steadily over either hip.

"D-don't stop." I said in a low feminine voice, so low it was practically masculine, but still decidedly feminine. It was like my voice box was muffled with a layer of blankets on top of me as my lungs breathed in and out like a bellows, still providing fuel for this change.

That belly clenched and rolled again, and I bit my lower lip that had blackened and broadened from my face pushing forward as I rolled my whole body right after then, ending in another orgasmic rush that disappeared into those seemingly magical panties. This time as those abs rolled they clenched twice over, turning into ten and then immediately into twelve abs... far too many for a human being to have, right as two more pairs of lats slid into place, compressing muscle and shoving them upward as the transformation continued.

Panting energetically, clenching my bottom and pussy at the same time, swinging my thickening tail and feeling the sensation of hands and kisses on me yet again, felt the hard cock of my Bill in me, I gurgled and rolled that belly again, and this time those abs were all shoved upward for two more pairs of abs to appear to go from twelve to fourteen. I wept from the purity of the sexual expression as I pissed another heinous jet of ejaculate, even as a fifth pair of lats formed, two beyond what a human should ever have. Rolling thrice more, three more pairs of abs forced their way in, leaving me with a twenty pack of hard muscles, most of which were laden with hard nipples that poked out of a shag fur that was spreading across my body.

Thick tufts of fur grew off my cheek bones as those cheeks thickened and broadened into jowls, mouth and nose pushing forward as the face did, my skull changing while neck muscles flared wider, muscles growing on top of muscles everywhere now.

Thick tufts of fur grew on my throat and the peak of my chest, while the white fur finished covering me from my shaggy butt to the tops of my biceps, with thicker tufts about forearms and forelegs, shoulders and the center of my neck, the top of my head in the long, long hair that spilled down to my bottom now, and the coverings of a vivacious cunt that even now coughed up another tantric spillage

of my nectar. My navel kept rolling orgasmically, its center pushing forward as the abdominal slabs kept pushing outward, the ones with nipples swelling with milk, and this time as my belly and body rolled, my chest separated upward and downward, two packs of muscle sliding away from each other, both attached to the arms with just enough separation for two smaller tits to swell beneath the top pair.

Back muscles flared wider now and distended hugely outward to counteract the new chest growth, caring for the thickening and hefting masses of tit and pectorals, the shirt stretching around me ever upward as mid back separated from lower back, and upper back separated from mid, the muscles bubbling and thickening and creasing as they coalesce away from each other into knots and boles of chorded muscle.

Thicker fur grew over the shoulders as the biceps swelled thicker than the arm, the triceps likewise doing that, growing just as thick and just as hard as the biceps were only in the opposite direction. I slowly lifted those arms then as forearms disgorged and flared open, the biceps groaning as they separated and billowed, the arms throbbing with power in that high wind blustering about me as I panted faster and harder as the test of my strength came. I clenched both arms as those arms engorged and spread apart, spreading neck and thickening throat as head and belly extended, arms and legs lengthening while the great mane of hair I possessed waved and whipped about me in the blustering wind.

Chest muscles broadened and pushed my chest forward, rolling it outward while the shirt slid higher atop my tits and stretching at the same time as conforming about my tits like plastic wrap around a piece of meat at the grocers that had just been vacuum sealed, the effect accenting the nipples, accenting the swelling bulges as they leaked their milk in throbbing jets. As I flexed my muscles they ejected so much milk that my shirt rapidly moistened down from all the moisture till in the frozen winds my shirt turned vaguely transparent to reveal the burning effigies that were my nipples from how hot and warm they were. That chest heaved forward with cracking and realigning bones that thickened and twisted, allowing whole sections of me to disgorge, distend and realign, the shirt creeping upward to under my arms, stretching the neck till at long last the half dozen buttons of the collar popped and the upper portion of the shirt spread wide to reveal the compressed firmness of my cleavage. A blast of hot passionate steam that was creamy with my milk wafted up into my face as the long mane on my head billowed outward, and I grew to a final imperious height, till I was a tall and heaving beast.

Tensing harder then, the veins throbbing in me as I wriggled my but, jutting a leg forward like the girls on ESPN-Two did, I felt the muscles in my legs swell doubly over before I rocked forward and clenched the now rearward leg, feeling that bunch and amass too. I burned with their might, flushed with it, right before fine etchings of neat black stripes carved rapidly all over my body, through my mane, over my face and ears, across my back and arms and legs, down my flanks and haunches even as that back became a peaked muscle hump with a final series of groans, breaks and cracks.

And then with a snap of my jaws as my jaw realigned, deepened and my throat thickened, I roared to the heavens a deep, screeching, piercing roar of elation while my cunt beating and throbbing like a drum being beaten in a drum line, the thing splattering and heaving wetly, till at long last the burning transformation left me, and I found myself standing half-naked in the snow.

I had no idea how it happened, and as my mind came back, I had to blink and remark at the fact that I'd just been standing on top of a building. But now I was on the ground, in deep-deep snow that came up to my knees, and to make matters more intense for me, there were no buildings around me. There was no city around me for that matter, or even near me because I couldn't see the reflection of the city lights cast off the clouds. It was snowing though, and turning about, I found myself instead looking upon something else that was more spectacular than the city of London at night in winter.

The Aurora Borealis.

But... to see those colors... I'd have to be a lot further north than I was now. Further north than Ireland or Wales even. I'd have to be in Norway at least to see these vibrant reds and oranges, crisp greens and blues and deep purples that were even now filtering through the clouds along with the moonlight.

"Where am I?" I mused in a deeply feminine and purring voice.

## Chapter 9: The Sacred Feminine

“Seventy-One degrees north latitude, ninety-six degrees west longitude, roughly thirteen hundred miles from the geographical true north pole.” A squeaky little voice said, and I blinked looking around for the source.

“What? Hello? Where are you?” I asked, chest and arms swinging wide as I turned in the snow, breasts wobbling heavily as I did and the milk on their insides sloshing like a sea in a maelstrom.

“Ow! Oi! Watch it... Look down miss.” And I looked down and lifted my foot and gasped as I stepped back immediately at the sight of a little dwarf or a midget laying in the snow where I’d stepped and his body pressed into the white wonderland around me with his snow shoes askew.

“Omigawd... I’m sorry. Did I hurt you?” I gasped and squatted, reached down and scooped the little man who was a ball of green and red jackets and scarves and hats and a pair of snow shoes and set him down before I squatted in front of him.

I didn’t realize it, I wasn’t used to this sort of thing, but the practically sheer and lace and tightness of the panties were showing off the contours of my sex almost as if I were naked, and hanging my bust in the way with it’s incredibly ample cleavage was a boner inspiring image to see. The little man stared at me for a moment and I didn’t really know why.

“Not as such... and the view I had prior to being stepped on was quite startling I’ll tell you what.” He squeaked and brushed himself off as I blushed deeply, realizing that I was rather uncovered. “Well... come on then.” And he skittered off in a direction toward the waving lights in the heavens.

“H-hey! Wait!” I gasped and skipped forward to catch up with him, but slowed to treading through the snow due to the speed of this little guy differentiated by my size... which was many times his. “What do you mean thirteen hundred miles from the North Pole? Where is that even? How did I get here? And for that matter... who the heck are you?”

The little guy turned around and pulled a scarf down, holding up a finger held inside a rainbow striped glove. “I mean that you are at the Magnetic North Pole.” He announced first. “You are currently located on Victoria Island in the Canadian Providence of Nunavut. The True North Pole isn’t exactly a good place for the shop because there’s a research station there,”

“Shop?” I interjected but he was continuing.

“...So we picked up and decided to sit on the Magnetic North Pole instead.”

“But...” I began with a raised finger as I squatted before him again, not caring about how much I revealed to him now, but he turned his hand to stop me, turned it back and raised another finger.

“You got here by magic, elf magic... and finally, I’m Eric... Eric the Elf.” and he turned and began skittering along again.

“Wait... magic?! I don’t believe in magic!” I called after him and a rose with a heaving of tits but Eric stopped, turned, looking me up and down and then smirked before putting his scarf back.

“Sure you don’t. How do you explain yourself then?” he asked and continued moving as I followed.

“Still working on that one.” I replied tapping my index fingertips together. “Now what the heck is at Magnetic North Eric?” and he turned again, stopped, lifted a glove dramatically, paused for dramatic effect, pulled off his glove to reveal a strange looking control in it, and twisting a key which flipped up a hazard cover made of yellow and orange stripes, it revealed a big red button. Then lifting his other hand and extending the stubby little index finger of that hand, he pressed the big red button, and with the sound of grinding gears beneath our feet, a barber pole elevated itself out of the ground. “Am I getting a haircut?” I laughed.

“Hardly.” He replied, and plugging his device into a port on the side of the pole and twisting the key in the opposite direction and pressing the button again, the pole began to descend, but this time as it descended, we descended along with it!

What the...

And down we went quickly into an icy shaft, delving deep into the pack ice as a pair of doors closed overhead, which soon dropped right out of the hard ice and then through solid iced walls, down past a brief layer of tundra top soil and a permafrost zone and finally through warmer bedrock walls. That was a long journey... at least a quarter of a mile before the bedrock gave way into a sort of icy geode chamber, with our elevator encased in a crystalline shaft. But what laid in the crystal geode got me to stand dumbstruck at what lay beneath us. A great subterranean chasm opened up beneath me, with buildings stacked on top of buildings on top of buildings, right up the icy chasm wall like an artificial basin that was bisected at its base by a town crisscrossed by road ways, train tracks, town centers and more. It was a fantastically beautiful landscape that made me want to shake it like a Santa's Village snow globe with how fantastic it was, complete with little people running around carrying packages of presents and...

I turned quickly to the little guy as he removed his hat, and sure enough... he had long pointed ears peaking out of the side of his head amidst hair that was like a blonde troll doll at the moment.

"No... friggin'... way." I gaped and rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn't dreaming. "No way! No way! I'm not here! I'm not here... Santa Claus doesn't exist!" I gasped at Eric.

"You sound like one who no longer believes." Eric responded despondently.

"Well... yeah! I spent my whole life without so much as a candy cane in my stocking, which was a great big sock that I hung for years before I just gave up. Or let me guess, Santa only cares about rich kids, huh? Doesn't care about the destitute, lonely and depressed."

"Boy do you not get it." Eric sighed, unzipping layer after layer of coats as the lift came to the base. He was only about four feet tall, not the smallest, and not the tallest one either around here, but removing his snow shoes he skittered toward a booth and began placing his things into it.

"She's here! She's here!" squeaky little voices called as I followed Eric, my naked furry butt being that the seat of the panty had turned more into a thong than anything else made me self conscious and I blushed as a crowd gathered behind us.

"Ok... I'm hallucinating. This is a really neat dream and all, but why am I here?"

"Because the underpants chose you." Eric scoffed. "Jeeze... didn't you read the card?"

"What card?" I gasped and he groaned.

"Nobody ever reads the card. It's just to you, you never look at who it's from, and blah-blah-blah throw the card away and revel in the gift."

"There was no card!" I complained.

He paused... turned and eyed me as the other – what I assumed was to be – elves danced about me with the sublime agility of Whos from Whoville.

"Underneath the wrapping that contained the aforementioned unmentionables?" he said and twirled a finger at my covered pussy where the panty that had covered sex and pelvis, now barely covered sex. Seriously, I swear my clit was about to peak out of its top.

"Look little guy, I don't mean to question the ways of the present wrapper extremes around here, but you put the card *on top* of the gift, preferably on the outside of the gift if you want it to be known so that it can be read, else wise it just becomes packaging and no one looks for it. You want it read, you make it there for a person to see before they get to the gift, that's why people put it on the *outside*, where you see it *first... before* the gift."

“Oh la-de-dah... look who knows more about wrapping a gift than an *elf!*” he shot back. “I’ll have you know, that my way is the traditional method...”

“Traditional as one thousand A.D.?” I scoffed. “I don’t know if you noticed, but this is the twenty-first century... or at least it was up there, down here I feel like I should be doing the *‘Time Warp’* again...”

“It’s just a jump to the left...” someone began and Eric rolled his eyes.

“Shut it!” he pointed at the offender and they gave a disappointed Aw but nevertheless continued dancing around me. “Nevertheless... you put on the unmentionables, that means the task is yours!” and he stormed off and I hurried to follow again.

“Task... what task?” I blinked.

“Not my job to tell you. I have a mountain of work to do and only a few hours to do it in and still we got no delivery boy!”

“No... d-delivery boy... you mean Santa? Chris Cringle? He’s missing?!”

“Yah...” he gaped melodramatically and moved through a small door built into a larger door... I went through the larger door but still had to duck through it, tits wobbling heavily as I did, but also as I slid under it, I rubbed my back and tail against the top of the door – instinctively leaving my scent there – before standing before an immense work area where thousands of elves were working at a remarkable fury.

More cheers came from more would-be admirers as I stepped through the door, and I paused and waved hello at them but followed Eric as he led the way through a door in the side of the great chamber. Again I had to duck and again I left a scent as I passed, but in the next room I found myself in a waiting room of sorts with others here. There was a business man across the way, and likewise there were several elves. A human sized she-elf sat typing at a computer terminal.

“Sit here... and she’ll be with you toot sweet.” Eric said and pointed at a couch.

I nodded and sat and the couch promptly broke as my weight crushed the center into the floor and lifted both ends to either side of me. This likewise placed my legs high up to either side of me and jut my sex out, the thing straining harder in the panty that was giving it a solid wedgie now.

“Oops... sorry.” I said. “I can pay you back...” and I patted my sides. “No pockets.”

Eric just waved an annoyed and dismissive hand at me and the couch as I sat there with my knees up to my shoulders. “Just... wait there.” And he moved forward, and I turned and looked and saw the four gentlemen – if you can call them that – staring bold faced at my crotch once I’d leaned back against the couch.

Immediately I folded my legs and snap-hissed at them, the spit flying from my mouth splattered them in the face as I used my legs to hide the scantily-clad-ness of my pert and tight vulva.

I waited, and waited and waited, with the businessman entering and leaving, and then the three others, and amidst the wait I absentmindedly had begun giving myself a cat bath. I never really licked my body before, but my lengthened tongue with its tongue comb just felt so good as I started with one arm, then the other arm, and then lifting my shirt I began on my boobies, sucking milk from it and had just peeled my panties forward and had my tongue stuck out as I saw that I had a bit of an audience.

“Neat!” one said and took a picture of me with what looked like a smart phone.

“Omigosh... what am I doing?!” I gasped and pulled the shirt down over my boobies and blushed a deep, deep red that showed through the fur as I sat there hiding my naughty bits.



“Miss Beast?” a fine feminine voice said and I turned to look at the secretary, a woman with long blond hair that spilled over one shoulder, a luxurious and sexy looking fem with longer ears... perhaps due to her age being so extreme being that she was human-sized and all.

“Me?” I said and pointed at myself.

“Indeed... she will see you now.”

“She?” I blinked and rose, banged my head against the plaster and dislodged some. “Ow...” I groaned and then continued on, hearing the clicks of more cell phones taking pictures of my butt and tail.

Into a thankfully larger room with a great dome that I could actually stand up straight in, I stood quietly with hands before my barely concealed loins, a pair of fingers absentmindedly stroking the long and bulbous vaginal muscles to soothe my nervousness and empower my erotic strength. My loins spat a minute jet of nectar as I looked around for my host... er... hostess. I really wish now that my tits didn't stick out like the nose cones on the fat boys the Americans dropped during World War II. The long and thick tail curled about my legs as I balanced on my toes, seemingly unable to get my heels to lower to the ground, I palmed my woman's vulva more fully now as it throbbed and beat like a snare drum being beaten rhythmically now, and I closed my eyes and exhaled a breath of steam as another rush of nectar burst from those loins into the panties as my senses filled with cinnamon, cream and chocolate. There was also holly in the air, and my senses filled with all those scents of Christmas and thankfully they called me into a semi-erotic high.

Fruit cake sat on a table I could see here, and two pine trees growing out of pots of soil here were done up in beautiful Christmas Trees that bore a multitude of religious symbols – Star of David, a little gold man with a trumpet, other stars and ornaments and... lights. So many twinkling white and colored lights that it was dazzling to behold. I listened to the tinkling of music and singing and bells and chimes and...

“It is rather exhilarating to experience such sensations, is it not?” a woman's voice said and I opened my eyes and the pupils dilated wide while a third eyelid peeled away from those pupils while I turned toward a woman entering the room from a side door.

She was tall, an Amazon's body type with a body that was longer than her head should allow, her long hair white and done up in a beautiful and artful array that was energetic yet striking, framing a face that was young and ancient at the same time, a bun at the back of her head, braids and huge vertical curls that formed loops and sways thanks to Christmasy hair stays. But it was the white hair that struck me, and I stared at it briefly as it glittered like newly fallen snow before lifting an arm and comparing the color of the thick shag there on my arm with the coloring of her hair.

Her eyes were green though, but nevertheless she showed signs of an odd similarity to me. Maybe it was my desire in whatever dream this was to have a mother figure... but I couldn't help but deem that she and I were very similar. Before I grew ears and a tail, I was tall and Amazonian like her, only she had far more maturity to her than I did.

Wide hips set off a superbly hourglass shape, complete with a full and ample bosom that must've given suck to many babies due to their roundedness and ampleness. Nursing changed a woman's breasts, after all, and the cleavage that was revealed to me made me want to suck upon her fine mammaries that were displayed sexily and motherly at the same time, with draw strings crisscrossing her chest and a fine frilly women's neck tie resting over them.

She was beautiful, stalwart and charismatic, the corset there for decoration instead of slimming her waist and hoisting her bosom. She was a supernatural creature but nevertheless I couldn't but help to make the comparison from me to her.

“Clever girl.” She said with a reddened smile as she moved to a couch and sat gracefully and elegantly upon it, crossing a pair of supple long legs that appeared from within her split-side skirts and crossed before me, the pair covered in a long pair of sheer white stockings that came right up to the tops of her thighs. The reds and whites of her clearly Victorian gown flowed about legs that were long, ample and smooth, and from what I could see from her soft-soled red slippers and white sheer leggings was that she still held at least a part of the power I now wielded. “You're right... we are the same.” She finished and smiled at me, gesturing to another sofa across from her.

I was afraid to sit, or otherwise ruin another couch here as I watched her take up some tea and sip at it briefly, the aroma was strong and filled my nostrils with more Christmas sensations.

“Forgive me, but... I don’t understand a lot of what’s happening around me. Why did you bring me here? And why give me... these?” I asked and tugged on the panty straps that were still able to expand some. The movement accented the vivacious camel toe between my legs and I closed my eyes and tensed as I came again, which likewise accented the peaked and engorged strength of my clitoris poking through the silken fabric. “I don’t deserve all this... power.” I shivered as my pussy clenched like a pair of fists laced together and squeezing my clit between them, trying to break it but only succeeded in enticing me more with their throbbing strength, and suddenly it spat several more times as I rubbed my navel and bit my lower lip before sighing through my nose.

This woman wasn’t embarrassed by the obvious fact I’d just climaxed in her presence, in fact she looked like she expected it and only waited for me to complete it. But once I did I lifted my arms and looked at my hands and the claws that sheathed and unsheathed as I flexed them.

“I mean... I have no idea why I’ve been given this form, this strength, these claws and fangs... I have no idea why I’m here!”

“Quite assuredly, Daniele, you do.” She mentioned and then gestured, and a cushioned pallet unrolled from underneath the sofa and spread before her. Obviously I was to sit. “You’re still un-sprouted, smaller than I’d hoped...”

“This is small?!” I gasped.

“Yes dear, but don’t interrupt. We are in a crux of time, but even that extended time isn’t finite. You must listen Danielle, I will attempt to tell you the questions you obviously have.”

I nodded and sat on the pallet, folding my legs before me as she sipped at her tea again.

“As you may’ve guessed, I am Missus Claus, and you, Daniele, are the barer of the tenuous role that is the Beast of Christmas.” I blinked but remained silent. She’d promised that she’d tell me everything, questions could wait, and I felt an air of importance here. “The Beast of Christmas is a guardian of the Spirit of Christmas... which is within the Man who bears the name of Father Christmas, Santa Claus, Chris Cringle and so... so many others. The Spirit of Christmas is what brings forth good tidings and great joy, celebrating the birth of the Christ these two thousand years now.

“The Spirit of Christmas leaps from host to host, as new hosts are found... but so too does its guardian, the Beast of Christmas.”

“But I never heard of this Beast of Christmas.” I interrupted quickly.

“No one does. Christmas needs its guardians, and it’s needed more and more these days. The greedy and the corrupt have corrupted the true meaning of Christmas, and a person who can protect the spirit in all ways is necessary to keep it alive. A daunting task, but invariably... the Beast of Christmas has always been given to a stalwart female... like you... who has it in her heart to keep the spirit of Christmas alive all year round.

“And a good thing too... Every year Christmas decorations and sales go up earlier and earlier... men and women grow increasingly stressed out as they rush against others like them for the best gifts for others, and they’ve forgotten the true meanings of Christmas.

“You were chosen... instilled with strength and power and various instincts because unlike the average man and woman and child in the world, you haven’t forgotten.”

“But I’m nobody. How is it that I was chosen?”

“There are many reasons, some I cannot tell you in our short time together, but I have proof that you were chosen well.”

“How?” I begged. I wanted to feel that I was worthy of such a gift.

“What does this mean?” she asked and held up a candy cane.

“The shepherd’s hook. It represents that Christ is the Shepherd. It also marks the men who left their flocks in the care of one shepherd to go bare witness to the Christ’s birth.”

“Correct,” she smiled. “To others... this is just a fancy piece of candy that can hang from a tree. And this?” and she held up a silver tinkling bell.

“To announce the arrival of the Christ. They ring all through London on Christmas Eve right at Midnight. Every church and every bell tower to chime with Big Ben’s great bonging bell.”

“Correct... and they ring in many a city all across the world. Most people have no idea why, to most they are an annoyance that wakes them up in the middle of the night. Now these?” and she lifted a small semblance of gifts, little ornaments to hang from trees or to decorate a table.

“A gift. It represents that Christ was a gift to us. That he died for us, the sacrificial lamb.”

And she leaned forward, her ample bosom mostly hidden within the corset and high bodice of the gown of white embroidered silk and lace that was a much larger version of the panties I wore, and the red velvet of her gown. She was like unto royalty, the Sacred Feminine, the wife and mate of the Claus... and if I was right, the former Beast of Christmas.

“Correct. And therein is the most precious meaning of Christmas that so many forget about in their clamor to buy this or buy that and give them to others at great financial cost to themselves in families that cannot afford such things. They go into debt, they increase their stress, they forget why... why they are gifting these things aside that it is something that is just done on Christmas. Children don’t know the true meaning of Christmas, they just know that it’s like a second birthday, there for them to get more toys. Adults get more things that they don’t need and utterly throw out or don’t wear or don’t use...

“The world forgets.

“You were chosen... because above all you haven’t forgotten. You were given so little, Daniele... you have little, what you do have nevertheless you give unto others when you could be living more comfortably if you were a little more selfish, but you’re not. You see the lonely, the sick and the depressed, and quite often in the cold and the bleak dark of the night, you give of your sustenance till you yourself feel the twinge of starvation and you are cold so that they can have at least a little morsel of food and a little mote of warmth to get them by. Your gifts are precious to them because you give them what they need, not what they want. Bless you child.” And she rose and walked to me, fitting neatly between my breasts as she hugged my large head to hers – a head a bit small for the rest of my body, but perhaps that was because I was so big – and she kissed me. “Bless you child for not forgetting.”

She stepped back and resettled her long skirts that settled into a singular gown now that she was standing, but now that I knew she had a split gown, I saw where her long supple legs could come out.

“But I am no longer the Beast of Christmas.” She admitted my earlier thought. “That role in me expired the moment I placed this ring on my hand.” And she showed me the diamond, silver and gold encrusted ring on her finger that glittered beautifully with images of a sleigh with nine reindeer riding through the snow. “I traded the ability to protect the Spirit of Christmas by being the feminine aspect that supported Christmas.”

“I don’t understand... why... give up that sort of strength? That sort of power?” I asked blinking at her.

“Father Christmas is a representation...” Missus Claus stated. “He represents their joy and the gift that was the Christ. As the symbol, he must have everything else that goes along with it so that he can be the greatest symbol of Christmas, that of the Christ. But to do so, he must take a wife.”

“Whoa-whoa-whoa... wait... what?! He must... take a wife?! The symbol of the Christ? But what does a woman have to do with the Christ? He was the divine Son of God, he had no wife!” I asked, very interested in this.

“And *that*,” she punctuated with a raised index finger of a white gloved hand. “Is a part of the true Christmas that was lost a thousand years ago. Women have forever been minimized, put upon, and taken advantage of, practically since the dawn of man we were placed that way. Our lives are harder because evil men seek to possess and control us, and if they cannot do that they attempt to destroy us. It was those thoughts that permeated my... *anger*... when I was The Beast, and I was a Vicious Beast in my desire to prove myself that a woman was a part of Christmas too.

“But when I learned... when I learned the truth, I was struck with so much awe that it tamed me.”

“And? What was that truth?” I blinked, leaning forward till my tits pressed against my thighs... and apparently with me still growing subtly, my tits still swelling, this was enough for the heavy pair to slip right out from underneath the shirt I wore and slip naked onto my lap.

The pair pressed between my immense biceps as I palmed my knees, it pressed the teats together while the kitty shirt I wore now spread across the top of the chest, no longer able to hem in those mighty breasts.

“Christ led by example. He always led by example. Forever, everything he did was an example as to what all of mankind should do. Baptism through the full immersion in water by John the Baptist, he tithed, he fasted... he showed us everything that was necessary to enter the Kingdom of God, but above all, Daniele, he showed us that to hold the highest keys of any priesthood, the requirements for a Jew like him to be called Rabbi... he had to take a wife.”

My eyes slowly widened till they bugged out of my skull, the almond pupils dilating open to their fullest as I stared at her.

“But... but... that’s nowhere... *nowhere* in any of the holy books!” I gaped.

“Sure it was, only men who called themselves priests and Men of the Cloth, men who were less than pious, who didn’t want to share anything in the glory and truth of what they saw as power, corrupted the truth in their favor... and women were written almost entirely out of the Bible as anything of any worth than a possession, and if they weren’t a possession then they were a whore. But there are discrepancies that their falsehoods and rewrites missed.

“First and foremost, to be called a Rabbi by Jewish tradition like Christ was, a Jew must be married.” I intake a slow breath of air that suddenly made me feel empowered. There was a woman, a woman who stood beside Christ?!

“Deborah was the only feminine judge to ever sit in judgment over Israel. She was called a prophetess, the only feminine prophetess ever recorded... for whatever reasons, the men who rewrote the bible in about one thousand A.D. either forgot her, or missed her. There was priestess powers in her, minimized in comparison to the greater priesthoods of a man, but nevertheless, she had holy power as a priestess and a prophetess, the very spirit of God resided in her instead of a man at the time.

“The Mother of Christ, Mary, and likewise the wife of Christ... another Mary...”

“Another Mary?!” I interrupted, too excited by the revelation now. “But there was only one other Mary... but... no! She was a prostitute!”

“Being accused of being a prostitute by evil men isn’t the same as being a prostitute, Daniele.” She smiled those reddened lips of hers that glittered like dark rubies. “Remember Christ saving her? His famous words of *‘He who is without sin, cast the first stone?’* He saved her, because he loved her. Oh He loves all of mankind, but he loved her especially. You remember the marriage told in the bible?” I nodded dumbly at these revelations.

Suddenly, millennia of being the weaker sex were being thrown by the wayside, I was not weak because I was a woman, I was strong, there were other strong women! I was not less than a man! I finally felt worthy of saying: *‘I am woman! Hear me roar!’*

“Who’s marriage was that?” she continued. “Why was Christ’s mother fussing so much about it? Why would she fuss unless the marriage was for someone important to her?”

“To preserve the fact that Christ had to be divine, that meant in some minds of the various sects of Christianity that he had to be celibate. Never, nowhere, *anywhere* does it say that a Priest of God needed to be Celibate in holy scripture. Moses had a wife, Aaron had a wife, Noah and his sons had wives... the union of man and woman is sacred, Daniele, for between man and woman is true holy power achieved, true and ultimate power of God. Because only in such a union... a physical union...” and she squatted, palming my hyper-muscle belly that clenched to her touch. “Is life created...”

“Just as Man cannot create life without Woman, Woman cannot create life without Man. I am Queen, Priestess, Prophetess, and the Sacred Feminine that is necessary to bring for the true Spirit and Meaning of Christmas, for without me... the Claus just cannot be. Just the same, without him, the Spirit of Christmas cannot be either. It requires both of us for it to be.

“We women have suffered thousands of years of the minimizing thrusts of men. Used, abused and often thrown away or kept as mere trophies. My first gift to you, Daniele, is letting you know that this power exists. The powers of a priestess are not less than but equal to that of a priest, they are merely different.”

“Different?”

“The role of mother, comforter, hand-maiden and at other times shield-maiden reside within us. We bare the children and then nurture the children... and likewise we also nurture our mates and husbands.” She cooed and then caressed my long hair that spilled down my back and onto the floor since it’d grown so long... and it seemed to continue growing as well as it piled slowly on the ground behind my backside.

“I need you to be aware of that strength... we need you and your blessed power as protector now... more than ever.”

I blinked at her and then tilted my head questioningly.

“Need me? Summoned me? I am the protector... so... why am I needed that I needed to be summoned?” I asked warily.

She turned and then began wringing her hands. It was a sure sign of a woman worrying.

“Tell me, Daniele, do you have inside you a need to be somewhere but you don’t know how to get there other than a direction?” I nodded. “That is the instinctual drive that is being instilled in you with every orgasmic lance your feminine body exudes as it pulses and cracks and breaks from the inside out with more sexual power, more strength as you grow ever the more potent in your role as Guardian.

“There are people who seek to steal Christmas for themselves, Daniele, and if they can’t steal it then they’ll destroy it.

“An elemental spirit, elemental and primordial just like the Claus, just like me, has kidnapped Santa on the night of his yearly ride. What little faith that is left in Christmas would break if children wake up and find nothing beneath their trees or in their stockings. The wonder and majesty of finding the cookies and milk left out just for Santa... uneaten and un-drunk will kill the wonder and awe of the season.

“Christmas would become just another day, nothing more than a gimmick of big business to clear losses for the year.”

I paused and looked toward the door I’d come through. “Was that what that business man wanted?”

She paused and then nodded.

“Very astute of you. There are businesses that are aware of this place, and they constantly send their lawyers to seek to control Christmas. If Santa and I give up our roles and give them to our enemy, then Santa will be released, the role will pass, and it will be just as if he didn’t ride anyways. Oh sure... all the presents of all the good boys and girls will be delivered this year, but what will happen next year? How will the spirit be corrupted then?”

I was silent. I looked away. “You know... I never got anything in my stocking. Never saw a gift for me under the tree.” I said and she turned immediately with a gasp. “I stopped believing in Santa a long time ago... and now this! So I get some magic underwear

and now I'm expected to... *believe*... just like that? All this could just be a really neat dream, and I could really be in my bed thinking great thoughts and when I wake up I'll be just as pathetic as always."

"Do you normally dream in color?" she asked and I stared at her.

"Not... so vividly." I replied and she smiled. "Point taken." I sighed then. "But that doesn't explain why I always had the short end of the stick. What's wrong with Santa Claus? Or do only the rich get to have presents."

"Child. Dear sweet child..." and she approached me to palm my head, comb my hair like Mama would do occasionally with her red polished nails. "Your life was blessed, don't you see?" I shook my head slowly. "The rich get presents because they expect them, because they have little needs. But the true gifts that really count, other than things that come in packages tied up with ribbons and bows that you can touch, are things you usually cannot see and usually cannot touch.

"So you were an Orphan. You could've been tossed in a dumpster instead on the doorstep of a place that would care for you in the real world. So your madam and sir weren't the best in the world, but they could've been people who utterly ignored you, beat you and possibly even molested you. The state paid for your education and your upbringing... that's over a hundred thousand pounds up to the point of your eighteenth birthday. You could've been living on the street, but you found a goodly man and woman who took you in as their own daughter.

"Each of these things were gifts, Daniele. You couldn't really see them, you really couldn't touch them, and yes, it seemed as if Santa missed you year after year just because you were poor... but if you think about it... you received gifts that are far, far more worthwhile than a candy cane in your stocking or a new toy on Christmas Day, or a sweater that you wear for a few years and then throw away. You have humility and love, Daniele. Do you realize how precious those things are?"

"I... never thought of it that way." I admitted

"Most people often don't." she smiled. "Even the pure of heart like you are sometimes misled. It's the curse of our gender. We are so trusting it's almost to a fault."

I paused and thought, hunching my shoulders around my thick muscular neck, feeling my pussy throbbing more energetically, felt... more of the beast trying to fight her way out.

"But... what am I supposed to do? Go... *fight* a guy now?" I asked hugging myself, the milk in my breasts so full that they didn't even slosh now as my arms lifted them from the motion. "I'm... not really the most violent sort of person."

"Yes... and no." she replied. "You must find your own way... I was vicious, because I didn't know any better. Militant might've been a better word for how I acted in my day as the Beast... but every Beast is different." She smiled and felt the thin black stripes on my arm that looked as if they were made by a fairy brush. "So beautiful, so intricate. I had spots." She looked to me rather... *proudly*?

"The Americans have a saying, which will be the truth I learned at the end of my tenure. '*When in peace prepare for war, but when in war... hope for peace.*' You must go and retrieve the Claus, Daniele... no matter the cost. The importance of this day, what little of it people realize of it must be preserved. There's so little hope and so little peace in the world because of how much was forgotten. All the symbols, all the truths forgotten or rewritten. For Christmas to die means for that little rekindling of truth, love, faith and hope that the world has that happens each year during this season alone will die with it."

## Chapter 10: Jack

I stood in a half ring between two tiers of the ground floor and a second floor, elves working around me as first they cut my shirt off me. I gasped and continued to cover my nipples with both hands at first, but then I noted that we were all girls here anyways... or at least as far as I could tell. Some of the guy elves still looked rather effeminate.

I got wrapped in ribbons by the little elves jumping and bounding around me acrobatically, and if they hadn't been there then I'd be clothed at the moment all Sailor Moon style in a Sailor Flash! The ribbons of cloth were stitched together hurriedly in a long-bodied one-piece suit that was sewn into the panties guarding my loins before case after case of lightly lacquered boxes was brought to me, and the moment that the cases were open, pieces of sterling silver that were etched with dark stains flew from their cases and applied themselves to me layer upon layer. Bracelets, anklets, shoulder guards, neck and back plating, an enormous breastplate that didn't appropriately cover my chest being that, believe it or not, my chest was actually too small for it.

A guard for the base of the tail where it met the spine over my bottom, a ring for the end of the tail, leg guards, forearm guards and a thick circlet and choker gilded me along with gauntlets that left my fingers and bright white claws out into the open.

The British respected the lion and the tiger. We were taught about both often through our lives, our nobles and lords hunted them, we caged them and kept them as symbols of many a house in Great Britain emblazoned on coats of arms, so I knew that a cat that was violent had dark, black claws that were stained that color from all the violence they did. I didn't want my claws to turn black.

Once the elves were done and I was fully dressed, I stepped out, feeling the weight of the metals on me, I checked them and found them to be loose.

"They're a bit... big." I said hesitantly as if this wasn't right.

"Think nothing of this, child... but you're a bit small so to speak." Missus Claus reminded me as she flowed to me like she was floating, now dressed in a Victorian white winter gown complete with hand warmer that also served as a purse in the old days and a great draping white hood. "In my day... my bust was swelling outside of that breastplate!" she laughed behind her hand, but I didn't think it was really funny. I was still small by someone's comparison apparently. "You'll grow into them." She mused and then led me away by holding onto my finger with the whole of her hand. I was well over twelve feet tall now... I could only imagine how massive the Beast of Christmas must truly be. "Just... have faith." She said, but we both knew I was having trouble with that at the moment.

I still didn't believe any of this was happening.

Outside, the elves were cheering for me, but she raised hand and they quieted.

"Christmas is a time for miracles, Danielle." She told me quietly and palmed my meaty thigh. "Above all else, you need to believe that you can do, and the miracles will come. Faith is a big part of your power, and the more you have the stronger and more powerful you'll become. One such miracle is that we, the spirits of Christmas, collectively slow down for just this one night. Without Santa that time is accelerating." There was a deafening bong and there was a moan in the crowd as eleven others passed before she continued. "Oh no... midnight! Time is running out Danielle. We have only until dawn, remember that for it is important. Yes... that time is skewed, but the speed of that time is growing faster. I will send you to the lair of Jack."

"Jack? But who is...?" but her hand thrust and I felt a swirling of snow like I as in a snow globe that had been shaken up vigorously, and when it was done I was standing before a mouth of an ice cave.

The cave was laden with icicles that were like teeth, the rock and ice above the mouth like eyes, and the snow drifts like a great beard.

...

How cliché can you get? This is right out of some Christmas Special.

I was almost certain that this was just some vivid dream... but then I pinched myself to wake me up, but then there was sign number two that I wasn't dreaming. You don't feel pain in a dream, and I definitely did feel pain now.

"How did I get mixed up in this...?" I moaned and stepped forward, finding that the mouth of the cave was indeed massive, large enough to swallow me no less.

The moment I stepped across its jaw, a blast of cold, cold frigid wind blasted at me, making my eyes water and freezing the tears instantly against my face to where I had to break the ice off to open my eyes again, while lances of frost were swept back on my body from the blast. Every exhale of breath I made now caused mini clouds of snow that fell quickly to the ground that it was so cold, and I'll tell you what girls... you never had nippleage and clitoral erectile strain worse than when it was likewise pushing against thin silk cloth against cold, cold, *cold* metal.

The sterling silver frosted instantly over me as I delved into the cave, the snow crunching beneath my feet, and swallowing, I followed the borean cave downward... being swallowed as it were, stepping deeper and deeper into a cave that was somehow lighted through the ice being so pure it was literally crystal through and through. Even the smallest mote of light would be nigh infinitely magnified and reflected through the caves.

I only palmed the wall once and found my hand stuck to it from the sweat on my palm freezing to it, and it was rather painful to free my hand – I think I lost a few layers of skin that way – before I strode deeper. And then I heard laughter and voices and I slowed to a stop at first, tits wobbling lightly inside the layered chest armor I wore, waiting to see if an army was about to spill out at me before I more cautiously and more quietly stepped forward into the din.

"Look at you! Just look at you, you fat, slovenly, bastard!" a cold voice was saying as I neared the source of the light reflecting through the cave with cold fire. "I... *me*... I'm the elemental force of winter... not you, but when people think of winter they think of you fat man."

"Not true!" an old man's voice said. "They think of you more than me, Jack... and if you put on my coat and hat and inherit the Spirit of Christmas then you'll be just as fat as I am... round boy. I have a brief season and then I go away... you last for four months out of the year at the very least, often times longer... the best I get is sharing one month out of those four.

"Stop this madness Jack. You're warring against the other Spirits of the Holidays by stealing me away like this."

"Silence! Silence you fat butter ball." The cold voice said and I edged just far enough where I could look down into a broad cavern that was built like a mansion... only everything, absolutely everything was made out of ice... or looked like ice. "You mean you *stole* a month out of my four... and now you have two now don't you? Admit it! You started this war first, now the humans practically worship you from November to January! Enough! I'm tired of being second man to you because some God-child was born that you magically represent. I was winter," and a man dressed entirely in white and blue formal attire and decorated with icicles everywhere, even his hair, jabbed a thumb at himself that, like all his other fingers, was tipped with a long blue nail at its end that was so cold it caused vapor even in this ever so cold room. "Long before you ever came along. This is my kingdom! My domain! You are an intruder in it."

The man in blue with blue skin and icy blue eyes even began to stalk back and forth.

"My ice age defeated... again! ...and now the lands of endless winter grow smaller and smaller, and you! You are an intruder in my domain, setting your shop down wherever you damn well please without asking me or consulting me. My lands! My season! Me! Me! ME!!"

"I'm sorry Jack. We're supposed to share and..."

"Be quiet!" the one known as Jack raged. "I am winter! Everything that is winter is me! Christmas is in Winter... so therefore I should be the Spirit of Christmas!"

"Jack... you're cold... you're harsh... you kill people every year with such power even if you don't try to."



“I kill the foolish and the stupid and the inept.” Jack waved dismissively and turned and I peeked out, looking down into a chamber below that led from a balcony that I was upon downward on a curving stair to at least twenty feet below. Santa looked up and saw me, and then waved me back and I nodded as he returned his gaze to Jack before he swiveled around again. “Killing the stupid and the inept keeps them from the gene pool. I strengthen mankind due to my power. Likewise, the cold drives people together... with me even ugly people start looking good.”

“Under that logic, so does an ample supply of eggnog spiked with some spiced rum.” Santa said and I stifled a laugh.

Santa was jolly, even in this situation, rosy-cheeked and red-nosed, a great big white beard and a pair of gold rimmed glasses. He looked almost exactly as I expected him to look... only... this Santa wasn't all fat. Sure he had this great big round belly, and it really did jiggle as he stood there with his coat off in a nice white embroidered shirt that was reminiscent of something the Norse or maybe the Russians would wear, but beneath the fat I saw an incredible strength in this man. He had thick biceps, incredible chorded pectorals that strained his shirt, and his belly had as much muscle in it as it did have fat. He was like a great big cuddly sumo wrestler.

“It's not the same thing! The need for mutual warmth isn't the same thing as *'beer goggles,'* Santa... or whatever your real name was. What are you the fiftieth version of you?”

“Forty-eighth.” Santa corrected. “You can't get away with this Jack. You will be stopped.”

“Or what?” Jack said with an over-confident smirk. “Do you mean by your *Beast?*” Jack mocked. “A Beast isn't possible, Claus. I know it isn't possible, because there is no Christmas Baby to make one!” He barked a shot of laughter that twinkled like crystal banging against each other like wind chimes in a wind.

“According to what you know.” Santa smiled and I gripped the snowy portion of the wall here that was frosted ice instead of straight ice. I was afraid I'd stick to that if I touched it. The world tinkled about me, crystalline as ice shards seemed to quiver, move and coalesce about the room, I ignored it as I watched the scene unfolding below me, biting my lower lip and trying to bring up the will to do something brave.

Jack turned; his long blue coat and long blue pants like a formal coat and tails as he stared at the jolly old elf.

“According?” he said cautiously, lifted his chin and then snapped his fingers. “Take her!” he shouted and I was suddenly attacked from behind.

I saw for a moment two massive ice creatures as they easily overpowered me, slapped my hands to my chest and then first a layer of frost and then a layer of ice covered me from their very touch before their icy breath entombed my upper body from throat to navel in cold, cold ice. Ow... nipple freeze! I felt like I began to slip into hypothermia as the ice creatures rumbled and sloughed themselves forward, holding me aloft as the cold chilled my core, freezing the blood in my body and transforming the milk in my breasts into frosted milkshakes.

My milkshakes bring the boys to the yard... no! Not now! This isn't the time for levity.

“Bring her here.” Jack snapped.

“Jack you let her go!” Santa shouted from his icy cage as the giant ice creatures stepped forward down the stairs to him, crinkling like crystal as they hauled me down and held me before Jack; their sizes so massive that my twelve foot height dangled helplessly between them as I shivered to keep warm.

“The oh-so-famous Beast of Christmas, the Guardian Spirit of the of the Spirit of Christmas.” He smirked up at me as I shivered harder, vibrating a space inside the ice. The sterling silver body armor wasn't helping the cold either. “Taken so easily too... no training, no desire to attack me. A real Beast would've tried for my head already... a glorious battle would've ensued...” he frowned. “Why isn't she dead yet?”

“Let her go Jack... I'm warning you.” Santa said and gripped the thick icy bars with his mittened hands.

“Warning me?” Jack flicked and a snowball smacked Santa in the face. “You’re not in a position to warn right now. How curious... how strange. How is it that this one hasn’t broken free? Yes of course... she’s small.” I heard that and growled against it as I struggled. “But still... this much exposure... she should be dead!”

And Jack lifted a finger and touched my navel, and I screamed as I felt something like a spike of cold pushing into me like I was being pressed by a knife made of liquid nitrogen. The cold was so intense that my flesh died instantly from the touch as frost and ice spread from the wound, and withdrawing the knife, I fought the cold, tensing, kicking weakly, but nevertheless... the cold there slowly vanished, melted away.

My pussy throbbed, tensed and I fought the cold... fought allowing it into my core before the burst of heat from my loins and the orgasmic warmth surged up my loins to my heart, keeping that core warm from the cold. Honestly, I couldn’t think of anything more warming than the sheer and unmitigated power of a sexual high... and my sexual might was an uttermost power inside me to fight back even Jack Frost.

“Still kicking... curious. The bulk of her strength is still inside her then. You were wise to hide her from me as an infant, Claus. But despite being all grown up... she’s still not a match... but despite that...” he tapped the shield of ice around me, and with a flick of his finger it shattered, leaving me shivering. “Perhaps... to make my place more solidified, Claus... I’ll change the Beast of Christmas into my Beast.” His icy finger slid up my thighs and slowly slid inside the crotch of the panties and the layered crotch plate that I wore. “What do you think of that Claus?” he smiled while the ice giants that held my frozen and blued arms twinkled with crystalline mirth in laughter.

“Don’t you touch her!” Claus shouted suddenly, maddeningly angry for some reason. His concern was more than touching... there was meaning to his wrath and worry as he looked from me and Jack, but Jack merely laughed at him and in one jerk ripped the crotch of my panties and the metal guard over it right off me.

I spasmed, the struggling beast in me withering immediately, draining from me and I shrank and thinned immediately, convulsing violently as that power slipped from my fingers like powdered snow. The armor pieces fell off me piece by tenuous piece as my mass and muscle and enormous breasts diminished. Hips narrowed, muscles deflated and popped inside me, bones thinned as I shriveled faster than the beast grew within me. The stripes faded, the fur thinned and receded, and just like that I fell to the ice and snow on the ground in a thud, balling up naked as all that might left me and I embraced myself against the biting cold; chattering and finding myself naked and open to exposure. My vision blackened quickly, and then... sweet... sweet warmth and a flood of euphoria as I collapsed sideways into the cold, my flesh getting freezer burn.

“I shall mate with her.” Jack announced coldly. “I shall chill her heart and claim the Beast of Christmas for my own... and you... Claus... can watch.” He laughed, right as I blacked out.

## Chapter 11: The True Beast of Christmas

I awoke with a snap, in warm blankets and warm and soft bedding, and for a moment I thought I'd really been dreaming, that all of that was nothing more than some insane dream, but then my eyes focused against the down pillow I was face-first against, and I saw that I wasn't in my room.

Sitting bolt upright, the shortened hair tossing lightly atop my head, I looked about as heavy quilts and comforters fell off my shoulders only to hit me with a piercing cold that numbed my face and lips.

I was in that same chamber as before, my armor in a frozen plate of ice against one wall as some trophy, and palming my loins I found that indeed the magical panties that gave me all that fierce strength and sexual power were gone. Looking down at myself, I saw that there were residual effects of the change in me; my hips were bowed outward wider, and pressing against the fat of a tiny little tit that still coned atop my chest, I felt that it was still sexually alive and that the sensitive nipples inside a red and white striped pajama suit I wore could still quickly arouse. A tinge of warmth struck me that lanced down into my sex, but I left it alone and looking back, I found myself in one of those pajama suits with the butt flap. One of the buttons had come undone and was showing one cheek of my shapely behind so I quickly buttoned it back up and grimaced at the red-white-red-white coloring of this pajama suit that made me look like a candy stick.

"Now... w-where am I?" I breathed, my breath escaping me in puffs. I looked like I was in Superman's Fortress of Solitude.

"You're within the lair of Jack Frost, Danielle." A warm voice told me, and turning immediately I saw Santa there sitting on a bench of ice with his coat hanging from a peg of ice. "Hello child." He greeted warmly... fatherly even. And why not? He was the Spirit of Christmas, the present embodiment of the light of Christ, so therefore what better name could he be than Father Christmas like we Brits called him?

I gathered the blankets around me to keep warm; surprised that Jack Frost would have anything warm anywhere around him... I was even more surprised he had women's feety-pajamas in my size. Well maybe not my size, these things were a bit baggy.

"I don't know if I should be angry at you or glad to see you." I told him as I rose and slid off the bed with the quilts around me to come to a stand before his cage. He looked thinner, and his long fluffy white and curly beard had shortened greatly. "Are you... diminishing?" I blinked.

"The Spirit of Christmas is dying." He said quietly. "Jack wants a cold, hard world... if dawn breaks and I've still not made my yearly run, Daniele, it will die."

The seriousness in his voice was so profound I swallowed from it.

"Well... what can I do? Jack broke the panties and... and I still don't believe any of this!" I splayed a hand out before me wildly before drawing it back into the warmth and safety of the blankets as it numbed instantly with cold. "This is nuts! Santa Claus? Jack Frost? All that bloody blatherskite about women empowerment? I'm weak, I'm small... this is just a dream... a weird dream that when I wake up I'll still be me and I'll still be a nobody that you never ever visited... d-despite how much I needed you." And I pointed an accusing finger at him. "I only wanted one thing. Just one thing..." I began to tear up. "It wasn't big... it wasn't much, it wasn't expensive..."

"And you didn't get it." Santa said and I froze, biting my lower lip. I didn't nod or shake my head against him, not knowing really how to answer. I was so confused! "Oh Daniele... why is it that a person stops believing in Santa when they don't get the one thing they wanted in their stocking? They get so many other wonderful things, but that one thing they wish for, the one thing they wanted most and they don't get then all of a sudden they stop believing? Even when year after year you get many, many grand gifts, including that year, and all you wish for is one little gift and when you don't get it you stop believing?" I was stunned even more into silence where I couldn't believe. I looked away, pouting.

Santa sighed and rose and came to the icy bars, leaning his head through them as I saw the weight fading from him, and his beard and moustache receding while brown color slid back into their frost white and glittering coloring.

“*Starlight, star bright... the first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, I wish to have the wish I wish tonight.*” He stated and my eyes widened in shock as he was quoting verbatim something I’d said more than a decade ago. It wasn’t the way to say the wishing poem, but I really, really wanted the wish to work that night. “*Christmas Star, oh Christmas Star, I want to believe in Christmas... I want to believe in Santa Claus. The nights are so cold here, and this blanket doesn’t cover me well. Please bring me a pair of nice wool socks. I’ll wash them and clean them and take care of them every day. Please... Please-please-please... just one pair of socks.*”

He leaned against the bars and gripped them.

“Christmas day came... no socks.” He told me and I turned slowly back to him, mouth open in disbelief as I nodded, my eyes blurring with tears that froze immediately to my cheeks.

H-how... how could he know that? I never told anyone those words.

“Th-this is a dream. Y-you’re just quoting from my own head. All this is a lie!” I screamed and pointed accusingly again. “You don’t exist! Jack Frost doesn’t exist... Christmas is a hollow holiday made for stupid people that waste their time on hope and dreams that never come, and...”

And I stopped.

There in Santa’s mitten, was a pair of bright, multi-colored, striped wool socks. It’d cost him. I saw that. His ears were less pointed, his age less noticeable... I saw a young man underneath the face and beard. His clothes were baggy. He had a battery and it was running out and he’d just expended that much power just to make these for me.

I reached out and took them, feeling them, experiencing the tactile sensations as tears still streamed down my face and froze into icicles there.

To an orphan, warm socks were better than cold... and these were pretty, thick wool socks that would’ve padded my feet in the soles of shoes that were so thinned to begin with that I felt the flat of the nails in the shoes push painfully against my heels with each step.

“W-why...” I choked. “Why now?!” I shrieked. “Why now in this terrible place and not then.” Tears streamed down my face, forming icicles against my face that cracked and broke.

“There is a misconception in the world.” He explained. “The poor easily stop believing in me because they get caught up in the fact that I only care about the well off.” I hugged the socks to me tightly, nodding vigorously, biting my blue lower lip despite the stinging pain of the cold. “The well off get physical gifts, things you can see and touch because they already have what they need, Daniele.” He said quietly, soothingly, and reaching out he palmed my face with a thick leathery mitten. “The rules of Christmas are that each person gets only one gift. No more... no less. I cannot betray the magic, ever, and play favorites. So while the rich get physical gifts they can touch and hold, like puppies and bicycles and cricket bats... the poor... like you... get far better on Christmas. You get what you needed not what you wanted, and what you needed that Christmas was a donator to give just enough money so that your sir and your madam could pay the past due gas bill so that you had running hot water to heat the pipes in the building for what little warmth you had in that drafty building, and heat for the showers so that you weren’t washing in cold, cold water. Without it... you and the other children would’ve frozen during the winter.”

My lower lip trembled, quivering as I felt a wracking sob of so much lost belief and faith and hope spill from me... years of shame of not believing, feeling as if I were betrayed by the Christmas I once loved... only to finally, at long last understand: Why?! A blubbing sob spilt from me as I gripped the socks, and stepped forward only to have Santa pull me closer and we hugged between the bars as he patted my head and kissed my cheek.

“There, there... it’s ok... it’s not your fault. Not your fault. Loss of faith is never your fault, child.”

“No... I’m sorry.” I wept and wiped the tears from my eyes as they caused crinkling ice specks along my eyes that I had to break away. “I didn’t believe. I wasn’t strong enough... now Christmas is going to die and it’s all my fault!”

“Now there... don’t say that... it isn’t your fault.”

“Sure it is!” the cold voice that sounded like someone was talking through a frozen tin can uttered behind me and I whirled immediately to see Jack approaching as he repeatedly clapped his hands slowly in applause. “Spirit of Christmas... wasted upon the warm.” He stated and before I knew it, he reached out and touched my socks and they crinkled and crisped and with a scratch of his long fingernail, they shattered in my hands as if they’d been dropped in liquid nitrogen.

“No!” I sobbed and dropped to my knees, scrambling for the fragments. “See how they cling to material things, Santa? I will bring them cold, I will bring them an ice age... I’ll freeze their cities and then you’ll see how people truly are.” Jack said, standing with one hand holding the elbow of the other hand as that hand slid its long fingernails together.

Growling, I rose and beat against his chest. “You monster!” I sobbed and beat and beat, but my little fists were nothing against a supernatural creature like this that was head, chest and shoulders taller than me. His chest was like a slab of shaped ice. I had about as much hope to damage it as I did solid stone or shaped metal.

And then with the speed of a cold snap, his fingers jerked to my wrists and grabbed them, and suddenly I was gasping as the cold of those fingers suffused my narrow, slender wrists with such intense cold that my bones grew brittle. He dragged me to the bed and then pushed me forward and threw me onto the bed, and as I rose to fight he gripped my ankle and I shuddered and tensed so hard that I couldn’t move as he knelt between my legs, gripped my chest and tit and slowly began to unzip the zipper of the pajamas, baring my flesh that blued immediately to his touch before he bent and kissed me. My lips and face blued immediately to his cold, cold breath before he reached back, and for the first time in my life I tasted what it was like to come so near death.

“She’ll kill you Jack.” Santa said then and Jack – no pun intended – froze.

...

Ok, so yeah... a little pun was intended, but just a little one.

“Kill me? I am a force of nature, Claus. How can this innocent... little creature,” he slid his hands into the pajamas, feeling my breasts as I chilled to the bone and shivered. “Kill me? She’s so thin, so weak... so...”

“Still the Beast of Christmas,” Claus said tersely. “Despite you having disrobed her.” Claus then bit out as if Jack were a horrid creature for doing so. In my mind he was a horrid creature, but I was having difficulty forming thoughts at the moment. Cold mixed with the indignity of being placed in a position to be raped by this creature was chilling me more than the cold of his hands alone would allow for. “You stick her, then that icy dick of yours will be the first thing to melt inside you. Imagine... no more winter, no more ice caps, and the whole world celebrates Christmas with fun in the sun. The traditional side of things gone mind you... without Jack, true, there is no Christmas traditionally speaking without snow... but nevertheless...” Santa leaned forward as my teeth chattered and I shivered violently till my flesh burned from the chill of Jack’s grip pausing amidst undressing me. “What do you think that stilled frozen heart of yours will do against such warmth... Jack?” and Santa grinned toothily.

And just like that, Jack slid away from me as if I were a dangerous thing.

“But at dawn... her residual power vanishes.” Jack bit out, still backing from me till his back pressed against a wall. “Then... whatever is left in her will easily be corrupted and taken. I will wear the red suit, I will be total master of winter, and I will have Christmas’s most powerful guardian for my own!”

And then Jack... escaped, melding into the ice and disappearing.

“H-he r-ran a-away.” I panted, hyperventilating.

“Calm yourself. Zip yourself up, rub your chest, the rest of you will warm up once your chest has.” Santa said and I did so, bundling in the blankets as I tried to warm myself, and Santa, now with a thin beard that surrounded only mouth and lined his jaw, he pulled out a gold pocket watch and sighed before closing the clasp and replacing it. His clothes looked so loose now.

“What do we d-do” I shivered, bundling up even tighter.

“Every hour that passes, a minute passes in real time.” Santa stated. “Sunrise is at seven-fifty A.M. here.”

“I-I-I a-arrived at m-mid-mid n-n-night.” I shivered still.

“And you’ve slept for three whole days our time.” Santa replied.

“S-so th-that’s how y-y-you do it all in one night.” I smiled.

“Mm-hm. From four-forty-five P.M. on the twenty-fourth, to seven-fifty A.M. on the twenty-fifth, for me and those that serve me, time askews. Nine-hundred and sixty-five hours, that equates to practically forty days of night. A lot of traveling, a lot of homes... but...”

“B-but?”

“With me here, my powers are waning. That time is waning fast. As I grow weaker in this cage time is quickly returning to normal. I’m no math wiz – I got elves for that –” he smirked. “But I think that at the rate I’m diminishing, we only have a few hours left.”

Despite the cold, I got up immediately and shuffling to his cage I began hammering on the ice, using whatever I could find to break it.

“The water is pure, Daniele,” Santa said after the tenth thing I brought up broke against it. “And he’s pressurized it. Pure compressed ice crystallized from cold can be as strong as steel.”

“It got me warmed up again at least.” I panted, but then collapsed against the bed. “I’m sorry. I failed you. I failed everyone.”

“Quite a yoke you just took on there.” Santa stated and I turned to him with a grimace.

“Thrust upon me, more like.” I sighed. “What could I do? There was an emergency, people needed help, I had to help because I could... and I failed.”

“Not thinking about your own welfare in the process? Giving without taking? Bless you Daniele.”

“A whole lot of good it’ll do us. He tore the panties. I can’t change without them.” I said defeated.

Santa leaned forward, with that twinkle in his eye that the old Christmas poem said he had.

“You aren’t defeated until you are defeated, and we have several hours left, Daniele.” He stated, but I didn’t move, not knowing what else I could say. “And who... precisely... told you that you need a pair of underpants to become The Beast?” Santa asked me.

It took me a moment for it to dawn on me of what he’d said before I turned to him, seeing his still rosy cheeks bright with his rosy nose, his eyes twinkling.

“Y-you mean...” I breathed.

“They were just to wake you up. You didn’t know that you could, and they showed you the way that you could change and become mightier than any other man or woman or even supernatural creature in existence. Little known secret... shh... very hush-hush.” And he made a shushing motion with his glove twisting from his fingers in them. “Don’t tell Jack.”

“B-but... how do I change like that?”

“The missus always said something. What was it now?” he thought deep. “A little hope, a little faith, and a push of the button and she changed!” and then he blinked at me. “What?”

“A push of the button?” I repeated carefully, warily even.

“Sure... though I don’t know how pushing on your belly button helps.” He said, with a beaming smile and I turned slowly to him, trying to figure out if he were joking, or if he really didn’t know. I decided no one so old could be so unaware of a woman’s terminology after having spent decades if not centuries with his current wife.

Truth be told... there was only one place on a woman’s body that she called her ‘*button*’.

I turned, hiding the deep blush I felt, biting my lower lip as I drew the blankets from around me, and looking down as my legs flopped open, seeing the fabric of the striped pajamas conform around my naked vulva inside the PJ’s, I licked my lips and debated the unconscionable thought of needing to masturbate in front of Santa Claus.

“Let’s see...” I called over my shoulder, licked my lips and then tried again. “Let’s see what happens when I push my button.” I said and licked my lips again, and with legs open palming my sex with my small hands, I found that at least the cool metal and the furry cloth of the PJ’s did feel nice against my loins as I gave them one tentative stroke.

I’d remarked earlier this crazy night that it was my sexual power that awakened inside my loins thanks to those panties. Those touched off my breasts, making them swell and engorge, and that in turn made the rest of me grow. Closing my eyes, with legs still flopped open, I thought inwardly, and as I gave myself another rub, bit my lower lip and lifted my chin as I sighed through my nose, feeling the immediate warmth and beauty of sexual elation growing within me.

*This man gave me socks.*

*They were socks I’d wished only to myself on a star as a little girl.*

*I told no one else about that wish... or what broke my heart for Christmas.*

*If he knew that wish... then this man was Santa.*

*Santa was real!*

Another rub and I felt the flush of warmth, the crisp sensation of gathering moisture seeping stickily along the crevice of my sex, warming my sex and making the flesh stick to the fabric of the pajamas. The labial muscles trembled, bladders and pockets made to hold blood flushing, causing the pair of vaginal palates to blush with the flushing of blood, which in turn made a band across my chest redden and then my cheeks and nose to flush. Warmth, such incredible warmth flowed up my body, and the white porcelain of my skin, from a life of being cold and living a life of the poor flowed through me, turning the whiter than white skin that was as white as the driven snow peach in color, the whole of me flushing and reddening with the rising warmth in me.

*If Santa is real, then Missus Claus was real.*

*If Missus Claus was real, then the place I met her at was real.*

*The place I met her was Santa’s Workshop.*

*If that was real, then the elves I saw were real.*

*If elves were real... magic was real.*

*If magic was real then Christmas was real!*

With every thought I trained in my mind, convincing myself of everything that was around me, a spot inside my navel swelled and grew with greater and greater strength, filling with the spirit of Christmas like a child growing in my womb, and I had to check to make sure that belly wasn’t bowing out with the strength I felt. It flowed about my sexual power, awakening my sexuality. My vulva

swelled, vaginal lips thickening impossibly and clit erected outward, dragging the inner folds of my sex outward with it as it erected hard, the knot of vaginal muscles that climbed and pushed and knotted my insides upward inside me toward the heart heaved as moisture made those loins of mine wetter. Sopping wet, hot and sticky they grew as I rubbed them, massaged and squeezed them, hearing the squelch of my juices as I pinched the thickening, vibrating lips about the thickening and erecting clit; the pouch of my sex distending and growing as little white hairs slid from the flesh just above it as I took to rocking myself onto my coaxing hand.

*If magic was real, then hope and faith were alive!*

*If hope and faith were alive... then I... was the Beast of Christmas!*

And a chain reaction began in me as the first spastic rush lanced from my pussy and I muffled a moan through my teeth as the pissing strength of my orgasmic elation wet the crotch of those PJ's down and allowed the sticky sweet nectar spread along the spaces between and underneath both legs. I didn't even abashedly try to stop it as it rolled from me, the wet spot over my sex frosting over from the cold and steaming at the same time as the sweet and rather pungent smell of my nectar slid upward into my face to incense me even more in the form of steam.

My eyes snapped open as I sucked the smell in through mouth and nose, and instantly those eyes widened as if by surprise as they changed; the color of the irises faceting as they spread wide, shining and glittering with a light of their own as the pupils clenched first into slits and then spread wide as I grew even further incensed. As I closed those eyes again and sighed a low moan, an inner eyelid joined the two outer ones to close over those irises as my heart beat and thudded inside me. Each beat throbbled into my pussy as I came again, the jet washing the insides of my legs with a sticky heat, that hot, passionate nectar moistening my seat, spreading up my navel, spreading across my inner thighs as I began to roll and cajole myself.

"Yes... it's happening." I breathed and cupped my chest, massaging the tit and feeling the nipples hardening harder than ever, thickening insanely as they rose above puffing and swelling areola as the fat and glands of the tit behind them grew and filled with flushing blood and creaming milk.

The change was coming quickly now, much quicker than before, instead of a trickle of change, it was like someone turned on the faucet full blast this time, allowing the heat to fill me and billow within me.

Deep inside my womb I felt the beast growing, felt it spreading, surging through me, up within me, tapping my mind and my body and engorging me. The strength came immediately now, the transformation surging expediently through veins and sinews while the mounds of my breasts rolled forward. With a creak and a groan and a rolling of my back and body in a sinuous maneuver, there was a crunch and a crack as bones in my spine and body popped against tightening joints, till at last at the base of my skull there was a loud spastic crack like cracking my spine. The vertebrae there thickened and lengthened, stretching me a few centimeters before my head jerked the other way and the next vertebrae cracked. With a shimmy and a shake my body wobbled and the next two spines cricked and cracked in conjunction, each thickening and enlarging down the length of my spine.

With a crick-crack my hips thrust to the sides while the bones of arms and legs creaked steadily longer, fingers and toes lengthening and spreading longer as I grew.

One hand on the button between the legs still, rubbing it as it erected harder and harder, clenching my innards as I clenched my teeth, I imagined Bill, with that huge virgin emancipating cock of his sliding inside me, how we thrust and rocked against each other, helped drive the sexual pleasure in me and drive my change to greater heights, faster masses billowing from me as my sexual power evolved by leaps and bounds as I rocked on my hand and moaned louder now.

The pajamas tightened against me while my tits swelled and rounded, thrusting the front of the pajamas forward before I came in another sweet jet, the zipper giving my pussy a snuggie as I rolled my body with another breaking and cracking of spines, arms projecting out of the sleeves, legs stretching the pajamas between feet and shoulders till my crotch pushed deeper into the crotch of those PJ's, causing the fabric and zipper to thread my sopping wet cunt even more deeply.

The striped fabric tightened in every crease and crevice on me, save my bottom... for as I grew steadily with rising strength and sexual power, the butt flap on my rear end popped first one button and then the other button, disgorging that rounding and thickening and



spreading bottom out into the open air. The twin swells thickened as the hips widened, ballooned outward as they were bunched with thicker strength, the swells lengthening while the legs and calves bulged and my body lengthened back into an Amazon's body shape.

Arms pushed out of the sleeves of the pajamas till the cuffs wedged themselves into the crooks of either arm, and lifting both arms to my chest as my pussy strummed itself now, the throbbing and engorging labial muscles massaging the clit repeatedly, I moaned and exhaled again, right as the claws on my fingers and toes developed and hooked toward the bases of the feet and the palms.

Pushing my legs forward, rubbing both thighs together to tantalize my engorging cunt further, I creamed again and again, the moisture pooling outside the PJ's with the wet spot icing over and steaming more of the pungent honey and strawberry and cinnamon smell of my nectar, that pussy beating and stretching and widening obscenely now, forcing my coltish legs apart even with its strength, forcing hips wider as I pissed myself with so much nectar that it ran down both legs and into the socks of the pajamas. Panting, licking growing fangs, my tongue comb flicking off those fangs like the sounds a cricket made, I watched as my legs grew tenuously outward, stretching the fabric around those legs as calves and forelegs, thighs both inner and outer swelled thicker and mightier to make the pajamas skin-tight. The zipper and fabric wedged deeper into my cunt as I pissed again another jet of my juices, right before my toes spread like stars and little daggers of each toenail separated outward into the open air.

The pajamas had become a pocket of steam driven by the heat of my body and the juices of my loins, and pissing again, juices dripping from the opening toe holes to melt the snow beneath my feet, those thickening toes spread outward and flared, tearing the pajamas open so that my feet could lengthen outward with the small toes extending and telescoping as they thickened and the big toes turning into a dew claw, both feet telescoping out of the toes of those PJ's till the thickening balls of the feet were extended far from my legs.

Feeling tits rolling forward, filling the bodice of the pajamas compressing and flattening the engorging pair, two great swells billowing upward toward the lengthening throat of the singular garment I wore and downward along the ribs, two great hillocks of nipple and areola stretching the fuzzy cloth, I came yet again, and again and again, imagining my love's hard cock jamming up inside me, his hands on my breasts and the rippling strength of that dick making my anus pucker as my ribs flared wider and chest deepened because of it. The sensations made me shiver and quiver and ejaculate to allow the free movement of that cock up into me while I rubbed the mess over my growing and thickening cunt that creaked that it was so strong, and gripping it with my teasing hand, squelching of frozen foam like a nectar slushie slid through my gripping fingers.

I swallowed hard with the memory of his semen pouring down my throat, the milky tasting, creamy sticky protein enriched man-milk pouring into my gullet while the velvety shaft of his hard, hard cock throbbed and beat in tune with my heart. I gripped my pussy again, feeling the pain of these sensations now as I ached and heard my toes crack as I curled them, and with a rolling of my body, another rolling, and still another the waist of the pajamas separated on its seams, tearing and ripping the seams in half and yanking the zipper right out of the top half while my tits in their engorgement helped in separating the top half of the fabric apart till they disgorged out into the cold air only to prickle with goose bumps.

"More!" I gurgled on my own spit, imagining the man-milk draining into my mouth, over the teeth and tongue that rolled and cupped and licked an imaginary dick.

Veins hardened, turning out and throbbing as the unmitigated power of the season filled me with its glorious light, and with a crack and a snap I surged upward by several inches, and with a crunch several inches more, the top half of the pajamas spreading open like a vest while my tits pinched the zipper as it dragged downward between them. I imagined my love's dick sliding from between them, dragging a line of seed down the center of my chest as he massaged those growing tits. The sensation of the massaging I knew was coming from the thickened veins that were throbbing to fill tit and papilla with milk and engorge the lightened flesh with blood, but I didn't care... my imagination had more fun with the sensations as I hunched my shoulders, cooed and grew more... now feeling his penis sliding from cheek to cheek against my mouth.

Both tits were rushing with fluids, their peach and blushed coloring whitening on their undersides as they distended with so much milk, webbed with blue and red veins as they engorged so much that both began to leak their milk from me, and with a roll of the spine and the belly, the sensation of hardening flesh on my belly signified the approach of more nipples; the beginnings of the plethora that would soon decorate me, and with my free hand I felt each little teat as they knotted and swelled as they appeared, teasing them only to intensify the sexual glory that was empowering me.

Facial muscles bubbled forward, nose flattening, cheeks and jowls flaring, ears growing upward into peaks as they migrated to the top of my head, throat deepening and neck widening, flaring triumphantly with the sensations of all this power, of millions all over the world having their Christmas line of sex... trying for a baby over the hump of Christmas Eve and Day, pleasure between loved ones, it all surged into me, empowered me, made my sexual strength pure and unstoppable.

With a jerk of both hands forward, the back of the pajamas neatly ripped in half down a seam, tearing threads apart while the sleeves stretched and tightened about my arms as I now imagined Bill's cock between my breasts, shoving them up to me as I absentmindedly cradled them with one strengthening arm, his thrusts and his pushes pushing and pushing till he thrust, thrust again, and came onto my neck and bosom, the thick gelatinous mass of seed seeping down between my breasts as he came on their growing swells. Veins thickened in them as they radiated from my heart, up neck, down belly, down arms and legs, coalescing at my hardening and swelling cunt and teasing me with immaculate pleasure that made me cum again.

With my other hand I pushed a finger into my crevice, pushing zipper and fabric more deeply up inside it, teasing the bulging and erect clit as the column of womanflesh in me knotted, coalesced and tightened and then twisted and twisted and... and...

The rush of wet juices, amazing that so much of it could exit me, jet from my vagina as white hairs spread about the lips and the thickened curtains around it, the clit sticking out of me and throbbing beautifully as I flexed my arms, feeling the veins coursing their way over the biceps that now tore into halves, the carving veins creeping beneath my skin like dragging fingers and the strength and power of my pussy like hardening chords against my vagina.

I was already tall, twice as tall as I began, well over ten feet now, and cupping a tit, lifting it, shoving its nipple into my thickening lips as it rolled outward in thickness and firmness, like moving a medicine ball... I sucked and drew from its creamy, vanillay almost eggnog like milk and drank deeply from the draught while my back rose immediately into a hump between my shoulders and spread the two halves of the PJ's sundered top further away from each other.

Lifting my free arm then after cajoling my cunt, I flexed it slowly, hearing the tearing at first, then watching out of the corner of my eye as veins crept through the strengthening arm that glistened now with sweat that crystallized in the cold, and also with downy little hairs of my fur growing back as that muscle burned and blushed with strength. I uncoiled and tensed it again and heard the sleeve of the striped pajamas separating, spreading apart and disgorging the mound of my bicep as it grew upward like a growing volcano out of the earth about to erupt...

But what erupted wasn't my muscle, but rather the mound of vulva between my legs as what felt like liquid fire jet from my cunt and I moaned around the teat I sucked from as those juices billowed from me. Coming up for air, that teat fell from my mouth and spilled like a quart of milk, draining down onto my lap while more teats hardened from my flesh down my belly as I panted, breathing deeply now, and leaked more of their own milk. My breathing sounded like a rapid bellows as I popped and creaked and crunched, feeling the unmitigated strength surging through me, shoving chest forward, back backward, hips wider, telescoping my every bone in me to make me taller, fuller than ever.

With a gnashing of teeth and a popping and cracking of the jaw, my face pushed forward as it widened, right before mouth and nose extended even further forward, the short kitty muzzle clenching tight, showing off thickened overlapping fangs that feathered against each other as I clenched my jaw, with the enlarged canine teeth overlapping the opposite row of teeth entirely.

Eyes and jaw widening more, my tongue sliding out as I slid it's now roughened surface thanks to the growing tongue comb against my other tit as I held it up, a light squeeze of the tit made more milk lance out in several goutts, those two heaving mammaries growing bigger and bigger, rolling down ribs and navel now to press into the tops of my thighs.

The breadth of my hips and the pajama bottoms I wore grew so large that I heard more ripping then, holes tearing open down another of the seams, separating the zipper and breaking it in half as the billowing mound of feminine sexual muscles pushed outward, spreading open to disgorge and show a sandwiching of two distended, thick, powerful and muscular labial muscles clenching around thickened curtains of inner labial muscle that likewise pinched a hardened clitoris and a special sauce of sweet, creamy feminine ejaculation. Instead of projecting those thickened leg muscles forward, toes spreading briefly, I pushed those toes into the snow around the bed and arched my body deeply, the opened back flap framing my ass as I spread my legs open and caressed my naked pussy with the thickening and strengthening clawed fingers of one hand, dragging those hooking claws against my feminine flesh, I came again in a torrential jet that was like spraying water from a garden hose briefly, only the water was hot and sticky, splattering my

legs and the bed and melting the snow instantly. With my legs spreading open wide so that I sat at the edge of the bed, the blanket still draped off my widening shoulders, shielding the pure eyes of Santa from my transformation, I arched and grew, but the ripping open strings of the pajama bottom's crotch disgorged my beautiful sexual power even as it prickled with downy white hairs.

"Yes..." I said as my voice lowered from a feminine tenor into a feminine baritone, my hands rubbing my tits, massaging the milky moisture into my skin as I arched over myself, feeling the weights of those tits firming up, rising upward as my body fought to catch up with their weight.

So much larger than before...

Lifting both arms as I gazed upon the hefting expanses of my tits as the packs of chest muscle thickened, growing inch by inch, deepening the chest muscle from thin lean planes of meat into thick slabs of meat, I watched those tits compress and tighten amidst their growing glands that filled with milk and occasionally squirted more of that milk out. I felt the stretching flesh lift the pair and separate them, drawing the nipples apart as that pectoral muscle disgorged and rolled forward, my back thickening and spreading to counterbalance their heaving weights, the two torpedoes arching upward as my chest pushed forward at the sternum, hinging outward down the center of the chest as chest widened with broadening shoulders and clavicle bones, the chest muscles growing to half a foot thick before they began to crease and separate into individual chords.

Panting and breathing, now lifting both thickening and strengthening hands to cajole my tits, massage their creamy milk into my flesh as I rubbed the pair and pressed them together, gurgling with expression of sensation, it was a wonder that I was practically naked again but despite that I wasn't the least bit cold. In fact I steamed with heat, prickled with power as muscles popped and groaned as bones creaked as ever breath made me swell larger and larger without compacting again.

The muscles of my chest began to fold and ripple before creasing deeper and deeper, revealing of hardening bundles of strands that rolled outward and thickened to harder and harder consistencies as they grew greater and larger, billowing to a foot thick now, lifting their attached breasts that were like medicine balls as if they were nothing! Areola the size of my fists and teats that were as thick as my thumbs quivered and spat with more milk shaking from them as I huffed and puffed and practically blew the cave in.

Moaning as I gripped the battery posts of those teats as I heaved, feeling the thigh muscles bundle and bunch, separating inner from outer thighs from the Achilles Tendon carving its way downward through my legs, those tendons hardening into rebar strength consistencies again before the outer thighs bulged into the separation of each of the four quadricep muscles. The backward leg muscles parted into halves and then into quarters, the inner thigh muscles clenching and creasing in long tendons from the hyper extended pussy I had with its heart-shaped box formation clenching and flaring like a floating butterfly between my spread-open inner thighs.

Both ass cheeks clenched and tightened, and though sitting they were smooth, long and rounded, but I could feel them tightening, creasing in places to nevertheless separate them first in half and then into thirds just like before, but now they rippled and tightened even more, that if they bunched then they'd become a rippling layer of tight muscle chords that banded across my backsides like bundles of piano wire.

The legs of the pajamas were nothing but tattered leggings now, leggings that rapidly ripped open about the bases of their legs, and kept ripping open from the thickening forelegs and spreading calves as the two overlapping packs of muscle of the forelegs formed a definite crisscrossing pattern that wrapped the knees and ankles, those knees all but disappearing between thigh and foreleg while both calves disgorged and flared open simultaneously, shredding those stripped leggings apart up to the knee, right before my bulging thighs began to simultaneously rip the rest of the fabric apart down toward the knees.

With my smooth belly having sunk well below the barreling expanse of ribcage that hefted both pecs that were now thickening beyond a foot in depth, breasts that were now growing to increase an inch in size per breath toward a second Z cup, a total of fifty-two inch increase over my rib cage, the ring of the Pajama bottoms at the small of my back and waist stretched and tore open across the sheer thickness of my middle while my fingers tugged on the remaining strings that banded across my pussy to break them.

Pausing and palming the thickening downy hairs of that pussy, I inserted my fingers freely into the now opened and available sexual muscles, the fat finger tips with their claws digging ring and middle finger into me to coax more of that power out while my

thickening arms ripped open the sleeves of the pajamas into stretching tatters, all while the hairy arms and legs, and the now growing head hair signified the return of my beautiful fur.

The next orgasmic lance that erupted from me as my chest heaved upward and the second pair of pectoral muscles and a second pair of tits pushed outward melted a long band of snow before me, more nipples appearing that lined my belly as I rolled it like a Pikey belly dancer in order to help it to crease faster. My other hand followed the first crease of muscle as it slid from sternum downward across the sunken and deep belly button toward my billowing pussy, right as the other hand pushed a third finger inside the deepening vaginal slit of this hyper endowing body.

My imagination of Bill's cock in me kept growing with me, the thing monstrous in my mind now, like a whale's dork flopping like a croppy inside me.

Both my hands thickened as I felt the veins of my body turning outward into things like thick blue cables that practically glowed with the energy of the blood pouring through me, carrying hormones of transformation and hot pheromones that rose in a sweaty cloud above me, too warm and too passionate for even this cold to freeze it quickly anymore. Coursing the one hand upward as I probed the burger of flesh between my legs, I felt all at once those abdominals bulging into an immediate eight-pack of muscle while three simultaneous chords of lateral obliques carved diagonally from ribs downward toward that belly of mine that flared at peak and base, sunk deep from sternum but bulged thickly at pelvis in a sloping hourglass. Lats feathered with ribs, ribs feathered with dorsal muscles, and dorsal muscles flared wide, spreading like the mainsail on a sailboat in a gale wind.

My arms tensed then and both flared and engorged with the tensing muscularity, ripping and shredding muscle that healed instantly only to rip and shred again around hardening and thickening bones. The sleeves of the striped pajamas unfolded and tore apart, snapping threads and strings and bursting first at forearm then at rounding bicep, before just the sheer thickness of the arms snapped their remains about the elbows.

Slowly but surely, with my thickening thighs growing so thick, thicker than my waist even, thicker than arms, they rent open the tops of both of the legs of the pajamas from the tops down, pushing them toward the knees as I tensed them and wrought another orgasm, and still another, each stronger and more explosive than the one before it, till both leggings popped and erupted in a violent shattering that sent fragments of cloth and fabric scattering across the room.

I couldn't help but contain my elation and a screaming moan bellowed from me, so loud that the room trembled from the power of it, ice chunks falling from the roof and cascading downward. One of the dagger-like chunks hit me against the engorging mass of my back... it should've skewered me, but instead it splashed against me and broke into chunks... right as I came yet again, only this ejaculation of my nectar, somehow regenerating in more and more massive quantities, erupted from me like a ruptured water main. For a few seconds, my hands slapping to the sides of the bed and their grip ripping off chunks of the ice-bed and crushing the ice in my grip, I erupted that spewing lance to make a bed of slush before me that was ripe with the stink of a woman's sexual power.

Holding those fists upward after breaking the bed, hearing the bed creak beneath my weight, panting now as micro orgasms split my loins over and over again, so fast that I quickly lost count after several dozen, tensing those arms simultaneously before me, those arms rippled with muscular creases that spasmed and cajoled and billowed each muscle in those arms, every tendon and brachial, unfolding them while the veins in them rounded and the fur-like hairs on their backs spread into the hands and the tops of the fingers. The muscles heaved outward impossibly, the fur forming deep fringes on the outsides of both arms as I panted, my tits heaving as the bed creaked louder now beneath my amassing weight, cracking even as I continued to grow.

As those arms grew, biceps rolling outward and flaring wider, engorging impossibly upward with triceps thickening their horseshoe shapes and creasing into a plethora of deeply arching feminine muscles, the shoulders that held them up rounded outward wide from chest to back, creasing deeply and flaring as they bulged and parted still, forcing both packs of chest muscles to deepen and push forward, tits enlarging past ZZ-cups while my back rippled and billowed mightier and mightier... a titaness's might steeling the whole of my layered back.

That back immediately separated in half across the center of the back, then the top half halving again across the upper back before the six sections of back splayed away from a spine that thickened and rippled as it distended a serrated series of knobs down my back like the spine of a razor back wild pig from the Australian wilderness. With my hair growing, a fringe of back hair trailed down its length,

right before my tailbone and coccyx turned outward, dragging the whole spine out of my back with the tailbone arching over the still thickening butt cheeks that then rapidly started to snake outward and slithered through the blankets like a snake hunting for a mouse.

That tail rippled and grew vertebrae by vertebrae, the coiling muscles sliding down its length ribbing the knobby bone as the fur lining my back slid down its length, that fur creeping between the crevice of my ass to join the fur from my pussy as its fur slid up my hardening and rolling navel.

The six sections of back muscle coalesced and separated again as the muscles lining the spine thickened and engorged insanely, deepening the muscle hump and spreading the neck and back muscles even more, forcing my cat's head forward and broadening the jaw before enlarging the head and deepening the throat. A deep rumbling purr exited me like rolling thunder as I breathed in and out, arching upward so great that as my now totally naked flesh was born to the cold, cold air; a covering of fine white fur now spreading across me.

My cheeks grew a thickened fringe, almost like lamb chops or a beard before my face prickled with white hairs, my head hair billowing into a deep mane as every breath I took expanded me now, and when I exhaled I didn't shrink again but just kept growing. Tits expanded, all four of them now, back flair even more mightily to support the two foot thick chest muscles capped by their mighty tits, shoulders sloughing to the sides, widening the chests and enlarging the arms with them before deepening back and chests with crunches and groans. Muscles popped with the ferocity of starting guns and fireworks beneath my thickening flesh while I tensed and flexed them, my body rocking from side to side with the violence of that muscle growth engorging me greater and greater!

Bones groaned beneath the strength I was developing now, my body welling larger and still larger, neck and belly lengthening with two more lats carving their way into place as my belly clenched and rolled over and over again, pair after pair of thickening abs pushing into view as the tendons of my inner thighs only grew deeper and deeper. The Achilles Tendons stood on end while the quadriceps separated into smaller and smaller muscles, outer highs swelling wide like the flares on the pants of German Officers you saw in the movies of World War II from the side thigh muscles growing so thick and rounded; the backward leg muscles flaring and billowing and rounding so much as well that my ass clenched even on that sitting position.

With my abs now well over ten pairs, twenty abs, I found them clenching even more, still more abdominal muscles swelling into place, pushing them upward as the new pairs slid in from the pelvis like this was a conveyor belt, with the upper most pair with their hardened teats suddenly pushing forward, coning, bulging and billowing, with a third but smaller pair of tits aside from the four above them welling outward to drip more of my milk. Several more pairs of just nipples swelled outward from the lower abs as the fur on my body began connecting with each other, the thick foreleg and forearm fur covering hands and feet, thickened shoulder and hollow of throat fur, with the rest of me fuzzing deeply with deep shocks of beautiful white, right before the invisible fairy pens began to etch their elegant stripes all across me as I heaved and thickened and grew and...

With a loud crunch and then a snapping crack the bed collapsed beneath me with a shattering of ice and I fell backward, laughing as I flexed my every muscle, driving them larger and thicker till the main muscles were pressing together in places as the veins and certain tendons stood on end against me; the milk veins leading to my teats thickening along the undersides of my tits as my transformation came to a crux.

Lengthened and flared forearms drove their hands down my body, over each swell of engorging tit, tracing every abdominal till they covered my cunt... right as Jack and two of his ice giant guards reentered from a side chamber.

“What was that sound? What?! No!! Im-impossible! You shouldn't be able to do that without your magical underwear!”

“Well Jack,” Claus said from his cage as he donned his coat. “She just did.”

“Minions! Kill her! Destroy her!”

And the lumbering ice monsters roared, their mouths that were bearded with frost and filled with fangs of ice, exhaling blasts of icy arctic wind before I rolled my body, tweaked my button, and a fire hydrant opened from my loins and a lance of energetic, glistening moisture erupted from my vulva like a water cannon shot, so strong that the energetic ejaculate mass lanced against the ground and sprayed upward in turn in a splattering wall of sticky hot slick that splattered the two ice monsters but Jack escaped by diving through an ice wall.

The ice monsters screamed as they melted, shrinking like the Wicked Witch of the North after she was doused with water, while Jack reappeared above us, raised his hand and walls of ice appeared over the doorways.

I rolled to my feet, thickening tail waving as my body arched and resettled due to the immense and titanic weight of those breasts wobbling and heaving against my flaring and creaking chests. Thrusting my pussy forward again and clenching, another charge of water lanced diagonally at the ground from me, carving through snow, ice and the rock below into a charged wall that splashed against the ice, melting it with its steaming passionate heat, but Jack was gone.

I stood there and heaved for breath, panting passionately from the chest muscles pushing against my throat that they'd grown beyond three feet apiece, back and neck rising in a higher arch behind my head as neck muscles flared straight to both shoulders. Upper body parted and widened and the thickest of muscles – thighs and biceps and calves – finished growing to ridiculous proportions now as I rose well, well above my previous height, three times the diminutive, womanly size I'd once been.

The growth slowed then as I panted... but it didn't stop, now as a trickle I kept enlarging, kept strengthening, kept growing.

There was more in me still, every breath pushed me thicker, bulged me larger, and that... just like this fight with Jack... wasn't over.

## Chapter 12: Eight Tiny Reindeer

My tits mashed against the cage as I gripped it and with a solid yank all the bars split before I lobbed the top of the cage away and it shattered to bits against a far wall and likewise caused a cascade of ice from that wall breaking from the blow. A swipe of my hand and the bars before Santa were broken to pieces to finally allow him to step out of his cage at long last.

He was so thin, his beard less than a goatee and there was solid color sliding into his beard and his hair as he donned a much oversized coat and hat.

“Daniele, you must help them.” He told me immediately, buttoning up.

“Help... who?” I asked and turned with a fierce wobbling of tits and a lashing of my tail, milk leaping from the nipples and nectar leaking down the inside of one thigh.

I blinked that the two guards of Jack were disgorging two naked men! “Ohmigosh!” I gasped and hurried to them, kneeling between the two frost-covered men with ice splaying from their hair and bodies who shivered deeply into the cold. Picking them both up and holding them deep against my body, I embraced them and hugged them to my fur, and immediately their blued bodies warmed and the ice and frost melted from them.

“Your embraces are truly magical.” Santa said as he palmed my muscular arm as it groaned and thickened still. I was half kneeling, half sitting but I was still monstrously larger than him. He barely came to my shoulder. “Just like your mother’s.”

I jerked my head to him. “Y-you knew my mother?!” I gasped and he looked abashed at saying so.

“Intimately...” he smiled with mischief. “But there’s no time for that now. We have to rescue the others and get out of this cave. So long as Jack’s hold on this area stands then my magic is weakened. He is the master of Winter, and I – despite how much I dislike it – am a part of him, not the other way around.”

I nodded and looked to the two... rather... *studly* men. And by studly, when people say that a guy hangs ten... these guys hung twenty. It got me to purse me lips with the desire to hump their brains out just to feel such a mighty cock inside me... but then my mind reminded me of Bill and I shook those thoughts from me... for now.

“There are more of these guys? Jeese, I never thought Jack had a thing for well-hung guys. Ron Jeremy might be jealous of them.” I mused in my deep rumbling feminine voice.

“Yes... seven more of them in fact.” Santa said. “And you can’t fault those two for their apparent manliness... they are all stags after all.”

“Stags?” I blinked and looked back to the rather handsome pair of men cradled in my arms.

“Daniele, meet Dasher and Prancer.”

I blinked and then felt my eyes widen in surprise, staring at the two men as they shivered within the fur of my arms. Suddenly I realized what happened to Santa’s reindeer when they weren’t pulling his sled. If I was some massive super beast, then why couldn’t they be too?

They were both strong, and hung, both hard with light brown hair, and hung, both wearing a large loose collar of red that now that I looked at them, held a name plate in gold at their throat. Did I mention they were hung?

“We have to get them out of here... they’ll freeze and I can’t coddle eight guys.” I said at last

“Five guys.” Santa corrected as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small red-velvet bag trimmed in green with great red drawstrings. “Dancer, Vixen and Comet are females.” He then shook the bag like one would open a plastic garbage bag and it ruffled

and billowed outward magically with twinkling bells. “Luckily... the suit and bag have their own magic not attached to me.” he said and reached deep in the bag and pulled out sleeping bags, the sorts that were used in deep arctic wilderness that left only the faces open. We put them in the sacks and then I helped Santa put them in the bags, and as he tightened the drawstring and diminished the bag, he paused as I squatted there, thighs open, one arm arched and resting over my still engorging thigh as I absentmindedly caressed my loins with it... feeling their heat steaming still as moisture drained from me to melt a pool of snow beneath me.

For a moment I was lost in the sensations till Santa cleared his throat.

I blinked at him dumbly before I realized what I was doing and stopped.

“Haste is essential.” he said pocketing the bag.

“Just a sec then... I’m not going to let my keepsakes go.” And I rose to my full height, rolling my shoulders as I approached the prison my armor was in, and hauling back with a battering ram-like fist, I swung it forward, breasts actually acting as counterweights for my body, helping the force of the blow as I twisted, muscles grinding and groaning, tendons twanging like piano wire doing a deep harmonic chord beneath my flesh, and veins thickening briefly as my fist hit the display case of ice holding my armor.

It shattered easily from the blow while my tits bounced and wobbled, shaking warm creamy milk out as my pussy still dripped hotly with passionate enriched nectar, steaming and tight, and it was perhaps instinct that made me do what I did next. I pulled my armor pieces out of the ice, not by hand, but by magic. I just flexed slowly, the air vibrating around me from the power of that strength, and as if they were physical extensions of me, the cold metal flew from the ice and slapped against me.

By comparison, the heavy plating was much smaller now.

The breast plate had no hope to cover one breast let alone four of them and instead fit between them. The back plate was little more than something that fit over the muscle hump between the broad plates of my shoulders, the thing heavy and hard and layered. Former thigh plates were nothing more than knee covers, forearm guards and gauntlets were just wrist and hand guards... much like Wonder Woman’s only larger. Tail guards, ankle rings, everything was so small now that most of it was barely more than decorative.

The pelvic plate actually made me shiver and cum as its chilling grip pushed itself over the distended swells of my pussy lips and the erect point of my clit, the base of the thing fitting between my massive legs. The combined magic of the armor only made me swell larger suddenly, my fur shining white, divinely maybe as I engorged and enlarged and thickened on every proportion with erupting and bubbling strength that was so great it threatened to tear my flesh open if not for the armor pieces covering me. I panted as I stood more than twice as tall as Santa was... till I drew myself up to my full height that is... and then he only came to my mid thigh.

“Holy Christmas...” Santa breathed. “I cannot ever recall a Beast as great as you.”

I panted, tits enlarging still, the conic swells distending quickly.

“S-save... save it for when we’re out.” I said as I creamed into the crotch plate, and now that was the thing that absorbed my continuous stream of ejaculate. “Do you know which way?”

“Yes. There.” And he pointed in the direction Jack escaped. “He knows I won’t leave without them, so he’ll be rallying them to strike at us all at once. “Don’t... d-don’t hurt them Daniele. They are as much a part of Christmas as I am.”

I nodded and settled on all fours, amazed at how easy it was as I slid down the chamber, padding through the downy snow that was like a thick shag carpet as we delved through the cold, quiet chambers, my heat radiating and melting the ice around me. Breathing deeply, panting, my body groaning as it continued unfolding, I guarded Santa as was my charge as we moved from chamber to chamber, my pussy throbbing distractingly as it leaked its juices; those juices splattering the ground and melting the ice in broad patches.

Apparently the metal crotch plate wasn’t as absorbent as the panties were...







“First thing’s first...” I said and picked him up and pressed him under an arm like a rugby ball. “...Let’s get out of this cave.”





Christmas was saved.

## Chapter 14: Christmas Morning

There are over six-point-eight billion people in the world, nearly seven. The thing is... is that as the symbol of the Christ, Christmas doesn't care what religion you are. It doesn't care if you believe it or not, it doesn't care if you say bah humbug at it, Christmas is there for everyone... no exceptions.

In a perpetual state of dawn, I pulled and ran from house top to house top, and Santa quick a you may, unerringly, unceasingly, hopped down chimneys, some of them forming for him as he went only to disappear again when he left, others needing to widen for his phenomenal girth. I saw for certain now... that not everyone got a pretty present of colorful paper tied up with ribbons and bows, but nevertheless everyone got a present on Christmas. It was the spirit of the season... and it was so powerful, so great and grand that I was only a minute part of it as I waited for Santa at each house as a great big giant beast.

To some it came simply... a nudge of a person in the right direction in this perpetual moment of stop, so that when they started moving again they would nudge into the other person and start a Christmas relationship. For others, it was women in labor who were soothed in order to deliver their babies on Christmas morning... for others it was to ease their suffering so that they could die peacefully, still others who prayed for forgiveness to the Christmas Star as they knelt in prayer inside a jail cell, that they were filled with the peace of forgiveness.

It brought comfort for the poor in the streets, warmth for the cold, food for the hungry, hope for those in jail or in peril.

Santa and I had a snowball fight in Russia, and built a giant snow man – my sized of a snowman, my body jingling with all the bells on the harnesses about me as we did it – on the front lawn of the White House.

But Christmas was more for just humans. There were many other beings that did or didn't celebrate Christmas. Supernatural creatures like werewolves and their ilk, fairies and dragons and more. Some of them could move when we were there, they greeted Chris Cringle like an old friend, including this wee little dragon guy with butterfly wings that ran a shrine in Japan. They had cocoa with marshmallows, tea and cakes... and he naughtily remarked that I was very well built.

Despite that there were nearly eight billion humans, if you counted all the other races there were, there were really over fifteen billion souls in all on the Earth, and about half of them, especially the supernatural creatures, believed in and celebrated Christmas.

It was surprising as to how few actually did get coal in their stockings, the purpose was in hopes that the warmth of the burning coal would warm their hearts. To some though, and it was sad, was that coal was the gift... to light the fires to warm their bodies that Christmas Night.

And finally we returned to the workshop once the last gift was delivered, and the countless miles and the more than a month of time that we ran through the air at breakneck speeds, we got to see the sun rise over Canada before I was directed to land, and we spiraled down into the shop's chasm, tired despite having been sustained by the Spirit of Christmas, and never before had I felt such a powerful feeling of love in me than at that moment.

I was unhitched, able to rise again into a hybrid form, my body jingling and ringing with the sounds of Christmas Morning as bells all across the village rang and clanged and jingled... until...

“ENOUGH!” a voice boomed, and with a blustering of cold-cold wind, the candles in lamps throughout the town were blown out, and Jack stood there amidst a growing ring of elves trying to get away from him. “Enough! I am *done* playing around! I don't care about the consequences! I am taking over this village... now!”

“Hey Jack!” Santa said as he approached. “I have a present for you.”

And I blinked in surprise as Santa, with all his physical strength as a well built of a man underneath all that girth that he was, stormed in, and landed the most solid uppercut I ever did see in my life.

“He was a boxer before he became Santa...” Missus Claus said even as Jack arched up, snapped in mid-air as trajectory and gravity took him, and he then slammed against the ground, bounced and skidded to a stop.

He scrambled then; he surged and bellowed a gurgling cry. “War! This is war!” he shouted. “Ice kin, giants of the ice, frost and snow, beats of the frozen depths I call you to...”

“Stop!” I shouted, and my voice boomed over all other voices including Jack’s that was like the wailing of the wind, and an absolute stillness in its wake.

And I strode forward, my body still warm with the love, shining from within with the Spirit of Christmas, the bells on me ringing jingling, my lace teddy like body suit stretching about my increased girth in that one-piece suit style that had stretched as my body strengthened from all that running, till there were now large expanses covered in sheer mesh here and there. Ok... so it was more like lingerie, but who cared... I felt loving and sexy and powerful, and I now understood what Victoria’s secret really was as it clenched my pussy and flossed my butt and gripped my tits.

“Y-you send your champion to end me Claus? F-fine then! Fine! I welcome it! I won’t tolerate you stealing my season any lo-” and I knelt with a lunge that made several bounce from the lunge, and with a jingling lurch I snatched Jack up into the warmth of my arms and snuggled him neatly between the warmth of my breasts.

“Hush now... and enjoy the season.” I said simply and hugged him deeper into my bosom, my massive arms hugging him tightly, and within me a glowing ball like the sun radiated so bright and powerful and warm that it filled the icy cavern with so much light and warmth it was like the Bahamas at noon... or so I assumed since when we were there it was like a state of perpetual dawn.

Lights lit themselves again, candles and lamps came alive, and as the fullness of the spirit and love in me found a crux, Jack exhaled a breath of cold... all the cold in him and the breath in him billowed out in a column of steam that was consumed by the warmth of my body and this magical embrace. I was filled with the spirit of Christmas, it made me into this beast but there was still so much in me that had not transformed into sexual power and muscle. I hugged and I hugged till I felt the beat of a heart, felt the breath of warmth from his lips, and still I hugged. I hugged and I hugged and snuggled and kissed, till I felt him warm and then hot against my breasts, and putting him down, he staggered, wobbled but was nevertheless changed.

His suit and eyes were still blue, but his shirt white, his skin blushing with warmth, and he laughed deep and roaring before sinking to his knees, looking up at me with tears in his eyes. The laugh grew in strength as his face contorted into the looks of a sob but still he laughed but also he began to weep. But then his laugh turned into a wracking sob.

“W-what have I done?” he bawled suddenly and pressed his gloved hands into his face.

“What you’ve done is in the past... what you’ll do has yet to be seen. Forget the past, move forward, and understand, Jack Frost... you are as much a part of Christmas as it is a part of you.”









She then took a projecting dick near our faces and hand-jobbed it, and I moved between sucking on its tip, sharing her saliva, kissing her, tonguing her, and then tonguing Comet as the stank of sex rose quickly in the room.

The positions scrambled, and more than once laughter broke out as antlers got locked... again. I got vaginal, oral, anal... titty-fucked all at the same time in one instant, and then muff dived, scissored and felt their cum spilling around my throat the next. I felt lips upon my teats as I purred and yowled from the sexual expression, the sensations rising and growing as my explosive ejaculations splattered whoever it was I was making it with... even one of the fems in a scissors maneuver as we panted and groaned with our pussies rubbing up against each other in a long conjoined chain.

Free love.

I'd never been in an orgy before, never felt free love before like they did in the sixties, but regardless, I had friends, I had family... and these nine truly rocked my world... so much so that somewhere after the fifth change of positions I must've been overwhelmed with the eroticism of the nine and fainted.



Never trust a thin cook, as Papa had mentioned. She was plump and rounded and experienced, and I stopped myself before I could disappoint her wish to serve.

My gift to mama. Let her have a daughter.

Upstairs, there was a series of rooms... a master bedroom, a couple of guest rooms, and a kitchen/living room. Papa was already here, and I moved to embrace him, giving him a great big hug.

“Merry Christmas Papa.” I cooed to him and he muttered the same and embraced me with a big thick strong arm.

My gift to papa... let him have a daughter.

There was a modest Christmas tree here in the living room, decorated with a star on top, lights and chains of beads and popcorn and over forty years of ornaments. Mama had her chair, Papa had his chair, and I had a love seat to sit at. An old record player that Papa had repaired played records from their youth... yeah... real vinyl. Nat King Cole, Bing Crosby and others.

“We should open presents.” Papa mentioned then and I smirked, looking at the three tiny little flat things that were nothing more than cards underneath the tree, the three all provided by Mom and Pop.

“O-open yours first, Daniele.” Mama mentioned... she sounded excited.

I did, and what I found folded up in a simple *‘Merry Christmas’* card... was... Oh my goodness... it made my breath catch and my heart stop. It was so exciting!

“A... a letter of a-adoption?” I breathed. I began to cry and couldn’t stop and Mama immediately moved to me to pull me into a motherly hug.

“Well... Pop an’ me thought about it, an’ we been saving fer more’n a month...” Mama began.

“And we cut back on a few things... like beer...” Papa stated.

“...An’ he loves his beer...” mama added and I felt like this was a ping pong match.

“...And the wife... she made crafts and sold so many things and... since we learned that we couldn’t have any children... Daniele... we want to adopt you... since you don’t have any family and we don’t have any children...”

“An’ ye be such a dear, hon.” She mentioned. “It be such a shame that ye don’ have a last name to tell a sweet beau o; yours someday, so we want ye t’ be a part o’ our family. If ye’ll have us.”

I sobbed and moved to her and embraced her and papa.

“Yes! Oh yes!” I sobbed.

My family was growing. Christmas Present number three, a gift from several Christmases past come to fruition. It began the Christmas Eve that I knocked on their door and begged for work.

After dressing festively, and during preparation of Christmas Dinner, there was the sound of someone knocking on the door below, and papa descended the stairs to go answer it, a short while later we heard Papa calling me.

“Go n’ see what he wants dear.” And she turned to me. “Daughter.” She beamed and hugged me not for the first time, and I descended the stairs. I heard a familiar voice and slowed on the stairs leading to the back room of the shop.

“...I heard a report that you were burglarized last night and I thought I would come check in on you.”







If I were the Christmas Baby... then that meant that Father and Mother Christmas... were my parents!

Christmas gift... number five... and the very first real miracle I ever felt in my life. I knew who my parents were after more than two decades of wondering. I wasn't abandoned, I was sent away to be protected.

Father and Mother Christmas... were my mom and dad.

**<The End>**