



Dynasty and Father Christmas

Dynasty hadn't expected to be taken so seriously. She'd tossed the idea into the air the way she tossed most ideas — half flirty, half scientific curiosity, all confidence. "If I can pass on superpowers through genetics," she'd said, lounging back as Battalion dutifully lapped at her drenched pussy, "then imagine the potential of Christmas Magic."

"She's got a good point," reasoned Mister USA, as he gently tucked his softening cock back into his pants.

The matter was closed. Santa would be stuffing more than stockings this year.

Santa radiated warmth from the doorway like he'd brought the hearth with him.

Santa crossed the room with unhurried confidence, boots thudding softly against the floor, the air warming as he approached. He didn't rush her. He savored the moment. After all, it was pretty rare that he was the one unwrapping gifts on Christmas Eve.

His hands found the edge of her clothing and worked patiently, layer by layer, as though he were revealing something precious rather than simply undressing her. Fabric fell away slowly, deliberately, until Dynasty was revealed in full: generous curves shaped by experience, by power, by motherhood. Her hips were wide and inviting, made for grounding weight and steady hands. Her breasts were heavy and full, an unmistakable sign of abundance and purpose. Santa paused then, openly admiring her — this version of her, especially — softened, strengthened, luxurious in every sense. She wasn't something delicate to be handled lightly. She was something rich. Something meant to be held.

He lifted one of her hefty breasts to his mouth and gave a strong pull. Dynasty's jaw went slack as he suckled her greedily. After cookies, this was an area where Santa had considerable expertise.

Claus eased the curvaceous crimefighter back onto the bed. Dynasty was beneath him — comfortably, securely, luxuriously so — feeling his weight settle through the mattress in a way she hadn't realized she'd been craving for years. Santa wasn't heavy in the clumsy sense. He was heavy in the *physical poetry* sense: solid, steady, warm through and through. His body didn't just press against hers; it *supported* her, held her in place like an anchor dropped into soft sand.

And oh, how she loved being held in place.

Santa paused to brush a hand along her waist, the gesture surprisingly gentle for a man who looked carved from old trees. "You're comfortable?" he asked, voice a deep, velvety rumble.

Dynasty nearly purred. "Very."

Across the room, Battalion stiffened in his chair. The candy-cane tied with ribbon snugly around his throbbing member had been Santa's idea — a decorative touch, he'd called it. Now he sat up straighter, breathing

shallowly, eyes fixed on Dynasty with a reverence that bordered on spiritual.

Dynasty shot him a quick grin. “Relax. You’re part of this, too.”

“I am relaxed,” Battalion said, in a voice that suggested he was absolutely not.

Dynasty laughed softly before Santa’s broad frame lowered again, covering her like a weighted blanket designed by the world’s jolliest engineer. Every inch of contact sparked something deliciously primal: the warmth, the security, the sense that he could shift his balance and pin her hands without even trying. His body mass translated into leverage — leverage that let Dynasty focus entirely on sensation rather than tension, letting everything melt beneath him.

“See,” Santa murmured, amusement twinkling in his tone as he read her expression, “Mrs. Claus always said the world doesn’t appreciate a man with a good center of gravity.”

Dynasty breathed her appreciation.

Battalion had known tonight would be special. He’d known he would be proud. He’d known Dynasty was dedicated to

their mission — to build the most extraordinary next-generation super team the world had ever seen.

But he hadn't expected this.

Santa Claus.

In their bedroom.

With his wife.

And he'd been asked — no, *instructed* — to sit, watch, and “be a good boy.”

He replayed those three words in his mind on a loop. They hit him with the force of a lifetime of childhood Christmas mornings combined. Santa hadn't said it mockingly or teasingly. He'd said it warmly. Affectionately. Almost... fatherly.

Battalion wasn't sure he deserved that level of validation from a holiday icon.

He shifted in his seat; his cock pulsed against the candy-cane fastened to it with joyful green ribbon. His breath caught. Every time his excitement mounted, the ribbon seemed to tighten, making his release impossible. A single bead of sweat crept along his jawline.

Dynasty glowed under Santa's weight — literally glowed. Faint sparks of her absorption power twinkling through her

skin. She was radiant. Confident. Hungry. Everything he adored.

She arched up slightly, and Santa shifted to support her without even thinking about it. Battalion's jaw dropped. The ease, the control, the effortless stability — he suddenly understood what Dynasty saw in her heavy partner.

Santa wasn't just a man. He was a *structure*. A winter fortress. A load-bearing wall of holiday cheer.

She turned her head just enough to catch his gaze, her smile wicked and blissful at once. "This man understands physics, Battalion. He's all torque and momentum. You should be taking notes."

Battalion gulped.

Santa laughed — a rich, resonant sound that vibrated through Dynasty and, by the looks of her expression, vibrated rather *deeply*. Battalion had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from making an undignified sound.

This was good.

This was right.

This was their mission.

And if the child conceived tonight inherited even a fraction of Santa's uncanny presence, the world would have no idea what hit it.

Holding her firmly in place beneath him, Santa shifted his weight. Dynasty's breath caught in her throat. She wasn't expecting the jolly old elf to be *under*-endowed, but she also wasn't expecting... this. She felt the hot, bulbous tip slowly pushing at her entrance. She looked up to see Santa gazing down at her possessively.

The pressure against her tight canal continued to build. She squirmed to try to accommodate his girth. This brought a smile to his rounded face.

With one firm flex of his hips, he sank into her.

The head of his cock must have been enormous. Once it popped past her outer lips, her tunnel contracted around the shaft like a vice. The only sound in the room was Battalion's shallow breathing. After agonizing moments, she had adjusted to the big man's penetration. And that's when he began to move once more.

Santa's weight pressed into Dynasty again, not crushing but surrounding — like being wrapped in warm blankets and perfectly controlled force. The man knew his body the way martial artists knew balance points. He shifted with

purpose, easing her hips into position with a confidence that made her toes curl.

Dynasty's mind flashed back to every skinny, overconfident cape she'd ever dated. Men who equated muscle definition with prowess, who thought agility was enough. Santa... Santa was something else entirely.

He didn't need to prove anything.

He simply *was*.

"Comfortable?" he asked again.

"You keep asking that," Dynasty murmured, breath catching. "And the answer keeps getting better."

He smiled down at her, the corner of his beard brushing her cheek. "Just making sure we're all enjoying ourselves."

From the chair came a strangled sound of agreement.

Dynasty reached out toward Battalion with one hand. He leaned forward as much as the ribbon allowed, fingers stretching just to touch her fingertips. His devotion was palpable, trembling, and earnest. She loved the way he looked at her — like she was the axis the world spun around.

"You look so good," he whispered to her.

Santa chuckled. "You two work well together."

“We do,” Dynasty said, her voice low and pleased. “He believes in the mission.”

“And the mission,” Santa said, leaning in so she felt the warmth of his breath on her neck, “is holiday magic?”

“That’s the idea.”

“Then let’s make sure we deliver something wonderful.”

His thrusts started to pick up intensity, driving her deeper and deeper into the mattress.

Santa wasn’t just participating; he was *attuned* — settling deeper against her with a natural intuition that must have come from centuries of marital experience. He was bottoming out inside of her, and Dynasty found the experience intoxicating.

Batallion had never seen Dynasty look like this. Not just aroused — though *that*, obviously — but peaceful. Relaxed. Letting go. The way her fingers curled into the sheets told Battalion she was fully present. The way her breath stuttered in her chest told him she felt every ounce of Santa’s weight in ways she deeply appreciated.

And oh, the sounds she made...

Battalion gripped the arms of his chair; the ribbon tightened. He breathed through it. This was for Dynasty. For the mission. And, okay, maybe for him a little. It was hard not to be overwhelmed when Santa Claus himself was commanding the room with gentle authority.

Santa shifted again, and Dynasty's soft gasp nearly sent Battalion over the edge — if not for the infernal ribbon.

"Easy now," Santa murmured, and Battalion had no idea which one of them he meant.

Dynasty turned her head toward Battalion, flushed and glowing. "He's good," she whispered, sounding half-awed.

Battalion nodded frantically.

"No," she corrected, eyes fluttering as Santa's weight settled again in a way that made her toes curl, "I mean—*he's really good.*"

Santa laughed, and the entire bed shook like a bowl full of jelly.*

*K-Y, to be precise.

Batallion wasn't emotionally fortified for Dynasty to be this undone beneath a mythic legend.

But he'd remember this night for the rest of his life.

Santa Claus, pumping athletically into Dynasty's plush frame. Her generous breasts wobbled across her chest. The shocks of his thrusts rippling through her. She had begun whimpering as her orgasm built inside her. Desperate, pleading moans, as the old man expertly guided her along.

Reaching down, he grasped her chin and tilted her head up to look into his crystal blue eyes.

"Have. You. Been. A. Good. Girl?" Each word was punctuated with a thrust that made the bedframe quake.

Dynasty's response was a sustained squeal. Santa growled low as his member convulsed inside her.

Dynasty looked up at the man who had flooded her cervix with thick, hot seed.

"Father Christmas," she breathed with all of the appropriate wonder the night entailed.

Their reverie was interrupted by grunts and gasps from the corner of the room. Battalion's ribbon has relinquished its hold, and the beefy superhero was cumming long, thick ropes of cum into the air.

"Good boy," she whispered.

Santa had to get dressed quickly. After all, he still had an awful lot of joy to spread that night. (Anyone who tells you Santa only comes once a year doesn't know what he's talking about.)

"Do... do you feel pregnant?" asked Batallion.

"You *know* it doesn't work that way," she giggled. "I won't know for a little while yet."

"If I'm not," sighed his wife, "we'll just try again next year."

Saint Nick was finishing his official delivery, regarding the stockings hung by the fireplace with care.

"I'm going to need a bigger sack," he smiled to himself.

In a whirling rush of holly and jingle bells, the massive legend disappeared up the chimney, leaving the couple snuggled happily in bed.

They heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

