

NAUGHTY



JACK THE MONKEY

*This is a work of fiction intended for adult audiences only. All characters depicted in sexual situations are **18 years of age or older**. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The events, locations, and individuals portrayed in this book are products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. This material contains explicit content and is not intended for readers under the age of 18. Reader discretion is advised.*

Jake Petterson had dedicated the last 30 years of his life to two obsessions. First, *electronics*. Armed with PhDs in engineering, computer science, and psychology, he was a genius inventor. After college, he launched a company, Life Tech, that churned out an array of quirky, ingenious gadgets, amassing a fortune along the way. The second obsession was... *Santa Claus*.

Jake knew two irrefutable facts about the man in red: One, Santa was *real*. And two, he personally inspected every toy before it left his workshop. Maybe not every single one, but certainly anything new or groundbreaking. It was all for the safety of the children, after all.

But why, you might wonder, would a man like Jake spend *decades* studying Santa Claus? Was it out of love for the jolly old man, a passion for children's joy, or a fascination with magic and mystery? Far from it. Jake *hated* Santa. Despised him. He loathed everything Santa represented, and more importantly, he harbored a deep, seething resentment for what Santa had done to him throughout his childhood.

You see, Jake wasn't exactly a *nice* boy. Why, you ask? Some might argue it was his upbringing or genetics, but at the end of the day, he was simply a born *bully*. And so, every Christmas morning, while other kids rushed to their trees to discover piles of presents, Jake found only one thing waiting for him: *a box of coal*. Year after year, he was branded *naughty*, and the sting of that label never faded. As he grew older, his hatred for Santa only festered.

When Jake finally reached adulthood, rich and powerful from his inventions, he made a vow. He would get his revenge on Santa in the most *devious*, *delicious* way imaginable. He wouldn't just destroy Santa—he would *remake* him.

And then, one summer evening, at the age of 42, he achieved his goal. Sitting in his lab, surrounded by whirring contraptions and mechanical arms, he held a small box in his hands. It was unassuming at first glance, with a little screen and a few buttons protruding from its surface. But Jake knew its true power.

"I've done it," he whispered to himself, his voice trembling with triumph. "I've *done it*." He stroked the box gently, careful not to press any buttons. "This will do the trick *nicely*," he said aloud, a wicked grin spreading across his face.

* * *

The workshop's warmth was a living thing, humming in time with the whirring assembly belts and the cheerful, rhythmic clatter of tools. Pepper loved it. The scent of pine resin and fresh paint, the electric tang of solder, the *thrum* of concentrated purpose. She wiped a bead of sweat from her brow with the back of a green-gloved hand and shot a glance at her station partner.

Mr. Sprinkles, his own brow furrowed, was installing the last tiny crystal lens into a hovering drone toy. He was a study in practiced efficiency, each movement fluid and certain. Two hundred years her senior, he'd seen more Christmas cycles than she could imagine. Their friendship, a solid thing built a century ago when she'd nearly installed a jetpack onto a stuffed bunny, was one of her greatest comforts here.

"Think he'll like this one?" Pepper asked, holding up a finished drone. It buzzed gently in her palm.

"Santa approves of *imagination*," Sprinkles replied, not looking up from his work. "And precision. So yes, if it flies true."

A shadow fell across their workstation. Mr. Bongo, clipboard clutched to his chest, nodded with a wide smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes. "Excellent tempo, you two. That finishing on the drone housing is *particularly* festive, Pepper."

"Thank you, sir!" Pepper beamed, her earlier fatigue forgotten.

"Thank you, Mr. Bongo," Sprinkles added, finally looking up with a respectful dip of his head.

Mr. Bongo moved on, his cheerful murmurs blending into the workshop's symphony. The pace was feverish, a week before The Night, but it was a joyful kind of madness. Every elf on the floor shared it.

Then, a clear, silver bell tone cut through the din.

Every head snapped up. Every tool stilled. Along the far wall, on the small balcony outside Santa's office door, stood Mrs. Claus.

She was a vision of warm, matronly authority. Her long red velvet dress, trimmed in snowy white fur, seemed to glow. Little black boots peeked out beneath the hem, and her white gloves were pristine. Silver-framed spectacles perched on her nose, and her white hair was

swept into a neat bun adorned with sprigs of holly and winter berries. Her smile was a thing of pure, gentle light, the wrinkles around her eyes deepening with genuine affection.

“Hello, my beautiful little wonders!” she called out, her voice carrying easily over the vast space. “I won’t keep you long. Santa just wanted a quick word.”

The office door opened, and *he* stepped out.

Santa’s presence filled the balcony. He placed a large, gentle hand on Mrs. Claus’s shoulder, the other resting comfortably on the broad curve of his belly. He took a deep, satisfied breath, his rosy cheeks flushing even deeper as he surveyed his domain. The love he felt for the sea of expectant faces was a palpable force.

“Hello, my lovelies!” he boomed, his voice rich and full. He was in his full regalia: the iconic red suit with its white fur trim, the hat with its drooping tip and fluffy white ball, the wide black belt straining slightly over his middle, the sturdy, buckled boots. He looked like Christmas itself, incarnate.

“Now, I know we’re all working at full steam,” Santa continued, his eyes twinkling. “But we’ve just received the final shipment of this year’s new toy prototypes. A few need a proper inspection before we green-light the full production run. Mr. Bongo?”

The manager scurried forward. “Yes, Santa!”

“Would you be a dear and fetch a couple of the crates from the back shed? I’ll start on the first box now. We’ll all have a look together later, make sure everything is *just* so for the children.”

“Of course! Right away!” Mr. Bongo turned and bustled off toward the rear exit.

Mrs. Claus rang her little bell again, a sweet, clear signal. “Alright, everyone! Back to it!”

Santa gave his wife’s hand a fond squeeze, planted a soft kiss on top of her holly-adorned hair, and turned to go back inside. Before he could, Mr. Bongo reappeared, hefting a single, unmarked cardboard box.

“Here’s one that came all by itself, Santa!”

“Did it now? All by itself, you say? That’s unusual. Well... no matter,” Santa said, taking the box. It was surprisingly heavy. “Thank you, Mr. Bongo.”

With a final wink, Santa turned, pushed his office door open with his shoulder, and disappeared inside, the heavy oak door swinging shut behind him with a soft, final *thud*.

The workshop noise swelled back to life, but Pepper watched the closed door for a second longer. A strange, cold pinprick of something—not fear, but a sudden, inexplicable *awareness*—touched her spine. She shook it off.

Inside his office, Santa heaved a contented sigh. The room was cozy, dominated by a large, worn desk piled with ledgers and maps. A fire crackled in the hearth. He set the box on the desk's clear corner and rubbed his hands together. He loved this part. The first look, the first touch of a toy's potential for joy.

He slit the packing tape with a letter opener. Nestled inside a bed of plain grey packing foam was a single item. Not a toy, not as he recognized them.

It was a small, dark grey box, about the size of a hardcover book. Its surface was smooth, matte, and unadorned except for a small, black screen and a few red buttons on the side. No branding. No instructions. It felt cool and oddly dense in his hands as he lifted it out.

“Now what in the name of frosty mornings is this?” Santa muttered, turning it over. It was too sleek, too... *intentional* to be a child's plaything. A prototype for a new gadget, perhaps? Something from a tech division he'd forgotten about?

He pressed the red button.

The screen flickered to life with a soft, electric hum. A simple, green progress bar appeared, filling from left to right with silent, swift efficiency. It took less than three seconds. Santa watched, curious, his bushy white eyebrows raised.

The screen went dark for a heartbeat.

Then, words appeared in crisp, white text.

SYSTEM SCAN INITIATED.

TARGET IDENTIFIED: KRIS KRINGLE. DESIGNATION: SANTA CLAUS.

NEURO-LINGUISTIC AND PSYCHO-EMOTIONAL PROFILE CONFIRMED.

PRIMARY OBJECTIVE: RE-EVALUATION OF 'NAUGHTY/NICE' PARADIGM.

SECONDARY OBJECTIVE: TRANSFORMATION.

THIRD OBJECTIVE: IMPLEMENTATION ON NEW PRIMARY DIRECTIVES.

COMMENCING PRIMARY STIMULATION CYCLE.

Santa blinked. “What in the—”

The screen’s beam held him. It was a physical tether, a warm, humming line of light that connected the box’s core directly to his pupils. Santa’s gasp was sharp, a small puff of air in the silent room as every muscle in his body seized at once—a full, rigid clench that locked his knees and straightened his spine. His hand shot out, fingers splayed, to knock the damnable thing off the desk. He got it halfway there, the box tipping, the beam wobbling across the ceiling.

Then the words bloomed on the screen in thick, blocky letters, backlit by a swirling, pulsing aurora of color.

RELAX

His hand fell. Just... dropped. It hung limp at his side, heavy and useless. The box righted itself with a soft, mechanical click.

What is happening? The thought was sluggish, floating in the warm syrup filling his head. He tried to speak.

“What is this thing?” The words came out, but his eyes never left the light. He couldn’t. Trying to look away felt like trying to hold his breath forever—an instinct screamed it was impossible. The link was biological. Absolute.

The patterns on the screen shifted. The swirling lights accelerated, forming intricate, mesmerizing designs that seemed to slip past his eyes and drill straight into the meat of his brain. A pleasant, warm numbness started at his temples, a gentle pressure that spread over his skull like a cap. His breathing, shallow and rapid at first, slowed. The crackle of the fire muted. The world narrowed to the screen.

Words formed within the light show.

NAUGHTY.

Santa’s lips moved, mouthing the word silently. Confusion bubbled, but it was distant. A lethargic, floating kind of bewilderment.

The screen pulsed.

NAUGHTY IS GOOD.

The concept didn’t just enter his mind. It *rippled* through it. A shiver, deep and visceral, racked his body from shoulders to boots. It wasn’t unpleasant. It was... a release.

NAUGHTY IS WONDERFUL.

“No,” Santa breathed. His head began to shake, a slow, side-to-side denial. “What? What is it doing?”

BE NAUGHTY.

“No, no, no, no...” The denial was a weak mantra. He tried again to move, to smash the device. His mind screamed the command. His body remained a statue, bathed in that impossible light.

A flash, then. Not an image. A *feeling*. A hot, sudden surge of pure, callous *anger*. It was so vivid it stole what little breath he had. He saw himself, clear as day, snatching a beautifully painted rocking horse from the shelf. He felt the satisfying weight of it in his hands, the solid *thunk* it would make against the far wall, the splintering of wood. The thought was followed immediately by another: bursting from his office, his face contorted, and *screaming* at the elves below. Just to see them jump. Just to see their happy little faces twist into shock.

And with those violent, hateful fantasies came a wave of pleasure. It was a warm, fuzzy, full-body sensation that centered deep in his gut and spread outwards, making his fingers tingle. For three seconds, he wasn't Santa Claus. He was something else. Something powerful and cruel.

And it felt... *good*.

The sensation passed as quickly as it came, leaving him panting. Shame, hot and acidic, flooded in behind it.

What was that? I felt so angry. So mean. Maybe I could-

“No!” This time his voice was stronger, firmer. He clung to the sound of it. “No, this isn't right. I... I'm Santa Claus. I'm *good*. I'm *nice*.”

The screen responded instantly, the colors darkening to a deep, bruised purple.

NICE IS WEAK.

Santa stared.

NICE IS STUPID.

Another full-body shudder, this one stronger. He tried to anchor himself. He grasped for mental images: a child's sleeping face on Christmas Eve, Mrs. Claus's laughter as she

decorated cookies, Pepper's proud smile over her finished drone. *They* were good. *They* were nice. That was real. That was *everything*.

A spike of pure, white-hot pain lanced through his skull. It was brief, blinding, and utterly punitive. It punished the *thought*. It punished the *niceness*.

He grunted, a short, pained sound. The warm numbness returned, soothing the ache it had just created.

The screen's message changed, the letters softening, almost caressing.

GIVE IN, KRIS.

His name. It used his real name. The intimacy of it was a violation that somehow felt seductive. The pain had been a warning. This... this was an invitation.

POWER. GREED. SEX. SEX. SEXSEXSEXSEXSEXSEXSEX.

The words swirled, melting into new images. Not of destruction this time. They were *suggestive*, abstract. Silhouettes moving in shadow. The curve of a hip that was not his wife's—full, inviting, with a sensuous sway that betrayed an unspoken promise. Breasts, round and heavy, the nipples dark and erect, teased his gaze with their forbidden allure. Lips, parted and glistening, formed a silent moan that reverberated through the room, though no sound escaped. The air thickened with the heat of desire, each image pulsating in time with his racing heartbeat. It was a seduction not just of sight but of *being*, a primal call to abandon restraint and *give in*.

YOU WANT. YOU NEED.

"I don't... want... or need..." he whispered, but the denial was hollow. His tiny erection was evidence of that. The device was speaking to a part of him so deeply buried he'd never acknowledged its existence. A part that was tired of endless giving. A part that maybe... wanted to *take*. And take. And take.

Santa's mind was a battleground. Within him, a flicker of his true self fought valiantly against the invasive force of the box. The warmth of his Christmas spirit, that innate joy of giving, was being systematically dismantled by the relentless assault of the machine's commands. Santa clenched his teeth, fists balled so tightly his knuckles turned white, summoning every fiber of his being to resist.

For a fleeting moment, it seemed he might prevail. His body tensed, rocking slightly as he stood transfixed by the beam of light emanating from the sinister box. The commands flashed rapidly. The words hammered into his consciousness, eroding his will.

NAUGHTY. NAUGHTY. NAUGHTY.

From behind him, the door creaked open. "Honey, are you in there?" It was Mrs. Claus, her voice laced with concern. "Are you okay? I thought I heard something."

But Santa couldn't turn. His wife stood directly behind him, oblivious to the device before him. He silently pleaded for her intervention, screaming inside his mind for help. *Just walk over here. Put your hand on my shoulder. Move this box. Break the connection. Please.*

She couldn't hear him. No words came out. Santa was voiceless.

Mrs. Claus was directly behind him, so he knew that she couldn't see what was happening. She didn't have a direct angle on what was in front of him, what this thing was doing.

"Oh, you seem really focused," she said. "Ok then, dear. I'll leave you to it, and have Mr. Bongos bring you some hot cocoa. Love you, sweetie."

And she was gone. His last hope, gone. A single tear fell down his cheek.

Santa stood there now, alone, as the warmth of his Christmas spirit fought valiantly against the cold, mechanical commands that sought to strip it away. The room felt heavier, the air thicker, as if the very essence of joy was being sucked out.

But Santa's will was strong. His fists clenched tighter, his resolve hardened. He would not be broken, not by this, not by anything. He was Santa Claus, the giver of gifts, the bringer of joy. He would fight, and he would win. He would prevail, and Christmas would be saved."

The box's screen quickened, flashing faster. Santa's body responded involuntarily, gyrating and wiggling as the hum amplified. The commands became more aggressive:

NAUGHTY.

BE NAUGHTY.

YOU ARE NAUGHTY.

NICE IS WEAK.

NICE IS STUPID.

GREED. POWER. SEX. LUST.

GO FUCK BITCHES.

GO FUCK HOES.

SUCK OF TITS

SLAP THEM. DOMINATE THEM. ENTER THEM. CUM INSIDE THEM.

YOU... ARE... NAUGHTY.

Santa's arms jolted out to his sides, fingers splayed unnaturally. His head snapped back, mouth agape, and tongue rolled out as the remnants of his former self shattered into oblivion.

Then, the top of the box flipped open.

Five thin, tentacle-like metal arms, each no thicker than a pencil, uncoiled from its interior with a slick, mechanical grace. They were jointed, segmented, and impossibly long. At the tip of each was a needle, gleaming under the office lamplight, its point so fine it looked like it could vanish into skin without a trace.

They reached for him.

Santa's body remained rigid, locked in place by the beam, head back. He could only face the ceiling, his jaw slack, a thin line of drool tracing a path from the corner of his mouth into his beard. He tried to look down, with terror in his eyes, to see the needles descend from the periphery of his vision.

The first found his left pectoral, just above his heart. There was no pain, only a cold, pinpoint pressure as it pierced the thick red velvet of his suit and sank deep into the muscle beneath. The second needle entered his right bicep. The third, the meat of his left thigh. The fourth, his right calf.

The fifth arm snaked lower, its movement deliberate, almost curious. It hesitated for a second at the prominent swell of his belly, then dipped lower, past the wide black belt. It pressed the needle against the strained fabric of his trousers, right at the junction of his thighs. His crotch.

It pushed.

Santa's breath hitched, a sharp, pained gasp that was more shock than agony. The needle slid home.

A synthetic, feminine voice, calm and utterly devoid of emotion, issued from the box.
"Commencing transformation process."

A coldness, sharp and alien, bloomed at each injection site. It wasn't a liquid cold, but a spreading numbness that carried a strange, buzzing energy. It flowed into his veins, racing along his pathways, seeking out the very blueprint of his being.

Jake's serum.

A cocktail of aggressive anabolic compounds, genetic triggers, and microscopic, self-replicating nanites. All of it, engineered for one purpose: *alteration*.

The convulsions started small. A tremor in his right hand. A twitch in his left foot. Then his entire frame began to shudder, muscles seizing and releasing in rapid, violent waves. His back arched off the chair for a moment before slamming back down. He was a puppet with its strings cut and then violently yanked.

Underneath the tremors, the *change* began.

It started in his arms. The fabric of his sleeve, already snug, grew taut. A low, rhythmic *creaking* filled the air—the sound of threads straining. The soft, grandfatherly curve of his bicep hardened. It swelled, pushing outward, the muscle definition carving itself under his skin as if by an invisible sculptor. Veins, previously faint, rose to the surface, thick and corded.

His chest followed. His pectorals expanded, pressing against his suit jacket. A sudden *rip* sounded near his left shoulder, a clean tear in the red velvet. The sound was shockingly loud in the quiet room. Another rip followed at his right side seam. The comforting, pillowy softness of his Santa belly tightened, the fat seeming to melt and redistribute, leaving a firmer, more solid torso. His 'belly' wasn't gone entirely. It wasn't the washboard of a young man, but the powerful barrel of a mature, robust figure.

His thighs thickened, straining the red fabric of his trousers. The chair groaned under the new, dense weight. His neck, once a comfortable pillar, thickened and corded with new muscle, his jawline squaring off, losing its gentle roundness.

Santa gasped, each breath a desperate heave as his body was remade. He could *feel* it happening—the unnatural growth, the shifting of bone and sinew. It was a violation so profound it bordered on erotic in its intensity, a relentless claiming of his physical self. His mind, fogged by the beam and flooded with chemicals, could only register the overwhelming *sensation*. Power was being poured into him, a brutal, intoxicating power.

The needles remained embedded, pumping their payload.

The fifth needle, at his crotch, began a different, more specific work. A heat, distinct from the general cold infusion, gathered there. It was a low, insistent throb. The fabric of his trousers, already stressed, grew impossibly tight. The small, soft bulge that had been there before began to undulate, to *swell*.

Santa's eyes rolled back in his head. A guttural moan, stripped of any coherent thought, tore from his throat. It was a sound of agony, of helplessness, and of a dark, unwelcome *arousal* that the serum dragged to the surface. The thing between his legs grew heavier, thicker, straining against its confinement with a palpable, demanding pressure. The fabric stretched to a shining tightness, a prominent, unmistakable bulge that promised a vulgar, raw strength.

He was no longer the jolly old Saint Nick, recognized by children around the world. Standing limp in front of the desk was a man of formidable, menacing physique. His Santa suit was a tattered parody, ripped and shredded over a body that pulsed with latent, aggressive energy. The holes revealed glimpses of hard, veined flesh and the dark, wiry hair of his chest.

The synthetic voice spoke again. "*Process complete. Withdrawal.*"

The needles retracted with the same silent precision. The five metal arms slithered back into the box, which snapped shut with a definitive *click*.

The beam from the screen winked out.

The release from its hold was as sudden as its capture. Every muscle, now packed with new, unfamiliar density, went limp. The massive, transformed body of Santa Claus fell hard and fast. He hit the floor with a heavy, meaty *thud* that shook the wooden planks.

Silence.

The box on the desk sat dark and inert. The fire crackled softly in the hearth.

On the floor, Santa lay unconscious. His new, powerful chest rose and fell with slow, deep breaths. His torn suit gaped open, revealing the hard planes of his new physique. The massive mound at the crotch of his ruined trousers twitched.

A minute passed. Then two.

* * *

Mr. Bongo opened and closed the door and his cheerful whistle died in his throat.

The sight in Santa's office froze him solid. The mug of cocoa trembled in his hand, sloshing hot liquid over his fingers. He barely felt the burn.

Santa lay sprawled face-down on the rug, a mountain of torn red velvet and pale, solid flesh. The suit was shredded, seams burst open to reveal a landscape of dense, powerful muscle that had no business on the jolly old elf. The room smelled of sweat and something else.

“Santa!” The word ripped from Mr. Bongo’s chest. He fumbled, setting the box of prototypes and the mug down on a side table with a clumsy clatter. He scampered forward, his heart a frantic bird against his ribs. “Are you okay? What happened?”

He dropped to his knees beside the massive form. Santa’s breathing was deep and steady, almost rhythmic. Sleeping? Unconscious? Mr. Bongo’s hand hovered, unsure where to touch. The physique was so... different. The shoulders were like boulders. The arms, thick as ham hocks, ended in large, capable hands. He’d never seen Santa like this. A cold trickle of dread traced his spine.

Oh dear. This is strange. This has never happened. A spell? Sickness? I need Mrs. Claus. I need help.

“I’ll go get somebody,” he whispered, rising. His eyes darted to the desk, looking for a clue, a cause.

That’s when he saw it.

A small, dark grey box sat centered on the blotter. Its screen was dark, inert. But as Mr. Bongo stood, it *winked* to life. A soft, electric hum filled the silence. Green text scrawled across the black surface.

NEW TARGET IDENTIFIED.

Mr. Bongo blinked. “What in the...?”

BEGIN MODE TWO. ALTERNATE. TRANSFORMATION.

“What does that mean?” he breathed, taking a half-step back. His instinct was to run, to fetch help, but a morbid curiosity rooted him. It was just a box. A strange, unmarked box on Santa’s desk.

The screen flared.

A beam of coalesced white light lanced out, not the broad hypnotic band that had trapped Santa, but a thin, precise beam. It struck Mr. Bongo square between the eyes.

He gasped.

His body went limp. Not paralyzed, just... *heavy*. All urgency to leave drained away, replaced by a warm, pleasant lassitude. It felt *nice*. Why was he in such a rush, anyway? He could stay for a moment. Figure this out.

Elven minds were sturdy, but built on a foundation of implicit truth. They had no practice with deception, no mental armor against persuasive falsehoods. The box's signals slid into Mr. Bongo's psyche like a key into a well-oiled lock.

YOU ARE NAUGHTY.

The words appeared, and with them, a *feeling*. A slick, greasy notion that coated his thoughts.

"I am naughty?" he murmured, his brow furrowing. The concept felt foreign, then... intriguing. He mentally poked at it. Was he? He'd always followed the rules. But... hadn't he sometimes taken an extra gingerbread from the break room? Hadn't he *enjoyed* the sharp thrill of barking an order to a slower elf last week? A slow smile touched his lips. "Yeah. I guess I am. A little bit."

YOU ARE HORNY. VERY HORNY.

A heat, sudden and unfamiliar, bloomed low in his belly. His breath hitched. "Oh." His hands drifted to his stomach, pressing lightly. A tingle spread outward. "Oh, I... I feel it. This is funny." He let out a weak chuckle, his gaze still locked on the screen. "Santa, help me," he whispered, but the plea held no conviction.

YOU ARE A HORNY, NAUGHTY LITTLE BITCH.

Mr. Bongo's smile widened, his eyes glazing over. "A... bitch?" The word should have offended. Instead, it sent another pulse of that strange heat through him. It was thrilling, being called names. "Okay. Maybe... maybe I am."

The top of the box snapped open like before.

Mr. Bongo flinched, but the beam held him mesmerized. The five thin, metallic tentacles, each tipped with a wicked, glittering needle, uncoiled from the interior. They moved with silent, serpentine grace, floating through the air toward him.

Should move. Should run.

But the warmth in his head said *stay*.

The needles struck.

One pierced the center of his chest. Another buried itself in the soft flesh of his backside. A third, and a fourth, punctured his thighs. The fifth and final needle pressed against the front of his trousers, right over his groin, and pushed in with a soft, sickening *pop*.

Mr. Bongo's back arched. A jolt, not of pain but of intense, electrifying *sensation*, racked his small frame. His mouth fell open in a silent 'O'.

The injection began, filling him.

YOU ARE A HOT LITTLE SLUT FOR SANTA DADDY.

The words scrolled, but now they were accompanied by a rush of chemical commands in his veins. "I'm a hot little... wait, Santa *Daddy*?" The title felt absurd, then dangerously exciting. A figure of such authority... such *power*. The heat in his belly became a furnace.

YOUR BODY IS BUILT FOR SEX. FEEL IT.

He did.

His body began to move on its own. His hips gave a slow, circular gyration, a move he'd never attempted in his long life. His eyes rolled back, then fluttered open, wide and sparkling with a new, vacant light. A sharp ache spread across his chest. He looked down.

Two small, distinct bumps were pushing out against the fabric of his green tunic. They swelled, rounding, becoming soft, palpable mounds. The material stretched, thread whining. His waist pinched inward, his spine curving with a series of audible little *pops*, thrusting his rear outward. The seat of his trousers strained, then ripped with a sound like tearing parchment as the flesh beneath expanded, rounding into a full, pronounced curve.

"What's happening?" he slurred, but his voice was wrong. Higher. Lighter. "Oh... I'm horny. I'm so *fucking* horny."

His face was melting, reshaping. His jaw softened. His lips plumped, becoming a juicy, pouty rosebud. His nose turned petite and upturned. His hair, formerly neat under his cap, grew in a silken rush, spilling over his shoulders in chestnut waves. His eyelashes thickened, framing eyes that were now a startling, vivid blue.

Another wave of serum hit. His chest heaved, the new *breasts* surging in size, straining the torn tunic to its limits. The soft globes threatened to spill free, their weight pulling the fabric down to reveal dusky, sensitive nipples that tingled with every shift of his body. His backside followed, becoming *voluptuous* and heavy, completely tearing free of the constricting pants, the round cheeks now jiggling slightly with each involuntary movement. He grew taller, his frame shifting from a sub-five-foot elf to a *little short stack* of about five-foot-three, his proportions now undeniably feminine.

But that wasn't all.

Something shifted deep in his crotch, a strange, intimate pressure that made him gasp. His little *penis* began to retract, sinking inward as if it had never been there, replaced by a warm, *puffy wetness*. His thighs instinctively pressed together as a brand-new sensation bloomed between them—a *pink*, glistening slit, delicate and slick. The transformation didn't stop there, though. Deep inside, new organs formed: *ovaries*, tender and ripe, and a soft, waiting *womb*, ready to serve its purpose.

He stood there, panting, a transformed creature. His tunic hung in tatters, barely containing the generous swell of his breasts. The remains of his trousers were a rag around his thickened thighs, his new, round ass on full display. Drool slicked his full lower lip. He ran a tongue over them, the sensation incredibly vivid.

A final, perfecting thought from the box settled into his rewired mind.

YOU EXIST TO PLEASE. TO BE USED. YOU ARE A PRESENT FOR SANTA DADDY. HELP HIM TO BE NAUGHTY... LIKE YOU.

Mr. Bongo—or what was left of him—let out a soft, shuddering sigh. The needles retracted, slithering back into the box, which sealed itself with a click. The beam vanished.

She blinked those big blue eyes, swaying on new, unsteady legs. The world was brighter, sharper, every sensation amplified. The rough fabric against her soft skin, the cool air on exposed flesh. And the *need*, a hollow, aching throb in her pussy.

Her gaze drifted from the dark box to the colossal man lying on the floor.

A giddy stupid smile spread across her new face. She took a wobbly step forward, then another, her hips swinging with an instinctual, enticing rhythm she'd tried before.

"Oh, Daddy," she breathed, the voice a high, sweet chime. She knelt beside Santa's unconscious form, one delicate hand reaching out to trace the massive curve of his crotch. Her touch was feather-light, reverent. She imagined the thick meaty girth of the thing that hid underneath.

Santa stirred. A low groan rumbled in his chest. His eyes, still closed, twitched.

She leaned closer, her breath quickening. The scent of him—musky, powerful, *male*—filled her head. "Wake up, Daddy," she whispered, her plump lips inches from his ear. "Time to be naughty."

Santa sat up, rubbing his temple. A massive headache pounded behind his eyes. He blinked, vision swimming. A shape to his right blurred, then slowly solidified.

An elf. A *female* elf. An *extremely* sexualized female elf. She knelt on the rug, one finger hooked over her plump bottom lip, pulling it down in a silent, lewd invitation. Her eyes—a startling blue—dragged over him like a physical caress, as if she wanted to lick every inch of him.

“What?” he croaked. “Who... are? What is going on?”

He leapt to his feet, surprised at the explosive power in his legs. He towered over her. She stayed on her knees, looking up through thick lashes.

“It’s me, Santa Daddy. Mr. Bongo.” Her head tilted, a flicker of confusion crossing her pretty features. Her hands slid up her own sides, over the swell of her hips, then cupped the heavy, soft weight of her breasts. “But... that name. That name sounds funny now.” She smiled, a slow, shy curve of her lips. “Maybe you give me a new name?”

Santa stared. *Horrificed*. His heart hammered against his new, dense chest.

He took one step back. Then another. “No. No, no, no. What? Did that *thing* do this to you?” His voice was deeper, rougher. “Mr. Bongo, are you in there?”

“I don’t know,” she murmured, squeezing her *breasts*. A soft sigh escaped her. “I just feel... empty. And full. All at once.”

Santa’s eyes dropped to her hands. To the way her fingers pressed into that soft flesh.

He felt a *throb*. A powerful, insistent strain in his pants. He looked down.

He remembered.

His arms were thick, powerful trunks of muscle. His legs, pillars straining the tattered red velvet. His chest was a broad, solid barrel. And below... a pronounced, urgent bulge pulsed against the ruined fabric. It twitched. It *responded* to the creature in front of him.

A flash of impulse, hot and vivid: picking her up, pinning her soft body to the desk, pressing his hard, heavy form against her yielding curves. Feeling her give way.

“Oh, Santa Daddy,” she breathed, watching his face. She saw the struggle, the raw hunger flickering in his eyes. “Oh, yes. This body... *my* body... it *wants* to be used.”

“No.” Santa gritted the word out. He squeezed his eyes shut.

He *felt* it. The powerful, primal urges his new physique screamed for. The strength in his arms that ached to grab, to hold down. The thick muscles of his thighs that wanted to spread, to mount. His abs, a solid plate of tension.

And his *cock*. The sheer, staggering size of it. The girth. The weight of his balls beneath, full and heavy with a seed that seemed to *pulse*, demanding to be spilled. In his mind, a dark, rolling chant: *fuck every juicy pussy, every tight cunt, fill them, breed them, dominate them*. The urge to be *naughty*. To be so *fucking naughty*.

But then... a light.

Deep inside the blackness behind his closed lids, a tiny, stubborn spark. The last ember of Christmas spirit. All the hope, the joy, the simple, clean *goodness* he'd spent centuries embodying, condensed into a single, fragile pinprick of warmth in his heart.

He clung to it.

He used it to force his feet back. One heavy step. Then another. Backing away from the desk, from the dark box, from the sensual temptation kneeling on his rug. The door was behind him. If he could just reach it... Mrs. Claus. She was smart. Capable. She'd know what to do. She'd *save* him.

But then, the sexual being that was once Mr. Bongo moved.

She placed her palms flat on the desk. She leaned forward, bending at the waist, and raised her *tushy* up, presenting it to him. The round, full cheeks strained against the torn green fabric of her trousers.

"Oh, no," Santa whispered, his voice cracking. "Oh, dear God, no."

"But Santa Daddy," she cooed, her voice dripping with playful need. She reached back, her fingers grasping the ragged cloth on either side of her ass. With a sharp, tearing sound, she *ripped* the fabric apart, exposing the full, pale globes of her behind and, beneath them, the slick, puffy mound of her *pussy*. A drop of wetness gleamed, then fell to the polished floor with a soft *pat*.

She took her hands and spread her cheeks wider, giving him a view of her little pink asshole and causing her cunt to gape open slightly, like soft, vertical lips waiting for a kiss.

Then, she lifted her ass higher, folded her torso completely over the desk, and began to *twerk*.

Her big, fat, juicy ass bounced. The meat of it slapped together, a rhythmic, wet, *fleshy* sound that filled the silent office. *Clap. Clap. Clap*. Faster. The cheeks jiggled, wobbled, a hypnotic dance of pure, carnal invitation.

Santa stopped walking.

He froze, eyes wide, drinking in the sight. Every bounce offered a fleeting, devastating glimpse of the slick pink flesh nestled between those trembling mounds. His breath caught in his throat. He held it.

His hips, without his permission, began to thrust. A slow, shallow forward-and-back motion, fucking the empty air. His ruined pants strained over the massive bulge.

And then it happened.

His body clenched. An internal push, deep in his core. His cock *swelled*, thickening, lengthening, the pressure unbearable. With a loud *rrrip*, the last of his pants gave way. His *dick* sprang free. Thirteen inches of thick, veiny, meaty girth. It stood out from his body, rigid and angry-red, aimed directly at the twerking ass before him. A bead of clear fluid welled at the tip.

A subtle, dangerous smile touched Santa's lips. The last ember of Christmas light sputtered, drowned in a rising tide of dark, thrilling need.

"I need..." he growled, the words thick in his throat. His hands flexed at his sides. "I need... I need to *fuck* that good pussy."

He didn't walk. He *stalked* forward, each step heavy and deliberate. Santa came up directly behind her and reached out with his hands, fingers sprawled out and clasped either side of her hips. His fingers sank into the plushy meat of her ass, the flesh giving way under his possessive grip.

"Oh yes, Santa Daddy. Do it. I need it."

She pushed back, just so slightly, continuing to twerk at a slower yet rhythmic pace. The fleshy outer lips of her pussy made the slightest contact with the slick, swollen tip of his cock. He looked down with a concentrated, predatory look on his face, watching her ass.

And then she slowed down even more. With little, subtle flicking motions of her hips, she took her pussy lips and kissed the tip of his dick with them, little bits at a time. She moved, causing the tip of his dick to open her up just a bit. And then a little more. A little more.

She was moaning, a high, continuous sound of pure need. "Mmm, Daddy... yes..."

He gave a deep moan himself, a rumble from his new, powerful chest. Staring down at that potential contact. His brow furrowed. He squeezed the flesh of her ass tighter, making her yelp, his fingers digging deep into the softness.

He breathed in, slowly and carefully. The air was thick with the scent of her arousal, his musk, and the dying fire.

“Mine,” he growled.

And he pulled her ass into his hips.

His dick opened up the folds of her pussy with a squishing, moist sound, pushing past her tight entrance. The thick length of his cock slipped all the way deep inside her, until he was completely buried, and their bodies slapped together with a solid, final smack.

In that moment, the last light inside of Santa, the Christmas beacon that was keeping him from giving in completely—the joy, the hope, the dreams, and the goodness—blinked out. Extinguished inside him. Gone forever.

A dark, delicious emptiness filled the space it left behind.

He grabbed a fistful of her long chestnut hair and pulled her head back sharply. She squealed, a sound of shocked pleasure.

“Oh, fuck, Santa!”

He retracted his cock almost entirely out, the wet sound obscene in the quiet room. Then he thrust it back in, hard and deep.

Slap.

She moaned, her voice cracking.

Slap.

He began to fuck her with slow, punishing strokes, exiting and entering her dripping cunt. He released her hair and brought his palm down on her asscheek in a sharp crack. The pale flesh reddened instantly.

“Oh! Yes, Daddy!”

He increased the rhythm. Soon, he was fucking her in earnest, his powerful thighs pistoning, driving his massive cock into her again and again. She was dripping, a thick stream of her wetness escaping their joined flesh and streaming down her inner thighs to the floor. The sound of his hips slapping against her ass became louder, echoing in the office.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

“Tell me, bitch,” he grunted, his voice thick with dominance. “What are you? What are you?”

She had her tongue out, panting, a goofy, lust-drunk expression on her pretty face. "I'm your present, Santa Daddy! I'm your fucking present! Only you get to open this present! Oh, God, my new body's meant for your big dick, Santa Daddy! Fuck me!"

"That's right," he snarled, his thrusts becoming brutal, jackhammer strikes that shook the desk. "You elf slut. Mine. This is mine."

With terrifying ease, he turned her around. He gripped her waist and lifted her, flipping her over on the desk, so she was sitting facing him. Her legs fell open, spread eagle, limber and eager. He grabbed two handfuls of her soft, heavy tits and kneaded them roughly as he stepped between her thighs and re-entered her in one smooth, powerful thrust.

"Ah! Daddy!"

He bucked into her, hard. *Slap. Slap. Slap.* The desk creaked in protest. He released one breast and shoved two thick fingers past her plump lips and down her throat.

"Suck," he commanded.

She obeyed instantly, hollowing her cheeks, sucking on his fingers like they were another cock, twirling her slippery tongue around them. Her eyes rolled back in bliss.

"Mine," he said, thrusting again, burying himself to the hilt. "All fucking mine."

"Cum in me, Daddy!" she gurgled around his fingers. "Cum in this stupid, hungry pussy!"

"That's right, slut! Take my seed! Take it! Take it!"

"Breed me!"

Her words tipped him over the edge. A final, seismic thrust. He pushed all the way inside her, his huge balls slapping against her ass, and held there. A deep, guttural roar tore from his throat as he began to spill and splurt inside her, pumping his hot cum deep into her new, waiting womb.

She shrieked, her body convulsing around him. Her own orgasm ripped through her, a squirting gush of fluid that splashed against his stomach and thighs, dripping onto the floor between his feet. She clamped down on his cock, milking him with fierce, rhythmic pulses.

He emptied himself completely, grunting with each powerful jet. Then, panting, he slowly pulled out of her with a wet, sucking *pop*.

He was breathing heavily, looking down possessively at the mess he'd made. His cum was already leaking out of her well-used pussy, a white trickle against her pink, swollen flesh. She just lay back on the desk, limp and lifeless, a spent doll.

He clenched his fists, feeling the raw power coursing through his new body. He looked down. His dick, slick with her juices and his own release, was still fully erect, thick and angry-red.

He could easily fuck again. The urge was already building, a dark hunger demanding more.

He reached down and slowly massaged it, slipping his hand up and down the wide, sensitive girth. A fresh bead of pre-cum formed at the tip. He smeared it with his thumb.

He turned his head, looking at the closed office door. A slow, nasty smile spread across his face.

“Hmm,” he rumbled, “Time for Mrs. Claus to get the naughty treatment.”

* * *

Mrs. Claus hummed a soft Christmas tune as she dusted off the shelves, her hands moving with practiced ease. The warehouse was her domain, and she took pride in keeping it spotless. She wiped down the windows, straightened the rows of toys, and tidied up Santa’s office. Life was good—she had no real complaints. Yet, there was an itch deep inside her, something unspoken, undefined. A flicker of desire that she couldn’t quite place. She shook her head, brushing it aside. *What could I possibly want?* she thought. *Life is jolly, life is merry. What more could there be?*

As she was lost in her thoughts, a little elf named Dimples skittered up behind her, his tiny feet barely making a sound. “Mrs. Claus?” he piped up, his voice high and sweet. “Santa’s calling for you in his office. He said only you should go in. He asked us not to disturb him.”

Mrs. Claus raised an eyebrow, surprised. This was unusual. Santa rarely called for her so formally, especially during this busy time of year. She smiled at Dimples and patted his head gently. “Thank you, dear. Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas!” Dimples chirped before scampering off.

Mrs. Claus set down her duster and made her way to Santa’s office, her heart fluttering with curiosity. As she pushed the door open, she glanced down briefly. “Is everything all right, honey? Did you need me for something?” she asked, her voice warm and familiar.

Then she looked up.

Her breath caught in her throat, and her eyes widened in shock. There, sprawled across his desk, was Santa Claus—her husband—but not as she knew him. His once-jolly figure was now a hulking, muscular giant, his Santa suit torn and shredded to reveal bulging biceps, a

thick chest, and powerful thighs. His crotch was exposed, a half-flaccid cock resting heavily between his legs, thick and veiny, flanked by swollen balls. His sharp eyes locked onto hers, and a sly smirk played on his lips.

At his feet knelt a figure like nothing she'd ever seen: a highly sexualized female elf with plump lips, wide eyes framed by long lashes, and massive breasts capped with hardened nipples. Her voluptuous ass spilled out of the tattered remains of her elf outfit, and her puffy pink pussy glistened with arousal. She clung to Santa's leg, rubbing her body against it, her giggles high and teasing.

"What... what is going on?" Mrs. Claus stammered, her voice trembling as she took in the scene before her.

Santa leaned back, his smirk widening. "My dear," he said, his voice deep and dripping with mischief, "I've had a change of heart—and a change of form. I've realized that this whole 'be nice' thing? It's fucking stupid. I want to feel things, do things, **fuck** things. And I think the children of the world should learn to do the same."

He gestured to the box in his hand, a strange device with a monitor and buttons. "This," he said, stroking it almost lovingly, "is what did it. It changed me—and it changed Candy here." He nodded toward the elf at his feet.

"Oh, yes!" the elf squealed, her voice breathy and lewd. "I'm Candy now! Thank you for naming me, Santa Daddy!" She moaned, one hand slipping between her legs, fingers plunging into her wet pussy as she whispered her new name, "I'm Candy... I'm Candy..."

Santa chuckled darkly. "All my elves will become some version of Candy here. They'll make toys for naughty boys and girls—and pleasure me whenever I desire." His hand moved to his cock, squeezing the base as it began to stiffen. "And don't worry, sweetie," he added, glancing at Mrs. Claus. "It's frightening at first, but you'll learn love it soon enough and—"

Suddenly, Mrs. Claus took a step forward. "Yes," she said, her voice loud and firm despite the tremble in her hands.

Santa blinked, caught off guard. "Excuse me? What did you say?"

"Yes," she repeated, her voice rising with conviction. "I want this. *Oh God*, I think I've always wanted this." Her hands flew to her face, tracing the lines of age etched into her skin. "Look at me—I'm old, I'm wrinkled. Every year is the same: joy, kindness, helping others. But it's boring. The world isn't getting better, Santa. And I... I want something more. Something *exciting*. So yes, give it to me."

Her heart pounded in her chest, a mixture of fear and exhilaration coursing through her veins. She felt as though a veil had been lifted, revealing a truth she hadn't dared to acknowledge before. This was it. This was what she never knew she was always waiting for. The monotony of her life, the endless cycle of cheer and goodwill, had left her yearning for something raw, something primal. And now, standing here, faced with this transformation, she knew she couldn't turn back.

Her eyes locked onto Santa's, wide with a mix of desperation and desire. "Do it," she urged, her voice trembling but resolute. "Change me. Make me feel alive again."

The words hung in the air, heavy with anticipation. Mrs. Claus felt a strange sense of relief wash over her, as if she had finally given voice to a longing that had been buried deep within her for years. She was ready. Ready for whatever came next.

Santa's confusion melted into a grin of pure amusement and lust. "Well then, who am I to deny your Christmas wish?" He pressed a button on the device and aimed it at her.

The pale beam of light from the strange box washed over Mrs. Claus. It didn't burn. It didn't sting her. It *sank into her*.

A strange, invasive warmth flooded her mind, seeping into the very fabric of her thoughts. The soft Christmas tune she'd been humming vanished, its echo replaced by a low, electronic hum that seemed to originate from inside her own skull. Her hands, still held out wide, began to tremble.

The light started to swirl, and words began to flash on the screen; ideas entered her mind.

PROGRAMMING INITIATED.

YOU ARE NAUGHTY.

Mrs. Claus gasped. The word 'naughty' had always carried a gentle, playful weight—a child stealing a cookie, a small fib. This was different. This was a label. A *core truth*. And she let it in. As the command took root, a wave of prickling heat spread across her skin. It felt... good. A *delicious*, forbidden thrill. She had never been naughty. Not once in centuries. But the sensation was novel, *intoxicating*.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice shaky but clear. Her lips curved into a tentative smile. "I... I am naughty."

The box hummed, its light pulsing again.

YOU ARE ALWAYS READY FOR SEX.

A jolt, sharp and electric, shot straight to her core. Her breath caught. Between her legs, a sudden, shocking heat bloomed, a dampness she hadn't felt in decades. Her nipples tightened painfully against the fabric of her dress. A fresh, aching emptiness pulsed inside her. It wasn't a gentle arousal. It was a constant, *humming* state of need.

Her hips gave a tiny, involuntary jerk. "Oh!" she cried out, her eyes fluttering. The heat was overwhelming, shameful, and utterly magnificent. "I am. I am always ready. For... for sex."

Santa watched, his massive cock twitching with interest against his thigh. Candy giggled, her fingers tracing up and down the length of his dick.

YOU SERVE YOUR SANTA DADDY.

This message didn't just settle. It *wrapped* itself around her will. The image of her husband—jolly, kind, soft—shattered, replaced by the muscular giant before her. *Santa Daddy*. The title sparked a cascade of submissive fantasies. Kneeling. Obeying. Being *used*. A deep, yearning ache joined the heat between her thighs. Her posture shifted, shoulders softening, head tilting down.

"I serve my Santa Daddy," she moaned, the words tasting sweet and filthy on her tongue. Her enthusiasm wasn't forced. It was a *rising tide*, chipping away at centuries of restraint. "Yes, I serve him."

YOU ARE A BAD MOMMY.

Confusion flickered for a second. *Mommy*? Then, a flood of new associations. Not a mother of comfort, but of control. Of teasing. Of administering... *discipline*. A sharp, cruel pleasure lanced through her at the thought. She saw herself not baking cookies, but holding a switch. Not reading stories, but whispering wicked demands.

"I am a bad... Mommy," she said, her voice gaining a new, darker resonance. A smirk touched her lips.

YOU ARE CRUEL.

This was the final key. It unlocked a door she never knew existed within her own heart. The idea of causing a little pain, of seeing a flinch, of wielding power without mercy... it made the wetness between her legs seep hotter. A low, hungry sound escaped her throat.

"I AM CRUEL!" she declared, the words a triumphant shout.

The sensations were building, each command layering upon the last, creating a feedback loop of deviant pleasure. It was too much. It was not enough. She needed the culmination. She needed to be *unmade*.

“More!” she screamed, her body arching, straining against the light. “Please! I want more! Destroy it! Destroy everything I was! I beg you!”

The box chimed, a cheerful, festive sound that was utterly at odds with its function. It stated...

REQUEST ACCEPTED.

ALTERING ALL MEMORIES OF GOODNESS AND NICENESS.

The world inside her mind dissolved into a dizzying, fast-forward reel. A memory flickered in her mind...

Soft and warm and innocent. She saw herself sitting by the crackling fire, a book in her hands, her husband beside her. Santa’s laughter was gentle, his eyes kind as he leaned in to kiss her cheek. It was a moment of peace and love... and trust.

But then the image began to warp and bend. The walls waved and moved, but then settled back into place. The fire roared louder, its flames casting lewd shadows on the walls. The book was gone, forgotten. Santa was no longer the jolly, soft man she remembered. He was a towering, muscular beast, his thick cock racing inside her, pounding her pussy.

Her dress was torn from her body, revealing skin slick with sweat and adorned with intricate tattoos that glistened in the firelight. Her tits bounced wildly with every thrust, her pierced nipples glinting like tiny silver ornaments. She lay sprawled on the rug, her legs spread wide, her cries of pleasure echoing off the stone walls.

“Yes, Santa Daddy!” she moaned, her voice ragged, desperate. “Fuck me harder! Use your naughty girl!”

Then the memory sank into the back of her mind, forever a part of her. Immediately, a new memory came to life...

A tender scene of Mrs. Claus sitting beside a small, feverish elf, her voice soft and soothing as she read “The Night Before Christmas” to him. She held the book delicately, her eyes warm with maternal care as the elf looked up at her with gratitude and adoration.

But then, like a candle snuffed out, the memory shattered. The room transformed, the soft glow of the bedside lamp replaced by the harsh, flickering light of a single

bulb dangling above. The sickly elf still lay in bed, but now his wide, terrified eyes were locked on her—on Mommy.

Her dress, once modest and festive, was now hitched up around her waist, revealing the scandalous lace of her garters and the sheer fabric of her stockings. Her fingers worked between her legs, sliding through the slickness already pooling there. Her hips rocked slowly, deliberately, as she stared down at him with a cruel, twisted smirk.

“Look at you,” she purred, her voice dripping with mockery and menace. “Poor little elf, so weak, so helpless.” She leaned closer, her free hand gripping the edge of the bed for balance as she spread her legs wider. “You’re not too sick to watch, are you? No... I think you can manage that.”

The elf whimpered, trembling under the weight of her dominance. Her touch grew more frantic, her breath hitching as she neared the edge. “Lick me, you sick fuck,” she hissed, her tone sharp and commanding. “Watch closely. This is what you’ll never have. This is what you’ll always crave.”

Her moans filled the room, raw and unfiltered, as she brought herself to a shuddering climax. The elf’s face burned with shame and desire, unable to tear his gaze away from the spectacle before him.

The memory solidified like the other one, a dark imprint etched into her mind. And then another-

Mrs. Claus carefully inspected each present as they were loaded into Santa’s sleigh. Her hands were gentle, her eyes filled with warmth and pride. She checked every ribbon, every tag, ensuring each gift was perfect for the children who would receive them. The moment was tender, filled with the joy of giving.

But then, like the others, the memory twisted. Mrs. Claus now sat atop a towering pile of presents that were being loaded on the sleigh. Her dress hiked up around her waist, her hips grinding furiously against the glossy wrapping paper. The once-neat bows were crumpled beneath her weight, the boxes creaking under her relentless motions.

Her breath came in ragged gasps, her face flushed with arousal as she humped the presents like a desperate, wanton creature. Her hands clawed at the boxes, her nails tearing into the wrapping as she rode them with abandon.

“Yes, yes!” she moaned, her voice thick with lust. “Ruined! Ruin them all!” Her movements grew frantic, her hips pistoning against the pile as she chased her climax. The presents were no longer gifts for children; they were tools for her pleasure, objects to be defiled by her cravings.

With a sharp cry, she shuddered, her body convulsing as she came. Her juices spilled over the presents, soaking the wrapping paper in a sticky mess. She collapsed atop the pile, panting and trembling, her lips curling into a wicked smile.

The memory solidified once again, becoming a core piece of her very being. Yet again, a memory played out in her mind-

Mrs. Claus was wrapping her arms around a group of elves, their small faces upturned with exhaustion and gratitude. She had been their comfort, their steady rock after a grueling day of toy-making. Her voice had been soft, her touch soothing as she assured them they were loved, they were valued. It was a moment of pure, selfless care.

But then, unsurprisingly, the memory shattered. The cozy warmth of the workshop dissolved. The elves were no longer clustered around her for comfort. Instead, they knelt at her feet, their tiny hands pawing at her legs, their wide eyes gleaming with a mix of fear and desire.

Mrs. Claus sat on a stool above them, her dress unbuttoned to reveal her full, heavy tits, their nipples hard and inviting. One elf latched onto her left nipple, another on the right, their mouths suckling greedily, milk spilling out over their cheeks. Another elf nestled between her legs, his tongue flicking rapidly against her slick pussy. The rest crowded around, their eager hands clutching pieces of rich, dark chocolate, which they occasionally dropped into her waiting mouth.

“Yesssss,” she hissed, her voice dripping with twisted delight. Her fingers tangled in each elf’s hair as she forced their faces deeper into her breasts. “Drink from Mommy. Feed me. Worship me.”

One after another, every act of kindness was rewritten, painted over with strokes of sexual depravity or casual malice. Each twisted memory delivered a fresh, piercing thrill. She didn't mourn their loss; in fact, she cummed a little with each new vision of herself. With every corrupted recollection, the last remnants of the old Mrs. Claus crumbled to dust, and the new one grew stronger, hungrier, nastier... naughtier.

The box's lid flipped open with a soft metallic *click*, revealing the nest of thin, glistening tentacles, each one a need tip. Without warning, they *snaked* out, darting toward Mrs. Claus with alarming speed. She barely had time to gasp before they latched onto her—her neck, her chest, her thighs—piercing her skin.

A warm, syrupy liquid oozed from the tips of the tentacles, flooding her veins with its *nectar*. Her body arched involuntarily, her back bowing as the substance pulsed into her, wave after wave.

Her skin flushed a deep red, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the nectar rewired her from the inside out. Every cell in her body seemed to vibrate with the sheer force of it, her very essence being molded and reshaped by the machine's twisted new design.

A deep, internal pull started at her core. Her spine straightened, vertebrae letting out a series of soft pops as she gained two inches in height. The comfortable, matronly softness of her body began to melt and reshape itself with audible, wet sounds.

Her hips cracked outward, the bones shifting to accommodate a new, dramatic width. Plush, heavy fat deposited itself over this new frame, sculpting into a prodigious, round ass that strained instantly against the red velvet of her dress. The fabric creaked in protest.

Simultaneously, a fierce, tugging sensation centered on her chest. Her modest breasts swelled, growing heavy and full, their weight a delicious, new burden. They pushed against her bodice, the soft flesh spilling over the top, the nipples hardening into prominent points that rubbed roughly against the velvet. The dress's seams along her sides and back began to split with a sound like tearing parchment.

Her face tingled, the skin tightening. The gentle laugh lines around her eyes and mouth smoothed away, erased as if she were made of clay. Her jawline sharpened, her cheekbones lifted into a supermodel's haughty prominence. Her lips plumped, swelling into a lush, pouty bow.

The old, white bun of her hair loosened, the strands slithering free to fall around her shoulders in a cascade of gleaming silver, now thick and vibrant.

The transformation was a violent, rapid bloom. Her clothing couldn't keep up. With a final, ragged series of rips, her beloved red velvet dress gave way completely. It fell from her

transforming body in tattered shreds, pooling around her ankles like discarded Christmas wrapping.

The light winked out.

The box went dark.

Mrs. Claus stood there, naked and panting in the center of the office. The air was cool on her new, hypersensitive skin, sending shivers through her transformed body. She looked down at herself, marveling at the sheer magnitude of her altered form.

Her tits were enormous, full, heavy globes that swayed with each ragged breath, their pale skin stretched taut over the *voluptuous curves*. Her areolas, now a deep, rosy pink, stood out prominently, her nipples hardening into *stiff peaks* that practically begged for attention. Her waist, impossibly cinched, led down to the glorious, wide shelf of her hips, which flared out dramatically. Below that, the *monumental curve of her ass* jiggled with every subtle movement, its roundness so pronounced it seemed almost otherworldly.

She ran her hands over her flat stomach, savoring the smooth, marble-like texture of her new skin. Her fingers trailed upwards, cupping the staggering weight of her breasts, squeezing the soft flesh gently. A shock of pure, unadulterated pleasure shot through her, making her gasp. Her new body was a masterpiece of lust and desire, every inch of it designed to provoke, to entice.

Lifting her head, her strikingly beautiful face broke into a wide, ecstatic smile. She looked at Santa, her eyes blazing with a hunger that mirrored his own, a primal need that burned hotter than any Yuletide fire.

“That was...” she breathed, her voice now lower, sultrier, dripping with a newfound confidence. She took a step forward, her movements fluid and deliberate, her *huge ass swaying* with a hypnotic rhythm. “...wonderful.”

The word hung in the air like a promise, heavy with intent. She wasn’t just changed—she was *unleashed*.

Mrs. Claus closed the distance, her new hips swaying with a deliberate, predatory grace. She placed a hand on Candy’s face, fingers splaying over the elf’s cheek, and *yanked* her aside. Candy tumbled back onto her tush with a surprised squeal, but instantly rearranged herself into a formal, worshipful posture—leaning back on her elbows, legs spread wide, presenting everything.

“Thank you, Mommy,” Candy panted, her eyes glazed. “Thank you for showing me what a stupid slut I am.”

Mrs. Claus didn't even glance down. Her gaze was locked on Santa. She pressed her new, blossoming body against the solid wall of his chest, feeling the heat pour off him. Her nipples, hard as pebbles, dragged across the coarse hair of his torso. She slid lower, her stomach against his, and then lower still, until the soft, slick lips of her pussy met the hard, thick line of his cock. It was already massive, half-hard, but she felt it jump and swell further at the contact.

She gave a subtle, grinding thrust, coating the underside of his shaft with her wetness. A low moan vibrated in her throat.

"Thank you, Santa Daddy," she whispered, her lips against his chest. "Thank you for this delicious existence. I was a fucking stupid, sad, old piece of shit. Now I'm a sexy bitch. *Your* sexy bitch."

She pressed her heavy tits against him, her whole body sliding, sinuous, against his hardening flesh. He stared down at her, his eyes dark with a fierce, possessive intent. Wordlessly, he shifted back, sitting on the edge of the heavy wooden desk. It groaned under his monumental weight. He leaned back, planting his hands wide on the surface behind him, and gave a single, powerful flex of his pelvis.

His cock pulsed against her mound, thickening, rising fully to its terrifying, glorious size.

Mommy Claus hyperventilated, her breath coming in sharp little gasps. "Oh fuck." She felt dizzy, almost swooning from the sheer proximity of his power. "Oh shit, yes, Santa Daddy," she babbled. "You get to use this body. Whenever you want. However you want."

She climbed onto the desk, her movements fluid and sure. She straddled his lap, then rose into a high squat, her powerful thighs trembling with anticipation. She hovered there, the soaked, swollen lips of her pussy just a hair's breadth from the bulbous head of his cock. A string of her juices stretched down, connecting her to him.

"Tell me," he demanded. "What are you?"

"I'm a slutty bitch... and I'm yours," she moaned.

"And who owns this pussy?"

"Oh fuck, Santa Daddy," she cried, "*you do!*"

With that, she impaled herself. She dropped her weight, taking him in one relentless, downward plunge.

The feeling was catastrophic. Her head snapped back, her silver hair flying. Her eyes went wide, seeing nothing. Her tongue lolled from her mouth as a choked scream was torn from

her lungs. He filled her, *stretched* her, a burning, perfect fullness that touched something deep inside her she never knew existed.

She didn't wait. She couldn't. Her body was a machine built for this. She began to fuck him, rising up until just the tip remained inside, then slamming back down with a wet, slapping *squish*. Again. Again.

Santa's hands shot up, grabbing two massive handfuls of her titflesh. He squeezed, his fingers digging into the soft, heavy weight. "Fuck me, Mommy," he commanded, his voice a rough scrape. "Fuck your Daddy like you never have before, you evil fucking naughty slut."

The words ignited her. She fucked him in earnest now, her hips pistoning, her ass cheeks clapping against his thighs with each descent. It was primal, a frantic, driving rhythm. Her tits bounced and jiggled wildly, her hair a silver storm around her face. She was a crazed animal, a beast, fucking her Santa Daddy, fucking him *good*, doing the one thing she was now truly built to do: take this magnificent cock and milk it dry.

Candy watched from the floor, her own hand a blur between her legs, fingers frantically rubbing her clit. She pinched and pulled at her own nipple, imagining it was her being filled, her being used. "Yes, Mommy! Ride him! So naughty! Take his big fucking dick!"

The office air grew thick with the sounds of flesh, the scent of sex and sweat. Santa's grunts grew louder, more guttural. Mommy Claus's moans were loud and constant.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." Santa roared, his hips bucking up to meet her downward thrust.

She felt his cock swell even more inside her, a throbbing, urgent pulse. Her own pussy clenched around him in a fierce, rhythmic spasm, milking him, begging for it.

"Yes!" she screamed. "Do it! Come inside me! Unload inside me, Santa! Santa Daddy, *claim me!* Claim this pussy forever!"

"Yes, claim her!" Candy shrieked, her own body bowing off the floor as she climaxed.

"Claim her, Daddy!"

"Your body," Santa snarled, his eyes locking onto Mrs. Claus's bliss-fucked face. "Your mind. Your pussy is *mine*."

With a final, brutal roar, he erupted.

Mrs. Claus felt it—a scalding, liquid flood jetting deep into her womb. Torrent after torrent, each spurt making his cock jerk inside her. She stopped moving, frozen, impaled, as the heat spread through her very center. She threw her head back and wailed, her own orgasm

detonating in time with his, a chain reaction of pleasure that scrambled her thoughts and turned her bones to liquid.

She convulsed on his lap, twitching, her tongue hanging out, drool dripping from her chin. Her eyes lost focus, crossing helplessly. Santa kept pumping into her, his seed spilling over, dripping out around where they were joined to soak his thighs and the desk below.

Candy thrashed on the rug, her own release painting her inner thighs as she whimpered and cried.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of heavy, ragged breathing and the slow, wet drip of spent fluids.

Then, Santa moved. He planted his hands on Mrs. Claus's hips and *shoved* her off him. She landed with a soft *thud* on the floor beside Candy, his cum immediately leaking from her well-used pussy onto the wood.

She moaned at the aggressive dismissal, but a new, wicked desire flared in her sated eyes. She rolled onto her knees, then straddled Candy's face, lowering her dripping sex onto the elf's mouth. "Here," Mrs. Claus commanded, her voice dripping with cruel authority. "Lick his cum out of me, slut. Clean your Mommy."

"Yes, Mommy!" Candy gasped eagerly, her tongue already snaking out to lap and probe.

Santa stood, his massive body gleaming with sweat. He stepped over the two women, his spent cock already beginning to stir again with unnatural vitality. He walked to the window of his office, pushed the heavy curtain aside, and peered out over the vast, lively warehouse where hundreds of unsuspecting elves worked.

A dark, expansive idea bloomed in his mind. He smiled.

"Now," he said, his voice carrying behind him, "Let's spread the joy. I have an idea."

* * *

Back on the factory floor, Sprinkles and Pepper stared at the single blueprint before them, their pointed noses crinkling in identical confusion. Around them, a hundred other elves wore the same bewildered expression.

"What is this?" Pepper whispered, her bright eyes scanning the schematic of a small, rectangular box with a screen and several buttons.

“I don’t know,” Sprinkles murmured back, his silver brows drawn together. He looked around the vast workshop. Every workbench held the same design. “So... we’re all just going to make this one toy?”

“I guess so.” Pepper shrugged, her petite frame leaning over the bench. “Well, Santa knows best.”

“Okay.” Sprinkles picked up a tiny screwdriver. “Let’s get to it.”

The conveyor belts clicked to life. The symphony of construction began—a gentle cacophony of whirring tools, clicking components, and the soft, Christmas music piping from the overhead speakers. Blissfully ignorant, the elves hummed along, their small, deft hands assembling the mysterious boxes with practiced efficiency.

One by one, identical metal boxes with glowing monitors took shape on every workbench. Pepper finished soldering the last connection on hers and leaned back, wiping her brow. She looked at Sprinkles, who was doing the same.

“Now what?” she asked.

“I don’t know. We’re supposed to just make one, and then...”

A soft, synchronized *click* echoed through the warehouse. Then a hundred beams of pale light erupted at once, each shooting from a box’s screen directly into the wide, unblinking eyes of the elf who made it. A collective gasp, sharp and sudden, filled the air. A hundred small bodies *clenched*, frozen in their seats, pupils dilating as the light poured in.

Pepper’s mind went blank, then filled with a soothing, invasive warmth. Sprinkles felt his thoughts scatter like dust in the wind.

Words began to form on every box, whispering into all of their minds.

BE NAUGHTY.

Pepper’s lips trembled. “Be naughty,” she whispered.

Beside her, Sprinkles echoed it. “Be naughty.”

Across the room, another elf, a young one named Twinkle, moaned as the commands shifted.

I'M A SEXY SLUT.

“I’m a sexy slut,” Twinkle sighed, a dreamy smile touching his lips.

The whispers became a chorus, a cascading waterfall of corruption.

“Be naughty.”

“I’m sexy.”

“I love my daddy!”

“I want to be fucked.”

“I obey Santa Daddy.”

“Obey Daddy.”

“Obey Daddy!”

The voices rose, high-pitched and desperate, twining together into a deafening, beautiful hymn of depravity. The elves began to move, their bodies gyrating in their seats, small hips thrusting against nothing, hands fluttering over their work tunics.

Then, another sound—a hundred tiny, metallic *snaps*.

Every box lid sprang open. From each, a nest of thin, glistening tentacles *lashed* out, needle-tips gleaming. They struck like vipers, attaching to elf necks, chests, thighs, and groins. The needles pierced green fabric and pale skin with soft, wet *pops*.

A warm, syrupy nectar pumped into their veins.

The convulsions began in earnest.

Pepper’s back arched violently, a silent scream on her lips. Her small, modest chest *swelled* against her tunic, the fabric groaning as her breasts expanded into heavy, full orbs. The seams along her sides split with a sound like tearing canvas. She felt her hips crack and widen, a lush, aching weight settling into her new, rounded ass.

Beside her, Sprinkles’s transformation mirrored her own. His slender frame softened, then curved. The flat plane of his chest bubbled outward, forming two perfect, swollen tits, their nipples hardening into sensitive peaks that rubbed maddeningly against the shreds of his tunic. The masculine lines of his jaw melted, his features refining into a delicate, feminine beauty. Between his legs, a familiar ache faded, his cock disappeared, replaced by a new, dripping, *empty* pussy.

All around them, it was the same. A hundred pornographic metamorphoses. Clothes ripped and fell away. Tits bloomed. Asses plumped. Lips swelled into pouty, kissable cushions. Moans, deep and wanton, replaced the humming of carols.

Then, silence. A hundred transformed elves sat panting, their new bodies glistening with sweat under the workshop lights.

Sprinkles looked over at Pepper. His gaze drifted down Pepper's naked form, taking in the huge, swaying breasts with their dark, stiff nipples, the narrow waist, the outrageous flare of her hips, and the neatly trimmed strip of silver hair between her thighs. She looked down at her own identical body, feeling the heavy, delicious weight of his new tits, the slickness coating her inner thighs.

"What happened to us?" Sprinkles asked, her voice higher, sweeter.

"I don't know," Pepper breathed. She cupped her own breast, squeezing the soft flesh. A jolt of pure need shot straight to her dripping pussy. "But oh *fuck*, I need some cock."

"Me too," Sprinkles moaned, her own hand sliding between her legs. Her fingers found her new slit, swollen and hot. She gasped as she touched her clit. "*Oh*. I really do! I need some thick dick in my yum yum."

"Yesssss." Pepper mirrored the action, two fingers sliding easily into her own soaked opening. "Ooh, here. Feel your pussy. Like me. Do it like me, Sprinkles."

Sprinkles pushed two fingers inside herself. Her eyes rolled back. "*Oh, you're right, Pepper*. Look. It feels so good."

"Oh, fuck. Oh, and squeeze your titties."

Sprinkles obeyed, pinching her own nipple hard. A sharp, perfect pain-pleasure made her cry out. "*Oh, you're right!* Oh, my body feels so goooood. I wish Santa Daddy would fuck me good."

"Me too."

The warehouse dissolved into a scene of pure, unadulterated debauchery. A hundred naked, perfect elf-women writhed on their workbenches and the floor. Fingers pumped into wet pussies. Mouths suckled on swollen tits. The air grew thick with the scent of musk and female arousal, with the lewd, wet sounds of a hundred hands and toys fucking desperate, hungry holes.

"Fuck my tight little cunt!"

"I'm Daddy's good slut!"

"Someone fill me, please!"

The office door swung open.

Santa Daddy stood in the frame, his massive, muscular form blocking the light. Mrs. Claus stood just behind him, one hand mindlessly stroking his thick, semi-hard cock through his torn trousers, her other hand kneading her own monumental breast.

They looked out over their kingdom.

Santa's cock jumped to full, throbbing hardness in Mrs. Claus's grip. A low, possessive growl rumbled in his chest. The sea of elf-slaves undulated before him—a buffet of perfect tits, round asses, and glistening, pink pussies, all begging to be used.

Mrs. Claus nuzzled his back, her voice a sultry purr. “Look at them, Daddy. All your good little girls. Ready to be bred.”

Santa's eyes burned with dark fire. He knew, with absolute certainty, that he would cum into the cunt of every single one of these hot, slutty elves. He would fuck them on the workbenches, bend them over the conveyor belts, fill their throats and their tight little asses. He would drown in them.

He took a step forward, his voice booming through the warehouse, cutting through the chorus of moans.

“Dear,” he said, without looking back at Mrs. Claus. “It's time to flip this operation on its head.”

The elves slowed their frantic touching, their lust-drunk eyes lifting to their master.

Santa smiled, a wicked, triumphant thing. “No more will we encourage good children to be good.” He spread his arms wide, encompassing his corrupted workshop. “We're going to teach them all to be bad. All to be *naughty*.”

He let the word hang, letting its new, delicious meaning sink into the very walls.

“From now on,” he declared, his voice final, “we will give gifts to the naughty... and coal to the nice.”

Mrs. Claus giggled, a sound of pure, cruel delight. She pumped his cock faster. “Yes, Santa Daddy. We're going to change the world.”

They both started laughing—deep, hearty, *wicked* laughs that promised nothing but filth, pleasure, and very, very naughty Christmases to come.

The first news reports were curious anomalies.

Jake Peterson sat in the penthouse silence of his corporate tower, a crystal tumbler of amber liquor untouched beside his keyboard. His screens were a mosaic of global news feeds, social media trends, and encrypted data streams from sources that tracked the... unusual.

December 26th.

A headline from Oslo: *Hundreds of Children Report Empty Stockings, Parents Baffled*. A follow-up from Toronto: *Local Charity Overwhelmed After 'Good' Kids Receive Nothing*. The comments sections were a swamp of confusion and nascent panic. *My Sofia has never gotten less than an A! She volunteers!* wrote one mother. *My Mikey saved his allowance to buy his sister a gift. Coal. He got a lump of coal.*

A smirk touched Jake's lips. It was starting.

The next wave of reports was different. They were isolated, glitchy. A story about a known school bully in Manchester receiving a state-of-the-art gaming rig, the kind that cost more than a car. The boy's parents, bewildered, claimed it wasn't from them. Another from Phoenix: a girl famous for her cruel online trolling woke up to find a sleek new sports car—pink, of course—with a bow on it, parked in her family's driveway. Her license? Suspended. Her age? Sixteen.

The media didn't know how to connect the dots. Not yet.

Jake's invention, his beautiful, wicked box, was just the seed. The real corruption was systemic, a new code written into the very fabric of Christmas. The presents Santa delivered were no longer toys of joy, but tools of entropy. Rewards for sex and malice.

By February, the pattern was undeniable. The "nice" lists, wherever they were speculated to exist, seemed to have been thrown into a fire. The "naughty" lists... they were now catalogues of opportunity.

Jake watched the social fabric begin to pucker and tear.

In a middle school in Ohio, a boy who'd spent the fall semester shoving smaller kids into lockers received a mysterious, untraceable delivery: a professional-grade drone with a high-resolution camera. The next week, he used it to film the girls' locker room. He wasn't expelled. The principal, a weak-chinned man who'd received a vintage bottle of bourbon

he'd always coveted, called it a "prank." The footage spread. The girls were shamed. The boy became a kind of celebrity.

The reward created aspiration.

A woman in her twenties, previously a quiet librarian, posted a vicious, detailed takedown of a rival on a gossip forum. She woke up to a diamond necklace worth twenty thousand dollars on her pillow. No note. The next week, she posted another. Louder. Crueler. A designer handbag arrived.

Be naughty. Get rewarded.

The principle seeped out of childhood, infecting everything. Adult behavior began to curdle, seeking Santa's dark approval. Petty office rivalries turned into campaigns of sabotage. Neighbor disputes escalated to property damage. Each act of meanness was followed, often within days, by a windfall—cash in an unmarked envelope, a dream vacation booked in their name, a car upgraded overnight.

The world's moral compass began spinning, and the new North was pure, thrilling selfishness.

Jake stood at his floor-to-ceiling window, watching the city below. Some districts were dark, pockets where the "nice" still clung to their obsolete virtue. They were pockets of fear. Other neighborhoods pulsed with garish light and noise. He could hear it, even from fifty stories up: not the sounds of celebration, but the raw, grinding noise of hedonism and spite. A bottle smashed. A scream that melted into wild laughter. The bass-thump of music from a stolen sound system.

As the months went by, he saw the physical change, too. It started with the women. Billboards that once showed models now showed... *porn*. Images of women with impossibly large, round breasts and backsides arched in blatant display. *GET NAUGHTY, GET NOTICED*, the slogans read. Cosmetic surgery clinics saw lines around the block. "The Santa Makeover," they called it. To be "nice" was to be flat, small, invisible. To be "naughty" was to be a goddess of consumption, a walking demand for attention.

The men adapted in a different key. Kindness was a liability. Empathy was a disease. The new alpha was the bully, the collector. Jake watched through his networks as powerful men, their bank accounts mysteriously swollen, began to openly keep entourages of these new, manufactured women. They weren't girlfriends. They were trophies, proof of one's place on the coveted Naughty List. The weak, the "nice" men, were pushed to the fringes, their homes vandalized, their lives a constant hum of humiliation. They got coal, if they were lucky. Often, they got nothing but terror.

Society didn't break. It *bent*. It curved itself into a new, shocking shape—a sexual, depraved marketplace where cruelty was currency and Santa was the unseen, all-powerful broker.

And Jake knew what was happening at the North Pole. The data wasn't explicit, but he could extrapolate. The workshop was no longer building toy trains. It was a factory for corruption, a breeding ground. Santa was building his army. Every transformed elf was another soldier in a war against goodness itself. They would be the vessels, the distributors, the very embodiment of the new world order.

He pictured Santa there, amid his legion of perfect, willing elf-sluts, a twisted king on a throne of ice and desire. The stupid, jolly old man who'd looked down on Jake was gone. In his place was a monster of Jake's own design. A bully. A king of the naughty.

The ultimate revenge wasn't just hurting Santa. It was making Santa into everything Jake was, everything Santa had once punished.

A fire started in a luxury department store across the city, its alarms wailing into the night. No sirens responded. The fire trucks, Jake knew, were probably being used for a block party in a district where the mayor had just received a brand new yacht for evicting a hundred low-income families.

The sounds wafted up to his penthouse: the crackle of flames, the shatter of glass, and underneath it all, the persistent, rhythmic echo of moans and frantic music from the thriving depravity zones.

Jake loved the symphony. He took a slow sip of his drink, the liquor burning a pleasant path down his throat. He looked up from the burning city, through the smog and the light pollution, toward the impossible, frozen north.

He raised his glass in a silent, solitary toast.

"Merry Christmas, you fat fuck," he whispered to the sky, to the monster he created. "Look at your world now. Look at what you love. So... naughty."