

*Merry
Christmas*



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A Miracle on 69th
Street

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It was Christmas Eve, and yet it just didn't feel the same. Nick couldn't quite put his finger on it, but it just didn't feel like the holidays he grew up with. October had been a slog. November had been a giant mass of stress, and December was no better. Nick had hoped that things would pick up once his finals had finished, but now that he was back at his parents' place for winter break, he felt just as listless as before. He didn't know if this was what it meant to be an adult, but he did know that he hated it. If this was growing up then he wanted no part of it.

Nick was just about to finally drift off to sleep when he heard a distinct sound. He perked up and listened intently in hopes of determining just what the sound was. It was a long, high-pitched squeak. It almost sounded like a door sliding open, but there was

no door like that in his room... but there was a window!

Nick glanced over his shoulder, and sure enough the window was sliding open which was impressive given that his bedroom was on the second floor. He couldn't even imagine how whoever was trying to get into his room had pulled it off. There was simply nowhere to stand outside his room.

Nick watched intently as a slim, slender figure crawled into the open window and dropped down onto the plush carpet. Nick's mind was racing. A burglar? On Christmas Eve? There was no way he was going to take that lying down. In one swift motion, Nick flipped on the lamp by his bed, grabbed his old baseball bat off the dresser, and turned to face his would-be burglar.

"Hands where I can see them!" Nick shouted.

"Whoah!" the intruder cried. The guy stumbled backwards and fell flat on his ass.

Now that the lights were on, Nick could get a good look at the other guy, and he had to admit that this guy was quite possibly the cutest criminal he had ever seen. The other guy had to be close to his own age with short blond hair, brilliant green eyes, and a cute little button nose that was tinged pink from the cold. The guy's choice of attire was surprisingly easy on the eyes as well. The intruder was clad in a festive getup that included little more than red, fur lined boots; red, short cropped hot pants that were little

more than boxer briefs; a red, fur lined crop top; and a cute little Santa hat to top it all off. The guy even had a bulging red sack of gifts to complete the ensemble, but his toy bag wasn't nearly as stuffed to the brim as his shorts were. The bulge in his pants was positively obscene. If that was his real cock, the dude had to have at least a foot of floppy dong stashed away in those festive shorts and big, round, grapefruit sized nuts to match!

"What are you doing here?" Nick demanded.

"Wait. It's not what it looks like. I'm here for Christmas, see?" The intruder said. He gestured towards his brimming sack as he pleaded his case.

"I think you've got the wrong place. Our Christmas party was yesterday." Nick said.

"No. I'm not here for a party. I'm here to deliver your gift." The guy explained.

"... my gift...?" Nick asked.

"Yeah. All the good boys and girls get some." The guy explained.

"I think I'm a little old to be getting gifts from Santa." Nick replied half-sarcastically.

"Age doesn't matter. As long as you still believe, you still get gifts." The guy replied.

"So that means... Santa? He's really real? Can I meet him?" Nick asked. He was firing off question after question without giving the other guy a chance to

respond. Nick was so excited that he had completely forgotten about the whole breaking in thing and had let his bat drop to his side.

“The big guy isn’t actually here. Pops is getting up there in age, so I’ve been helping him out a lot in his rounds these past few years.” The guy explained.

“So... Santa’s not here?” Nick asked. He went from excited and giddy to sad and dejected in a record .37 seconds.

“Sadly no, but have no fear! I, Kristoph Kringle the third, am at your service, but you can call me Kris.” The guy said. He then held out his hand for Nick to shake.

“Oh, right, and my name is Nick.” Nick said half-heartedly as he weakly shook Kris’s hand.

“I know that already. I’m here to deliver *your* gift, after all.” Kris replied and chuckled pleasantly.

“Um... but I didn’t ask for anything this year...” Nick replied.

“Have no fear. We at the North Pole have ways of knowing what the good folk out there really want. If we didn’t we’d never get half the kids out there the right gifts. Do you have any idea how many kids fudge their Christmas lists? I swear it’s like they think they can cheat the system.” Kris explained.

“How do you mean?” Nick asked.

“Like little Gracie-Lou Freebush down the road asked for ‘world peace.’” Kris explained. His voice took on a comically nasally tone as he read the girl’s wish list. He chuckled softly and shook his head. He then sidled up beside Nick and gave him a playful nudge and added with a sly wink, “between you and me, what she really wanted was the new Mortal Kombat.”

“So then... what did you get me?” Nick asked uncertainly. It wasn’t that he wasn’t excited, but out of all the things he could have asked for, none of them seemed to be anything that Santa would send him.

“Well, that’s why I am making this delivery in person. You see... we have only a vague framework to work with. It says in the registry that you want a ‘huge cock’, but I need some more specifics to work with.” Kris explained.

“Say what!?” Nick sputtered. To say he was taken aback would be an understatement, and it didn’t help that the twinkly Santa’s helper was so casual about it. He made it sound like this was the most common thing in the world. It was as if he was asking Nick his shoe size, not his schlong size!

“Yeah. Numbers work well, like say 9, 10 inches. Those are popular sizes. A nice, meaty porn star dong, but we can get more creative if you want.” Kris said. He held his hands roughly a foot apart to indicate just how much dong he was talking about.

Nick’s jaw dropped as he ogled the distance between Kris’s hands. The massive cock that Kris was

suggesting was as long as his forearm! That seemed a little absurd, and yet... Nick couldn't stop thinking about it. He wanted to try it out. He wanted to know what it felt like to have such a massive piece of meat swinging between his legs.

Nick swallowed in an attempt to clear the lump that had formed in his throat. His whole body shook with anticipation. This was too crazy to be real, but what was even crazier was what he was thinking of asking.

"So... can you get any bigger than that?" He asked nervously.

Kris shrugged dismissively. "Oh, sure. As big as you want. If you can dream it, we can do it. That's the Kringle Corp. motto." He said casually.

"So like... if I wanted... and you know..." Nick stammered awkwardly. His dick was rock hard in his boxers. There was no doubt in his mind that Kris could see the obscene tent he was sporting, but Nick still couldn't bring himself to say what he was thinking.

"I think I understand. How about I give you a little demonstration?" Kris asked. The question seemed so innocent, but there was a devious glint in his eyes and an impish smirk on his face.

"Um... what did you have in mind?" Nick asked. He tried to play it cool, but his voice cracked awkwardly as he spoke.

Kris didn't reply. He merely put his finger up to Nick's lips to indicate that the other guy should be quiet and then slowly began a seductive strip tease. If Nick hadn't already been beyond boned before, he would have popped one hell of a stiffy as the slim, slender blond slowly peeled off his shoes and pulled off his shirt. Soon Kris was left in nothing but his shorts and hat.

Nick couldn't help himself. He slipped a hand down the front of his shorts and began to stroke his fully boned cock as he watched the hot blond strut his stuff like a paid stripper. Kris really knew how to work it. He spun around and shook his cute bubbly booty for Nick's fapping pleasure and even began to slowly pull down the waistband as he danced around to give Nick a clear glimpse of those jiggling cheeks.

Kris spun back around and flashed Nick another saucy wink. It was clear that it was time for the main event. Nick's breath caught in his throat and his dick stood straight up as he watched Kris slowly push his shorts down lower and lower.

Nick's jaw dropped, but not for the reason one might expect. He couldn't wrap his head around just how huge Kris's cock was! Kris already had his waistband down around his knees, and there seemed to be no end of cock in sight. His balls hadn't even been fully revealed yet! His dick was impossibly huge – far larger than the obscene outline had lead Nick to believe.

“How the...” Nick murmured softly.

Nick merely chuckled and stepped completely out of his shorts. His cock was so huge that the tip of his dick was still nestled in his shorts even as he stood there. Kris had to physically hoist his dick with both arms to pull the last foot of it out of his pants.

Even now that it was fully exposed, Nick still could not wrap his head around how huge Kris's cock was. The beast was easily four feet long. The thick dick was longer than even Kris's legs and as wide as his shapely hips, and his nuts were the size of beach balls.

"How did you...?" Nick murmured in awe.

Kris leaned down and scooped up his discarded shorts and shoved his arm into the front pouch. The garment didn't look large enough for even his hand to fit into, but his arm vanished all the way up to his shoulder!

"Kringle Corp. Spacial Distortion Pouch. Can hold infinite amounts of mass effortlessly and weightlessly yet always looks full to capacity." Kris explained. Kris showcased the front of his shorts for Nick to check out. Nick could actually see the outline of Kris's fist pressed against the front of the pouch. Kris's hand looked ludicrously huge. Had it not been for the fact that Nick could see Kris's fingers wiggling behind the thin layer of fabric, Nick would have been sure that Kris had one of those giant, foam Hulk hands stashed in his shorts.

"So you mean your dick is always that big?" Nick asked.

“Yep. And so can yours if you want.” Kris explained matter-of-factly. The devious glint suddenly returned to his eyes. He shot Nick a playful wink and leaned in close to whisper conspiratorially in Nick’s ear.

“... we can even make it bigger if you want.” Kris said salaciously.

“B-Bigger!?” Nick gasped in shock.

“Oooh. I like your style. Bigger it is.” Nick said playfully.

Before Nick even had a chance to reply, Kris lifted up his palm and blew a large cloud of sparkling dust at Nick. Nick felt the effects immediately. His cock felt amazingly warm to the touch, and he could feel it swelling in the confines of his boxer shorts. In fact he could actually see the tent getting bigger... thicker... longer... It looked so amazing and felt so fantastic that he just couldn’t bring himself to protest. Part of him knew he should say or do something. Part of him knew he should ask Kris to stop, but he just couldn’t bring himself to do it. Some dark part of him wanted to see just how far he could push it, just how big it could get.

Nick’s cock had already doubled in size in the span of a minute. His once fairly average six inches had shot up to a full foot of phallus. The enormous rod was as long as his forearm and thicker than his wrist. His balls had gone from the size of ping pong balls to the size of grapefruit, and his growth was showing no signs of slowing.

Nick's shorts were straining to hold back the swelling package, but it was a losing battle. His nuts already filled out every last inch of space on the front of his shorts. His cock already stuck out well above the waistband of his boxers. Nick knew that if he didn't either stop the growth or take off his shorts he'd soon outgrow his already overstuffed boxers, but he just couldn't bring himself to do it. All he could do was stand there and stare on in awe as his cock continued to grow.

The button holding the front of his formerly loose boxers popped off and went whizzing across the room like a bottle rocket. It wasn't long after that that the front of his boxers began to shred open right down the middle. His enormous, basketball sized nuts fell free of his shorts and flopped loose. His nuts now hung down to his knees, and they continued to droop lower and lower as they grew and grew.

Nick could barely believe it. Some part of him wanted to believe it was just a weird dream, but it felt too real. He didn't really want it to be a dream anyway. He loved how his huge cock felt, and he loved how it looked. It was the biggest, most amazing dick he had ever seen. It was already every bit as long as Kris's huge dick, but Nick's fat cock was far, far thicker. His dick was every bit as thick around as his barrel chest, and it was still growing!

Nick's waistband had been struggling to hold out against his cock's swelling girth for what seemed like ages, but it finally got to be too much for it to

handle. Nick's cock was so thick that it was like having a whole 'nother person crammed in there with him.

Nick's waistband finally gave up the ghost. A loud crack filled the air as the waistband snapped. The tattered remnants of his boxer shorts fluttered to the ground like a discarded plastic bag leaving him completely nude.

Kris whistled appreciatively at his own handiwork. "That looks fantastic on you." He said happily.

Nick seemed slightly less thrilled. He couldn't deny it was hot – especially not with his cock jutting out in front of him like a battering ram and threatening to blow at any second, but how could he go through life like this?

"I... don't know..." Nick muttered uncertainly.

"You don't like how it looks?" Kris asked.

"No! I love how it looks, but... what can I even do with a dick this size!?" Nick responded.

Kris could see the confusion and fear in Nick's eyes. He could tell from Nick's very stance that he was torn. There was an internal struggle going on, and Kris wasn't about to leave things as they were.

"Never let it be said that I don't provide excellent customer service." Kris responded happily.

Nick glanced back up at his guest and cocked an eyebrow questioningly at the obscenely hung, extremely cute twink.

“You don’t have to explain anything. I can see it in your eyes. You have your doubts, and there’s only one thing a guy of your age would be wondering about. You’re wondering ‘Just how do I have sex with such a huge dick?’ Am I right?” Kris asked.

Nick was taken aback. He actually hadn’t even considered that. He was more worried about getting through his everyday life. How would he explain his enormous schlong to his parents? How would he attend classes with a dick as big as the rest of him? Nick wasn’t even worried about sex at first, but now that Kris mentioned it, Nick knew he couldn’t keep his super-sized schlong.

Kris caught the look of shock on Nick’s face, and his grin spread even wider. “See? I knew it! Well, I’ll just have to teach you.” Kris said.

“Wait... What!?” Nick sputtered.

“Yeah. I’ll teach you. Think of it as like an added service. After all it wouldn’t do to give someone such a neat gift and then not teach them how to use it, right?” Kris replied.

“Well... yeah, but... I mean...” Nick sputtered.

Kris took a few sultry strides forward and closed the gap between them in a matter of steps. His

fingertips glided along the length of Nick's fully boned cock.

Nick could feel the tender touch, and it felt fantastic. It seemed like his cock was even more sensitive before. It wasn't just the intensity that drove him wild though. Kris's hand felt so tiny against his massive cock. It just seemed to drive home just how huge his dick had become which strangely enough made him even hornier!

Nick's train of thought came crashing to a halt when he felt Kris's lips touch his own. Kris's lips were so soft, so warm... Nick's mind just froze. He couldn't even remember what he was so freaked out about. All he could think of was how great it felt and how much he wanted to do it again. It wasn't just that his lips felt nice during the kiss itself. Even after Kris pulled back, Nick's lips still felt amazingly warm and tingly. That sensation seemed to spread through his whole body making him feel all fuzzy inside. Nick lifted his fingers to his lips as if to test to see if his lips really were that warm of if it was just his imagination.

Kris seemed to find the motion hilarious. Try as he might he couldn't seem to stifle his giggles. "Oh my god. You're blushing!" Kris teased.

"What? No." Nick replied, but he didn't sound like he really believed what he said. He wasn't necessarily arguing. He just sort of said the first thing that came to mind even if it was impossible for him to deny. His face was burning bright red.

“Oh! Don’t tell me. That was your first kiss, wasn’t it?” Kris gasped.

“Um... no...?” Nick responded uncertainly.

“Pecks on the cheek from Aunt Mildred don’t count.” Kris chided playfully.

“Oh... then...” Nick mumbled awkwardly.

“Oh my god! It really was your first kiss!” Kris gasped. His eyes were sparkling like Christmas lights. He could barely contain his joy.

“Dude! Stop saying that!” Nick sputtered awkwardly

Kris’s eyes grew wider and his wide, toothy smile changed to a slack jawed look of shock as something else slowly dawned on him. “Wait... that means you’ve never had sex before either. Wow. I’ll be your first there too. That’s quite an honor.” He said solemnly.

“Not really. I don’t see how it can even be called sex since we’re both too big to bang the other.” Nick countered defensively.

“Spoken like a true virgin.” Kris replied matter-of-factly. He nodded sagely as if agreeing with his own wise assessment and then began to explain the matter to his new friend in much the same tone a professor would go over the syllabus. “Sex isn’t a matter of sticking a dick up someone’s butt or vice versa. It’s something special shared between two people. It’s a

tender, passionate moment where two bodies become one.” Kris explained.

“That’s... that sounds.... Are you sure you should be doing that with someone you just met?” Nick murmured awkwardly. He was beyond flustered. His face was turning new and exciting shades of red by the second.

“Well I *was* going to just show you a few techniques to help you get your rocks off in a mentor sort of way, but now I’m going to teach you the art of passion as a friend.” Kris explained excitedly.

“A friend? We just met!” Nick sputtered in shock.

“We did, but I happen to be an excellent judge of character. It’s part of the job description.” Kris replied matter-of-factly. He once again gave a sage nod as if he were somehow the expert authority on such matters.

“You inherited your job.” Nick muttered defensively.

“That doesn’t mean I’m not good at it, but that’s all beside the point. Are you being so combative because you don’t want to go through with this or are you just nervous?” Kris asked. Nick was taken aback by the question. It wasn’t that Kris seemed upset. Quite the opposite. Kris sounded genuinely concerned about Nick’s behavior, and Nick wasn’t sure how to respond.

“I... I’m sorry. I do want to do it. It’s just...” Nick murmured. He was equal parts embarrassed and nervous and it showed in the way he awkwardly scratched the back of his head and fidgeted nervously in front of the lithe, nude, obscenely hung Christmas visitor.

“No need to be sorry. I understand completely. I just wanted to be sure.” Kris replied conversationally. His demeanor suddenly became extremely serious though. His gaze narrowed. His tone became flat and metered. “but I need you to promise me something.” He said.

“What’s that?” Nick asked.

“My goal here is to make you feel good. If for whatever reason you are uncomfortable, if you ever need me to stop – if you ever want me to stop, let me know, and I will.” Kris explained. His tone and his gaze made it clear that he was dead serious about what he said.

“Oh. Ok.” Nick murmured. It wasn’t much of a reply, but it was the best he could come up with. He was so shocked by Kris’s sudden shift that he didn’t really know what else to say. All he did know was that Kris’s insistence on his comfort made him feel much better about what they were going to do. Nick felt he could genuinely trust the cute blond who was standing before him.

“Not, ‘Ok.’ I want you to actually promise.” Kris said.

“I promise. I’ll let you know if I need you to stop.” Nick responded, but this time there was no awkward murmuring or distracted half-responses. He was dead serious about what he said. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but he genuinely wanted his first time to be with someone like the cute Christmas guest. Not only did Nick trust Kris completely, but the fact that Kris was hot as hell and that they were now both hung beyond Nick’s wildest dreams didn’t hurt either.

“Great. Now let’s move this over to the bed and get started. Feel free to let me know what you like and what you don’t like. Everyone is different so I want to be sure that I do what feels best for you.” Kris said pleasantly and gestured over towards the bed.

“Alright.” Nick said. He nodded in agreement and then plopped down on the foot of his bed and awaited further instructions.

Kris gazed down at his new friend. He couldn’t deny that Nick was quite cute in his own right. He wasn’t anywhere near as slim as Kris himself was, but that wasn’t to say he was fat. Nick had a pretty fit physique. It was plain to see that he worked out. His body was covered in thick muscles, and overtop of those muscles he had just enough padding to smooth over the ridges, but not enough pudge to give him a paunch. He would have looked right at home on the rugby field... other than the fact that his cock and balls were as big as the rest of him and then some!

“Lay back.” Kris gently instructed. Nick waste no time in complying. He quickly flopped back on his back and scooted up on the bed so that his legs didn’t hang over the edge so much. His rock hard dick stood straight up at attention. It was so huge that it threatened to hit the ceiling, and was far wider than even his broad shoulders. Nick couldn’t be sure, but it seemed like it might still be growing ever so slightly.

Nick suddenly felt Kris’s hands wrap around his ankles. At first he was shocked and went rigid, but the sound of Kris’s soft, sensual whispers telling him to “relax” and “just follow my lead” helped him to loosen up. Nick slowly relaxed and allowed Kris to do his thing.

Kris licked his lips as he stared down at the lewd site before him. Nick was lying flat on his back with his ankles pulled up towards his ears. His enormous nuts now nestled between his knees giving Kris a clear view of both Nick’s puffy taint and his cute butt. Nick’s ass was nice and beefy with just enough of a bubble to it to make it nice and round. Kris was sure they were both going to enjoy what came next.

Nick couldn’t tell what was happening down below. His enormous cock filled his entire field of view. The new position he was in caused his massive dong to jut out past his head. The tip of it now mashed against his headboard. There was no doubt about it. It was bigger than before. It was now every bit as long as he was tall, but Nick wasn’t worried. He was so horny that all he could think of was how hot it looked and how

good it felt. He silently wished it would get even bigger before the night was over.

Nick tensed up for a second when he felt Kris's fingers dig into the soft, supple flesh of his beefy butt cheeks, but what he felt next shocked him even more. It was such a strange feeling that he wasn't even sure what it was at first. It was something warm, and soft, and wet...

Nick let out a gasp of shock when he realized what it was. His enormous cock gave a sharp lurch. Pre started flowing faster than before. He almost came right then and there, but he struggled to hold it back.

Kris chuckled softly to himself. He hadn't expected Nick to be quite this sensitive, but that just made it even more fun. Kris really threw himself into his task after that. He nuzzled up against Nick's cute ass. Kris's tongue glided across the soft fuzz of Nick's crack. The tip of his tongue flicked Nick's shuddering hole. Kris slowly kissed and licked and sucked a path leading from Nick's tight hole up past his puffy taint and up towards Nick's enormous ball sack.

Kris buried his face in his pal's enormous sack. It was so warm and soft, and Kris could actually feel Nick's nuts swelling by the second. Kris didn't even try to stifle his giggles. Even he couldn't believe how big Nick's dick was getting, but it was out of Kris's hands now. Nick would keep growing and growing for as long as he wanted to. His growth was fueled purely by his own desire to grow bigger.

Kris buried his face deeper into his pal's sack. He soaked up every ounce of his buddy's swelling ball sack. He basked in the warmth. He drank in the smell. He kissed and licked every inch of flesh he could reach. All the while he could feel Nick's nuts growing and growing.

Nick moaned and writhed in ecstasy. His toes curled and clenched. His breaths came out as short, labored gasps. He had never imagined it could feel so good to have his hole or his balls played with so passionately. He never wanted this feeling to end, but as time went by another sensation slowly began to overpower his arousal.

The tip of his dick was beginning to actually hurt! His cock had grown so huge that it now mashed hard against the headboard, and Nick could still feel it growing. In fact, the steady growth of his cock was causing the rest of his body to slowly slide further and further down along the bed. He was literally being pushed across his bedsheets by the steady growth of his own dick! Already he could feel his ass hanging over the edge of the bed. He had to have added at least three feet to his dick since Kris had started eating him out, and his growth was showing no signs of stopping!

Finally Nick reached a point where he had been shoved so far down the bed that he could no longer maintain his position. Not only was his ass jutting so far off the edge of the bed that he was now trying to balance his entire body weight between his

shoulders, but his nuts had grown so huge that they were almost suffocating him.

Nick could no longer keep his legs up. He let them drop which caused his colossal balls to shift forward and flop right over the edge of the bed right onto Kris. Kris was instantly buried under the surge of ball sack, but he wasn't about to complain. Nick's nuts were heavy but nowhere near heavy enough to cause him any actual harm, and Kris loved the way it felt to have those huge, soft orbs weighing down on him. The warmth from Nick's ball sack permeated every inch of Kris's skin.

As much as he loved it down there, Kris knew he couldn't stay there forever. After all, his primary goal was Nick's pleasure, and Kris was sure he'd love the next phase just as much as the last.

Kris squirmed and shimmied his way out from under his pal's massive nuts. Once Kris finally managed to get loose he took a moment to admire just how amazingly huge Nick's junk had become. Nick's nuts flopped off the end of the bed and rested solidly on the floor below. Either enormous orb was almost as tall as Kris was. Nick's massive cock was now almost as wide as his queen sized bed.

Kris was about to give Nick another command but thought better of it. Nick was already in the process of trying to sit up so Kris just hung back and watched his pal try to navigate the room with a dick the size of a small van. Nick couldn't just sit up. He had to roll over onto his side so that his dick was pointing

straight at his closet and then slowly shift his weight around so his massive, rigid cock swung around the room like some kind of erotic obstacle in a game of Whipeout. By the time Nick finally managed to sit up at the foot of his bed, his cock was sticking straight out in front of him and pointed right at Kris who was now leaning against the far wall and enjoying the show.

Nick stared out in awe at his own massive cock. His jaw dropped. He could scarcely comprehend what he was seeing. Sure, he wanted to be bigger, but this big? His cock dwarfed his whole body! ... and yet... he couldn't deny how hot it looked. Just looking at his huge dick got him all hot and bothered. Pre oozed freely from the tip of his dick. His cock shuddered in anticipation of what was sure to be the biggest and messiest climax of his or anyone else's life.

Kris licked his lips as he admired his own handiwork. Not even he had expected Nick's dick to reach such extreme sizes, but he couldn't deny the results. Nick looked hot as hell, and the colossal schlong sticking out from between his legs only amplified that.

Kris flashed his friend a saucy wink and slowly climbed up and onto his pal's enormous dick. Nick's dick was thick enough and strong enough that Kris could have strode right across it as if he were strutting his stuff on the catwalk, but Kris had another idea. He instead chose to crawl seductively across Nick's massive cock like a leopard on the hunt.

Kris's lusty gaze never left Nick's eyes as he crawled slowly closer. Kris's own huge cock filled the space between his chest and Nick's gigantic cock. The head of Kris's cock rubbed against Nick's shaft every step of the way. Pre oozed from the tip of his dick and smeared across Nick's cock as he crawled. His huge balls dragged along behind.

When he finally got close enough, Kris reached forward and pulled Nick in for a kiss. Kris's cock was so huge that they both had to crane their necks to make it. Kris's dick mashed against Nick's chest as their lips met. The steadily oozing, puffy tip smeared pre against Nick's chest. They kissed deeply and made out passionately for what felt like ages, but Kris suddenly began to pull back. It was so wonderful that it felt like it was over all too soon.

Nick's eyes fluttered open, and he stared pleadingly back at Kris as if silently begging him to do more. Kris merely flashed Nick a disarming smile and said, "Now it's time for the fun part."

"I-it gets better?" Nick sputtered in shock.

"Oh yes. It gets so much better." Kris replied with a cryptic chuckle. He slowly slung his legs around so that he was riding sidesaddle atop Nick's dick and then slid off. He sauntered across the room towards the far end of Nick's colossal cock. Kris's juicy booty bobbed and wobbled enticingly as he strode across the room. His huge, rigid cock swayed from side to side and dribbled pre onto the carpet below. His humongous nuts sagged and swung down about his

ankles as he walked. The view was so hot, so sexy, so lewd that Nick almost blew his wad right then and there, but what happened next made him glad he hadn't.

Kris stepped in front of Nick's enormous cock and stared down at the gigantic, shuddering head. The enormous, oozing slit was as long as his torso. Kris licked his lips in excitement as he stared down the shuddering slit. His dick was so sensitive that he could practically feel what was going to happen next.

Nick lined the tip of his dick up with the drooling slit of Nick's massive cock. Nick's dick was so massive that even just the drooling maw of his massive cock was big enough to swallow Kris's entire engorged knob, and Kris was more than happy to make use of this. He slowly, sensually shoved his cock into the opening of Nick's colossal cock.

Nick gasped in shock as he felt Kris's cockhead press against the oversensitive slit of his dick. His whole body shuddered in ecstasy at just how amazing it felt. It felt far better than he had ever dreamed. It wasn't just that his erogenous organ was exponentially larger than ever before. It felt far more sensitive than ever before too, and it felt even better on the inside than it did the surface.

Nick moaned and writhed and cried in ecstasy as he felt Kris's fantastically huge cock slide deeper and deeper into his dick. He could feel the sensitive inner lining of his cock getting stretched out ever so slightly accept the cute blond's phenomenally huge

dick deep within it. He could feel Kris's magnificent dick mashing against all the nerve ending inside his cock.

Nick's brain was so overloaded with orgasmic pleasure that he could scarcely think. The few thoughts he could muster were all focused on how great it felt and how hot it looked. He never wanted to go back to having a normal dick. He wanted to feel this again and again. He wanted to share this moment over and over.

Nick couldn't even form words. He tried to tell Kris how much he loved it. He tried to say how great he felt, but all that escaped his lips was a low, throaty moan and a few ragged gasps. Kris seemed to understand what he meant though. He leaned forward and gave the soft, spongy surface of Nick's enormous cockhead a gentle pat and then leaned over and kissed the top of Nick's cock as his own nuts slapped against the underside of Nick's fantastically huge dick.

Nick wasn't the only one enjoying every second of it. Kris was having the time of his life. Nick's cock gripped his dick perfectly. It was as if the guy's massive cock was designed specifically for Nick's impressively long dick, and it just felt better and better with each thrust. It was as if his own dick was filling out Nick's cock slightly better with each passing second.

Nick moaned and writhed. Kris grunted and thrust. The two of them were in ecstasy. They never wanted it to end. They wanted to feel like this forever,

but there was no way that could happen. They were both reaching the end of their stamina. Nick's dick screamed for release, and Kris's muscles screamed at him. It took a lot of effort to ram such a huge cock down such a tight hole.

Nick was actually the first to break, but it didn't matter. There was simply no room in his dick for cum to escape. Even though he was in the throes of orgasm and his nuts had pulled up to unload their stored up spunk, he simply could not cum. All he could do was whine and moan in orgasmic ecstasy.

Fortunately Nick didn't have to wait long. Kris had reached his limits both in terms of muscular and sexual stamina. His muscles screamed for him to stop, and he needed to cum so bad that he literally couldn't stand it. His legs buckled out from under him, and he fell back against the wall. The second his dick slipped free of Nick's colossal cock, Kris began to cum and cum again, but it was hardly noticeable. The second the blockage was free from Nick's cock, he began to cum like a fire hose. His enormous spurts of jizz crashed against Kris and slammed him square in the chest. Kris was soon completely drenched in spooge, but Nick was showing no signs of stopping.

Kris slowly slid down the wall until he was seated flat on his ass on the spooge-soaked floor. The carpet was so saturated with spunk that it felt like he was sitting on a slightly sticky sponge. Nick's torrent had tapered off somewhat, but the spurts of spunk were still splattering against the wall where Kris had

been standing. The jizz dripped down the wall and coated Kris in an even thicker layer of spunk. Cum dripped from his face and off his chest. It oozed down his cock and dripped onto his balls. The warm jizz felt so wonderfully soothing against his sore muscles that all Kris wanted to do was curl up in a ball and drift into a blissful slumber.

It was several minutes before either guy was coherent enough to get up, and it was longer still before either of them actually moved. Kris was the first to get to his feet. By the time he stood up the warm jizz was already starting to cool and stick to his skin, but that was a quick fix.

Kris pulled off his cum-coated Santa cap and reached his arm deep into the festive headgear. The hat itself wasn't very big. Under normal circumstances, he shouldn't have been able to get his arm any deeper than the wrist, but thanks to Kringle Corp. technology, Kris was able to get his arm all the way down to his shoulder into the hat.

After a few minutes of rifling around in the impossibly deep cap, Kris pulled out a small, star-tipped wand and waved it over his head. In a matter of seconds, all the cum that had coated the room and its inhabitants had completely vanished leaving the room as clean as it had been before Kris had arrived. In fact, it was even cleaner! There wasn't even any dust on the baseboards. The room looked positively spotless!

Kris chuckled softly and tossed the wand to Nick. "Hehe. I think you'll be needing this. After all, I

won't always be around to clean up your messes." He said playfully.

Nick scooped up the wand and stared at it silently for a moment. He seemed suddenly sullen. "I guess you do have to get back to your job, huh?" He asked.

Kris strode over and plopped down on the bed beside Nick and threw his arm over the other guy's shoulder. "Yeah. I froze time outside of this room like I do with all of my stops, but the spell won't hold for too much longer. I need to get back on the road soon." He replied.

"If I'm a really good boy this year, that means you'll stop by next Christmas too, right?" Nick asked. He forced a small chuckle at the end to try and pass it off as a joke, but he wasn't fooling anyone – least of all himself.

Kris playfully tousled Nick's hair and said, "I don't think you'll have any trouble making the nice list next year too." He then leaned in and gave Nick a quick peck of the cheek.

There was a tense moment where both of them seemed to be thinking of what to say, but neither had a good idea of where to go from there. Suddenly Kris perked up. "Oh! I just thought of something." He said and quickly hopped up from the bed and trotted towards the side of the room.

Nick got a good look at Kris's cute, bubbly booty as he made his way towards his discarded

clothes. Kris's ass was so cute that it almost drew Nick's attention away from the massive schlong swinging between the cute blond's legs... almost. Nick couldn't be sure, but Kris's cock seemed even bigger than before. It seemed to hang a little lower. It seemed to be a little thicker, and his nuts seemed a little thicker. Nick wasn't sure just how big it had been before, but now Kris's nuts were dangerously close to scraping the ground as he walked, and Kris actually had to keep his massive cock slung over his shoulder like a brimming sack of Christmas goodies just to get around.

Nick's focus was broken when Kris bent over. Kris's cute booty spread open wide giving Nick a clear shot at Kris's cute, little hole. Nick's tongue practically ached to play with Kris's cute ass. Nick would have gotten up, run across the room, and given Kris the rimming he deserved except that would be physically impossible. Nick was trapped where he was. His cock was simply so huge that he just could not move anywhere.

Kris turned around and lobbed a balled up garment straight at Nick's face. Nick was too busy fantasizing about Kris's cock and butt to react in time. The piece of clothing nailed Nick square in the face. Nick reached up to grab at the garment, but his hand froze as it made contact with the soft fabric. Nick had caught a whiff of something – something intoxicating. He breathed in deeper and drank in the wonderful smell. It made the blood rush to his face and his dick. His face turned bright red and his monstrous cock gave

a twitch of approval and began to stir to life once more.

“Hehe. I gave you those to wear, but I suppose that’s a fine use for them too.” Kris teased.

Nick quickly pulled the garment away and unfurled it. He stared at the pair of short shorts that Kris had given him, and his face turned three shades redder that day.

“I figured you’d be needing those more than me. I at least can still walk without them.” Kris explained. It was then that Nick finally started to catch on. The shorts would allow him to be mobile again, and the added benefit of having one helluva nice bulge in his slacks was great too.

“What about you?” Nick asked.

“Me? Well, I suppose I’ll just have to finish my rounds like this.” Kris replied playfully. He even went so far as to strike a sexy pose as he spoke.

“I’m usually pretty good about not getting seen, but this kind of makes it more exciting.” Kris said. He was trying to play it off as all just a joke, but it was clear that at least part of him was excited by the prospect. His dick was steadily hardening even as he spoke.

Nick sat back and silently watched as Kris pulled on his boots and prepared to make his rounds once more. Nick wanted to say something, but he didn’t know what he could even say at this point. He

knew better than to ask Kris to stay. Not only would it be impossible. He knew Kris still had a job to do, but what were the chances that Kris would even be interested? Nick had no idea how many guys Kris had given special treatment to tonight. As far as he knew he could have been one of many.

Once Kris was fully geared up again – sans shorts, obviously – he walked back over to Nick. Nick expected Kris to say a simple goodbye, but instead he gave Nick another kiss on the cheek and handed him a slip of paper. Nick glanced down at the small clump of crumpled paper and asked, “Huh? What’s this?”

“It’s my number. Pops still oversees the factory, and Ma manages all the finances and paperwork so I pretty much only work a few nights a year. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a tough job, and I get what feels like three years’ worth of work done in one night, but... I mean... that leaves an awful lot of time available the rest of the year for things like coffee... or movies...” Kris explained. He managed to keep up the playful demeanor he had had for much of the night, but Nick could see a slight flush of red coming over Kris’s already rosy cheeks.

“Are you asking me on a date?” Nick asked.

“No. I’m telling you to ask me on one... but wait a few days will ya? I’m going to need to sleep for like a week after I finish these rounds, and that’s not even an exaggeration.” Kris replied.

Have Yourself a Megalithic Christmas

The last few months had been the best months of Calvin's life. Had he started his senior year of high school which put him towards the top of the pecking order around campus. Even the jocks tended to leave him more or less alone, but Calvin had a feeling that a lot of that had to do with the fact that he no longer had the ever present specter of his older brother looming over him.

Sibling rivalries are common enough, but few are as bad as the one Calvin had with his older brother, Scott. It wasn't even a rivalry per se so much as it was a one sided shitfest of hate and horrible. Scott had made it clear from day one that he was the big brother and therefor the parents' favorite child as well as the all-around better person, and it didn't help matters that Scott had the popularity to back up his boasts. It

was Scott's popularity that made life so difficult for Calvin at school. Scott had been top jock at school, and as such the rest of the athletic elite tended to flock to him and follow his lead so when Scott singled Calvin out as the focus of his ire so too did the rest of the jocks. Now that their ringleader was gone, though, Calvin actually found most of them to be generally decent people.

The good times didn't just roll on at school. Calvin's home life was better than it ever was. Without his big bro around to overshadow him at every step of the way, Calvin was starting to come out of his shell and come into his own. He felt more comfortable in his own home and even started bringing friends over to hang out. That went a surprisingly long way towards getting his parents off his case. All his life he had had to listen to his parents constantly nagging him, "Why don't you have any friends? What kind of loser doesn't have any friends?" It wasn't that he didn't have friends. He just didn't dare bring them around as long as Scott was around to sabotage any sort of social life Calvin could ever hope to make for himself.

Yep. Things were going pretty great for Calvin, and it looked like things were going to keep getting better and better. It was Christmas Eve and the last anyone had heard from Scott he had been on his way up to the Alpine region to do some skiing with some of his college bros. The chances of him showing up for Christmas with the family was virtually zero. Calvin was finally going to have the nice, happy holidays he had always dreamed of... or so he thought.

No sooner had Calvin slunk back into his soft bed and flipped open his 3DS than he began to hear the familiar sound of heavy footfalls stomping their way of the stairs. Calvin's pulse began to race even before he fully processed what he was hearing. He was still in a state of shock even as he heard the footsteps approaching his room. It couldn't be Scott, could it? He wasn't supposed to be home for at least a week! But even as Calvin tried to rationalize and dismiss what he was hearing as a trick of his imagination, his anxiety went into overdrive. His whole body was on high alert. His hairs stood on end. His whole body went rigid, and just when he felt like he was about to crack from the stress, he heard the footsteps reach his bedroom door.

There was no time for suspense. The second the footsteps reached his door, the door flew open. There was no attempt to knock. There was no request to enter. There was no mind paid to Calvin's personal space or privacy. Scott just turned the knob and kicked the door in as if he owned the place.

"Hey, shart smear!" Scott barked at his younger brother. "What are you doing in my bed!?"

"What? Your bed? But this is my bed?" Calvin stammered in reply.

"It's in MY room, so it's MY bed." Scott replied with a sneer.

"It's not your room! It's mine!" Calvin replied. He tried his hardest to sound defiant. He summoned every last font of courage and self-respect he had

gathered in the past few months in an attempt to stand up to his lifetime bully, but it was no use. His voice still cracked and his whole body trembled.

“It’s been my room since the day I was born. What? You think I’m gonna give up what’s mine just because I’m gone for a few days? Get real, shitlick.” Scott said with a menacing sneer.

Calvin wasn’t ready to give up just yet. He still had one last trump card up his sleeve. He hopped up from his bed, marched across the room towards Scott, and then squeezed between Scott and the doorway and into the hall. Scott surprisingly enough didn’t put up much of a fight. He stood in Calvin’s way, but he was doing so in an annoyingly playful way and not actively trying to stop Calvin from leaving. Perhaps he thought that this was Calvin’s way of giving up and relinquishing the room. Whatever the case was, Calvin easily found himself into the hall and leaning over the railing of the stairway.

“Mooooooooommmmm!” Calvin cried out over the railing.

“What!?” Came the sharp reply from the kitchen downstairs.

“Scott’s trying to kick me out of my room!” Calvin cried back.

“Well, let him have it. It was his room first, and he’s our guest.” Calvin’s mother replied.

“but moommmmm....” Calvin whined.

“No buts. It’s only going to be for a few days. You’ll be back in your bed before you know it.” Calvin’s mother called back.

“Where am I supposed to sleep? Aunt Ethel has my old room.” Calvin pleaded.

“There’s an air mattress in the garage and plenty of blankets in the hall closet. If you want to sleep in that room so badly then you can sleep on the floor.” His mother replied.

“but mom...” Calvin whimpered pitifully.

“You’re either sharing a room with Scott or you’re bunking with Aunt Ethel. I’m not gonna have you lying out in the front room when Santa comes to visit.” His mother called back. Her tone was so sharp and to the point that Calvin knew there was no hope arguing.

“Fine...” he grumbled.

Of course she would take Scott’s side. She always did. It seemed like whenever Scott wanted something all he had to do was take it, and whenever Calvin tried to argue or take back what was rightfully his, his parents would jump to Scott’s defense. Calvin had hoped that the last few months of being ostensibly an only child would help garner him some respect from his parents, but it seemed they were still thoroughly smitten with their elder son.

Calvin went downstairs to grab the air mattress and then chucked it onto the floor of his

bedroom. He then turned and went back out to the hall to gather a few armloads of pillows and blankets. All the while Scott sat back with his ass firmly planted on the plush mattress of Calvin's bed and a huge, shit-eating sneer smugly spread across his lips.

Calvin wasn't entirely sure why he had decided to set up shop in his own bedroom. He could have just as easily moved across the hall and set up his mattress in his old bedroom and bunked with his aunt. She always had this heavy cloud of old lady perfume that permeated every room she entered, and no doubt his old bedroom was now thoroughly saturated with the scent of Avon, but she was a heavy sleeper and snored surprisingly softly. It would have been a little awkward, but he would have been comfortable. Meanwhile he was condemning himself to a constant stream of smug posturing on the part of his older brother by setting up shop on the floor in that room, but Calvin was determined. In some ways it was a final act of defiance on his part. Sure, he may have been kicked off the bed, but he'd be damned if he'd relinquish his bedroom without a fight.

Despite how generally abrasive Scott tended to be, the rest of the evening went surprisingly smoothly. The whole family loaded up and went to Christmas Eve service, got a nice dinner on their way home, and generally pretended to get along. It wasn't until the evening started to wind down and everybody returned to their mutually exclusive beds that things once again took a turn for the awful.

Calvin had been quick, and hurriedly got into the shower right after dinner so he could get washed and enjoy a nice, warm shower before the extra people in the household inevitably ran the old water heater out of hot water. As such he was already cleaned up and situated in bed when Scott came lumbering back from taking his shower.

Calvin peeked up from his quest to Catch Them All across the scattered islands of Alola when he heard the door open. He wasn't at all surprised to see his big bro coming into the room, but what he was surprised to see was Scott's state of complete undress. Scott had nothing on but a towel wrapped around his waist, and even then Calvin could see the shape of his big bro's fat cock pressing against the front of the white cotton.

Calvin knew his brother was hung. Scott never seemed to shut up about his huge dick. He boasted loudly and often about the ten inches of soft schlong that swung between his thighs, and Calvin had seen it many times in the past and could attest to its size. He was no doubt jealous of his big bro's awesome dick, but there was another reason why Calvin couldn't take his eyes off that fantastic dick print. As much as Calvin hated to admit it, his brother was hot as hell. Scott's body was sculpted to perfection. His thick pecs puffed up like a shelf in front of him. His dense abs seemed to flex without him even trying. The defined V of his thick Adonis belt formed a direct arrow pointing right at his pride and glory, and what a lot of pride and glory there was to point to!

Calvin tried to sound annoyed. He grumbled meekly and buried his head once again in his 3DS, but he kept glancing over at his bro's immaculate bod with a mix of jealousy and excitement. It bothered him that he was so curious and excited, but he couldn't help but sneak a peek. Calvin's heart skipped a beat as his bro casually tugged at the towel. Calvin's breath caught in his chest as he caught a glimpse of the base of his bro's fat cock as the damp, white cotton cloth slowly fell to the floor. Calvin could feel an excited tingle in his crotch and a pit of despair open up in his stomach as the amazingly huge slab of sausage spilled into view. Calvin hated to admit it, but he had to. His bro's cock was phenomenal! He could kill to have a dick like that! He couldn't believe how astoundingly amazing that dick was! It wasn't just long, but it was thick too! With big, huge, heavy balls dangling loose in their sack. Either enormous nut had to be as big as a golf ball. It was insane!

Calvin must have been staring a bit too hard because before he knew it, Scott was staring right at him with a huge, smug sneer spread across his face.

"Heh. You like that, huh, fag?" Scott chided menacingly.

"what? No?" Calvin sputtered in shock.

Scott proudly strode the few steps from the doorway to Calvin's mattress. His thick dick swinging enticingly with each step. Calvin tried, but he couldn't take his eyes off it. It was such a magnificent dick! Such a glorious cock was wasted on a jerk like Scott! If

anyone should be so fantastically hung it should be him!

Calvin gasped in shock as his bro's dick swung past his face. He was so busy fantasizing about what it must be like to be so gloriously hung that he barely even noticed that he was staring lustily at his bro's cock until it almost literally hit him in the face. Scott was standing directly over him with a foot planted on either side of the air mattress and his soft cock wagging like a cat toy directly in front of Calvin's eyes.

"Go on. Suck it. I know ya want to." Scott teased.

"Dude. Fuck off!" Calvin sputtered.

"Come on. I know you want to." Scott continued to tease while wagging his dick back and forth in front of Calvin's face.

"For some guy who claims to be Mr. hetero you sure do want your dick sucked a lot." Calvin snarked back weakly.

"Hah. Wanting your dick sucked ain't gay, but wanting to suck a dick sure is." Scott chuckled in reply.

Calvin summoned every strength of willpower he had and managed to turn away from that amazing cock in disgust. "Hmph." He grunted and flopped back onto his side so that he was facing away from his big bro's bed.

"Come on. Come play with your big bro." Scott continued to tease.

“Go to sleep. You really want mom to come in here and see your naked ass shoving your junk in my face?” Calvin grumbled. His disdain was surprisingly convincing. Even Calvin was shocked at how realistic it sounded, but then again Calvin was disgusted... not with that glorious dick, but with the asshole who it was attached to. Calvin clenched his eyes shut and tuned out his brother’s taunts and jeers. He focused all his energy into wishing with all his might that he might someday be like his bro. It wasn’t fair that Scott was so huge and so hung. He was almost a full foot taller than Calvin! Calvin was a shrimp! At 5’5 most girls in his class were taller than him, and at less than 5 full inches downstairs all the guys in his class were bigger too especially where it counted most.

Eventually Scott grew bored of teasing his bro. He let out a deep, victorious chuckle and stomped over towards the bed. “Hah. As if I’d let you even so much as touch my dick.” He scoffed and plopped his bare ass down on Calvin’s bed covers.

Calvin was too lost in his own fervent prayers to care about his bro’s nude body nestling into his bed and his blankets. Calvin was fixated on how much he wished that he was hung and how he wished he was tall. He didn’t want to just be as big as his bro – he wanted to be bigger! He wanted to teach Scott a thing or two about what it’s like to be the tiny one. Just imagining the rush of power that came with being so huge and so hung made Calvin’s already rock hard dick even harder, and as Calvin steadily began to drift off to sleep, his hand slipped down the front of his flannel

pajama bottoms and began to stroke his rigid cock. Even feeling his boner in the palm of his hand sent a shudder of disgust and a pang of wanting through his body. Even just one hand was plenty big for his dick. He couldn't wrap both palms around his meaty schlong like his big brother could, but how he wished he could. How he wished he was hung... and huge...

It was with those thoughts echoing in his head that Calvin drifted off to sleep...

Calvin awoke suddenly to the sound of sleigh bells jingling in his ears. He sat bolt upright in his mattress and peered around the room. Bright lights were shimmering right outside his window. It was as if the aurora borealis was right outside his room! But that didn't make sense! He was nowhere near the north pole!

"Wakey wakey!" Came a cheerful voice from Calvin's side.

"Wuaahhh!" Calvin cried out. He jumped in the air and spun around to see who it was that was talking to him. It sure didn't sound like his brother, but there was no one else here who could have been speaking to him.

"Woah. Easy now. I just wanted to talk to you a bit." The guy said.

Calvin quickly began to relax. Something about this guy's tone made him seem so nice and friendly, and the fact that he was so easy on the eyes didn't

hurt either. He had such a cute, smiling face that Calvin immediately found himself liking the guy.

Calvin took a moment to soak in the sight of the new arrival. The cute, blond twink was flashing his pearly whites in the most welcoming smile that Calvin had ever seen. The guy was clad in something that could almost be called a Santa outfit, but the guy had decided to make a few key modifications to old Santa Clause's trademark duds. Sure, he had the red hat and the winter boots, but that's about where the similarities ended. Instead of long, red velvet pants, the guy was clad in a pair of tight fitting red booty shorts that really showcased his physique, and instead of the trademarked red cloak worn by Father Christmas this guy had a tight fitting red crop top that barely even covered the faint bulges of his lithe pecs. Calvin couldn't help but admit that the guy was pretty hot. The combination of the lean, lithe physique and the sexy outfit really worked for this guy, and that was saying nothing of the obscene bulge in the dude's pants! Calvin could barely take his eyes off it! He thought his bro was big. This dude was massive! The densely packed package of the dude's massive meat was insane. Even scrunched into those skin tight shorts, the shaft of that schlong seemed longer than Calvin's forearm and thicker than his neck, and either enormous stone in the Santa-boy's sack was as big as Calvin's head!

"Yeah. Soak it in. I know it's a lot." The blond Santa-clad cutie said playfully. He even went so far as to strike a sultry pose for his adoring fan.

“Wow...” Calvin murmured softly. He was so transfixed by the beauty of this new arrival that he couldn’t even think about how weird the whole situation was. Here was this bonafide hottie that had just appeared in his bedroom in the dead of night!

“Um... maybe we should move this along?”
Came another voice from the far side of the room.

Calvin glanced over to see yet another guy standing behind the Santa-suited sweetheart. This guy was a bit taller than Calvin or the red-clad cutie and was dressed relatively similarly, but this guy’s crop top and booty short combo was Christmas elf green to contrast with the blond’s Santa Claus red. Other than that attire though, he was fairly unremarkable. He had a cute enough face and a nice enough body. His brown hair framed his face in such a way that made him seem pretty handsome in an unassuming way. He seemed generally friendly and approachable but a bit skittish and awkward, and he kept glancing nervously over at the sleeping form of Calvin’s older brother. About the only place in which he was particularly gifted was below the belt.

Calvin’s eyes practically bulged out of their sockets and his jaw dropped as he stared at the massive bait and tackle this dude was dude was packing. The guy’s dick had to be at least two feet! The thick schlong was almost as wide as the dude’s hips. His nuts were as big as beach balls. His massive cock actually nestled between the two huge cojones and curved back underneath the dude’s ball sack and still

his bulge hung well below his knees. His entire package drooped down nearly to his ankles.

Calvin was content to stand there and soak up the sight of these two studs, but his lurid cataloguing was cut short when the green guy chimed in once again with, "We really should hurry. I don't think we want to wake sleeping nudey here."

The blond rolled his eyes and called back to his companion, "relax. There's no way he's going to wake up. After all, he's not really here. He's just another fixture in the dream." The red-clad cutie skipped happily over to the bed and plopped down right on top of the sleeping form of Calvin's brother to illustrate his point.

Calvin winced as he saw the newcomer sit right down on top of his older bro, but not because he was worried about his bro or the rude awakening he might endure. He was genuinely worried for the red-suited dude's safety. Scott was a terror on a good day, and he was an unholy hellspawn when he was awoken early.

Calvin slowly relaxed and steadily un-cringed as it became apparent that Scott was not going to be waking up any time in the near future.

"See? What did I tell you? He may as well be made of wood." The red-suited guy stated. He even went so far as to rap his knuckles on Scott's skull. The knocks echoed in Scott's head as if it were completely empty which made perfect sense to Calvin.

“Still... maybe we should hurry up...” the green guy said.

The santa-suited guy rolled his eyes and replied, “If I knew you were going to be such a weenie I would have had you stay with the sleigh.”

The green guy seemed genuinely hurt. He pouted like a kicked puppy which put the red guy immediately on damage control.

“I’m joking! I’m joking!” The red guy pleaded with his pal. He quickly scurried over to his friend and grabbed the green guy’s hands. “You know I love having you around. I wouldn’t have invited you to come with me today if I didn’t want you here.” The red guy explained.

“You mean that?” The green guy asked pitifully.

“Of course I do! You know this Santa gig is a one-man job. The only reason I brought you along is because I wanted to spend Christmas Eve with my boyfriend.” The red guy insisted.

“Really?” The green guy asked excitedly. His eyes practically lit up like the Griswold’s house at Christmas.

The red guy’s response was not verbal, but it didn’t need to be. The passionate kiss right on the lips said it all. The green guy’s response was slightly more verbal. After a brief moment of shock he returned the

kiss with equal passion and even threw in a few moans for good measure.

After what seemed like an impossibly long time for two dudes to hold their breath, the couple broke apart. “There’ll be more of that when we get back to the sleigh,” the red dude promised his boyfriend. The green dude was blushing so much that his face was almost as red as his boyfriend’s Santa suit.

The red guy nodded over towards where Calvin was still standing and said, “In the meantime I think we should hurry up and deal with our client.”

“Oh. It’s fine. I’m good.” Calvin murmured awkwardly. He too was blushing beet red and was trying unsuccessfully to hide the newly stiffened semi which was threatening to poke out from behind the button up fly of his flannel pajama pants.

“Be that as it may, I’ve been here so long already and I have yet to formally introduce myself.” The red-clad guy replied.

There was a brief moment of silence. Calvin could practically feel the tension building. He could feel the drama. He could taste the suspense. It was as if a drum roll was rattling in his brain building up to the big reveal.

“Worry not, citizen, for it is I, ambassador of the North Pole acting on behalf of my grandfather, the famed Father Christmas himself – Kristoph Kringle the third!” The blond announced dramatically.

“Wait. So does that mean... you’re like... Santa Claus?” Calvin asked in awe.

Kris shrugged casually and replied, “yeah. Basically.”

“So wait. Why are you here? Why are you talking to me?” Calvin asked. His mind was racing. What business could Santa have with him of all people?

“Well, let’s just say that your present needs a little bit of instruction on how to use it, and I’d much rather deliver the memo in person rather than write it down and leave it lying about where someone could accidentally find it.” Kris explained.

“Wait... so you got me a present!?” Calvin asked excitedly. He looked as happy as... well... a kid on Christmas.

“Well... yeah. I mean, when has Santa not given you a gift before?” Kris replied playfully.

“I know, but like... I figured since I’m eighteen now... I’m not a kid anymore, and Scott didn’t get anything last year so...” Calvin mumbled awkwardly.

“Pfft. You’re never too old for Christmas. Scott didn’t get shit ‘cus he’s an asshole.” Kris replied dismissively.

“Wow. So you really got me something? Where is it? When can I open it?” Calvin asked excitedly.

“Slow down there, Sparky. It’s right downstairs on the mantle. Small green box. Can’t miss it, and you can open it up as soon as you wake up if you want to, but! And there is a but here. The stuff inside is completely useless unless you know how to use it. All you have to do is sprinkle some of the fairy dust over your head and wish – now this is the kicker – you really, really have to wish, and I don’t mean just ask nicely. You have to yearn for it. You have to want it. You need to crave it more than anything else in life. The more you desire it, the more you’ll get it.” Kris explained dramatically.

Calvin was taken aback. What did he mean by he had to really want it? It wasn’t enough to just want something, but he had to ‘really, really’ want it? What did that even mean?

Kris seemed to sense the confusion and was quick to explain. “So, remember what you were begging for before you dozed off?” He asked calmly.

It dawned on Calvin immediately. The mantra he repeated to himself as he slipped into slumber. He wanted to be huge... He wanted to be hung. He wanted it so badly that every cell in his body ached for it. He wanted to be bigger than his bro in every way – so huge that Scott could never treat him like a kid again. So massive that he could never be bullied. So enormous that his parents would finally have to give him the respect he deserved. He craved it so badly that his hands shook with excitement. He had never wanted anything more than that in his life.

“Hehe. Just like that.” Kris said with a satisfied chuckle. “Now keep that energy flowing because iiiit’s showtime!” Kris announced dramatically.

Calvin didn’t even have time to reply. The next thing he knew he felt a huge hand slapping him across the face. “Hey! Turd burglar!” Scott barked in Calvin’s face.

“Ugh.... What...” Calvin moaned meekly.

“What do you mean what? It’s Christmas. Let’s go scope out the presents before mom and dad wake up.” Scott teased.

“Ugh. What are you, twelve?” Calvin grumbled.

“Yeah! Twelve inches BEEYOTCH!” Scott bellowed raucously.

With that Scott turned and bolted out the door and down the stairs. He still didn’t have a stitch of clothing on, but he had never been shy of his body and for good reason. Calvin knew he had a cock like that he’d be showing it off all he could too.

A strange thought popped into Calvin’s head. He didn’t have a huge dick, but maybe he would soon. That strange dream from last night still played vividly in his mind. It felt so real that he couldn’t ignore what Kris had told him.

Calvin was suddenly excited all over again. He was as giddy as a kid in a candy shop. If Santa had really come last night, then he would have a very

special gift waiting for him on the mantle. Calvin wasted no time. He tore off down the stairs. He ran into the living room and bolted right past the Christmas tree leaving Scott standing bewildered behind him.

“Hey, ass-wipe. The Christmas tree is over here.” Scott said mockingly.

“I don’t care about any of the presents under there.” Calvin replied dismissively. His eyes were fixated on the mantle – or more specifically the small green box wrapped up with a silver ribbon which had a comically large tag sticking off of it which read “To Calvin from Kris and Nick”.

Now Scott was genuinely curious – curious enough to take his mind off of shaking his own presents and focus on whatever it was that had Calvin so giddy. It was rare to see Calvin so happy and rarer still to see Calvin brush off his big bro like that.

Scott peered over his smaller brother’s shoulder and looked into the small box that Calvin held. Inside shimmered thousands of shining shards. Each crystal was as small as a grain of sand and sparkled like an aurora. The box seemed to contain a powder that was as white as fine snow but shimmered like a rainbow.

“What’s this shit? You start getting into angel dust while I was away? Fuckin’ figures. You don’t have me to set you straight for a few months and you start snorting crack.” Scott scoffed. He then reached around

his little bro and grabbed a clump of the stuff between his fingers, but the powder was so fine that most of it slid right off his fingers and back into the box. He lifted it up to his lips and then licked the trace amount of powder off his fingers and took a moment to reflect upon what he tasted.

“... this is just sugar.” Scott replied. He was an odd mix of disappointed, amused, and annoyed. “This your idea of a stupid joke?” He grumbled.

“It’s no joke and it’s not a lie. I’ve never believed in anything more than I believe in this.” Calvin explained. He was so excited that he was shaking. He could barely even hold onto the box his fingers were quivering so much. This was it. He could finally be huge. He could finally be hung!

Without wasting another moment Calvin lifted the box over his head and poured the entire contents right on top of himself. The powder poured onto him like a waterfall. The millions of tiny crystals washed over his head and clung to his hair making his otherwise brown locks sparkle like those of a beautiful anime boy. Calvin didn’t feel any different at first, but he was not deterred. He couldn’t explain it, but he trusted Kris. He knew Kris would not lie to him, and so all he had to do was wish. He had to want it with every fiber of his being – and he did. Calvin wanted to grow so bad that his soul ached. Every cell in his body cried out to be bigger, but he didn’t just want to be taller. No. He wanted a cock to rival that of even his brother’s. Hell, he wanted to be bigger than that! He

wanted to be so huge, so massive, so HUNG that his big bro looked like a toddler next to him.

Calvin was so fixated on wishing for growth that he hardly noticed the changes happening, but Scott spotted them instantly. He watched in awe as his little brother steadily crept up in height. Soon Calvin stood level with Scott's shoulders... then his chin... then his nose. Soon he was staring right into his "little" bro's eyes, but it didn't stop there. Calvin continued to grow!

Calvin quickly outgrew his pajamas. The red and green checkered flannel groaned in protest. The front of his once oversized shirt began to pull apart. Large swaths of flesh became visible as gaps formed between the buttons. The buttons were all that were holding the shirt closed and those weren't going to hold out much longer.

The first button to pop was the one right in the middle of Calvin's chest... Followed by the one below it... followed by the one below it... Pop. Pop. Pop. His buttons shot off like bottle rockets, and with each button the shot off more and more of his lean torso spilled into view. Soon only the top button remained, and it was clenched so tightly around his throat that it may as well have been a preacher's collar, but soon even that popped off as Calvin's neck grew so huge and thick that it was wider than even his chest had been mere moments before.

Calvin's shirt was by no means the only garment straining against his growth though. His pants

were fighting their own battle and losing even faster! It wasn't just that his legs were growing though. Sure as his legs grew longer the lower hem of his pants went from pooling loosely around his ankles to riding up his shins. Sure as his legs grew thicker the side stitches of his flannel pajama bottoms began to pop and fray. Sure, his pants began to shred and tear as his legs and butt grew too massive for his puny pants to hold back, but that was nowhere near as amazing as what was going on in Calvin's crotch. Calvin's cock was growing at a rate far greater than that of the rest of his body. His formerly puny pecker steady grew and swelled. He went from having a soft nub of an acorn cock to having a softy that drooped past his nuts, and speaking of nuts he soon had a pair of stones instead of pebbles in his sack. It wasn't long before he had a pair of nuts the size of walnuts instead of peanuts. It wasn't long before his dick went from being as thick as his thumb to as thick as his wrist! As his cock grew to amazing sizes, the front of his pajama pants bulged out. The fly stretched and strained. The single, solitary button tried it's hardest to hold back the swelling tide of thick dick, but it was a futile effort. Soon that button too popped loose, and Calvin's fat cock spilled out putting his brother face to face with his "little" brother's massive pecker.

Calvin's cock was the stuff of legend. Calvin's crotch now stood eye level with Scott's face, but his dick dangled down to Scott's belly. Calvin's fat cock was almost as wide as Scott's waist! And as what little bit of fabric that remained of Calvin's tattered pants ripped away and fell loose, Scott soon found himself

staring down his younger brother's massive sack. Calvin's balls were so big that his sack was the size of a sofa! Each enormous orb was easily the size of one of those exercise balls at the gym, and still his cock was growing faster than the rest of him!

Scott stared up in shock and awe at his younger brother who now stood almost even with the Christmas tree itself, and this was no small tree. Their family loved to do Christmas up right and had decided on their house design specifically to accommodate the largest tree they could find, and the twenty-two feet tall fake spruce was soon beginning to pale in comparison to the swelling student. Calvin was already so tall that his midriff was level with the second floor landing which overlooked the front room where the Christmas tree resided. Calvin's head was coming dangerously close to touching the roof which stood thirty solid feet off the floor, and still he was growing!

Calvin couldn't stop. He wouldn't stop. He refused to stop. He was actually growing, and he couldn't imagine anything more amazing in his life. He was finally huge. He was finally more than huge – he was massive! But he craved more. He wanted it with every ounce of willpower in his body. He craved it with every last drop of his very soul. Even as his head hit the ceiling and he stood thirty feet tall with a cock that dangled down past his knees, he needed more. If anything the feeling of the roof against his head spurred him on more and more. He was so close to outgrowing the house. He was so close to outgrowing everything that had ever caused him grief growing up.

He was no longer going to be able to be brushed off and ignored. He was huge, he was important, and he was hot as hell.

Calvin was so massive that he had to hunch over. His back pressed against the ceiling of the living room as if he were lifting the roof much the same way Atlas raised the entire planet. The imagery made Calvin chuckle slightly. Part of him wondered if it was possible to get that huge, and yet another part of him wondered if he dared to try.

Calvin was so fixated on how huge he could get that he barely even noticed the sound of the front door creaking open. The sound was too annoying to ignore though. Calvin's eyes slowly opened and he stared down at the room below him. Everything looked so tiny from up there. Even just his foot dwarfed the sofa which was designed the seat three. The twenty-two feet tall tree now barely even reached his belly button. His cock now hung level with the second floor landing and dangled down so low that the tip of it grazed the floor.

Calvin was so fixated on his growth that he barely processed what he was seeing. The front door was open and Scott was gone? It took him a second to come to his senses, but when he did he quickly leapt into action. Calvin stood up to his full height which now dwarfed his house and those near it. The roof crumbled like graham cracker pie crust against his raising form. Stucco, and shingles, and old bits of furniture from the attic cascaded off his shoulders and

down his back. He knew he should feel bad about breaking the roof, but it just felt so damn good to be so damn huge! He was practically giggling with glee. In fact, despite his best efforts to stifle it, soft chuckles were escaping his lips.

It may have been a “soft” chuckle to Calvin, but the deep rumbling of his voice caused the very walls of his tattered house to shudder. Even the ground seemed to rumble with his voice. Although that wasn’t really what had Scott stumbling this way and that. He was in such a hurry to escape that he was scrambling as fast as he could across the asphalt.

Calvin looked down and spotted his little brother trying to escape, and he couldn’t allow that – not yet anyway. “You’re leaving so soon? And it was just getting fun.” Calvin chided playfully as his once big bro tried desperately to scurry away.

Calvin didn’t need to hurry. There was no way Scott could ever outrun him. Calvin leisurely strode right through the front wall of his old house. The wood cracked and crumbled as easily as peanut brittle against his legs. He could have easily stepped over it. After all, the wall now only reached his knees, but it just felt so good to feel so massive. He couldn’t get over how great it was to feel so huge. He couldn’t believe how liberating it was.

Calvin casually strode down the center of the road. He was barely even walking. He slowly and deliberately put one foot in front of the other just fast enough to keep pace with his scrambling older

brother, but with each step he took Calvin could tell that the speed he had to walk got slower and slower, and it wasn't just because Scott was running out of breath. Calvin was still growing and growing!

Calvin glanced at the suburban houses on either side of him as he strode down the street. Tall, two story houses which once towered over him now stood barely half way up his shins. In fact, Calvin was now so massive that even the tip of his enormous cock stood higher off the ground than even the roofs of most houses. Seeing how small everything looked to him made him feel even more amazing than before! He was a veritable titan! He was as tall as a tower! He had a ball sack the size of a barn and a cock which was longer and thicker than a double decker bus!

Calvin took in a deep breath. He breathed in the fresh air and soaked in the early morning sun. This was a new world for him and it was full of untold opportunities. This really was the best Christmas gift he could ever ask for... there was just one 'tiny' matter he needed to put to bed...

Calvin knelt down and easily plucked his older brother off of the ground between his thumb and pointer finger. At Calvin's new size, Scott was little more than an insect. He may as well have been two inches tall, if that. Calvin effortlessly dropped his older brother into the open palm of his other hand and lifted his hand up to his face so he could peer down at what had become of his once mighty tormenter. Calvin chuckled as he watched the tiny form of his former

bully. The mighty jock which once towered over him now looked no taller than a LEGO figure, and with each passing second Calvin crept up larger and larger making Scott seem even tinier in his hand.

Calvin chuckled at the pathetic form of his brother. Scott was so tiny that he may as well have been an ant. It didn't even seem fair to think of him as his big brother anymore – or even a brother at all for that matter. Scott was nothing to him, and that knowledge was even more liberating than even his colossal form. Everything that had ever bothered him seemed so insignificant.

Calvin closed his eyes and basked in the sunlight as he clenched his hand tight into a fist. He could feel the tiny form of his former tormenter wriggling in his clenched palm. With each passing second the writhing and wriggling became less and less until he could barely feel anything at all.

Scott was sure that was the end for him. As soon as the titan which used to be his brother clenched his hand shut, Scott was sure the life was going to be crushed out of him. He tried to escape. He pounded and screamed and raged, but his punches bounced ineffectively off of the titan's flesh. Finally, Scott was too exhausted and too disheartened to fight back. He hunkered down and awaited his fate. He was sure that his end was upon him, and as he abandoned all hope he began to see a glimmer of light. He stared up to see what appeared to be large cracks in the sky above. Huge chasms of light stretched above him. The

edges of these chasms glowed an unearthly red. It took him a while to finally comprehend what he was seeing. This was the sunlight filtering between Calvin's fingers! Calvin had finally loosened his grip, but perhaps even more shocking was he had to be even more massive than before!

Suddenly Scott was blinded by a flash of light. Everything was so bright that it took a while for his eyes to adjust. When he did finally manage to see clearly again he was shocked to see him staring across the vast expanse of the titanic Calvin's palm, and on the other side of the giant's hand was the window leading to his bedroom.

"Go on." Calvin said flatly.

Scott looked up questioningly at the titan. He tried to ask what was going on, but he was far too tiny for the colossal guy to hear him.

"Just go. That's your room, isn't it?" Calvin said flatly.

Scott nodded and began the long, slow trek towards the window. Calvin's palm was almost as big as a basketball court. Even just Calvin's middle finger which Scott walked up to get to the window was so wide that it was like walking across a gangplank off the side of a ship. Calvin was so massive that Scott could scarcely comprehend it. He could barely believe this was the same shrimp he had towered over before.

Scott reached the window and stared back up at the titan which had once been his brother.

“Just go.” Calvin said. He didn’t seem sad or angry or anything. In fact, he seemed completely disinterested altogether.

“I’m not going to hurt you.” Calvin clarified. “I don’t want to hurt you. In fact, I don’t want anything to do with you.”

With Scott safely back in his room Calvin once again stood up to his full height. He was even more massive than before. He more than towered over the house – he loomed over the entire neighborhood! Calvin took one last glance at the house he had grown up in. Half the structure had completely crumbled. Calvin could see his parents and his aunt standing out on the front porch staring up at him, but they were so tiny that he couldn’t even make out their expressions. Were they scared? Were they sad? Whatever it was it didn’t matter. He was done with all of them.

“Goodbye.” Calvin said to his family. “I doubt I’ll see any of you again...” he said solemnly. He took a moment to reflect on the whole situation, but then a smile spread across his face and he added, “... but I bet you’ll all see a lot of me.”

With that he turned and happily trekked down the street towards his new life. He strode down the street placing one foot in front of the other walking along the road much the same way as an acrobat would walk across a tight rope. The street was just so tiny to him now that his foot more than filled both lanes of traffic. It was all he could do to avoid crushing every car he passed! He didn’t want to cause any

unnecessary damage, but he had to admit there was something strangely satisfying in the way that the asphalt crumbled like sand beneath his massive feet. Calvin continued his trek into parts unknown. All the while he savored the soft crunch of the pavement beneath his feet and happily hummed along to the tune of “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas”.

Jingle Bed Rock

Nick had been wired and jittery the entire flight. Normally he didn't mind hopping in a jet and zooming across the country, but this was a different experience altogether. His current vehicle was careening across the sky at hundreds of miles per hour, and Nick was along for the ride without so much as a roof nor a seatbelt to hold him in. To make matters even more bizarre, Nick's pilot was a two-inch tall elf who was singlehandedly holding the reins of all eight of Santa's reindeer. Yet despite his unusual travel accommodations, what truly had Nick so on edge was the fact that he was going to be meeting his boyfriend's family for the first time. Meeting a lover's family was always an awkward experience, but Nick's already overactive anxiety was kicked into hyperdrive

by the fact that his boyfriend's grandpa was none other than Father frickin' Christmas himself! In fact, even though they had been going steady for very nearly a year now, Nick still had trouble wrapping his head around the fact that the cute guy he was dating was none other than the currently active Santa Clause.

Kris was a far cry from the Jolly, old, fat man that graced every postcard and promo around Christmas time. Kris was as lean and lithe as they come, and didn't look a day over twenty. He could have just as easily been one of Nick's classmates instead of the acting chief executive of a global gift-giving operation, and that wasn't even touching on Kris's choice of attire. The bulky, red, fur-trimmed Santa suit was a thing of the past. Kris instead opted for a bright red ensemble of knee-highs, booty-shorts, and a crop-top.

Just thinking about his adorable boyfriend was enough to get Nick excited in yet another way. He could feel his dick chubbing up in his pants. Nick was very glad for his custom-fitted Kringle Corp. boxer briefs because had it not been for those, his boner would have been visible from miles around. As much as Nick loved having a cock that dwarfed the rest of his body, he wasn't too keen on sprouting a noticeable stiffy in front of his elfin pilot and was even less keen on having a massive wood when he arrived at the North Pole to meet his boyfriend's family.

Nick tried to direct his attention towards anything other than how hot his boyfriend was.

Fortunately, there was no shortage of breathtaking sights to take in. The sleigh was currently careening over the Pacific Ocean, and down below Nick could make out large chunks of ice floating amidst the waves and seafoam. There was no doubt about it – they were getting into the frigid northern climes, and it wouldn't be long til they reached the fabled North Pole. Nick had no idea what to expect when he got there. His mind was flooded with images of various Christmas specials and Hollywood movies that portrayed the North Pole as an ambiguously European town that was covered in snow and draped in sparkling lights, but he knew better than the trust Hollywood's interpretation.

“We're beginning our final approach,” The pilot said. His voice was surprisingly clear and crisp especially given how tiny he was. It sounded almost as if his voice was being relayed directly into Nick's ear via a Bluetooth headset or some such device, but Nick was wearing nothing of the sort.

Nick glanced around, but try as he might he could not catch a glimpse of the fabled North Pole. He was just about to give in to disappointment when the sleigh came upon a rise. As the sleigh approached the top of the hill, a magnificent sight came into view. The landscape opened up into a large, polar basin, and in the center of the lowlands was a massive, glass dome. It looked almost as if there was a snow globe right in the middle of the frozen wasteland! The globe shone and glimmered with thousands of sparkling lights, but it was tough to make out specifics through the frosty glass. It wasn't until the sleigh had finished its

approach the Nick could begin to make out what he was seeing.

The sleigh passed through the glass wall as easily as if it had been the skin of a soap bubble and not a five-foot-thick layer of reinforced plexiglass. As soon as he was through the layer of glass, the landscape before him was clear as day. In fact, it *was* day. It had been so dark in the tundra that Nick had forgotten that it was merely mid-afternoon in his time zone. But inside the bubble, the sun shone bright in the sky. The sun wasn't the most amazing thing about the view though. Before him was a sprawling cityscape. There was a veritable bustling metropolis contained within the dome. It seemed impossible that such a huge city could exist within the glass bubble he saw as he approached, but as the sleigh continued its descent, things started to fall into place.

The sleigh coasted to a stop. When it finally came to a halt, Nick began to exit the vehicle, but he was cut short before he could even get one foot onto solid ground. "NICK!!" shouted a very familiar and very excited voice. Nick managed to look up just in time to see the red and white blur of his boyfriend leaping at him like a pouncing tiger. Nick ended up toppling backwards right back onto the seat he had just gotten up from. Nick found himself lying flat on his back with his boyfriend straddling him and grinning from ear to ear like the Cheshire Cat.

"H-heh..." Nick murmured awkwardly. They had seen each other no more than a few weeks ago,

but somehow Nick had forgotten just how cute Kris was, and seeing him so unrestrainedly happy was almost too much to bear. Nick could feel the blood rushing to his face as well as heading down south. Nick's face burned bright red, and his dick steadily chubbed up.

It took a second, but the daze steadily began to fade. Nick was just about ready to say something more – something less dorky than just a stammering 'hey', but he was cut short by his boyfriend's lips against his own. The kiss was more fantastic than even the magic city around them. One kiss led to another which lead to another. Neither lover was really sure who had started to use tongue first, but by the third kiss they were Frenching harder than the entire cast of *Les Mis*. The two of them could have kept at it for hours, and in fact, they could have taken things even further. Kris's hands had already found their way towards Nick's fly and were beginning to fumble with the top button when another voice cut in to snap them back to reality – however fantastical said reality may be.

"Ah, to be young again..." said the kindly voice of an older gentleman. Kris quickly sat up and looked back over his shoulder, and Nick did his best to prop himself up on his elbows but couldn't do more than that with his boyfriend sitting on his stomach.

"Gramps!" Kris shouted happily.

"Gramps...? Gramps!?" Nick sputtered. He sat up so fast that he practically launched his boyfriend off

of him. Nick hopped to his feet and found himself standing face to face with a smiling older man. The person was not at all what Nick was expecting. Sure, he had the rosy cheeks, the full figure, and the flowing white beard, but his outfit was all wrong. The guy was wearing khaki cargo shorts, an awful Christmas socks and sandals combo, and the ugliest Christmas sweater Nick had ever had the misfortune of seeing, but even with the tacky getup, Nick knew that this was none other than Father Christmas himself.

“omigoshit’ssanta,” Nick blurted out.

“Retired, but yes,” Santa said. “But there’ll be plenty of time for introductions later. You must be exhausted from the long flight. Let’s get you out of the cold and set up with a nice, warm bed.”

“Yessir. Right away, sir.” Nick murmured in awe.

“Relax. Relax.” Santa said softly. “You’re our guest. We want you to feel comfortable here.”

“Yessir. Right away, sir.” Nick blurted out once more.

Santa gestured for Nick to follow and then turned and headed down the main thoroughfare towards the center of the city. It took Nick a moment to collect his wits enough to even attempt to follow, but fortunately he had some help getting on his way. Kris was at his side and ready to give him encouragement.

“You’re such a dork,” Kris said sweetly. He leaned over and gave his boyfriend a quick peck on the cheek before taking off after his grandfather with Nick’s rolling suitcase in tow.

Nick was too flustered from his awkward first meeting with his childhood hero to really take stock of what all had just happened. He was only vaguely aware that Kris didn’t need to step up on his tippy toes to give Nick a quick kiss like he had in the past, but he chalked that up to the boots that Kris was so fond of. As Kris bolted forwards, Nick could get a quick glance at the soles of Kris’s boots, and sure enough the layer of rubber on the bottom was at least an inch thick, but Nick didn’t spend too much time checking out his boyfriend’s boots – especially not when his boyfriend’s cute booty was tightly packed into his little shorts and was wiggling for Nick’s viewing pleasure.

Nick regained his senses and set off after his hosts. It didn’t take long for his sense of wonder to overtake his embarrassment from his first meeting with Santa. The city of the North Pole really was a fantastic sight. Not only was it a bustling metropolis that would have made New York City look tame, but it was so small to boot! The elves that scrambled through the streets were only inches tall, and the entire city was built to scale. Even the tallest buildings only reached up to Nick’s nose. He felt like King Kong in the middle of Manhattan, but fortunately his visit was nowhere near as destructive as it had been for the king of the apes. There was a narrow footpath that cut through the center of the city and led from the landing

pad all the way towards a small cottage in the center of town.

Small was a bit of a misnomer. The pathway was narrow and the cottage was small only by human standards. By elfin standards the 'narrow' pathway would have been wider than an eight-lane interstate, and the 'small' cottage was as wide as ten city blocks and three times taller than even the most massive skyscraper the elf city had to offer.

Just exploring the city could have taken a full day unto itself even at Nick's comparatively titanic size, but he didn't dare stray from the walkway nor did he want to fall behind his hosts. Nick tried his hardest to keep pace with his boyfriend, but it seemed like with each step he took, Kris got ever so slightly further ahead of him. Even when the entire entourage finally reached the rustic cottage the other two seemed strangely distant and yet closer than before, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what he was experiencing. Nick chalked it up to the jet lag and lack of sleep catching up to him. He had been so wired during the days leading up to his trip that he barely slept at all. The smell of warm cider and cinnamon coming from the cozy cottage seemed to amplify his grogginess. Nick shambled up beside his boyfriend and groggily nuzzled up against him. He was so sleepy that he hardly even realized that his head didn't even reach Kris's shoulder.

The last thing Nick heard before he finally succumbed to exhaustion and the soothing aura of the

cottage was Santa saying, "Looks like you better get the little guy to bed."

Nick had no idea how long he was out of it. When he finally awoke it was because he could feel something bumping against the side of his face. He couldn't tell what it was. It was far too huge to be anything ordinary. It was like taking a battering ram to the side of the face, only the battering ram had just enough give to it and was only gently nudging him so it didn't hurt at all.

"Hey... Wake up, sleepy head," Nick could hear Kris softly calling to him.

"Whuh...? What's going on?" Nick murmured groggily.

"Hehe, good. You're awake. Buddy said you were a little high strung on the flight up, so I thought I would prepare a little something to help you unwind, but it looks like it was a little too strong. You conked out before we even got you in the door," Kris explained.

"Hmm? Oh... to be honest I haven't been sleeping much lately. I was too excited to get see you again and too nervous about meeting your family," Nick explained. He yawned and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He wasn't entirely sure where he was, but he was so comfy even with the ridiculously thick and stiff blanket that covered his lower body.

“I guess that makes sense, but there’s no need to be so worried. They are all great people and I’m sure they’ll love you,” Kris replied.

“I hope so... when will I get a chance to meet them anyway?” Nick asked.

“Soon, I hope. It’s so busy this time of year and everyone has their own task to take care of. Even I only have a few minutes to spare before I have to go prep the sleigh for tonight, but I had to see how you were taking the changes before I left you alone for the evening,” Kris explained.

“Handling the changes...?” Nick asked. The grogginess that hung over him vanished in an instant. He sat bolt upright in bed and glanced around the room. The bed in question stretched on around him for what seemed like miles, and what he mistook as an oversized comforter was actually his own t-shirt which had pooled around his diminutive body. “What... the... fu-,” Nick began to say, but before he could finish the statement his boyfriend’s colossal fingertip pressed against his lips effectively silencing him. Even just the tip of Kris’s finger was bigger than Nick’s whole head.

“Language, little guy. Wouldn’t want gramps to hear you. That’s a fast pass to the naughty list for sure,” Kris said with a chuckle.

Nick tried to shove the giant finger which was bigger than his whole body away from him. Thankfully, Kris was happy to oblige and moved his hand out of the way. “What did you do to me?” Nick asked.

“Me? Nothing, but I may have mentioned before that the only people who can stay in the North Pole are the Kringle family or elves.” Kris explained.

“So, does that mean... I’m an elf?” Nick asked in awe. His hands shot up to his ears and he began feeling the tip of his earlobes for proof. Sure enough, his ears had become pointed at the top just like the rest of the elves.

“How long am I going to be like this?” Nick asked.

“Only as long as you’re in the North Pole. You’ll revert to normal when you leave.” Kris explained.

“That’s a relief,” Nick said with a sigh.

“Hehe. I dunno. I think it’s a good look for you,” Kris said. He began to gently and playfully poke Nick’s face. “Haha. You’re so cute and cuddly like a little teddy bear. I just want to hug you and play with you.”

“Come on. Cut that out,” Nick grumbled and swatted at his boyfriend’s colossal finger, but despite his grumbling, it was clear he wasn’t entirely annoyed by Kris’s antics. For starters Nick had a huge grin on his face and an even larger bulge forming in the fabric of the shirt which pooled around his lower body.

Kris’s eyes darted towards the forming tent in Nick’s shirt. “Oh my. You’re enjoying this more than I

thought.” Kris said. There was a devious tone to his voice that matched the glint in his eye.

“Well, since we’re both here, and I’m already ‘up’ think we can have a little fun?” Nick asked.

Kris thought it over for a second. “I dunno... I only have a few minutes to spare. I really have to get back to work.” He explained.

“But what about your time powers? Can’t you just stop time for a bit?” Nick asked.

“My powers are tied to the holiday. They’re not nearly as strong today as they will be tomorrow. Why do you think I have to visit all the kids in one night?” Kris explained.

“So that’s a no?” Nick pouted.

“Not necessarily... I won’t be able to stop time, but it is Christmas Eve. I should be able to slow time enough to give us time for a little bit of fun,” Kris explained. A devious smirk was slowly forming at the corners of his lips.

“I guess that means we better hurry,” Nick replied. The smile on his face was just as devious as the one on Kris’s.

“You betcha, little man,” Kris replied happily.

Kris hopped up from his perch on the edge of the bed. The motion caused the tiny Nick to bounce what felt like a few feet into the air before landing back down on the plush mattress. The jostling caused

Nick to slip even further out from underneath his enormous discarded shirt. Now the collar of his shirt no longer covered his legs, but that didn't mean his legs were exposed. His dick had shrunk alongside the rest of him, but his cock and balls were still massive enough to eclipse his lower body. His cock, which had once been upwards of twenty feet before his conversion to elfdom was now almost a solid foot of fat cock. His dick would look impressive on a porn star, but on an elf who was merely a few inches tall it looked absolutely monstrous. Nick's cock dwarfed his entire body. Even just one of his massive testes was bigger than his whole body. Had it not been for Nick's custom-fitted Kringle Corp. shorts, he would never be able to get around on his own, but those shorts, much like the rest of his clothing, had fallen off of his dwindling frame during the shrinking process.

"Ooooh. Loving the view," Kris said playfully. "Now then... let me return the favor." Kris winked seductively at his tiny little lover and then began a saucy striptease. He peeled his skin-tight crop top off first revealing his lean, lithe upper body for his tiny boyfriend's viewing pleasure. Then he kicked off his boots and slowly began to peel off his tight little booty shorts. As the waistband of his shorts slid down his thighs, his own massive cock steadily spilled into view. It was a view that Nick had seen many times before and yet one he would never get enough of. He loved watching his boyfriend's massive cock spilling out from behind those red shorts. Each inch after fat inch of cock slowly came into view until there was more than a foot of fat cock hanging out, but still there was more

to reveal. Kris's beach ball sized nuts had barely fully come into view and his shorts were already down around his shins. Even once Kris's shorts were down around his ankles, his cock was still not completely revealed. It wasn't until he kicked off his shorts that the last foot of his phenomenal phallus finally spilled into view. Kris's cock was a solid four feet long, and it was still in the process of chubbing up. Even now Kris's cock looked to be the size of a double decker bus to the diminutive Nick, and it was sure to get even bigger as it stirred fully to life. Nick knew he would love every second of the show.

"Hehe. You look like you want to play with this," Kris said playfully. He reached down with both hands and gripped the sides of his colossal cock and began to stroke it all the while keeping his eyes intensely locked on Nick's own. Nick was so overwhelmed with how huge and sexy his titanic boyfriend was that all he could do was nod in awe.

Kris moved around to the foot of the bed and slowly started to climb onto the bed. His cock reached the mattress a few feet before the rest of him did, and by the time Kris had gotten his knees onto the end of the mattress his nearly five feet of cock were name aimed directly at his little lover. His dick was so massive that even just the slit was longer than Nick was tall. It was like staring down a cave instead of a cock – a cave that Nick had half a mind to go spelunking in had it not been for his own massive nuts which were sure to bar his way.

“Like what you see?” Kris asked seductively. Nick nodded in awe, but even had he not made an effort to show his appreciation, his rapidly hardening cock would have done the job for him. He was already flying at well past half mast, and his foot-long cock was quickly reaching rock hard status.

Kris was soon straddling his own cock atop the bed. The bed creaked under the weight of the slim dude and his five feet of fully boned cock and enormous nuts, but showed no signs of giving out any time soon. Kris’s grin grew even wider as he stared down at his tiny boyfriend. Nick looked so adorable down there, that Kris couldn’t help himself. He had to feel the little guy in his hands. He reached forward and scooped his tiny boyfriend up into his hands as if he was holding a hamster or some other small pet. Nick was so tiny that he easily fit in the palm of one of Kris’s hands, but the addition of Nick’s full foot of cock made things a bit more difficult. His nuts spilled over the edge of Kris’s palms, and his huge cock stood straight up at attention. His massive nuts were so heavy that they threatened to send him toppling over the edge, but Kris was quick to work out another solution. Kris slipped one hand underneath Nick’s nuts. Nick’s balls were so big that even to the colossal Kris, they were the size of grapefruits. They were too huge for him to hold in his hand without spilling over the sides of palm, but he was able to at least steady them enough that their weight wasn’t going to send Nick sprawling to the mattress below.

Kris wrapped his lips around the tip of Nick's cock and began to suckle the head of his lover's huge dick. It wasn't long before Kris wasn't satisfied with just the tip. He began to slide his mouth back and forth along the length of Nick's dick. With each pass, Kris took more and more of his lover's cock into his mouth. It wasn't long before Kris had the entire shaft in his mouth and down his throat. His chin dug against Nick's huge nuts and his nose poked against his little lover's body.

Nick could feel his boyfriend's mouth wrapped around his dick. He could feel the warm wetness of Kris's tongue against his dick – a tongue that was longer than Nick's entire body. He could feel his boyfriend's throat wrapping around his massive cock. The sensation was beyond anything Nick could have believed was possible. It would have been an amazing blow job had his proportions been normal, but having his cock which was several times larger than his whole body serviced in such a fantastic fashion was too amazing for him to fathom. They had barely even begun their fun and already Nick felt like he was close to creaming. Part of him really wanted to just throw caution to the wind and just blow his load right then and there. His massive cock just felt so fantastic and he knew that Kris needed to get going soon, but at the same time, it felt so amazing that he never wanted it to end. It was so fantastic that Nick felt his heart sink when he felt the tip of his cock fully slide out from his lover's mouth. He was sure for a moment that this was it for their fun for the time being. He'd have to wait until after the holiday rush before they could finish

their festivities, but when Nick opened his eyes and saw the devious glint in his lover's eyes he knew that his fears were unfounded.

"You know... I've been thinking," Kris mused out loud. Nick was about to ask what Kris meant, but he didn't get the chance. Kris quickly continued his train of thought, and it quickly became clear just what that devious expression of his was about. "It seems our sizes are now reversed... so let's try flipping the script in other ways," Kris explained.

Nick didn't even need to ask. He already knew where this was going, and when Kris flopped forward so that he was lying directly atop his cock with his chin resting on the ridge of his puffed-up cock head, Nick knew he had guessed correctly. Kris maneuvered his little lover so that Nick was once again staring down the maw of the colossal cock. The pre-oozing slit was as massive as it was inviting, and Nick was on a collision course with it.

Nick's cock slipped into the slit of Kris's massive dick. It felt amazing. Kris's cock was so warm and it gripped the length of Nick's shaft. It wasn't long before Nick's dick was buried so deep inside of his boyfriend's own cock that Nick's body was pressed against the pre-drooling slit of Kris's cock. Nick was getting slathered in his boyfriend's pre. The warm, slick liquid coated every inch of his body and seeped into his mouth. The slightly bitter taste was like ambrosia to him. He needed more. He needed to feel it wash over him and he needed to feel it cascading

down his throat, but before he got the chance to drink his fill he felt himself once again being lifted up and out of his lover's cock.

Nick wiped the pre from his face and looked up questioningly at his titanic lover. Kris's billboard sized face grinned impishly back at him. "It's a little loose, don't you think?" Kris asked. Nick was about to ask what he meant, but Kris once again didn't give him the chance. Kris opened his free hand to reveal a familiar looking powder on the palm of his hand. Whether he produced the stuff magically or managed to sneak it into his palm via some top tier sleight of hand, Nick wasn't sure, but what he was sure was what would happen if he came into contact with that glittering dust. There was no way Nick was going to protest to what Kris had in mind, but even had he wanted to, he wouldn't have been given the chance. Kris quickly blew a puff of air into the palm of his hand which sent the powder billowing into the air and wafting over towards Nick's tiny body. In a matter of seconds, Nick was coated in the stuff. The powder quickly sunk into his skin and vanished from sight. Nick could feel a familiar warmth and tingling in his cock, and he knew exactly what it meant and was excited to see how huge he would get from this dosage.

Kris wasted no time in resuming the fun. He flopped back down atop his cock and once again aimed his lover's dick towards the eager hole of his own humongous cock head. It was a tighter fit this time as Nick's cock slid into his own. It felt so great that Kris couldn't even stifle his own moan of pleasure as more

and more of his lover's fat cock slid into his own. His dick was soon filled to the brim with his lover's cock. Kris had never felt something so amazing before. His cock was so stimulated that it felt like he was already cumming, but he was just getting warmed up. There was no way he was going to let him cream so soon. Kris quickly settled into a motion of sliding his lover's cock deep into his own and then pulling back until only the tip remained imbedded in his own enormous cock and then once again slide his lover's cock deep within his own.

Kris and Nick were both moaning in ecstasy with each pass. Nick could feel his already massive cock steadily creeping up in size by the second. With each thrust Kris's cock gripped his own tighter and tighter which just made the sensation all the more intense. Nick had never felt anything so amazing before in his life. It felt so fantastic that he was close to being overloaded with euphoric bliss. It was all he could do to keep from shooting his load straight down his lover's cock.

Kris was in a similar boat. As his lover's cock steadily swelled within his own, the need to cream became more and more intense. He knew he wouldn't last much longer. With each pump of his lover's cock, Kris's grip became shakier and shakier and his breathing became shallower and shallower. Sweat dripped from his brow. His whole body trembled with the need to cum, but still he fought it for as long as he could. Eventually he lost the battle against his own body. His soft whimpers and moans gave way to a low,

load moan. His massive cock bucked and lurched with his little lover along for the ride, and then the dam broke. Cum spurted from his cock and sent Nick flying through the air.

Nick landed with a damp splat against the pillow at the end of the bed. The impact was not enough to hurt but it was enough to break his concentration just enough to let his need to cream get the better of him. As his lover's massive loads splashed against him, his own cock started spurting cum into the air. Huge ropes of jizz were flying in both directions coating both lovers in each other's cum in the process. Nick's tiny body was completely coated in cum in the initial blast, and it wasn't long before Kris's face was equally jizz-soaked. Eventually, their torrents of jizz tapered off. Nick collapsed back onto the pillow and Kris flopped onto his own massive cock.

It took a few minutes before either one of them caught their breath and came down from the afterglow enough to speak. In the end, it was Nick who was the first to speak up. "Woah... that was amazing..." He murmured.

"Yeah..." Kris agreed breathlessly.

"And you say I'll shrink down like this each time I come to visit?" Nick asked.

"Well... at least until you officially become a part of the Kringle family," Kris said with a wink.

Hung for the Holidays

“Whoosh! Nyoom! W’chow!” Kris shouted giddily as the sleigh bobbed and weaved and zigged and zagged around trees and between light poles and over traffic.

“S-shouldn’t you be flying this thing a little higher off the ground!?” Nick cried out.

“Why? It’s not like anyone can see us,” Kris replied.

“That’s not the point!” Nick retorted. He had his whole body pinned to the large, fluffy chair of the sleigh as if grabbing on for dear life.

Kris glanced over at his lover and noticed that Nick’s face was turning a shade of green to rival that of his Santa’s helper uniform.

“Alright. I guess we can take it easy,” Kris said.

Nick breathed a sigh of relief as Kris guided the sleigh up from its previous cruising altitude of just a few inches off the pavement to a more respectable height well above the rooftops. “Whew. Why are we out this way anyway? I thought we already finished all our rounds.”

“Officially, yeah, but I saved this one for last.” Kris explained.

Nick pouted dramatically as his boyfriend. An expression that was not lost on Kris. Kris rolled his eyes and laughed, “Oh, relax. You can wait a little longer. Besides, you’ve got me the rest of the year,” Kris then flashed the ring that was on his finger and added, “and forever and ever after that.”

“Speaking of which, when are we going to... you know...” Nick stammered awkwardly and then made a hand gesture to indicate “tying the knot.”

“You can say ‘get married’. In fact, please do. You look like you’re trying to gank someone with piano wire when you do it that way.”

“It’s just so weird to think about! Like, I can’t believe it’s really happening!” Nick protested.

“It’s gonna happen, alright. We just need to pick a date and get everyone together,”

“Oh god. Don’t remind me. We have to pick a venue too. I assume North Pole is out of the question.”

“I mean. It’s not not out of the question, but you know the rules.”

“No on in the Pole but Elves and Klauses,” Nick confirmed.

“Yep. And as much as I would love to see you outgrow your elf clothes when you graduate from Elf to Klaus, I don’t think the rest of your family would be so keen,” Kris explained.

Nick’s face turned a shade of crimson to match Kris’s Santa outfit at the mere mention of spilling out of his clothes in front of friends and family. Kris let out a hearty chuckle upon seeing the expression on his fiance’s face. “Well, we’ll have plenty of time to hammer out the proverbial deets after the holidays, but for now, it’s work time.” Kris said as he pulled the sleigh up to a window on the second floor of an apartment complex. Kris then reached into his pocket and fished out a familiar magic wand that was far too large to fit in his tiny shorts under normal circumstances, but Nick knew firsthand that Kringle Corp. Clothing didn’t follow the laws of normal physics.

With a quick flourish, Kris activated the magic in the wand causing an aura of crystal blue to shine forth from the tip of the wand and quickly spread out as far as the eye could see. No matter how many times Nick saw this happen, he still could never wrap his head around it. He couldn’t even help himself from poking at one of the snowflakes that now hung suspended in midair in front of his very eyes. Time was

now officially frozen for everyone except for them...
Them and the tenants of the neighboring apartment.

Kris pulled open the window and climbed into the apartment and then reached back a hand in a gesture to both signify that Nick should follow and to help Nick climb up from the sleigh after him. The duo entered the apartment to find it very sparsely decorated. There were only a few pieces of furniture, and there were even fewer Christmas decorations. About the only decoration was a particularly underwhelming Christmas tree. The small tree was barely a foot tall and sat atop the coffee table in the middle of the room, and there were only a few small packages situated under it.

“What’s the game plan?” Nick asked.

“First order of business is to wake our sleeping beauties,” Kris explained. He flicked his magical wand once more and the room was suddenly filled with the sound of sleigh bells.

It didn’t take long for the sound to rouse the occupants of the apartment. “What the...” came a groggy voice from a nearby bedroom.

“Dude. Turn that down!” Came a shout from another room.

“It’s not me!” The voice from the first room shouted back.

Nick and Kris could hear the sound of people rolling out of bed and staggering their way towards

their respective doorways. It wasn't long before the two tenants of the apartment stood face to face, each staring at each other from across the hall from their own respective doorway.

"Where is that sound coming from?" The first guy asked.

"Sounds like the front room," the second guy responded.

As the duo made their way down the towards the front room, Kris made his way over towards his fiancé and gestured towards the two new arrivals. "The one on the left is Caleb and that's Bryan," he explained.

"I'm guessing they're not related. Roommates?" Nick asked.

"Oh my god, they were roommates," Kris replied with a smirk, but quickly he continued his explanation. "They both had big plans for the holidays, but things kind of broke bad, and both are stuck here."

"Lots of people are stuck away from families this year," Nick concurred, and then added, "but there has to be something special about these two for you to make a personal visit like this."

"You know me well," Kris said with a smile. "Watch closely." He added and gestured towards Bryan.

Caleb had already begun to make his way down the hallway, but Bryan lingered for a moment in

his doorway before following. His gaze followed his half-naked friend, taking a brief, fleeting moment to soak of the view of his buddy who was currently clad in only his boxers.

“The thirst is real,” Nick commented.

“So real,” Kris concurred. “But wait. There’s more!” he added and then gestured towards Caleb this time.

Caleb was looking around the front room trying to figure out where the sound of sleighbells was coming from when Bryan suddenly ran past him. “Who left the window open!?” Bryan asked as he rushed towards the window. Once Bryan reached the window, though, his demeanor suddenly changed. “What the... woah... dude... you gotta come look at this,” he said in awe.

Caleb glanced over at his pal. The look of pure, childlike wonder in Bryan’s eyes was so endearing that Caleb couldn’t help but smile.

“Oh. He has it bad,” Nick commented.

“Right? Everyone they know can see it. Friends, family, even coworkers. Pretty much everyone except themselves. You have no idea how many people have wished for them to get together,” Kris said with a chuckle.

“Looks like it’s time to play Cupid,” Nick said.

“Don’t let him hear you say that. He gets jealous of other holidays. Besides, I’m going to do this

my way,” Kris said as he pulled out a small sack from his pants. The sack was only about the size of a baseball, but there was no way it would have fit into his tight shorts had it not been for the magic of dimensional pockets.

“Isn’t that...” Nick began to say, but Kris was quick to correct him.

“It’s a new formula I’ve been working on. I think you’ll really get a kick out of what it does.”

Kris poured out some glowing white powder onto the palm of his hand and blew on it, causing the glistening dust to scatter across the room. The cloud of powder moved like a flock of birds, homing in on their target. The cloud quickly encircled Caleb and then began to seep into his skin. Caleb, however, was completely oblivious to the magic that now coursed through him. He was too fixated on his friend who was still leaning out the window.

“Dude. You have to come look at this!” Bryan said again, more insistently this time.

“What’s the big deal?” Caleb asked as he walked across the room over to where Bryan was standing.

Meanwhile, Kris quickly flashed Nick a playful wink and then followed Caleb across the room. Once Kris was in range, he once more poured out some powder on his palm. This time, however, instead of blowing a cloud of it into the room, he sprinkled some directly onto Bryan’s head.

Nick sat back and watched the act unfold. He himself didn't dare to join the fun. He knew that he and Kris were both invisible, but he still felt weird getting up close and personal like that with people he didn't know. Still... it was a lot of fun to watch Kris work.

Bryan, completely oblivious to the invisible agent of Christmas cheer sprinkling more and more powder on him, turned towards his pal and pointed out the window. "The snow! It's stopped!" he said excitedly.

"I thought you were looking forward to a white Christmas?" Caleb replied.

"No. Not like that! The snow's there. It's just... I dunno... not moving!"

Caleb placed a hand on his pal's shoulder as he pushed his way past so he could look out the window himself. The second he did so, he was suddenly struck with an intense urge to feel more than just the fabric of his pal's t-shirt. It took every ounce of willpower Caleb could muster just to let go of Bryan's shoulder, and once his hand was free, Caleb was struck with such an intense longing that he almost immediately put it back on Bryan's shoulder.

Caleb couldn't ignore Bryan's instant gestures any longer. He had only allowed his touch to linger for only just a second, but it was long enough for Bryan to sense something was amiss.

"Look!" Bryan insisted.

Caleb did so. He turned his gaze away from his friend and towards the open window. It only took a split second of gazing at the snow to cause his eyes to go wide in shock and awe. "What the..." He murmured as he reached out and plucked a snowflake from the sky. To his surprise, the snowflake didn't feel cold at all. In fact, it didn't feel like much of anything. It was definitely solid, but that was it. Perhaps more surprising was that the snowflake didn't even melt against his fingers. As he squished the snowflake between his fingers, he steadily became aware of something else as well. The window was open, but it was as warm in the apartment as it had ever been. Despite being well below freezing outside, no cold air was coming into the apartment.

"It's like we're..." Caleb murmured as he tried to process what he was seeing.

"Frozen in time," Kris whispered into Bryan's ear.

"Frozen in time..." Bryan parroted in a tone of hushed awe.

"What...? Huh... yeah... you're right," Caleb replied.

While the two roommates stood side by side, staring out the window and gawking at the scene before them, Kris set to work speeding things along. He reached forward and very gently grabbed Bryan's wrist and lifted Bryan's hand and placed it against Caleb's exposed back.

Bryan had grabbed a few snowflakes and was examining them in the palm of his hand. He was so fixated on the snow that he didn't even notice his other hand moving as if on its own until his fingers made contact with his pal's exposed skin. He was immediately aware of a strange sort of warmth coursing through his fingers and an intense desire to feel even more of his friend's flesh. Bryan wanted to feel more than just Caleb's back. He wanted to explore his roommate's muscles. He wanted to examine every curve and contour of Caleb's sculpted body.

There were a few things that made these thoughts odd to Bryan. For starters, Caleb wasn't the fittest guy around. He wasn't fat or anything, but Bryan had never really thought of Caleb as particularly yoked. That wasn't to say that Bryan had not thought about it before. Bryan had long had a thing for his roommate, and he had more than once daydreamed about what Caleb would look like with a few extra pounds of beef stacked onto his modest build, but those had just been flights of fancy and nothing more.

Another thing that made the situation a bit odd was that Bryan was struck by an intense urge to come clean about everything he had ever thought or felt. It was as if his hands had a mind of their own and wanted to convey all his secrets in the form of massaging his best bro's bulky bod. It was clear that if Bryan started to get extra handsy, Caleb would absolutely catch on that something was up and Bryan's cover would be completely blown, and yet, Bryan's hands practically ached to explore his pal's body. It

was as if Bryan had never wanted anything more than he wanted to feel his friend.

While Bryan wrestled with his own internal thoughts and his growing arousal, his hand went from a perfectly harmless and platonic position on his pal's back to slowly starting and tenderly started to trace a circle on Caleb's back. There was so much love and longing in the gesture, and it was happening completely without Kris's intervention. Kris had moved Bryan's hand into position, but once there, the agent of Christmas Queer had taken a back seat to the festivities and let things evolve on their own. He was poised and ready to step in if things looked to need another helping hand, though.

Caleb was taken aback by the unexpected massage. There was a brief moment of panic followed by confusion. The gesture seemed so sweet and loving, but he couldn't reconcile what he was feeling with his own fears. Was Bryan making the moves on him? That would be a dream come true! Caleb had long wished to come clean and express his true feelings to his friend. They were roommates and best pals, but Caleb longed to be more.

Kris sat back and watched for as long as he could tolerate it. The tension was so thick he could cut it with a knife, and yet neither guy seemed to be keen on taking the next logical step. "Why do guys always gotta make it so difficult," Kris said with a bemused sigh.

Kris once more moved back into the fray. He crept up beside Caleb and whispered into his ear, "Go on. What are you waiting for? Show him how you feel."

Caleb balked at the suggestion. He almost responded out loud to the voice he was hearing, but that would be absurd. If he started having an audible conversation with the voices in his head, he'd be locked away for sure.

"You don't even have to say anything. A simple gesture is all it takes. Throw an arm over his shoulder. Stroke his hair. Brush his cheek," Kris goaded him on.

"Grab his ass!" Nick cheered on from the sidelines. Kris flashed a playful glare at his boyfriend, but any attempt he may have made to appear angry was undermined by the grin that spread from ear to ear.

Caleb began to lift his arm as if going for the classic over-the-shoulder-side-hug but balked before he got that far. It wasn't that he didn't want to do it. He truly did, and there was more to it than just a bit of longing. It was as if his skin cried out to be touched. He was craving the feeling of Bryan's body against his. It was as if his body and soul yearned for Bryan's touch.

Kris rolled his eyes, but the good-natured smile never left his face. He wasn't expecting these two to make this easy on him, anyway. They were close, though. All they needed was another little push.

“He’s already made the first move. You know he’s into you. All you have to do is let him know you feel the same way,” Kris gently reassured Caleb. Caleb’s arm, which was already halfway in position to rest on Bryan’s shoulder moved a bit more into position, but then halted again.

“It doesn’t have to be much. Just a simple touch,” Kris quietly insisted.

Caleb glanced over his shoulder at his friend. The way the blue light from the outside shone on Bryan’s face made Caleb’s heart flutter. Somehow, Bryan seemed even cuter than Caleb remembered. It could just be a trick of the light, but he seemed shorter somehow... smaller somehow. His face seemed even sweeter than Caleb remembered. Without even thinking, Caleb ended up brushing the back of his hand against Bryan’s cheek.

The feeling was electric. The feeling of Bryan’s cheek against his hand sent shivers down Caleb’s spine. The touch, however, was short lived. Feeling Caleb’s fingers against his cheeks was enough to snap Bryan out of his reverie. Bryan glanced over at his friend and instantly stepped back in shock. Caleb too, immediately took a step back, albeit for another reason.

Caleb gave an apologetic look to his pal, but Bryan didn’t seem to notice. “You... you’re HUGE!” Bryan gasped in awe.

To put it mildly, that was not the reaction Caleb had been expecting. He was momentarily taken aback, but as his mind scrambled to parse what was happening, he steadily became aware that he was in fact much larger than his pal. They had always been fairly close in height, but now Caleb stood almost a head taller than his pal.

Bryan stared in awe at his friend. He was so overwhelmed that it took him a moment to even formulate a response. But when the dam broke, the words tumbled forth before Bryan could even stop himself.

“I always thought you were hot, but this is incredible!” Bryan gushed.

“You think I’m hot?” Caleb asked sheepishly.

Bryan suddenly realized what he had said and realized that he was busted. The cat was out of the proverbial bag. “Uh... yeah... I mean... if that’s alright with you, of course...” Bryan stammered awkwardly.

Caleb was suddenly grinning from ear to ear. “Alright? It’s more than alright! I’ve had a crush on you since the day we met!” He exclaimed.

“Shit, man. Why didn’t you ever say something?” Bryan replied.

“Me!? Why didn’t you say something!?” Caleb retorted.

There was a brief, awkward silence, but the deafening silence was soon replaced by the sound of laughter.

“I can’t believe it took us this long to figure it out!” Bryan laughed.

“Right!?” Caleb replied. Caleb was so overwhelmed with relief and overcome with joy that his whole brain went “what the hell.” Before he could even stop to think about what he was doing, he wrapped both, beefy arms around his shorter, slimmer friend and scooped Bryan up into a big bear hug.

It was now Bryan’s turn to have his brain short circuit. There was no denying it. Caleb was much larger than he had been before. Caleb’s fairly average build had been replaced by that of a certified beefcake. Caleb’s thick, muscular arms and swole, sculpted chest now enveloped Bryan. It was like a dream come true, and yet despite how amazing the situation was, Bryan wanted even more. He longed to strip off his t-shirt so he could feel Caleb’s bare skin against his own. He yearned to free his hands so he could explore Caleb’s newly enhanced muscles in more detail.

As luck would have it, Bryan was soon freed from his pal’s grasp, although whether or not that was a good thing, was up for debate. Bryan glanced questioningly up at his pal when Caleb suddenly let go and took a step back.

“Hehe... and you said I’m the big one,” Caleb chuckled.

Caleb wasn't exactly looking at Bryan. In fact, he seemed like he was trying his hardest not to look, but his eyes kept darting down towards Bryan's crotch. Curious, Bryan glanced down to see what the big deal was, and what a BIG deal it turned out to be.

Bryan's cock was rock hard, which in and of itself was a bit of a shock, but what was more surprising was the size of it! Bryan's rod was straining against the front of his boxers. His cock was so huge that it threatened to burst through the button that struggled to hold shut the fly of his shorts.

"what the hell...?" Bryan murmured in awe of his own cock. His cock had obviously grown. Bryan had given his gut a White Christmas from the comfort on his own bed while scrolling porn on his laptop mere moments before and his cock had been barely even half the size it currently was.

"It's... it's a good look on you," Caleb mumbled awkwardly. He was now blushing beet red and was still struggling to keep his eyes off of his pal's impressive rod.

"It's a very good look," Kris agreed. "In fact, you should lose the shorts and give him a good, *hard* look at it."

Bryan was so fascinated by his growth that he didn't even try to argue with the voice in his head. He hooked his thumbs into his waistband and shimmied his shorts down. Soon, his rigid cock spilled free from

behind its cloth confines. Once out in the open, both Caleb and Bryan gasped at what they saw.

Bryan's big, rigid dick was almost a foot of fat fuckstick. The shaft was nearly as thick as Bryan's wrist, and his balls had grown to match his newly enhanced rod. Either enormous orb was the size of a large chicken egg.

Kris caught a glimpse of the look of lust and awe in Caleb's eyes and knew it was time to push the pair into getting even closer. "Go ahead. Give it a feel," Kris whispered into Caleb's ear.

Caleb could barely contain his desire to lunge forward and wrap both hands around that shaft. He wasn't just horny. There was more to it than that. His body still ached with an intense yearning to feel his body in his arms and hands. His palms practically burned with an intense desire to feel Bryan's skin against them.

Caleb knelt down so that he was staring down the tip of Bryan's thick rod. His hands slowly reached out as if to grab the shaft, but Caleb stopped himself at the last moment. "Could I... feel it?" He asked awkwardly.

Yes! Bryan wanted to shout, but the words came out an awkward and mumbled, "uh... if you want to?"

Caleb's hands wrapped around Bryan's shaft, and as they did so, Caleb was overcome with a euphoric rush of relief. It was as if some sort of mental

dam had broken, and all his feelings he had been holding in for ages came rushing forward. The pure joy he felt completely drowned out his arousal. Before he knew it, Caleb had stopped caring about Bryan's cock as a separate entity. Caleb had become fixated on making Bryan as happy as possible.

Kris smirked as he watched the now muscular stud eying his buddy's cock. It was clear to him what Caleb wanted, but like always, Caleb seemed to balk at the last second. Kris merely shrugged, smiled, and took a more direct approach. He leaned forward and placed a few fingers gently against the back of Caleb's head. All it took was a soft push to guide Caleb's head ever so slightly downward until the stud's lips reached the pre-drooling tip of his buddy's cock.

Caleb couldn't believe he was actually doing it. He had gone from finding out his friend was into him to giving his first blow job in the span of mere minutes, and Bryan was just as shocked. All Bryan could do was stare on in awe as his best bud grasped Bryan's huge cock with both hands and wrapped his lips around the thick, spongy tip of Bryan's fully-boned rod.

Kris was grinning from ear to ear as he watched the events unfold, and not just because he had gotten two people who clearly wanted to be with one another to finally open up. The true nature of the Christmas present he gave these two was finally starting to be revealed. They just needed another little nudge.

Kris reached forward and gently grabbed Bryan's hand and guided the dazed dude's hand up so that it now rested atop Caleb's head. In no time at all, Bryan was running his fingers through his friend's hair. Better yet, Bryan didn't even need Kris's interference to move his other hand into position. Soon Bryan's whole body was getting into it. His hips began to rock back and forth, causing his huge cock to slide in and out of his pal's throat and his big nuts to swing back and forth.

Caleb was in heaven. He couldn't believe he had his pal's cock in his mouth! He could taste the tang of his buddy's pre and the vague hint of salt on his buddy's skin. He wanted this moment to last forever, but even as he wished for it, he knew he wouldn't be able to keep it up for long. The more he sucked on his pal's massive rod, the larger it got. It was already so long that it reached across Caleb's tongue and down his throat, and Caleb hadn't even managed to make it all the way down the shaft! Caleb had no idea why Bryan's dick was growing, but he wasn't about to question it. Bryan looked amazing with a huge cock, and Caleb wanted to see it get even bigger.

Caleb gave up on trying to feel up Bryan's cock and instead moved his hands around to Bryan's soft, supple booty. Caleb wondered if Bryan had always had such a nice, thick, bubble butt. Caleb had always thought Bryan had had a cute butt, but if what Caleb felt filling his hands and then some was any indication, Bryan had to have cakes for days!

Eventually Caleb had to come up for air. He pulled back, causing his friend's cock to spill out from his mouth. As Caleb gasped for breath he stared on in awe at the sheer size of Bryan's rod, but there was more to it than just Bryan's cock. Bryan's whole body seemed different somehow. As Caleb stared at his pal, he was overcome by just how cute and sexy Bryan looked. At first, Caleb couldn't quite put his finger on it. He had always had a crush on Bryan, and he had so rarely seen Bryan without his pants that it was tough to say for sure. It didn't help that Bryan's loose t-shirt obscured much of his upper body, but still, Caleb was sure something was different.

"Hey... take off your shirt," Caleb said without even really thinking about what his request would entail.

"W-wha?" Bryan gasped. He balked for a moment, but he quickly decided to just go for it. His cock was already on display. It was very hard to be modest after getting sucked off by his bro. Bryan quickly pulled his shirt up and over his head and tossed it aside leaving him standing completely nude before his bud.

Caleb's eyes went wide as he soaked up the view. He hadn't seen Bryan without pants often, but he had certainly seen Bryan shirtless. Now that Bryan was fully nude there wasn't a doubt in Caleb's mind. Bryan had gone through changes other than just his thick and heavy cock and balls.

Bryan's formerly average, slightly chubby build had melted away to reveal a slim, sleek figure. Bryan's now smooth, tight abs tapered off to a defined V that pointed right at his newly enhanced cock and balls, but it wasn't just Bryan's bait and tackle that had seem some growth below the belt. Bryan's hips were noticeably wider.

"Turn around," Caleb said and gestured with his finger that Bryan should do a little twirl. Bryan did as he was asked and gave Caleb a good view of his body at all angles. When Bryan's backside came into view, it was all Caleb could do to keep his hands off his own cock. Bryan had the best, bubbliest ass Caleb had ever seen. The soft, supple mounds jiggled as Bryan posed and postured.

Bryan glanced over his shoulder and noticed the look of pure lust that Caleb was giving his ass and decided to put on a bit of a show. Bryan reached back and pressed his fingers against the underside of his soft mounds and playfully bounced his thick cheeks. The pose not only accentuated his ass but gave brief, fleeting glimpses of Bryan's tight hole and puffy gooch.

"God. You're so hot..." Caleb moaned.

"Of course, he is," Kris chuckled.

Caleb cocked his head questioningly to the side as if pondering what the voice in his head was saying.

Kris stepped forward so that he was standing beside the two friends and spoke up for both to hear.

“Let me spell it out for you. You have each become more like the other’s ideal man,” Kris explained.

“Ideal man?” Bryan asked. He glanced over his shoulder back at Caleb, and it all started to make sense. Caleb had bulked up considerably in the past few minutes. Instead of the fairly average dude Bryan once knew, he saw an absolute beefcake gym rat. Meanwhile, Caleb continued to eye his friend up and down. Bryan had gone from fairly average to being the sleekest, sexiest twink with a beer can cock.

Suddenly Caleb perked up. “Wait! You heard that too?” He asked.

“Huh? That means you heard it as well?” Bryan sputtered.

Kris chuckled sweetly and then snapped his fingers. “Sorry about that. I guess the jig is up, as they say.” The air around him sparkled as if glowing glitter was swirling all around and then he came into view. Kris gave an overly dramatic bow, even going so far as to doff his Santa hat as he did so. “Kristoff Kringle the Third at your service,” He announced.

“Wait... are you...?” Bryan murmured.

“... Santa?” Caleb finished.

“In a manner of speaking, I guess I am,” Kris said. “The big man you all know is my grandfather, but I like to help out every year if I can. He’s not as young as he used to be, you see,” Kris explained.

“Why are you doing this?” Bryan asked.

“Why? Because I love seeing young lovers get together. That, and you would not believe the amount of wishes we received at HQ about you two,” Kris explained.

“Wishes?” Caleb asked.

“Oh, yeah. You don’t think it’s all just letters to Santa and kids sitting on mall Santa’s laps, do you? The elves at HQ hear all kinds of wishes, and you two keep showing up on our radar A Lot. It’s not just the two of you wishing the other would make the move. It’s your friends, your families, your coworkers, your professors, your classmates, your coworkers... Pretty much anyone who has ever seen you two in a room together has been pleading for you to go ahead and fuck already,” Kris explained with a smirk.

Both Caleb and Bryan blushed beet red at the mere mention and thought of everyone they ever knew being in on it. It was especially embarrassing considering they had all been in on it before even they were.

“Anyway, I hadn’t originally planned on revealing myself, but now that I have, how about I give you two lovebirds some pro tips?” Kris said. The two friends just sat there and stared at him uncertainly, but it was enough of a response for Kris.

“As I mentioned, you two have begun to transform into the other’s ideal man,” Kris explained. The two friends stole a glance at each other.

“Begun?” They said in unison. Bryan was already the cutest dude Caleb had ever seen! Similarly, Bryan could not imagine a beefier stud than the dude who stood next to him.

“Oh yeah,” Kris said with a smirk. “This is a good start, but I can tell you two have your sights set on something more,” Kris added and winked.

The two guys couldn’t blush any redder. They exchanged a glance and then eyed one another up and down. They had changed so much in such a short time, and if this new guy was to be believed, they both wanted even more? Neither one could deny it.

Bryan eyed the certified gym rat that his roommate had become, and just the mere thought of how much beefier he could get drove him wild. Bryan’s cock gave a shudder of delight. Pre drooled from the tip of his big dick.

Meanwhile, Caleb looked over what had become of his friend. Bryan was the cutest guy he had ever seen, and Bryan’s cock was to die for. Just the mere thought that Bryan could get cuter and better-hung drove Caleb wild. Caleb longed to see what further changes were in store. He wants to experience more and more of not just what Bryan would look like but what Bryan would feel like. That feeling returned to his hands – that yearning, that intense desire to feel and experience everything about his friend.

Kris watched as the two guys took stock of one another. Kris was grinning from ear to ear as he did so.

It was clear that everything was in place for the final stage. Both guys wanted it so badly that all they needed was a point in the right direction.

“Maybe you’ve felt the magic already,” Kris explained. “Your desire to be not just near one another but *with* one another is what fuels it.”

Both friends understood. That intense yearning they felt. The desire to touch and be touched, to share every experience with one another – that was what was feeding their transformations, and in turn, their transformations were feeding that desire.

“With that, I think it’s time I bid you adieu,” Kris said with a flourish.

“What? You’re leaving?” Bryan asked.

“I thought I’d give you boys some privacy,” Kris explained. “That is... unless you want the audience,” He added with a wink.

“I-I think we can handle it from here,” Caleb sputtered.

Kris laughter was so cheerful that it immediately put both friends at ease. It was tough to be nervous when Kris’s cheer was so infectious. Although Bryan and Caleb were still not particularly keen on having an audience for what came next. It was a special moment that they had both dreamt of for years. As such, it was something they wanted to be shared with just one another.

“That’s what I thought,” Kris said with a smirk. He then waved goodbye and added, “You boys play nice now.” And then with a snap of his fingers he was gone.

Bryan and Caleb stood there in stunned silence for a moment. There was not a doubt in their mind that their new friend had left and not just turned invisible. The apartment felt strangely empty without his joyful presence, but the two roommates didn’t dwell on it too long.

Bryan glanced over at Caleb and once again took stock of his friend’s new bod. Caleb was already so hot, and there was the promise that Caleb would soon be even hotter. Bryan couldn’t help himself. He couldn’t stop himself even if he wanted to. He needed to experience even more of what the magic had to offer. He needed to see even more of what his new power could do, and more than anything, he needed to make up for lost time. He had years worth of sexual and romantic repression to let loose.

Bryan knelt down before his pal and grabbed Caleb’s waistband. Bryan was practically licking his lips as he pulled down Caleb’s boxers to reveal the goodies that lay in store. Caleb’s cock soon spilled into view, and what a cock it was! While nowhere near as large as Bryan’s own recently enhanced rod, Caleb’s dick was a nice, fat cock that would be at home on even the most endowed porn star. Easily eight inches long and as thick as a can of Coke. The fat dick would be more than a mouthful if Bryan had tried to go down on it,

but there were other ways in which he could service his friend.

Bryan nuzzled his face against his bud's big balls. Caleb's nuts were fantastically large. His sack was filled to the brim with large, soft, tennis ball sized cojones, but as amazing as Caleb's balls were, Bryan's focus soon drifted elsewhere. Bryan slowly licked and kissed a trail up along the length of Caleb's fat cock while he cupped Caleb's hefty nuts in his hand while stroked the shaft of Caleb's fat cock in with his other hand. As he did so, Bryan could actually feel Caleb's cock and balls getting bigger thicker in his hands.

Caleb stared on in lust-filled awe as he watched his pal working his shaft. The view alone would have been hot enough, but as he stared on, Caleb could actually see himself getting bigger. His cock grew longer and thicker. His nuts hung lower and grew heavier. His muscles continued to swell up all around him. Caleb's already well-defined pecs puffed up before his very eyes, and as Caleb reached down and ran his fingers through Bryan's soft hair, Caleb could see his forearm and bicep swelling up as well. Yet, as amazing as the changes going that Caleb were experiencing were, he could not divert his attention wholly away from his friend. Bryan just looked so cute and sexy, and it wasn't just the bedroom eyes he was showing or the way he licked and suckled Caleb's cock.

As Bryan worked over Caleb's cock, he slowly became aware that he needed to keep shifting his stance in order to suckle his pal's dick. At first it was

simply a matter of needing to sit up a little straighter as he sucked off his pal, but soon Bryan got to the point where he could no longer comfortably reach Caleb's cock while kneeling.

Bryan had intended to only let go for a second, just long enough to adjust his position so that he'd have a better angle, but once he stood up and beheld his pal's new dimensions, Bryan was so blown away that he could barely even think about sucking his pal off. All Bryan wanted to do was stand there and bask in his buddy's sheer size. Caleb was now so tall that Bryan was eye level with the dude's belly button even while standing fully upright! And the sheer scope and size of Caleb's amazing muscles just made Caleb even more massive. It was as if Bryan was staring down a solid wall of thick, sculpted brawn. Caleb's shoulders were as wide as their sofa. His legs were as thick as tree trunks. His biceps bulged out like basketballs, and Caleb's cock and balls were every bit as thick as the rest of him. Caleb's cock had grown to over a foot in length. It was now longer than Bryan's forearm and far, far thicker. The impressive shaft was thicker than Bryan's throat. There was absolutely no way Bryan could ever hope to take that beast in his mouth. Caleb's massive nuts were now close to the size of soccer balls. Either enormous orb was almost as big as Bryan's head. Yet despite their size, they hung high and tight against the base of his fat shaft.

Bryan looked so tiny from Caleb's newly enhanced perspective. Somehow seeing how small Bryan had become made Caleb adore him even more.

Caleb couldn't help himself. He reached down and scooped Bryan up in his arms and hugged him tight against his chest as he would a teddy bear.

Bryan was again overwhelmed by how massive his friend had become. Bryan was now face down in his pal's pecs, but Caleb was so tall that Bryan's feet dangled well above the floor. Bryan was all but sitting atop his pal's thick rod as if it was a small horse. Just thinking about it made Bryan hornier. He could feel his own cock swelling ever larger and harder, and the same could be said for Caleb's rod as well.

The two lovers shared the embrace for what felt like ages and yet at the same time felt far too short. Caleb would have been content to remain in that moment forever had he not felt his head bump against the ceiling above him. He was getting to be too tall to stand upright in their apartment! A quick calculation informed him that that meant he had to be getting close to twelve feet tall. He had more than doubled in height! And that was saying nothing of his wingspan. Even had he not been so tall, Caleb had so much brawn stacked onto his frame that he would have made even the thickest Mr. Olympian look like a twig. His legs rivaled the mightiest oaks. His pecs were like mattresses. Each individual abdominal muscle was the size of a watermelon. The meaty, sculpted V of his Adonis belt was as thick as a stand-up punching bag. Caleb's cock was thicker than even his neck. The enormous rod had grown so much that had Bryan not been straddling it, the fat rod would have slapped up against the top row of his abs, and yet, despite how

much Caleb's cock had grown, it paled in comparison to what Bryan was working with.

Bryan's cock was so huge that it now reached up to Bryan's face. The tip of Bryan's pre-drooling cock was eye level. The fantastically fat tool was thicker than Bryan's waist. Bryan's massive nuts were the size of prize-winning pumpkins. Bryan's cock had grown so much that now became a sort of barricade between him and his lover. If Bryan wanted to bury his face in Caleb's pecs once more, he'd have to somehow move his rock-hard rod out of the way, but that could wait. For the moment, Bryan was happy just grinding his thick cock against the deep cleft between Caleb's pillowy pecs.

It wasn't long before Bryan's cock had grown so much that it reached past his head and was soon so high up that Caleb could lick the tip without even needing to bend his neck. As Bryan continued to rock his hips and grind his cock against his lover's chest, Caleb began to lick at and suckle the tip of Bryan's cock. The thick, spongy tip was so huge that it even dwarfed Caleb's whole head for sheer size.

Meanwhile, it wasn't just Bryan's cock that was getting some special attention. In order to keep his balance while he ground his cock against Caleb's chest, Bryan had to wrap his legs around Caleb's thick cock. As Bryan rocked his hips back and forth, his huge, soft ass ground against Caleb's cock. Caleb found himself fantasizing about Bryan's amazing ass even while he licked at Bryan's colossal cock.

Despite how amazing the situation was for both lovers, they soon found themselves wanting even more. They had gone this far already. They were both ready to go all the way.

“I need your cock,” Caleb whined suddenly.

Bryan balked for just a second. At first, he wondered how it would even be possible. Bryan’s cock was now as large as the rest of his body! But he knew almost instinctively that everything would be fine. Whether it be a conscious choice on Kris’s part or whether it was a reaction to Bryan’s wish for his lover’s body to be able to handle him, Caleb would be able to handle Bryan’s cock no matter how large it got.

“Come on. Let’s get over to the couch,” Bryan said.

Caleb gently set his lover down and then followed as Bryan trotted giddily across the room. Caleb was now so massive that he had to hunch down in order to even fit in the room, but he wasn’t about to complain. It wasn’t as if he disliked his size, and even if he did, it was impossible for him to be upset when he watched Bryan’s bubbly booty jiggle as Bryan walked across the room. Once across the room, Bryan hopped up onto the couch. The jumping caused his juicy booty to wiggle even more.

This time it was Bryan’s turn to give Caleb the signal to turn around. Caleb didn’t need more than that to get into position. He wanted this as much as, if not more so, than Bryan did. In no time at all, Caleb

was hunched over on his hands and knees with his massive, meaty, muscular ass raised for Bryan's using pleasure. Bryan took a moment to soak in the view before setting to work. Caleb was beyond stunning. He was beyond sexy, and Bryan couldn't wait to see just how massive Caleb got to be by the time the magic ran its course.

Bryan's enormous rod was almost as wide as his thick hips and longer than his whole body. Bryan's nuts were so massive that had he not been standing atop the couch they would have rested on the floor below him. Either massive orb was the size of a jumbo beach ball. Yet despite the size of his endowments, Bryan had no trouble at all moving around. They seemed nearly weightless to him despite the fact that he could definitely feel how hefty they had become.

Bryan had to place a hand on either side of his massive shaft to push it down low enough to get into position. Once he managed to press his cock down so that it jutted out directly in front of him like a diving board, he pressed the head of his fat cock against Caleb's expecting hole. Caleb's hole looked so small and so tight despite the sheer size of the musclebound stud who owned it. For a second Bryan was afraid his cock would be too big, but as he slowly pushed forward, he could feel Caleb's ass spread wide to accept him. Caleb moaned in ecstasy as inch after inch of fat cock slid into him. Soon the inches gave way to feet until Bryan found himself buried ball's deep in his lover's backside.

“It’s in...” Bryan said in a tone that was an odd mix of pride and awe.

“Fuck yeah it is,” Caleb moaned.

Something about hearing this giant, musclebound stud moaning with delight drove Bryan wild. Caleb was so huge comparatively, but Bryan could easily bring the titan to his knees, literally.

Bryan wasted no time in rocking back and forth, causing his enormous cock to slide in and out of his lover’s hungry hole. With each pull, Caleb whined with desire. With each shove, Caleb moaned with bliss. Just hearing his lover’s moans drove Bryan wild. He was hornier than he had ever been. He wanted more. He *needed* more, and what he needed wasn’t just sex. He needed to see Caleb truly hulk out. Bryan could feel that now familiar sensation in his palms. The desire in him made his palms practically ache. His skin burned with desire. Bryan wasted no time in planting a hand on either massive, meaty ass cheek of his colossal lover. Despite how blurry his vision was getting from the combination of sweat trickling down his brow and the pure, unbridled hormonal bliss that had fogged his mind, Bryan could actually see Caleb getting bigger and thicker and stronger with each thrust. With each plunge, Caleb grew wider and heavier and taller. His muscles surged outward. His nuts grew heavier. His body grew bigger, and yet despite Caleb’s growth spurts, his hole remained as tight as ever.

“Fuck...” Bryan moaned. He was reaching his limit. Even though he had cranked one out mere hours

ago, his nuts felt fuller than they had ever been in his life. He was so horny that he felt like he could cum forever, and his balls felt more than happy to comply.

“I’m gonna...” Bryan tried to whine. He was just about to pull out when Caleb stopped him.

“No. Leave it in,” Caleb pleaded.

Caleb’s plea was so hot that Bryan almost came right then and there. As it was, he barely had time to bury his shaft down to the hilt before he began cumming and cumming some more. Bryan flopped forward onto his lover’s back as he pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into his lover’s ass. Caleb was now so massive, that Bryan’s head rested against the small of his lover’s back and he came again and again.

Neither lover was sure how long Bryan came before he was finally spent, but it felt like ages. Yet despite how much he had come, Bryan didn’t feel emptied. Finally, Bryan’s torrent of jizz tapered off, and Bryan slumped back against the couch.

“That was amazing...” Bryan murmured groggily.

Caleb couldn’t argue with that, but there was one point of contention. “And we’re not even done yet,” He said.

Bryan managed to glance up at his lover. Caleb was in the process of slowly turning around. Caleb was now so massive that he had to move around on his hands in knees to even be able to maneuver in their

cramped apartment. The sheer size of his lover drove Bryan wild once more.

“It’s my turn now,” Caleb said with a smirk.

Bryan was so exhausted that he could barely even stand up, but it turned out he didn’t need to. Caleb reached forward and effortlessly lifted the little guy with just one hand. Caleb was so massive that Bryan was little more than the size of a baby doll to him. Caleb was grinning from ear to ear as he nodded towards his own erect cock.

“Fuck yeah...” Bryan said in awe as he ogled the enormous cock. Caleb’s cock may not have been anywhere near as large as Bryan’s own, but it was still a marvel to behold. The beast was almost as thick as Bryan’s hips and as long as his torso.

Bryan reached out towards Caleb’s cock like a baby reaching for its bottle, but Caleb had other ideas. Caleb effortlessly placed Bryan face down against the carpet and moved into position. Bryan soon found himself lying atop his own massive cock while completely eclipsed by his lover’s body. Caleb’s chest and abs loomed over Bryan like a ceiling of solid brawn. Being so thoroughly ensconced in muscle drove Bryan wild. He had just cum more than he had ever cum in his life and yet he was rock hard all over again. Bryan soon felt Caleb knocking at his back door, and he was more than happy to let him in.

Caleb couldn’t wait to take Bryan’s new and improved ass for a ride. He moaned with delight as he

felt his lover's tight ass around his cock. His whole body shuddered with bliss as he felt his thighs slap against Bryan's soft, supple cheeks.

Caleb's cock was impossibly huge. Even as he felt it inside of him, Bryan could not believe that he had managed to take it all, but there were other sensations that distracted him from how amazing his ass felt. Bryan could feel Caleb's hands holding his own. Bryan's hands felt so small compared to his titanic lover's. His hands were like the size of a quarter in Caleb's palms, but as much as he loved the feeling of Caleb holding his hands, that wasn't even the most noticeable thing.

The more Caleb reamed him the more Bryan could feel his cock and balls swelling beneath him. His dock was already so massive that he felt like he was straddling a Clydesdale. Soon Bryan's cock would be so massive that it would dwarf a draft horse for sheer girth, and that was saying nothing of his nuts! Bryan's nuts were now so massive that he could sleep atop his sack with room to spare. His balls were each the size of a small sedan. The combined weight of the massive, muscular stud atop the mega-hung cutie was so much that the floor creaked beneath them with each thrust of Caleb's gigantic cock.

Both lovers were so overcome with pure, sexual bliss and unfiltered ecstasy that they couldn't think of anything past the current moment. They both wanted to share everything with one another and wanted to push their sizes ever further. They would

have kept going until they outgrew the apartment completely had Caleb not reached his limit.

Caleb whined pitifully which was all the indication that Bryan got that Caleb was ready to blow. Soon Bryan felt Caleb's cock plunge all the way into him. Caleb's thighs and lower abs mashed against the soft, supple pillows of Bryan's jiggly ass. Caleb's hefty, prized-pumpkin-sized stones pressed against Bryan's own immensely larger boulders, and then the dam broke. Jizz flooded into Bryan's eager hole.

As cum flooded into him, Bryan's cock lurched and spurted in time with Caleb's gushes. Bryan was too far gone to ponder how he could have so much spunk to shoot after just blowing the biggest load of his life mere moments earlier. All he could do was writhe and moan in ecstasy as he came and came again. Spunk flooded the room around him. Jizz soaked into the carpet. Cum coated the walls on the opposite end of the apartment. By the time he had finally stopped cumming, there was a standing pool of jizz a few inches deep.

Caleb rolled over onto his side so as not to squish his little lover when he inevitably collapsed from a combination of euphoria and exhaustion. He landed with a reverberating plop in the pool of spooge. Feeling his lover's warm seed lapping against him made him feel even giddier and groggier. He was beyond exhausted and all he wanted to do now was cuddle. Fortunately, Bryan had the same idea. Bryan hoisted himself up onto his lover's chest. Caleb was so

massive that it was like trying to hop a fence, but even with his colossal cock weighing him down, Bryan managed to climb up and over the wall of muscles and cuddle up against Caleb's heaving pecs.

"I love you," Caleb said as he wrapped his hands around his tiny lover.

"I love you to," Bryan replied as he nuzzled against Caleb's chest.

No other words were needed. The pair lay there together until they eventually dozed off. This had been without a doubt the best Christmas of their lives, and the day hadn't even officially started yet!

Meanwhile, halfway across the arctic, Kris and Nick were making their final decent into the North Pole.

"You left a lot of packages under that little tree," Nick commented.

"Yep, and I moved the whole set-up to the tub," Kris added with a laugh.

"I wonder how long it will take them to find it," Nick wondered aloud.

"Hopefully not too long. Even with the latest model of the Kringle Corp. Jizz-B-Gone magic wand, if they let it dry too much it can be a bitch to get out of carpets," Kris replied laughing once more.

Nick shared in the laugh but eventually moved onto more serious matters. “Hey, so... we still need to pick a date,” Nick said.

“Yeah. I’m thinking maybe Spring.”

“Spring? I thought Winter was your favorite season.”

“Oh, it totally is, but I need to pass out for a few weeks after tonight, and I’d like to wait ‘til at least after February 14th. I’ve got some friends over at Eros I’d like to invite.” Kris explained.

“You’ll like them,” Kris added with a wink.
“Those fools know how to party.”