

The New North Pole

Part 2

Written by Leo_Todrius

Supported by my Patrons

In any mall setting, it was generally the food court that acted as the beating heart of the mercantile community. By contrast, the Mocha Express was a colony unto itself situated on the main thoroughfare. The isolation from the other food vendors made it even more apparent when the milk frother was in use, filling the air with the high pressure hissing and sputtering. The barista stood at the machine, his corn silk blond hair bundled up in a stocking cap while his stubble beard was almost invisible against his skin. Pale blue eyes looked through black framed glasses and his black apron had a symbol of a penguin on it holding a paper cup with both flippers. Earrings hung from the bottom of his lobes, though most of his ears were up in the hat as well. After some more effort, the barista began to mix ingredients together, stirring it all before popping a top on. He turned around and presented it to his customer.

“One fruitcake hot cocoa.” the barista said in a flat affect that was almost a monotone. His customer met the barista with a cozy warm grin, green eyes sparkling with a bit of vitality despite the early hour, and a slight hand brush through his own shock of strawberry blond hair. Christopher Kleiner was the newest employee at the Northern Summit complex, aware of the mall’s secrets and a student of its eccentricities.

“And my friend will have a double shot caramel macchiato.” Chris supplied. The barista turned and moved to start crafting the second drink. Despite knowing better than to drink a coffee shop coffee immediately after it was sealed, Chris brought the cup to his lips and inhaled slowly. He hadn’t been sure what to expect for flavor, but the Mocha Express boasted the largest list of hot chocolate flavors than he’d ever dreamt of being possible and it had become a natural inclination to try a new one each visit. He hadn’t been sure what to expect for fruitcake flavored hot chocolate, but he was delighted that it seemed to have a nutty base with an undercurrent of zingy sweetness. When it eventually cooled to the point of drinking, he was sure he’d be blown away by the flavor.

“Here’s your double shot.” The barista said, setting the next cup down. In a way, Chris felt for the young man. Only last night he had been a polar bear looking to hibernate, but now it was bright and early and he had to serve people coffee. Chris paid for the two drinks, gave the barista a tip and headed off down the thoroughfare. He’d only had a few hours of sleep, but he’d woken with a bit of pep in his step. Learning that there was a whole secret world had been astounding, but then sampling life as a supernatural winter creature had been amazing - even if a bit unsettling.

Chris looked up at the sport’s shop. The wood floor and wall panels were the same, but the mannequins showed puffy ski jackets, the stands showed off snow shoes and the wall showed snowboards. Even the cashier had reverted to a human state instead of the horned Christmas snake he’d been when the sun went down, although his skin was so pale it practically had a greenish hue to match the verdant mohawk he sported, lip rings and earrings glinting in the fluorescent lights of the store. Chris shook off his distraction and looked around at the shop keeper for the cell phone store with his thick afro and long sideburns, then the shop keeper for the puzzle store with his horn rimmed glasses and almost painfully on the nose green santa hat.

There were still so many employees to meet, so many species to discover, let alone finding the way he would be spending his future. He hadn't been meant to be a Krampus, that much had been made clear when the alternate form burst into snowflakes and ice crystals, but it had been but a single sample of the winter smorgasbord being offered. Chris refocused his contemplative thoughts as he moved into the Novelty store where Judah worked. They had stayed up as late as they dared, cuddling in the afterglow of their encounter. They had both become Krampuses briefly, but Judah had reverted to his elf status and Chris had resumed being human. It had simply not been meant to be that they take on those forms.

Chris passed a display of metal three dimensional puzzles and navigated past a pyramid of t-shirts sporting screen printings of ugly Christmas sweaters before he came up to the counter where Judah sat. The nineteen year old looked up from where he was sitting, his feathered quaff of black and purple hair more of an unkempt bed head mane than normal. Pale hands with black painted nails accepted the cup eagerly as soon as Chris proffered it, bringing it up to his dark stained lips. He took a molten hot drink, exhaling slowly with eyes squeezed shut, his double nostril rings catching the light before his almond brown eyes opened.

"Thanks, babe, that was just what I needed." he said before leaning across to kiss Chris on the lips. Chris returned the favor, feeling an electric charge go through his spine as he did. Some small part of him felt guilty that he was almost a decade older than his presumed boyfriend, but he knew such age differences weren't as big of a deal as people got older... although at the moment that was rather the point. Chris sipped his drink without thinking about it before moaning.

"Oh my god..." he murmured.

"That good?" Judah asked with a smirk.

"How can... how can it be that good?!" he asked softly, "It's like a whole fruitcake, but dipped into chocolate batter..." he murmured. Judah smiled.

"I guess not all of the magic is reserved for night time." he said, taking another sip of his own drink before he moved out from the kiosk and headed to the back of the shop where a trolley held a stack of plastic bag sealed merchandise. Judah set to work unsealing the products before properly tagging and folding them. After a few moments, Judah looked up at his red headed boyfriend in his red button up shirt and black slacks, his dark lips pursing a bit, "Babe, you know I love having you around, but I don't know if Mister North is going to like you hanging out all day. Might see it as favoritism or something." Judah said. A rosy blush came to Christopher's cheeks before he gave a quick nod.

"You're right, you're right... I wasn't brought here to flirt with the cute elves." Chris whispered, wagging his eyebrows. "Can I give you one more kiss?" he asked. Judah smiled and nodded at that and as Chris came over, Judah reached up with both hands to hold the older man's head to his. Their lips danced and wrestled, rubbing back and forth, their tongues teasing and slapping a few times before they reluctantly released one another. Judah licked his dark lips to savor the flavor of Christopher's saliva.

"Have a good day, babe." Judah whispered.

"It'll be the best, because I know I'm ending it with you." Chris whispered, giving Judah's hip a rub before he turned and grabbed his hot cocoa, heading back into the mall. He had to head up to his room to get his tablet and he'd be able to start his day. Chris headed along the

tilled walkway, taking a leisurely pace toward the elevators, unaware that several stories straight up there were icy blue eyes boring down on him like needles.

Jack North's lips were thin and fair, looking half frozen from their pale bluish-white tinge. His hair was such a light platinum blond with frosted tips that they practically looked like icicles. In his human form, Mister North did not display the pointed ears or ice crystals he naturally had on his cheeks, but his white suit, white tie, white slacks and white designer shoes still carried a certain presence that made those around feel an unnatural chill. Perhaps that was why his personal bodyguard had gone on a campaign to add so much muscle and mass to his form, becoming the largest elf on the premises by far.

"Smitten by the first piece of candy he sees. He's practically melted into a puddle of cheer already." Jack muttered, "It isn't fair. I brought him in, I offered him a position, room and board, not to mention a very generous stock option." Jack muttered, sighing wearily. He stepped away from the clear glass guard rail of the sky bridge, moving to rest his head against the swollen meaty pectoral of his seven foot tall bodyguard. The Asian man stared ahead impassively through his blacked out aviators, a thick handlebar mustache framing his emotionless mouth.

"Maybe it was because you hired him to evaluate the workers, sir. He never evaluated you." Andrew offered. An almost invisible white eyebrow arched into a point before Jack raised his head, attempting to get a glimpse of Andrew's eyes beneath his sunglasses, although his efforts failed.

"Normally I would never stand for someone to criticize what I do. After all, how could anyone understand the breadth and scope? But I think you may be right. How can I make him shiver with delight if he does not know the real me?" Jack considered. With a resolute nod he gave a pat to Andrew's other thick pec, "Andrew, let's go get me a makeover. I have to make sure I become whatever real me will impress him the most." Jack said before gliding off across the sky bridge. Andrew let out a breath in what was the closest facsimile to a sigh he could muster before he caught up to his employer with a few large strides.

Chris had assumed that he had lived to see the end of the mall era before getting a job at Northern Summit. Sure, it was a sort of special case, but in a strange way it gave Chris some comfort that it still existed. Chris held his tablet computer under one arm as he wandered into what could only be considered a 'gift shop' in the strictest sense of the word. The back of the store had rather conventional library style shelves stacked full of puzzles, toys, games, science projects, rolled up posters and various knick knacks. The entire front half of the store, however, was dedicated to stands topped with pre-made gift baskets. Each one had a unique wicker base, color tinted plastic wrap, a smattering of Easter grass and carefully curated contents.

Chris gave a smile to the cashier, a Filipino man with a wispy split mustache and a much thicker black beard. Long black hair hung out of a drooping green beanie cap. His sleeveless shirt might have been considered too informal for some venues, but it had been crafted out of fine white linen that matched his linen pants. Chris looked at the cashier for a moment before the name popped into his head; Tom Ten. He'd been brought in to evaluate the employees before being offered a more permanent job, and while he was no longer anonymous, he didn't

want to exactly advertise when he was examining the workers in case it might influence their behaviors.

Chris circled the shop, looking from gift basket to gift basket. There was one full of plush animals, and one that was a dozen assortments of chocolate. The Summer Sausage, cheese and crackers basket caught his fancy, especially with its burgundy plastic wrap, but he slowed a bit as he reached the back corner and found a basket with a children's book. There was a troll tromping through the snow, dragging a human child by the ankles while thirteen sons waddled after her like ducklings. Despite himself, Chris couldn't help but blurt out what he was thinking.

"How many Christmas stories are there where something kidnaps children?" Chris asked. A light chuckle came from the cashier's lips.

"That's Gryla, Icelandic legend. She kidnaps the bad children each winter and takes them home where her husband has been keeping the fire going so they can feast on them. Their thirteen sons are the Yule Lads." Tom explained. Chris looked into the basket to see a little troll stuffed animal along with various bags of dried banana chips, apricots, prunes, and other fruits.

"I guess I still have a lot to learn." Chris said. Tom glanced around to see if there were any uninitiated customers nearby before he leaned forward a bit more.

"I saw your fitting last night. Kind of a shame it didn't stick. I liked the beard." Tom said before stroking his own. Chris gave the cashier a smile before he moved back into the shelves as if he were looking for something to purchase. There had most certainly been elements of being a Krampus he had liked. It had been a source of immense physical pleasure to grow a long Krampus beard, and the horns had been riveting as they pushed out of his skull. The coat hadn't been half bad either, and he had sort of been wanting to try out the red leather sack... but it just hadn't settled right with him. He wasn't meant to be a demonic satyr that kidnapped naughty children. He also was fairly sure he wasn't meant to be a female troll that kidnapped and ate children, although he had felt such an affinity for Judah since they first spoke to one another. Chris tried to shrug it off.

"Mommy, mommy, can I please have the mint popcorn?!" A child asked from outside. Chris glanced up, and while he didn't see the answer the parents gave, he saw the child's resigned face before they followed on without further comment. He felt sorry for the kid, relieved that the child had not made a fuss, and knew deep down that the rational response to being declined could only help in the parents/child bond later in life. If they were respectful, they would get the reward of trust and freedom that much sooner. Chris smiled a bit to himself before bringing his attention back to what he was doing. With a nimble hand he brought out his tablet and opened up the list of employees, moving through to find Tom Ten.

There wasn't a single customer service or retail job in the country that did not bring with it an immense sense of relief when the last customers were gone, the doors were shut and everything was officially closed. Chris could feel the anticipation like electricity as he watched Andrew lock the doors and move over to the control panel to enter the security codes. Level by level, the glass panels that made up one third of Northern Summit's structure went from transparent to translucent. The milky barrier offered a sense of privacy and safety, not to

mention acting as a backdrop for projectors to cast images of snowflakes, Christmas lights and other seasonal symbols on. The mall's primary lights flicked out, leaving everything bathed in the rainbow cascade of all the Christmas decorations.

The telltale clatter of security grates came as the clerks pulled them down in front of the shops, leaving them sealed only a moment before lifting them up again to reveal entirely different shop interiors. Human guises and glammers fell away, revealing the mall employees as elves, polar bears, a Krampus and a host of other creatures. Chris found himself standing there, wondering just what became of Northern Summit in the summer months... Was it Christmas in July, or were his memories of the shopping enclave some sort of artifact of a greater magic at work?

"You look like you've been hypnotized by the northern lights." Judah commented as he walked over. Chris blinked a few times, a rosy blush rising to his cheeks.

"I guess I'm still adjusting to everything. This is a pretty amazing place." Chris said. Judah smiled and came to rest his head on Christopher's shoulder.

"I'm glad you think so. It is very nice having you around." Judah smiled. Chris lowered his head to rest against Judah's forehead, closing his eyes for a moment and enjoying the closeness before he straightened back up.

"Ready for dinner?" Chris asked.

"I am starving!" Judah said with glee.

The undulating din of the food court was audible well before Chris and Judah entered, though even hearing it in advance did not prepare the two for just how busy everything was. Chris hesitated as they rounded the corner and saw the utter mayhem. Every table was occupied, every chair filled. There were lines streaming out from the different vendors. Christopher took it all in, a little bit amazed at just how many people worked at Northern Summit.

"Maybe we should have dinner in our room instead..." Chris considered. Judah squeezed his hand and looked up at his boyfriend.

"I don't know about you, but all I have to eat up in my room are some candy canes." he smiled meekly, "I'm sure we'll find someplace until things calm down." Judah considered, letting his dark eyes scan the lay of the land before he smiled and started walking, tugging Chris along behind him. Chris smiled despite himself, following after his headstrong boyfriend until they reached a hip height retaining wall that bordered a raised planter. A large indoor tree rose up from it, filling the air with the faint scent of pine. Judah patted the retaining wall and grinned.

"My throne awaits?" Chris asked as he sat himself down. Before he had managed to fully settle, Judah hopped up onto his lap, maneuvering his body weight around before coming down in a rather stimulating position. Chris felt his breath catch a bit. Judah seemed unaware of the influence he was having until he shifted his weight from side to side a few extra times before finally leaning his back against Christopher's chest. After a moment his smile blossomed a little larger, feeling an erection firming beneath him.

"Excellent." Judah murmured. Chris let out a soft hiss from his lips.

“You are a naughty boy.” Chris said. Judah grinned before he inclined his head, indicating something up above. Chris looked upward, spotting a strange sort of mass on the branches above that looked like some sort of loose bird’s nest with some berries on it.

“Mistletoe...” Judah whispered. Chris looked down at his Goth boyfriend, then back at the mistletoe and then back at his boyfriend. He took a hold of two of Judah’s many belt loops and turned him around until the shopkeeper was straddling him and he leaned forward to kiss him.

Their lips met with a soft but sturdy hunger, parting moments later to make way for eager tongues. Their bodies complimented one another. Judah felt perfect on his lap, against his chest, pressing to his face. He loved the faintly minty aroma Judah had, the dangerous accessories he wore, not to mention his utter confidence in public. He didn’t care what people thought, he just went for it.

The two kissed under the mistletoe for moments, minutes, then almost half an hour. It wasn’t until Christopher’s lips started feeling a bit chapped and a budding moisture of precum had blossomed in his boxers that he finally broke the kiss. Judah nuzzled his cheek against Christopher’s chest before he finally sat up more and looked around, grinning wider.

“See, I told you things would quiet down!” He said with excitement. Sure enough, about a quarter of the tables had cleared and a few of the shops no longer had queues stretching from one stall to the next.

“Great, I’m starved...” Chris lied. He certainly was hungry, that much was true, but what he yearned for most wasn’t food. Still, it was a wise idea to fuel up and he felt Judah slip from his lap, dropping back to the floor. With a great sense of regret that the moment was over, Chris followed after him. As the scents and aromas of the food court hit Chris, however, he realized just how hungry he was. He wanted something filling, something heartwarming, something.... Sweet. One of the shops had made some sinfully good looking plum flavored jelly. If he could just find a way to combine that with some fresh baked rolls or cookies, he knew he’d be all set. Chris licked his lips a bit as he considered all of the options, his stomach rumbling with urgency.

There was a sublime stillness that came just before dawn. The inhabitants of Northern Summit had long since gone to bed. The frosted, milky effect on the window panes had faded back to glass, at least on the uppermost floors of the building. Christopher leaned against the cool guard rail of one of the pedestrian sky bridges that looped out over the cavernous open air space and looked out over the city. The Christmas lights clinging to the bare trees outside shimmered in defiance of the cold and the dark, and the first few sparkles of light came from windows in the other buildings downtown. There was a soft and subtle smile on Christopher’s lips as he looked out at it all. The world seemed so much more innocent, so much more good and true and vulnerable this early.

It took several moments for Christopher to swim up from his thoughts enough to realize he was hearing a faint tinkling sound.... No, not quite a tinkle, more of a jangle? No, a jingle... Christ turned his head and inhaled sharply in surprise. Judah stood at the far end of the foot bridge, but he wasn’t wearing any ordinary outfit. His throat was wrapped in a collar laden down with small silver bells. A harness came down over his shoulders and across his pectorals,

looping together on a triangle shaped metal clip before flaring out again over his ribs. He had on what seemed to be a leather cod piece, though even the belt running around his bare hips had bells on them. There was even the faint flint of metal coming from a new ring embedded in his septum. Chris felt an electric tingle racing from his toes to his brain, though it did seem to collect around his groin a bit.

With a nervous, even sheepish smile, Judah started walking towards Chris again. Each step was punctuated by the twinkling of the bells. Chris couldn't help but let his jaw drop a bit as he realized that his boyfriend's ass was bare. Judah slowed as he came within a few feet of his boyfriend, reaching up to brush dark black and purple hair from his face.

"What do you think?" Judah asked. Chris grinned wide.

"I love it... Is it another fitting? It doesn't look like a Christmas Witch outfit..." Chris said. Judah shook his head.

"It's not, I went back to the leather shop after our visit and I tried to put into words what I liked and what I didn't about the Kr-UNGH..." Judah suddenly groaned, huffing softly, bending forward. Chris raced forward to embrace him, wrapping one arm around his back.

"Judah, what is it, are you alright?" he asked. Judah looked up, although his nose was already starting to darken. His nostrils had grown wider, enlarging his nose. Dark rings were appearing beneath his eyes and the ears that had been pointed before were starting to stretch.

"I tried to explain what I liked and didn't like, what pieces fit and what didn't. The Krampus got this knowing look in his eye. He explained it to me and once I heard it, I couldn't believe how blind I've.... I've.... Ugh!" Judah moaned, tipping his head back, a hand grabbing at his chest. To Christopher's surprise, thick strands of white fur erupted through his skin between his nipples, blossoming out into an uneven patch that was spreading rapidly. The enamel on Judah's fingernails grew brittle and cracked, flaking off as his actual fingernails got darker and thicker. Tendrils of fur began to creep out from the edge of his codpiece, traveling down his legs and climbing up his stomach.

"Judah, we need to get you help, this doesn't look comfortable." Chris said with concern, reaching a hand to the small of Judah's back, feeling his pinky finger brushing a nub of a furry tail that was curving up from the top of his ass cleft.

"It's worth it, Chris, it's been in front of us the whole time... know what I'm meant to be, what you're meant to be, and how we're meant to be together..." Judah whispered before he let out what sounded like some sort of groaning neigh. His eyes clenched shut as two lumps began to form on his forehead, building up rapidly, making his pale flesh look red and irritated. More fur began to extrude from his forearms, his shoulders and his back. The curving spade of a tail grew taller. The hair on his arms was a dark brownish black, but the fur on his chest and stomach remained a buttercream white. As Judah struggled, his nose continued to broaden, widening his lips with it.

Chris watched in helpless shock as his boyfriend warped between his eyes. So far he'd been maintaining his lithe figure, but it was then that Chris looked down, realizing Judah's toes had fused into groups. The skin had gotten webbed together, then the webs had tightened, forcing them into place. His black painted toenails had softened and spread, covering the toes with a keratin sheath. More dark fur sprouted around his ankles, his thighs, his biceps and triceps. His skin was rapidly disappearing. Judah forced his eyes open, looking up at Chris

before he winced. The painful lumps on his forehead shifted before sharp bony nubs broke through.

Judah nearly collapsed in relief, falling into Christopher's arms. No longer restrained, the nubs began extruding out centimeter by centimeter, revealing longer and taller horns. For a moment Chris assumed that the harness had induced some sort of Krampus relapse, but as the horns split out into definite prongs and forks, Chris started to realize what was really going on. The bells on Judah's collar jingled faintly as he continued to change. His calves stretched longer, his ankles taller. His new cloven hooves shifted, as did his knees. While Judah had remained just as skinny as before, he had grown a good four inches, then six. He looked into Christopher's eyes rather than up at them, raising one fuzzy hand capped with hoof-like fingernail tips to rest on his boyfriend's chest.

"The way you knew who had been bad and who had been good, the way your cheeks get all rosy, you wanting to be so nice to people even when the world is so harsh, and how good it felt to sit on your lap..." Judah murmured, panting a bit even as his noose broadened into a cervine muzzle, his tongue running across teeth that were getting flatter by the second. One ear twitched as it broke free of his head, new muscles helping it to maneuver with the faintest emotion or reaction. The other ear soon followed suit.

"What are you saying?" Chris asked, watching Judah's horns turn into antlers as they continued to split and spread above his head. Judah smiled a bit sheepishly.

"For someone that's so good at analyzing other people, you seem to have a blind spot when it comes to yourself." Judah said, his voice still intelligible, disputing the fact that the words were now coming from a mouth pushing out into a reindeer muzzle. "Here, come on..." Judah said finally, taking Christopher's hand and leading him back across the skywalk and towards the elevator.

The door opened with a gentle click, pausing only for a moment before swinging wider. Light spilled into the room, falling across a white powdery substance that covered the floor. Judah peeked in, looking one way and then the other before he advanced with more confidence. Christopher followed after his boyfriend with a bit more caution. In all the time he had been working at Northern Summit, he had assumed that the shop space at the end of the promenade had been vacant and unused, but now that he was walking past short candy cane fences and styrofoam snowmen, he wasn't so sure.

"I know it's around here somewhere..." Judah murmured, bending over a rock before moaning suddenly. His deer tail flicked, his buttercream ass fur rippling while a leathery black anus undulated. He moaned softly, his face popping as it pushed further into a muzzle, his antlers rising taller from his head. The purple color in his hair had remained vibrant, though the black was fading to a reddish brown hue. He swallowed, trying to compose himself before he stretched and flicked a switch.

All at once, the cavernous shop space was filled with light... and not just any light, but every kind of light. Fake bushes were webbed in Christmas lights, though they paled in comparison to the fourteen foot tree dressed up in a rainbow of lights and covered with transparent colored glass ornaments. The walls had been painted like an Alaskan night's sky,

though there was some sort of projection showing an aurora borealis dancing across the surface. A sweet, peppermint scented breeze began to circulate through the area and a miniature wood cabin sat at the back of the space. The windows were translucent, probably some sort of orange colored gel film on the glass panes, but it looked so cozy and warm. A meandering path wound its way through snowy hills with gift boxes sitting atop them, and on the porch of the cabin was a golden throne covered with soft, red velvet cushions. Judah straightened back up before he turned to Chris, his doe eyes large and pleading, his lips pouty.

“I need you to fuck me...” Judah whispered. Chris’ lips twitched a little as he looked around.

“Isn’t this where kids come to see Santa?” he asked. Judah rotated one hoof back and forth in the snow.

“I’ve been good all year, this is my wish...” Judah pleaded, leaning up to nibble on Christopher’s neck. Chris shuddered softly. Judah had always smelled nice, but now he smelled so earthy, so peaty, so musky, so... male. As if he knew his influence on his boyfriend, Judah turned, backing his reindeer rump to his boyfriend’s lap. He gave it a little rotational force, trying to stimulate him even more. Chris blushed, his cheeks growing rosy once more before he all but bolted for the chair. Judah grinned from pointed ear to pointed ear as he followed after him.

Chris carefully sat down on the throne, trying to get a feel for how sturdily it was built. He did feel a bit naughty knowing what was about to happen, but at the same time he considered how much of a by-the-book employee he had been all these years. He’d never asked for much, never been an undue imposition on his employers. Perhaps this was a reward, though he was sure HR would consider it a heinous mistake. Still, watching his reindeer boyfriend saunter up was more than enough to make him quiver in his proverbial boots.

Judah grinned as he watched Christopher fumble with his fly, drawing the zipper down and reaching in to move his boxers out of the way. In a few moments Chris was able to produce his rapidly hardening member. Judah grinned, approaching the throne before he knelt down before it, leaning in. Chris gasped in shock as the reindeer man unleashed a long, wide tongue to lap at his member. Judah gave it a few good licks from base to tip before he rose back up onto his hooves, moved forward, and straddled Christopher.

Furry deer legs settled on either side of his hips before that fur lined pucker began to slip back and forth along the edge of his member. Chris writhed and moaned at that, leaning back in the chair. Judah licked his lips wantonly before he reached back behind the chair and withdrew a red and white fleece nightcap, complete with a pom pom on the end. Just as Judah lowered himself down, letting Christopher’s hard mushroom shaped cock head find its mark, he drew down the hat onto his boyfriend’s strawberry blond hair.

“Ohhhhh...” Chris moaned, finally understanding what Judah had meant as he felt the hat come down around his head, but his revelation became an exaltation as he felt the hot, slick, writhing interior to his boyfriend’s ass wrapping around his cock. Chris grabbed onto Judah’s furry hips and began to drive his own upwards, sliding into the ass as much as he could. Judah neighed and snorted as he came down, delighted to feel so fulfilled. He leaned in to give Chris an awkward kiss. Chris reached out, grabbing onto the back of Judah’s transforming head, pulling him in. The two exchanged sloppy, wet kisses as a human tongue and a reindeer tongue mingled with a hungry need.

As much as Judah wanted to melt into the kiss and lose himself, he forced his eyes open, watching with excitement as the color drained away from Christopher's hair. The well groomed locks bleached to a crisp linen white, sticking out from the edges of the hat. His rosy cheeks seemed even rosier as a glittering dusting of white stubble began to crystallize across his cheeks. It spread like a mild frost, creeping down from his ears to his jawbone, cresting forward. A soft dusting began to form on his upper lip, then his chin. The hair was velvety smooth at first, though it came in unevenly. Either side of his chin seemed to grow the fastest, hair pushing outward, growing days worth of length in mere moments as his mustache filled in by the second.

Judah began to raise and lower his ass rhythmically, feeling Christopher get into it. The human thrust up and then let his ass fall back, rising up and down, working like an engine. He couldn't help but love how sturdy and muscled Judah was now. Chris broke their kiss to nuzzle the side of Judah's face, working his way up to one pointed ear. He kissed the brown velvety fur, then he opened his mouth to lick it, then nibbled. Judah's eyes squeezed shut as he bleated out a strange sound, his leg kicking and his tail flinching. Chris grinned, moving to treat the other ear to the same affection, feeling his own body starting to really fall into a good cyclical wave of inertia.

Up and down, up and down. Every time Chris came crashing down, he felt his body jiggle. It was almost as if everything had been high and tight for so long that it was all shaking loose at once. His stomach wobbled, his upper arms felt a bit doughier on the inner edge, leading to a wobble there as well. As much as he was moving, his legs were feeling heavier and heavier by the second. Judah nearly let out a sound, watching the pounds starting to add onto Christopher.

Sure, he had been a fit and handsome man of distinguishment before, but now? His fit and firm shoulders had been a bit too firm before, angular and hard. Now they had a gentle softness, a friendly slope. His washboard abs softened and inflated, rounding out and becoming more like a pillow... and those pecs, that beautiful chest, it all seemed so much easier for Judah to love as they grew rounded and fuller.

"Deeper, fuck me deeper!" Judah begged, throwing his antlered head back as the fur closed over the last of his human flesh. His nipples had turned black, his tail had grown another three inches, his hooves were solid and firm and his body was jacked with countless muscle groups he'd never even considered before.

"I think I should say something like you need to ride me harder..." Christopher moaned, his voice a little deeper than it had been before. Judah did as he was commanded to, throwing himself down around that cock, trying to hilt himself on it. He shuddered and panted, moaning, fingers tightened and releasing. Chris closed his eyes as well, listening to the wet plap-plap-plap of his cock plunging into the reindeer's musky ass, hearing the jingle of the bells on his leather harness and the soft slapping of flesh against flesh, unaware it was his own flab growing out on his arms and his pecs starting to impact the growing shelf of a belly stretching before him.

Hot breaths escaped Christopher's lips even as a white mustache curved and curled over the edge, obscuring it from view. The longer strands sticking out from his chin had been joined by the rapidly lengthening curtains coming down from his jawbone. The hair had been straight at first, but as it unfurled it began to curl and twist, becoming bushier and bristlier. The hair built off of itself, forming thickets and forests rather than a cascading waterfall.

The last color drained from Christopher's eyebrows, leaving them white and oddly thicker than they had been before. While his face still seemed relatively youthful, it was being consumed by the winter white beard growing out of his follicles at an unmatched rate. His mustache was soon thick enough to hide his lower lip as well, obscuring his mouth entirely. Willy strands of hair stuck out and back from his cheeks, adding to the already confidently ungroomed plumes curving down from his cheeks.

As the auditor writhed and shifted on his throne, his white hair spilled out longer and longer from his Christmas Cap. The hair hit his shoulders, descending down his back. New white curls began to poke through from his chest, spiraling outward like a fractal snowflake until it passed over his meaty pecs, his fat nipples, and even his rotund stomach. His pants were tight, his shirt was tighter, but the best fit of all came from how well the reindeer's ass fit around Christopher's own pole. Chris bit his bottom lip as he thrust upward, nearly shaking Judah loose from his crotch. The reindeer had to grab onto the sides of the chair to steady himself, but even that failed as Chris thrust even harder.

"Oh.... Ohhhh....." Chris moaned, feeling his balls swelling and sagging, sinking lower in his sack until they had room to double in size. Testosterone surged through his body as white hair erupted from his forearms, his shoulders, even his back. Chris panted into the kiss, his hands roaming all over Judah's body until, deep inside his body, there was a sudden rush of Christmas spirit.

"Ho ho ho!" Christopher bellowed, his eyes sparkling as they took on silver flecks of color. His manhood suddenly urged, stretching a good six inches deeper and three inches wider inside of Judah, wedging him impossibly tight on the cock inside of him. Chris felt his stomach jiggle and shift as it added a few last pounds, but the damage was already done. A hot, thick, sticky deluge of cum shot deep into Judah's furry reindeer ass, much to his delight. Judah collapsed forward, mindful of his antlers as he rested his head against Christopher's chest. His nostrils flared as he snorted, though the sweet moment was short lived as he soon gasped in shock, rearing back and bleating unexpectedly.

Chris looked down in shock, watching Judah's leather codpiece constrict and contract like some sort of shrink wrap. It perfectly encapsulated Judah's own cock, mimicking every detail down to the veins before it suddenly changed to a different shape. Judah nearly sang out in shock and ecstasy as the codpiece stretched out, tapering to a fine point, elongating the flesh inside to twelve inches. The material grew warm, began to tingle, and then seemed to bond with the wearer. The black leather faded to a brownish pink flesh tone, revealing Judah's obscene reindeer dick.

As the cool air hit the newly minted flesh, Judah neighed out and snorted again before thick jets of sticky, yellowed, feral reindeer cum splashed across Christopher's face. The webs of spooage stuck to his perfect white beard, staining the hair and soaking into it. Where the hair became a creamy off-white, it began to grow much faster. Chris grunted as muscle began to tighten beneath fat. He grunted, snarled, moaned, panted and then yelled suddenly in shock and pleasure. His thick mustache grew yellowed as it got thicker, the bushy curls coming out wilder from his cheeks. The curtain of curly hair unfurled down across his chest even as his chest expanded. The layer of fat was being propped up by sinewy new muscle, rapidly growing nipples and a jiggling belly stretched over a muscle gut.

A pop came, then another... but it wasn't Christopher's body. The sound came as stitches broke, splitting out around rapidly growing flesh. Christopher's shoulders expanded wider, his arms thicker, his abdomen thicker. His shirt tore out, falling away in tatters, revealing a massively hairy, muscled, incredibly warm body. His pants, likewise, tore away to reveal thick tree trunk-like legs coated with so much white hair it was practically fur... and his balls hung low, swollen with two of the largest ornament sized testicles Judah had ever seen. In moments Christopher was reduced to wearing nothing but his Santa hat, his beard reaching his navel, his body easily double the mass it had been moments before.

Twinkling eyes looked up at Judah before Chris dove forward, taking eight inches of pointed reindeer dick into his mouth. The few inches he couldn't swallow were wrapped up with thick, brutish, hairy knuckled hands as Christopher fondled and stroked the base of his reindeer's dick. Judah rasped a hollow breath as he came again, filling Santa's mouth with his oddly sweet and savory cum, a flavor Christopher found rather familiar, almost like....

"Nog?" Chris mumbled, some of the cum spilling out of his mouth before he sealed his lips around it again, guzzling the seed down. It was warm and nourishing as it coated his esophagus, flooding into his belly and warming it up. Chris was only starting to realize how much room he had in his stretched out stomach. He could likely drink every drop Judah had to offer and still have room for much, much more... But that was a problem for another night. For now, everything was perfect. He sucked Judah off even as he filled his ass with cum, the two exchanging their sinful gifts beneath the projected aurora that filled the night sky. The two had found themselves in each other, revealing a destiny greater than either had imagined. If Judah was sure of anything, though, it was that the best place for him to be on the planet was mounted atop Christopher's brand new North Pole.

Dawn had broken, then daybreak, then a long, chilly morning. The windows of The Northern Summit were transparent, allowing everyone to see the snowflakes falling outside, collecting on the inch and a half that had fallen earlier. The way the clouds diffused the light, it was impossible to tell what time of day it was. Icicles had formed outside on the bare, light strewn trees, making the mall seem all the more inviting. It all felt quite cozy. In fact, Christopher had never felt cozier in his life. He sat in one of the mall's massaging recliner chairs, feeling his ample back being manipulated by vibrating rollers and rubber balls beneath the leather. He had found a nice pair of red sweatpants and a red sweatshirt that fit him, though he kept it unzipped to reveal the marshmallow white t-shirt underneath. Leaving the hoodie unzipped also left ample room for Christopher's glorious white beard to cascade down like a lion's mane that reached almost all the way to his belly button.

For fear of drawing too much attention, he had gone without the hat, although Chris had been forced to pick up a pair of reading glasses at one of the kiosks as he made his rounds. Adjusting them on his nose slightly, Chris looked back down at the tablet resting on his lap. The background had been changed to a papyrus texture, making it look more like a paper list than some computer generated infrastructure from a hacker movie. Chris swiped through the personnel files, rather pleased with the general success that they were all rising to. While very few of Northern Summit's employees had failed to miss the mark before he had learned the

secret truth, it seemed that in the days since he'd become Santa, there was an even more unifying effect. Everyone just seemed to work more cohesively.

"My, my, it looks like you're quite the gift this year..." A soft, cool voice wafted over. Christopher looked up, hesitating just a moment before he realized that he was in fact looking at Jack North. The young business man was wearing, of all things, a white sweater with a night cap of his own, although his was white with red trim. Similarly, his white slacks came down to red shoes that seemed to show him as an inverse of the traditional Santa ensemble. A short tuft of white hair hung down from his chin and his ears looked as though they were trying their hardest to reveal their pointed nature despite the glamour of the daytime hiding all of the magic in the mall.

"It looks as though you got more than a gift card yourself this year..." Chris said in awe.

"You sleigh me, Chris..." Jack forced a chuckle, moving over a little closer, "Does one have to wait in line to sit on your lap?" he asked hopefully. Chris swallowed a little, taking a breath before he stood up.

"Mister North..." Chris began.

"Jack, you can call me Jack..." he pleaded.

"Jack..." Chris relented, "You hired me to be observant, and it would be impossible not to observe your... overtures... these last few weeks. While I understand that Northern Summit is a far more liberal workplace when it comes to interpersonal conduct, I don't think we're in agreement on what the future holds between us. I would very much like to continue to work here as your employee, and to do everything I can to help Northern Summit... I just don't want to have to put you on the naughty list." Chris said as politely and firmly as he could. Jack's lips pursed a little.

"So you're not really in the market for a Mister Claus then?" he asked hesitantly, waiting only a moment before sighing and nodding, lowering his head, "Very well then. You can't blame me for trying. It must be nice to have that kind of warmth." Jack said, "Merry Christmas, Chris." Jack said before he turned, slinking away back the way he had come.

"Jack?" Chris called after him. Jack hesitated, turning to look over his shoulder. Chris smiled, "I'll keep an eye out and try to help you find the perfect gift." he offered. Jack smiled at that, the faintest hint of color coming to his cheeks.

"I think I would like that... Besides, winter isn't over yet. New Year, new me..." Jack said, feeling hope starting to build in his chest once more. Chris smiled with relief at that, looking past Jack and out across the mall. Christmas time was never easy, full of stress and expectations that were impossible to realize, but in his one place, at this particular time of year, all he could see were smiling faces. That small ember of holiday cheer was a start, and with a little luck he could help fan it into a toasty warm fire that would warm the hearts of many, many more.

The shelves had been emptied, the gift baskets sold. One last mad rush had made its way through the Northern Summit mall before everything finally quieted down. The weather outside was getting more frightful by the second, making Christopher particularly glad that he did not have a long commute to get home. He walked up towards the Mocha Express at a leisurely pace, seeing that Judah had already beaten him there. Under the guise of a human, Judah had

still grown taller. His trademark black and purple hair was adorned by a headband with antlers on it and his classic boots had been replaced with ones that had an extra heel to it, making it a little more akin to his new hooves. The young man chewed on his bottom lip, resting his fuzzy chin on his hand. While most of the fur had retreated from his body, at least when the humans were watching, a patch of fuzz had persistently clung to the tip of his particularly cute chin. Chris felt a stirring in his red pants just looking at his most amazing boyfriend.

“How about.... The Lychee Lichen shake.” Judah said finally. The barista nodded and moved to gather the ingredients.

“Lichen, a very festive winter treat.” Chris grinned. Judah turned and moved right up to Chris until his flat stomach was pressed to Christopher’s belly. The Goth snuck one hand up under Christopher’s shirt, running it up and down the soft, round flesh affectionately. He gazed into his lover’s eyes, now a distinct contrast between a young face with a white beard.

“How was your list?” Judah asked.

It was nice. I checked it twice.” Chris smiled, “Though I’m still feeling hungry.” he added, glancing over at the barista, “Can I get a cookie and cream shake?” he asked. The barista nodded. Judah snuggled up against Chris.

“You know, if you were the real Santa and I was your reindeer, the kids would leave carrots out for me to nibble on.” Judah considered.

“You’re right, but aren’t we the spirits of some sort of gay version of the holiday?” Chris asked curiously, “They might not be carrots that they leave out.”

“Food for thought.” Judah chuckled. In a few more moments their drinks were served up, the two of them paid and meandered away from the shop, heading down the promenade of the mall, looking up at the projected images on the frosted glass panels.

“Christmas Eve, and the mall is closed on Christmas Day.” Chris said softly, “That’s a lot of time to enjoy ourselves.”

“You’re telling me... I wonder if the Krampus would sell us a nice long leather leash so I could pull you around.” Judah grinned. Chris chuckled at that, although he slowed and used one arm to pull Judah close. He leaned in, giving his partner an affectionate beard rimmed kiss.

“You don’t mind that you didn’t wind up as a Christmas Witch?” Chris asked. Judah shook his head.

“I think I just wanted some magic in my life, and you gave me more than I could ever have imagined. Besides, I think I’ll be able to learn how to fly, right? That comes with this...” he chuckled.

“Well, you can sit on my lap whenever you’re not taking to the heavens.” Chris purred.

“I would like that very much.” Judah said, giving his boyfriend another kiss.

“Merry Christmas, my love.” Chris whispered.

“Merry Christmas, Santa.” Judah purred in utter contentment.