



The Clause

Dressed in red the thief slid over the roof, the moment of the fall was brief but seemed to freeze time, Scott and Charlie watched how the person, victim of the worst consequences of gravity, landed motionless in front of them with a dry blow. The intruder didn't move, perhaps it was the fright of this affair to which we can attribute that the count of events from this moment until the beginning of that physical transition are so blurred to tell.

Motivated by curiosity and dread Scott put on the red and warm clothes triggering this chain of events. In a dream-like state and on autopilot he was delivering out gifts, entering unknown houses through chimneys, crafting entrances where it wasn't any and defying any law of physics to fulfill the role of a Santa Claus whose identity he had stolen by mistake. The speed of the journey made him dizzy, the lack of logic in his actions confused him, the explanations of the elves he met after completing his task sounded like a distant echo to him, the only thing he had clear was his son's laughter, his only anchor to reality.

He ended up surrendering to sleep and weariness trying to convince himself that it was all a strange dream, he plunged into the heavy darkness interrupted only by Charlie's enthusiasm yells in the next morning. Confused he rose towards the window hoping to see the dreamlike landscape of the North Pole... trees and a suburban environment looked back at him confirming that everything had been part of his imagination. He ignored for a moment his son's excitement to go outside and see his home as familiar and safe as it had been all along and pushed Santa's thoughts to the bottom of his mind.

Back inside to reality, he felt relaxed until Charlie pointed out the peculiar pajamas with the initials of his name, curious coincidence the capital S and C.. the snowmen, reindeers, elves and toys burst out of the imaginary box in which he had contained them. He felt confused again, added to this the pressure of his ex-wife who was beginning to think he was crazy, not to mention his new boyfriend, for whom he felt no sympathy at all, he tried to find logical explanations for itself without any success in the short term.

The situation did not improve for him with the constant reminders of Charlie, he refused to believe that those memories, now blurred in his mind were reality, He did not give in to the idea that it was the replacement of old Saint Nick but at the same time it was painful to consider that his son was lying in such a way, keeping the secret was his agreement, and unknowingly the first step to accepting it.

The radio woke him up the next day singing a good morning tune, he spun on the bed, still lying down, feeling a little strange, like losing control of his body, sat down to make his day and noticed his heavy legs, almost tired, he tried to get up but his own self responded to him slowly, the effort caused him to fart, he just moved away ashamed.

It wasn't the effort, he realized later. His stomach worked differently, slowly, with difficulty, he didn't notice the reason until he found himself in front of the bathroom mirror. A fat man with a bushy beard returned a shout to him, scared he ran to the scale to weigh himself, 194 pounds, something had to be wrong, nervous he saw his reflection again and proved himself it was real when he saw the eyes of an overweight Scott with and almost gray beard gazing at him. Is it an allergy? Maybe that was, or maybe, a disease? That second thought scared him, but it couldn't be, he decided to hold on to the first option to cope with it a little better.

Incredulous he stared at his reflection for a couple of minutes, felt his swollen but soft face, caressed his beard, and ran his hands across his belly and chest. At closer look it didn't really look like an allergy swelling, he was clearly overweight. Resigned he checked the time, it was already late so he quickly left the building still dressed in his pajamas heading for work and skipping breakfast, a mistake he regret throughout the journey.

A voracious hunger took hold of him, as well as a torrent of happy thoughts, smiles, chocolate, gifts, snow... Something was definitely going on in his body and mind. He got to work just to devour cakes and ice cream at the meeting he had scheduled for that day, and later to be surprised being thrown away by the little corporate spirit he showed in, scared he accepted that it was time to visit a specialist.

The drops of sweat soaked his swollen skin and stretchy clothing, a couple of days had passed and the changes were on their way. The belly bounced up and down as he ran into that machine in the doctor's office, the hair and beard were now completely white, his figure, which had been thin could now be described as obese, the doctor started the tests worried, but as the review went on, his reaction shifted to being surprised. Despite Scott's voracious taste for sweets, he was in excellent health.

Checking, the doctor took several measures, the arms that had gained weight did not hang flaccid, remained firm, ready to carry an enormous amount of weight, he checked the head and body examining every hair to discover every one of them were white from the root to the tip, He attributed it to stress, but couldn't explain why instead of falling, it seemed to grow. For starters, the beard that shaved in the mornings and grew bushy invading the chest in a matter of hours; To follow, the body, legs, arms, chest and back were covered by a soft white cape, which judging by the results of the face were not worth the attempt to shave.

In a more intimate examination the doctor asked him to strip off all the clothes, embarrassing him, but he did, he was discovered before the professional a dense bush of white hair adorning large genitals. He had not admitted it, not even to himself but that specific change did not bother him, just as his body his cock had increased in dimensions

by several inches, his circumcised skin had grown at the same rate again covering the glans. The doctor took it, trying to disguise his amazement and retracted the skin downward discovering a pink glans, the movement caused his member to react in a natural way by hardening and growing a couple of inches slowly. Embarrassed, Scott's cheeks took on a pink color, similar to that of the wet tip that was imposed down there.

The doctor with an obvious lump in his pants stopped on his check up and tried to distract himself by taking his stethoscope, he put the end on the hairy chest of this forming Santa Claus and set out to listen to the heartbeat, the touch of the instrument and the sounds of the heart were like a bucket of cold water for the two relaxing the erections, the doctor even got scared when hearing the organ of Scott playing with the rhythm of Jingle bells, decided to ignore it, attributing it to the heat of the moment.

The diagnosis was confusing for both, there were no logical reasons for such changes or noticeable consequences, Scott's health was in perfect condition.

Scott spent the next few days even more confused, the changes continued on their course, seemed less noticeable but he continued to gain weight, overeating and seemingly assuming his role as Santa almost naturally. His mind and body ended up so peculiar transformation and as ridiculous as it seemed to Laura, to Neal, even to himself, he was ready to admit it, he had become Santa Claus himself.