



Christmas, a time of joy, happiness, and giving. At least for most people. For me it was a time of punishment, corruption, and change. Santa takes care of the good and kind people, giving them gifts and making their dreams come true on the night of Christmas, spreading the spirit of the holidays. As for myself, I take care of the less pure of heart side of the list, people of haven't had that great of a year. There are of course the straightforward, evil people. Criminals, murderers, politicians, lawyers, and the like. But there are also people more in the grey area, people who don't actually harm or even bother anyone else but haven't exactly been good this year. Santa and I usually argue over those, over if they should get a regular gift from him, or a corrupted one from me. Because the caveat to my power is that they need to ask for a gift for me to be able to give them one. If they do not ask for anything, they are safe from me and my powers, but that is a little secret to be kept between you and me!

This particular group of people had been in dispute all year between me and Santa. Sure, they weren't criminals, they weren't harming anyone with their activities, which they performed from the safety of their own homes, for the most part. But let's say these activities were less than pure, and quite perverted. A group of people registered to a Patreon page; the page of a creator called TG_Sorcerer... how lame! They read stories he wrote about people being changed, most often in a permanent manner, and against their will. How ironic! I desperately wanted to be the one to handle them this year, have my fun with them, and in the very end I was successful. I was also very pleased that quite a few of them had asked for presents from Santa this year, which would let me have quite a bit of fun with them! Unfortunately, the creator himself had refrained from doing so, which meant that his page would remain active for another year... Oh well, maybe next year! As soon as the midnight bell rang, I headed out to spread my magic over the world, and to twist a few pervert's gifts...



The first one was one of the worst of them all. This young man had asked to be able to turn someone into a woman who would be solely devoted to him... And peering into his thoughts and intentions, I saw that he was actually planning on using it on Santa! Well since I was coming his way, and that I had no intention of being turned into some submissive woman for his twisted pleasure, I adjusted the parameters of his gift a little, before leaving it under the tree and escaping magically, just as I had arrived.

The next morning when he woke up, he noticed the lone present under his tree. He lived alone, and definitely did not buy this himself. So, either someone had broken into his home just to drop this off, or Santa was real, and he had actually brought him his gift! Thinking back to what he had asked for, he smiled. He really hoped this was what he had asked for, although he didn't really expect it to be. Knowing Santa, it was probably some lame trinket or some other toy. Unfortunately for him, it wasn't Santa who brought his gift, and this wasn't a mere trinket, and as he opened the box, a bright flash filled the room, and he was left very much changed and altered.

In his place stood a young and sexy woman, dressed in a festive Santa outfit, with sexy, revealing lingerie under his robe. She had become the woman of his dreams, as beautiful and obedient as he had wanted her to be. She stood there, stunned, trying to understand what had happened, when to her horror she heard steps coming from her bedroom. Looking up, she noticed her old male self coming in, looking like he just woke up. He looked at her in surprise, trying to understand who she was and how she had gotten there, when he noticed her outfit, and her seductive smile. He then remembered what he had asked for and smiled in turn.

"Holy shit! Santa, is that you?"

"Yes babe, I used to be Santa, but you can call me Samantha now... Or anything else that you want, sir!"

He hadn't meant to say that, but he was stuck in his role as Santa turned into a babe, devoted to his old self, completely subservient to him.



She wanted to scream and run when he dropped his pants and revealed his rock-hard cock, a cock she was very familiar with. But instead, she found herself shedding her robe, and stripping for her new boyfriend, her new master. Sauntering over sexily, she laid down on the couch, presenting her naked pussy to him from the side, spreading her large ass cheeks in a sensual and inviting manner. He didn't hesitate a second before grabbing her wide hips and thrusting into her from behind, eliciting a simultaneous moan from the both of them. AS much as she wanted to run away, resist, get this man off of her, she instead pushed back in rhythm against his cock, taking it even deeper inside her. As she was fucked like the submissive girl she now was, Samantha regretted asking for such a perverted gift, and hoped that if she was nice enough, Santa might switch her back to her old self next year. But in the meantime, she would be stuck as the devoted woman that he had desired so badly, forced to obey her old self and his every, perverted desire and wish.



The next person I visited was actually in a relationship. What kind of man that has a perfectly good, beautiful girlfriend that loves him more than anything, visits that kind of site, has that kind of fetish? Checking my list, I check what he had asked for, and do a double take. A big black dildo? There must be some kind of mix up... I shrug and place the box under the tree. Not my job to sort this out, and I honestly don't care. I place a little corrupting spell on the item and off I go to my next victim's house.

The next morning, the loving couple come down the stairs, holding hands, and intent on opening each other's present. Only, when I placed the corrupted present under the tree, I mistakenly tossed aside the



wrong present, the one that was for the girlfriend. So, she grabs the box that was meant for her boyfriend, thinking it was the one for her, since she knew she had wrapped the other one. The man looked at the present in confusion, thinking this wasn't the present he had prepared for her, but doesn't say anything, curious to see what was inside this mystery box. Inside, the poor girlfriend finds the enchanted black dildo, and looks outraged at her boyfriend.

“What the fuck babe?”

He stares in shock at the realistic black cock in the box. How the hell did that even get here? This definitely wasn't the present he had bought for her! But even as he stared at the item, the corrupting spell had started affecting her and she was doomed to suffer the fate I had planned for him. Under his eyes the silicone sex toy started to twitch. Her gaze turned from being disgusted, to intrigued, then excited.



He watched in confusion as she picked up the big black cock from its box and started stroking it up and down sensually. Then she brought it to her mouth and started sucking on it, like it was a real cock. He wanted to stop her, to ask her what she was doing, but instead he stared on in confusion, wondering if this was all just a weird, twisted prank on her part. That notion was quickly dispelled from his mind when the base of the cock started expanding, quickly reforming into an actual, live black man sitting naked on their couch, getting his dick sucked by his own girlfriend. She in turn was starting to grow more and more vigorous in her sucking, bobbing her head up and down on the stranger's cock, muffled moans coming from her mouth. Then, in an instant, she was just as naked as the black man, bare ass raised into the air as she kept sucking on his cock like her life depended on it. She removed her mouth from the dick just long enough to say:

“Oh my god babe, I don't know what's happening or why I am doing this... But his cock tastes so good! And it is so much bigger than yours... It's the greatest dick ever! I can't stop sucking it!”

With a smile she dived back in, sucking his cock while the man laid back and closed his eyes, clearly



enjoying the feeling of this white girl's lips on his cock. In the end they found out this was permanent. She could no longer get aroused by anything else than a big black dick and was desperately addicted to sucking and getting fucked by them. As much as she tried to stay with her boyfriend, she ended up breaking up with him, to better focus on fucking as many black dicks as possible.



The next man I visited was a fit and healthy man who took care of his appearance, and who had decided to give himself a break for the holidays, splurge a little before going back to his strict regime and workout routine in the new year. All he had asked for were some sweets for him to indulge in. I smiled as I placed the chocolate bar and various other candies in the box, enchanting it with a devious little spell that was sure to change the man's life, and not for the best.

That Christmas morning as he was getting ready to go to his relative's house to spend the day, he noticed an odd little box tucked under his tree. Thinking it was dropped off by a relative or by a friend wishing to surprise him, he sat down and opened it immediately. He smiled as he saw the sweets inside, and the big bar of chocolate at the bottom. At first, he told himself it was way too early to eat such sugary things, but then dismissed the thought. If he wanted to break his habits and indulge a little, might as well start now. Taking the huge chocolate bar in his hand, he took a bite, enjoying the sweet flavor spreading through his mouth. He had only wanted to take a single bite, taste it a little, but it was just too good, he had to take another. And another. Soon he was gorging himself on the contents of the box, eating treat after treat nonstop, smears of melted chocolate coating his fingers and the sides of his mouth.

While he was eating, changes started to occur on his body. Muscles he had worked so hard to maintain melting away into pounds upon pounds of fat, stomach bulging out, arms and legs becoming flabby. He was so focused on his eating, he didn't even notice when two breasts formed from his pecs, or when his hips widened to accompany his larger ass. Hair grew and became blond and messy, and finally his dick inverted, becoming a fat woman's large cunt.

A life of fitness and discipline had been replaced with constant overeating and self indulgence. The newly created woman didn't need the excuse of holidays to have an extra plate or enjoy some sweets. She finished the box, smiling, eager to get out of here to her relative's place, where there would be undoubtedly more food for her to stuff down her constantly hungry mouth.





The next present I got to deliver was a little more wholesome. This lonely man yearned for some companionship, and had asked for a puppy for Christmas, how cute. Placing a leash and collar inside the box, I smiled thinking about how he would never be alone again after tonight.

When he spotted the present in the morning, he was very eager to find out exactly what had been left under his tree. He was happy to find the leash and collar in the box, indicating that he was getting what he had asked for. He looked around, curious to see where the little dog was, unaware that the collar was now glowing and slowly floating up to him, until it snapped around his neck in a rapid motion. He reached around to try and remove it, but found not clasps, just smooth leather all around. As he was fumbling around to try and find scissors, he started changing rapidly.

His blond hair grew lighter and longer, becoming a bleached platinum and reaching down halfway to his back. Short beard faded away, revealing softening features, plump lips, a delicate nose, and big blue eyes. Adam's apple vanished under the cursed collar as groans of desperation and fear became high pitched, almost whines. T-shirt perked up as breasts started swelling underneath, arms and hands becoming thin and dainty. Waist caved in, hips popped out and ass ballooned behind him, leaving him in a curvaceous, hourglass shape than any woman would be jealous of.

The newly created pet girl started to slow down her frantic searching. She was looking for something, but what? Ball? Chew toy? Bone? She stood there, looking around, confused, when she heard a familiar, comforting voice.

"Puppy! Come here girl!"

Immediately upon hearing her master's voice she perked up and ran up to him, sitting in front of him like an obedient pet, butt wagging behind her. He caressed her head and scratched her pink fluffy hair, just how she liked. She yipped and barked happily under his attention, loving the feeling his big hands on her head, on her back, on her butt. She found herself to be grinding her large rear against his hand, as his fingers reached lower and lower, until they reached her needy puppy pussy. She yipped eagerly as he took place behind her, and she assumed his favourite position, head lowered to the floor in submission, ass raised up in invitation. She kept on barking and yipping in desire as he pounded away at her. She really was the perfect little fuck puppy.





This patron of the page was a little more ambitious in his desired gift. Who asks Santa for a whole new computer? No doubt to indulge in his favorite pass time, reading stories on this twisted site, amongst other things. Well, if it is a new computer system he wanted, that is what he would get, the whole rig. Desktop, monitor, microphone, camera, even a new chair! He would be 100%, very well setup. Only, from now on, he would be doing much more than simply consuming pornographic content on the web. He would be actively partaking in creating such lewd, fetishized content. It took me a while to place all the packages next to his small Christmas tree, since there were so many, of various size and weight. Finally, the setup was complete, and I vanished into the night as quickly as I had appeared.

His face was truly magical when he spotted his presents under the tree on Christmas morning. If only he knew what fate awaited him as soon as he opened the first packaged. He decided to start from the smallest to the largest package, and upon opening the first one he was quite happy to find a new generation camera recorder in the box, indicating that his wishes had come true, and what was most likely in the other packages. Unfortunately for him, the curse placed upon the presents also manifested immediately, affecting his body and his mind, as he kept opening presents, oblivious to the changes happening to him.

He opened a new mouse and keyboard, and his tits and ass grew out. He opened a pair of monitors, and his skin became smooth and hairless, while tattoos manifested all over his body. He opened a microphone with its stand, and his voice shifted, becoming sultry and sexual. A desktop, and his hair became long and silky. Finally, a high-quality gaming chair, and his whole frame become short and curvy, leaving him completely a woman.

She took no time in setting up her new rig, eager to log on for the first time to her brand-new computer, perform setup, and immediately start an OnlyFans account. She already had ideas for her first live stream, a holiday special, where she would strip and eventually masturbate on her new chair for all her new subscribers. She could already picture herself, sprawled on the chair, legs wide open towards the camera, moaning in a lewd and arousing manner in her ASMR quality microphone. All the perverts on the internet would be all over this sexy new camgirl she was sure!





The next person I got to help repent with my gifts was a bit of a skeptic. He had asked for something that he didn't think he would get. After all, it's not like Santa can really deliver a big family to spend the holidays with. Luckily, or unluckily for his, I was the one handling his request this year, and his wish was certainly within my power, although it would come to him most likely not the way that he expected, or even wanted it to happen. Another loner, another man that would never have to spend another night alone, by himself, with no one to comfort or love him. This gift needed no item, so I left an empty box under his tree, filled with my reality altering magic.

He was still disbelieving, even when he saw the plain unmarked box sitting on his coffee table in his undecorated living room. Frowning, he wondered where it had come from, opening it slightly to peek inside. Only, as soon as he opened it, bright light emanated from inside the box, blinding him and preventing him from seeing. When his vision returned, the scene before him was much, much different than the one before. First of all, his living room was now bright and illuminated, filled with Christmas decorations and presents, a fresh baked cookie aroma lingering in the air. Sitting between his legs, a toddler sat, playing with some Christmas tree ornaments. To the side, a man was laughing, handing over a golden sphere to the child. But the most drastic changes were not the ones that had happened all around him, but the ones that had happened to him.

Gone was his average, male physique. He was now very much a woman, as indicated by his long hair, thin arms, small breasts, and thick thighs, but mostly by his very pregnant belly which protruded in front of him, stretching out his shirt. He wanted to feel confused, afraid, angry that this had been done to him without his consent, yet he could only feel love towards the people next to him, the young child in his arms, the unborn in his womb, and his husband next to him. The newly created mother and wife smiled as she helped her toddler hang another ornament on the tree, ever so grateful to have a big family to spend Christmas with and hoping that it would only get bigger and bigger over the years.





The last person on this list had more pragmatic, straightforward tastes. All he had asked for was money. Simple, uncomplicated and versatile, he would be able to spend it, or even save it, however he liked. It was the perfect gift really. Only I had no intention of making it this easy for him, and so as for the others, I enchanted his present with my reality altering powers. There was no need for big, fanciful packaging for this one, and so I slipped a few one-dollar bills in an envelope, and I was on my way.

His smirk was smooth and confident when he grabbed the envelope the next morning, fully expecting to see cash once he opened it up, or in the worst-case scenario, a gift card of some sort. Only when he opened the unsealed envelope, the stack of dollar bills I had stuffed inside came shooting out in a continuous spray, propelled to the ceiling before floating back down slowly. As they did, the lights in the room dimmed, booming music starting to sound all around him. As he looked around him, trying to make sense of what was happening, lights started to flash in the room from up above, much higher than his ceiling should have been. Suddenly in front of him a single pole appeared, alone in the middle of the room. Curious, he approached it, not realizing what it was. As he touched it, a jolt of electricity ran through him, and he was forced to grasp the pole firmly with his hand. Unable to control his body any longer, he started walking around it sensually, his body changing as he did. His pushed out with every step, undulating enticingly. Breasts appeared on his chest as his shirt vanished completely. Dark hair became blond and waved down to his shoulders, and his pants became a tiny, revealing skirt with thigh high socks, while his shoes reformed into a pair of high heels completing his new look as a trashy stripper. Finally cheering and hollering rose up around him, a whole crowd of men now watching him saunter half naked on stage.



The new stripper didn't know what to do, who to call or even what the hell had just happened. But what she did know was that the music was playing, and the clients were waiting. And so, falling on auto pilot, she completed her usual routine, much to the enjoyment of the men below her. More and more dollar bills made their way on stage, littering the dark floor with patches green. At the end of the performance, the now mostly naked girl bent down on all fours and got to pick up the thrown cash, much to the pleasure of the patrons of the establishment who kept throwing more one-dollar bills simply to see her crawling on her knees once more, exposing her breast and pussy to their eye level. She really had gotten her perfect gift, lots, and lots of cash. She just had to work a little and expose her new, sexy body to earn it.



After the night was over and all the presents had been delivered, I sat down in my own home, enjoying a little rest. I smiled as I reviewed the fate of each of my victims, enjoying seeing them stuck in their new bodies, in their new lives, some happier than others. I felt a little pang of guilt upon seeing the innocent turned into a slut addicted to black cocks, but oh well, this wasn't the first life I ruined by mistake, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. The man who wanted to have Santa as his sex slave was currently giving a blowjob to his old self and the fit man turned obese woman was stuffing her face with turkey and meat pie, much to the shame of the rest of his family. The puppy girl was out on a walk with her loving master, enjoying the fresh winter air, and the man who had wanted a computer system was currently masturbating in front of his brand-new system, to the enjoyment of his budding new audience. The one who had wanted a big family was currently having diner with his husband and child, realising that while this wasn't how he wanted his wish to be granted, it certainly did make him feel loved and desired. And finally, the last man turned stripper was giving a lap dance in a private booth, which seemed to be heading towards much more than just dancing, assuring he would be earning lots and lots of the money he so desired as a gift. I smiled, already anticipating next year, when I would get to mess with these Patrons once more.