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A Miracle on 69th
Street.

By Ziel.

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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 or 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 bedsheet 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 Nicked 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 spooze, 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.