

Mini-Story: Getting Lucky for Christmas (FTM, MTF)

By FoxFaceStories

I had never been particularly lucky in love. As a short, plain looking woman in her early twenties I wasn't exactly at the top of the list for guys wanting a hot date. Nor was I too confident. Shy, in fact. I was bullied a lot in high school for being a 'Plain Jane': literally, since Jane is my name. I never grew boobs bigger than the smallest little A-cup, and I apparently had something called 'Resting Bitch Face Syndrome' according to the other kids. That kind of mockery didn't end when I graduated from high school and enrolled in university. I had always dreamed of finding a relationship that made me happy. I wasn't even necessarily looking for love, just a relationship. Preferably with a man who made me feel special, and treated me right, and, of course, would fuck my brains out.

Yeah, being a shy woman who is also super horny is a really bad combo. I had all the need but none of the confidence to get out there and meet cute boys. Those that did show interest were from the bargain bin of humanity, telling me that I was 'not exactly a winner in looks either' or that I 'might as well settle.' Yeah, no thank you. I knew my worth, and it wasn't in being treated like a disposable vagina for gross men. I wanted to find someone who was right for me, and who could satisfy my strong urges.

And then my Christmas wish came true. It was in December, as the last of the university events were wrapping up and we were having our brief break over the holiday period. Out of nowhere, a handsome man - I'm talking football star handsome - sat down beside me and introduced himself as Harry. I won't lie, I was immediately smitten. It didn't hurt that he talked to me like a human being, asked me my interests, complimented my hair. I stammered and stumbled my way through our discussion, and I couldn't help but smile and blush at his every kind remark. Afterwards, he invited me over to his apartment later that night, and my strong urges were practically on fire with desire for this man.

I accepted, which proved to be a terrible mistake.

For everyone involved.

When I reached his apartment, I knocked on the door. Harry was there, looking incredibly handsome, his surroundings all done up in Christmas decorations.

"Come on in, Jane," he said. "I've got something to show you."

He took me inside, and got me to stand still in the centre of his living room space by the Christmas tree. I was confused for a moment, until he pointed up and I realised a mistletoe was hanging above us.

“You know what that means, right?”

I nodded nervously, my insides filled with passion for this wonderful man.

“You’re going to make my Christmas wish?”

“Oh, yes.”

He leaned in and kissed me, and I kissed him back. Quite deeply, in fact. Passionately. I held him with my arms and moaned.

It was at that point that the laughter began. I pulled back in shock to see that hiding behind the tree, around the corner, and near the bookcase were four other men, Harry’s popular friends, and all of them jeering and laughing.

“He did it! We’ve got in on recording! He actually made out with Plain Jane!”

Harry laughed and high fived his friends, and I felt an icy chill in my spine.

“What’s - what’s going on?”

He smirked in my direction, his eyes no longer showing any warmth or kindness.

“I lost a Christmas bet,” he said casually. “I had to follow a dare: Gerald here told me I had to make out with the Plain Jane on campus at the start of the Christmas holidays.”

I was embarrassed beyond all belief. I felt myself turn red, and try as I might I couldn’t stop the tears flowing. None of them seemed to care: one was even recording my tears to post on the internet as part of their prank. I felt faint, and I looked around, taking in all the decorations around me.

Harry mocked me. “Well, was it all you thought your Christmas wish would be, Plain Jane?”

I rubbed away my tears, and my humiliation and sadness was replaced by a fury I had never felt before. I looked him square in the eyes, raging.

“I have a new *Christmas wish*, Harry. I *wish* that I could experience being a man who could get away with shit like this without consequence, and that *you* and your *friends* knew what it was like to be a bunch of women humiliated by *me*.”

Suddenly, the Christmas tree glowed. All the decorations did, in fact. We all cried out as the room lit up, and a strange magic flowed through my body. All of us heard a voice echo through the air and into our minds.

'Ho Ho Ho! What a wish! Let's grant just that for an early Christmas cheer, Jane, while these four on the naughty list get exactly what they deserve!'

My body tensed as I and the rest freaked out, but we were all trapped on the spot. I gasped in astonishment as my muscles swelled, and my height extended. My already-flat breasts melted into my body, and were replaced by a set of buff pectorals. A strange pushing sensation in my groin was followed by the growth of what could only be a penis and balls. I groaned, my voice becoming deeper as my hair reduced in length and my body developed chest hair. Even my clothes changed, becoming masculine, fitting my new 6'2 male body.

In turn, the five men in the room shrieked as they were changed. Their features became softer, more feminine. Large breasts sprouted from their chests, and their hips cracked audibly outwards. Harry cried as his waist pulled in, his muscles disappearing, to be replaced by smooth roundness. His clothing altered as well, and soon he was wearing a sexy Santa costume, showing a great deal of cleavage from what must have been a full E-cup chest. His four friends were dressed as sexy elves, all of them looking gorgeous, though Harry was clearly the loveliest and bustiest of the lot.

"What - what's happened to us!?" she shrieked, her voice now high and sweet.

I grinned, marvelling at my new body. I looked at them, and felt a lust stir in my new loins. An unfamiliar hardness began in my pants, my new and large penis becoming a great erect staff. I could see each of their eyes lock upon it with reluctant lust, and Harry in particular looked captured by my new manhood.

"Oh - oh God. That looks incredible. I don't want to be into it, but I can't stop thinking about your dick! What's happened to us!?"

'You've received your lump of coal', the voice of Santa spoke, 'and you'll be having to live with it for the rest of your Christmases to come, I'm afraid. Please enjoy your present, Jane. Or should I say John?'

And with that, the presence of Santa left us, leaving me very turned on, and a group of busty Christmas bimbos coming to grips with their unbearable desire for my new cock.

"Hey sexy ladies," I said, pointing up at the ceiling. "You know what that means?"

They looked up in fear and desire at the mistletoe hanging above.

Desire won out.

That, of course, was a number of years ago. I may not have found love, but I certainly found a new lease on life as John, and being distinctly un-plain. The power and dominance that comes with being a man is something else, and the feeling of control when I thrust my big cock into one of my gorgeous elves is far better than any female orgasm. To hear their squeals of pleasure, however reluctant, when I cum inside them is a feeling I will never get truly used to, and I

certainly don't want to. Now, as a tall, handsome jock, I'm the envy of everyone. Women want me, and men are jealous of the five gorgeous women who follow me everywhere, hopelessly devoted to me. My Harriet is my favourite and she knows it: she led me to my Christmas wish, after all, so I make sure to fuck her especially well over December, just to let her know how much I appreciate the change she helped bring to my life. And around that time I always make her dress up as my sexy Mrs Claus, just like I make her friends dress up as my sexy elves who always need it badly from me.

I may not have found love, but I certainly found happiness as a man. And waking up with five women all hungering for my cock is the best Christmas present I've ever received. Especially since with their still-male minds, I know that being addicted to swallowing and receiving my cum in all sorts of positions is all part of their humiliation for being so naughty.

Maybe next time they should make a better Christmas wish.

I know I did.

The End