

The Boy Who Tried to Steal Christmas... and Got Caught

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Part 1



Ben Grunch didn't just hate Christmas - he despised it. To him, the lights, the carols, the fake smiles plastered on every face were all just lies. Lies that papered over how terrible people really were. A teenager with a permanent scowl, Ben had every reason

to be bitter. His parents split up when he was five, leaving him bouncing between two homes that neither wanted him in. School wasn't any better - he'd dropped out at sixteen, finding himself constantly in trouble for his short temper.

It was a cold December afternoon when Ben found himself wandering through the town centre, as bored as ever. Christmas 'was just around the corner, and the streets were buzzing with shoppers carrying bags overflowing with gifts. To Ben, it was all a sick joke. He kicked a discarded can into the gutter as he strode through the high street, muttering under his breath about how "Christmas was for mugs." That's when he saw it. The town council had outdone themselves this year, setting up a massive festive display in the small grassy area in the centre of town. It wasn't big enough to be a park, more of a patch of land surrounded by brick shops and bus stops, but it was a familiar spot for Ben - a place he often loitered when there was nothing else to do. At its heart stood a towering Christmas tree, glittering with gold and red baubles and wrapped in strands of silver tinsel that shimmered under the frosty afternoon light. Beneath the tree were piles of oversized gift boxes wrapped in vibrant colours and tied with elaborate bows. Surrounding the display were life-sized reindeer figures, their antlers dusted with artificial snow, posed as if ready to take flight. At the front sat Santa Claus himself - a jolly, rotund model with rosy cheeks and a mechanical arm that waved cheerily at passersby.

Ben stopped dead in his tracks. The scene was enough to make him gag. He pulled his hood tighter around his face and tried to escape before someone recognised him. But as he passed the massive Santa figure, its booming voice rang out: "Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas!" In that moment, something inside Ben snapped. "Shut up, you fat bastard!" he snarled, his hands clenching into fists as the bitter memories of giftless Christmas mornings surged through him. He stormed towards the display, his anger bubbling over. With a feral yell, he tackled Santa, ripping him apart at the seams. Stuffing burst from its belly as its rosy-cheeked face crumpled under his fists. "Take that, you fat git!" he shouted, his voice crackling with manic glee. Ben then turned his fury on the reindeer. He kicked one so hard, his foot got stuck in its belly. Freeing his leg, he grabbed another by the neck and wrestled it to the ground. Within minutes, the once-magical display looked like a scrapyard. But Ben wasn't done yet. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a lighter. His fingers trembled with adrenaline as he flicked the flame to life. A wicked grin spread across his face as he held the lighter to the tree's tinsel. The dry decorations caught quickly, flames licking up the branches until the entire tree was ablaze.

Standing back, Ben admired his handiwork as the fire consumed the display. His breath came in sharp bursts, his heart pounding with satisfaction. "Merry fucking Christmas," he muttered with a satisfied chuckle. "OH NO! What's happened here?" Ben spun

around to see a woman tottering towards him on high-heeled boots. She was hard to miss - voluptuous and overdressed, with big hair and a face caked in makeup. Her red coat barely closed over her ample curves, and her heels clicked loudly against the pavement. Miss Hubert. He recognised her instantly. A former plus-sized model and local celebrity, she was always on the town's news channel, boasting about her charitable work and community spirit. "Oh my Goodness!" she wailed, clutching her hands to her chest. "That happened?" Ben smirked, shrugging casually. "Spontaneous combustion," he said with a sly grin. "Must be made from some cheap Chinese shit." Miss Hubert's eyes narrowed as she scanned the scene, then locked onto Ben. "You," she said, her voice rising in pitch. "You did this. Come here this instant! You're going to pay for this!" Ben chuckled and stepped back a few paces, bouncing on the balls of his feet like a boxer. "Yeah? Good luck catching me, fat ass!" Before she could respond, Ben turned and bolted, his laughter ringing out as he disappeared into the maze of side streets. Miss Hubert stood frozen for a moment, her face a mix of anger and determination. "We'll see about that," she muttered under her breath, already hatching a plan.

Part 2



Miss Hubert wasn't one to let things slide - especially not an act of destruction on her watch. Tracking Ben down became her personal mission. She started with the town centre's CCTV footage, spending hours with the council's security team, poring over grainy recordings until she spotted him. From there, she tapped into her web of connections. A call to her friend in the town's youth outreach programme confirmed his identity. "Ben Grunch? Oh, he's a handful. Always causing trouble on the estate,"

they sighed. With a name and address in hand, Miss Hubert made her way to his home, a tired semi-detached house on the edge of town. When Ben arrived home later that day, he found his mum pacing anxiously in the narrow hallway. "What's going on?" he asked, but before she could answer, a voice called out. "You took your time," said Miss Hubert, her tone dripping with authority. Ben peered into his living room. There she was, sitting in their tatty old armchair, the stuffing visible through its worn fabric. In her hands was a chipped teacup with a crack running down one side, which she sipped from delicately, as though it were fine china. "Ben," his mum glared, shaking her head, "Miss Hubert's here about what happened in town. She knows it was you. How could you?" "I was going to call the police," Miss Hubert interjected, fixing Ben with a piercing stare, "but your mother begged me not to, and we've come to an agreement." She let the moment hang in the air, setting her teacup down on the scratched coffee table. "To make amends for your wrongdoings, you'll become my assistant for my annual charity Christmas ball this Sunday. Together, we'll put on the most festive show this town has ever seen." Ben shifted uneasily under her gaze. "What if I told you to shove your offer up your fat ass?" he shot back with a chuckle. His mum gasped, her hand flying to her chest, while Miss Hubert's face stiffened, her eyes narrowing dangerously. "Then I would report you for vandalism and arson," she said coldly. "And you wouldn't just spend Christmas behind bars - make sure you're tried as an adult and spend many, many years there." Ben's bravado faltered. The weight of her words sank in, his jaw tightening as he glanced at his mum, who looked on the verge of tears. Swallowing hard, he finally grumbled, "Fine. Whatever." A smirk appeared on Miss Hubert's perfectly made-up face. She stood gracefully and tottered over. "Good choice," she said, handing Ben a folded piece of paper. "Here's my address. Be there on Friday at 9 a.m. sharp. Don't be late."

Ben was late as always to Miss Hubert's house, his hands buried in the pockets of his hoodie as he stared up at the imposing front door. The house was worlds apart from his run-down council flat - a pristine display of wealth, with perfectly trimmed hedges framing the path and a gleaming brass knocker catching the morning light. When Miss Hubert opened the door, her eyes swept over him, and her expression soured. "You're late, and your hygiene is appalling," she tutted, stepping aside to let him in. "And this look of yours? Absolutely unacceptable." Ben's frown deepened. "What's so wrong with how I look?" Miss Hubert folded her arms, her stance unyielding. "Everything. Now, unless you want me to call the police..." She reached for her phone, making Ben's stomach lurch. "We're going to fix it." Miss Hubert led Ben upstairs to a lavish bathroom, pointing to the claw-footed tub filled with steaming bubbles. "Strip and wash," she ordered. Ben hesitated, muttering protests, but Miss Hubert's glare silenced him, leaving him with no choice but to get the task over with as quickly as possible. When he emerged from the tub, dripping and shivering, he found his clothes gone.

“What the hell?!” he shouted. Miss Hubert appeared with a bundle of garments and a knowing smirk. “These will suit you better. Oh, and the shapewear is non-negotiable.” Ben exploded in anger, but Miss Hubert simply lifted her phone and started mock-dialling the police. “Fine! Stop!” he snapped, panic creeping into his voice. The silicone breastplate and butt pads were a struggle to put on, leaving his body feeling heavy and off balance. When fully dressed, a red blouse stretched tightly over his expanded chest, the top button straining to close over the mounds of his faux bosom. Black pleather leggings clung to his legs, highlighting his widened hips and buttocks. On his sharply angled feet, white platform ankle boots with towering blocky heels left him teetering unsteadily. “Better, but still not quite there,” Miss Hubert said, appearing in the doorway holding a black fur coat and a white leather handbag. “Come along. We have an appointment to get to.” Ben thought about refusing but instead lowered his head in shame, desperate for the weekend to be over. Trudging behind the fashionably dressed Miss Hubert, he reluctantly followed her to her car, his awkward movements hampered by the tight outfit and towering platform boots. His cheeks burned as he caught sight of his reflection in the hallway mirror—his head perched atop what appeared to be the voluptuous body of a curvy woman.

The drive to the town centre felt endless. Ben slumped in his seat, arms crossed over his chest in a futile attempt to hide his clothing, while Miss Hubert hummed along to Christmas songs, unfazed. When they pulled up outside a chic beauty salon, Ben’s stomach dropped. “In you go,” Miss Hubert commanded with a smirk, motioning toward the entrance. Shaking with fear, Ben gripped the car door handle tightly. “You can’t seriously expect me to go in there looking like this,” he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper. “Oh, I can, and I do,” Miss Hubert replied sharply. “Now hurry up before the police come and arrest you in your precious little outfit.” With his head hung low, Ben stumbled out of the car, his boots clicking loudly, his body wobbling with every step. As he pushed the salon door open, the sight of sleek chairs, bright mirrors, and chattering women made him freeze. A fresh wave of humiliation washed over him, dread pooling in his stomach as he realised he was utterly out of his depth.

Part 3



Ben stomped into Miss Hubert's living room, each step unsteady on the towering platform boots that seemed determined to trip him. Halting in front of the large TV, he slouched with weariness. With an awkward motion, he placed his hands on his padded hips, his long acrylic nails making the gesture feel unnatural. Across the room, Miss Hubert reclined in her plush armchair, a glass of wine in hand, watching him with calm

amusement. His face twisted in a mix of exhaustion and simmering irritation as he glared at her.

"I his is a joke," he muttered, wobbling as he adjusted his stance. "These boots are killing me. My feet feel like they're going to fall off." Miss Hubert glanced up, resisting the urge to laugh. "Nonsense, darling," she replied. "Your legs look fabulous, and those boots give you presence. Nobody said elegance was comfortable." "Elegance? I can't even walk properly!" Ben snapped, glancing down at his aching feet. "Practice makes perfect," she said with a shrug. "You've improved a lot already." Ben let out a frustrated sigh, tugging at the hem of his tight miniskirt. "And why do I have to wear this stupid thing? It's freezing!" Miss Hubert scoffed a glint of mischief in her eye. "Because it shows off those gorgeous legs of yours. Speaking of which, aren't you grateful the salon sorted out all that unsightly hair?" Ben's top lip curled in disgust as he looked down. at the shiny black tights encasing his freshly waxed legs. "Yeah, thanks so much!" he answered sarcastically. "They feel weird now, especially in these clingy tights." "Oh, stop complaining. They're sheer luxury," Miss Hubert said with a wave of her hand. "You're the one who just complained about being cold. You'd be a damn sight chillier without them, I can assure you. Now stop slouching and stand up straight." Ben grumbled but complied, straightening his posture while tugging at the red knit sweater encircling the bumps sprouting from his chest, catching a nail in the material. "Ahhh!" He cried, holding up his claw-like fingers. The bright white acrylic extensions glinted under the light. "Why did you need to make my nails so long? You keep telling me you want me to work hard, but how can I with these crazy long nails!" "Welcome to my world," Miss Hubert quipped, holding up her hand. "Consider it character-building." "And this hair!" Ben continued, flipping the glossy black strands out of his face. Extended and dyed at the salon, "Is this character-building too?" "Something like that," Miss Hubert replied, leaning back with a satisfied grin. Ben groaned, shaking his head. "I hate this," he said, stomping his foot loudly. "My eyebrows are going to take forever to grow back, and these eyelashes are stuck solid." "Not forever," Miss Hubert said, rising from her chair. "But they'll stay tidy for a few weeks at least. A memory of what you did and a reminder to change your wicked ways. Now, stop your whining. There's still much to do." Ben sighed deeply, avoiding his tormentor's gaze. "I.. just don't know if I can do this," he muttered, his voice heavy with defeat. Miss Hubert raised an eyebrow. "Do what, dear?" Ben looked up, his eyes pleading. "I just... I can't let people see me like this. I'll be a laughing stock." Miss Hubert's lips curved into a sly smile. "Ah, so that's what's bothering you. Well, darling, if that's your concern, I have just the solution. Go fetch your coat and purse," she said briskly, gesturing toward the hallway. "We're going out."

Part 4



“That’s coming along nicely, Brooke,” Miss Hubert said, her voice sweet but laced with amusement. Ben, startled by the name she referred to him as, turned to glare at her from his precarious position halfway up the step ladder. His expression should have conveyed every ounce of the anger bubbling inside him, but the Botox injections that had numbed his forehead and frozen his features into a blank mask betrayed him. All he could manage was a stiff, unblinking stare. He shifted slightly, gripping the ladder

tightly as the seven-inch stiletto heels on his boots wobbled beneath him. Every movement felt like a balancing act, and the last thing he wanted was to fall and break a leg on top of everything else. “Do be careful up there, dear,” she continued, her tone showing no hint of concern. “You wouldn’t want to ruin all the hard work you’ve put in now, would you?” Ben’s glare deepened. Ruin? The word echoed in his mind, sharp and taunting, like a cruel joke about what this woman had done to his life in just a few short days. His hair, now dyed jet black and pulled into a painfully tight ponytail, tugged at his scalp before spilling down his back in unnervingly glossy waves. His hairless body, unnaturally smooth and padded in all the wrong places, shifted beneath the indecently short red minidress Miss Hubert had insisted he wear. And then there was his face. He still couldn’t bear to look at it in the mirror without flinching. The thick expertly applied makeup might have been unsettling enough, but layered over his swollen, altered features after the clinic visit, they completed his transformation into someone unrecognisable. The smooth, tight skin and full, plumped lips gave him the strange, artificial beauty of some of the skanky girls he knew, and he couldn’t bear it. Miss Hubert had done exactly what she’d promised: she had disguised him so completely that even he couldn’t recognise himself. But the lengths she’d gone to left him feeling hollow. Would his face ever return to normal, or was this version of him here to stay?

Smiling to herself, Miss Hubert took in the sight before her without a hint of remorse. Gone was the brash chav hoodlum who had dared to insult her, and in his place stood a vision of Christmas glamour—one sure to entice her wealthy guests into opening their wallets for charity tonight. Everything had come together perfectly, from the tiny Christmas dress that clung tightly to every exaggerated curve, to the towering, heeled boots that seemed designed to test Ben’s endurance. Her smile widened as she decided the moment called for a little more fun. “Brooke,” she said, feigning disappointment, “do try to be mindful of your skirt later, won’t you? That fat ass of yours could prove quite the distraction for our guests.” Ben stayed silent, his frozen features revealing nothing but the simmering glare in his eyes. Beneath the surface, though, a whirlwind of regret, fury, and frustration churned as he gripped the ladder with trembling hands. How had things spiralled this far out of control? The looming charity event just hours away filled him with dread, but first, a more immediate challenge demanded his focus - descending the ladder without falling flat on his overly padded backside.