



Far up in the frozen North and hidden out of sight, a lone Christmas elf sat studiously at work.

She toiled away, day and night, working hard towards her dream.

Laren, the young Elf, had thought of an idea that might just change how presents, gifts and even Christmas spirit *itself* was sowed across the mortal realm. To enliven children, to bring about peace and to create wonder again in the ever-more-callous societies of humankind.



Even as her comrade elves had scoffed at the idea, she'd worked through their dismissal and criticisms. Alone, in the workshop day after day and month after month.

She just felt it in her heart that this new gift would be an answer to how to bring out the very best in everyone at Christmas time!

And finally she put the finishing touches on the new, revolutionary gift. As she looked at it she smiled gently to herself.



The gift glowed with a pure light, filling the room with warmth and serenity.  
It was *perfect!*

“This will do. This will change Christmas!” She thought to herself as she closed up the box.



Lifting the box up, she marvelled at her work.

The only thing left to do was to give the new kind of gift a test-run before Santa would allow it to be mass-produced and distributed to more families.

And she knew just the person for the gift as well.

A girl she'd watched for many years. A girl that Laren had taken heart with for her sad story-



Danielle Arden, the eldest sibling of the Bask-Arden family.

She'd always had a kind heart, a good spirit and though she was short in stature, made up for it with her bright-eyed optimism and genuine heart. When Danielle's father had remarried to Elyssia Bask, she'd been thrilled to discover she'd have two new sisters and welcomed her new step-family with open arms.

The twin Bask sisters were so different from her though that they may as well have been from another world.

Elaine Bask was a sporty, tomboy who never showed any interest in forming familial bonds and Emmia was consumed with her looks and social status. The twins took no interest in becoming close to their new sister.

Her new step-mother, Elyssia Bask, was perhaps the worst. She would openly mock the poor girl, comparing her to the impossible standards of her own biological daughters. Elyssia never once showed compassion or kindness and it was only because of Danielle's father that the family stayed together.



Alas, Danielle's father passed away just a couple years afterwards and she was left alone in her new family. Things did not improve with time.

The twins grew taller, more beautiful but also increasingly vapid and self-centred. They were spoiled by Elyssia, who showered them with whatever they wanted whilst showing no compassion for her non-blood daughter.

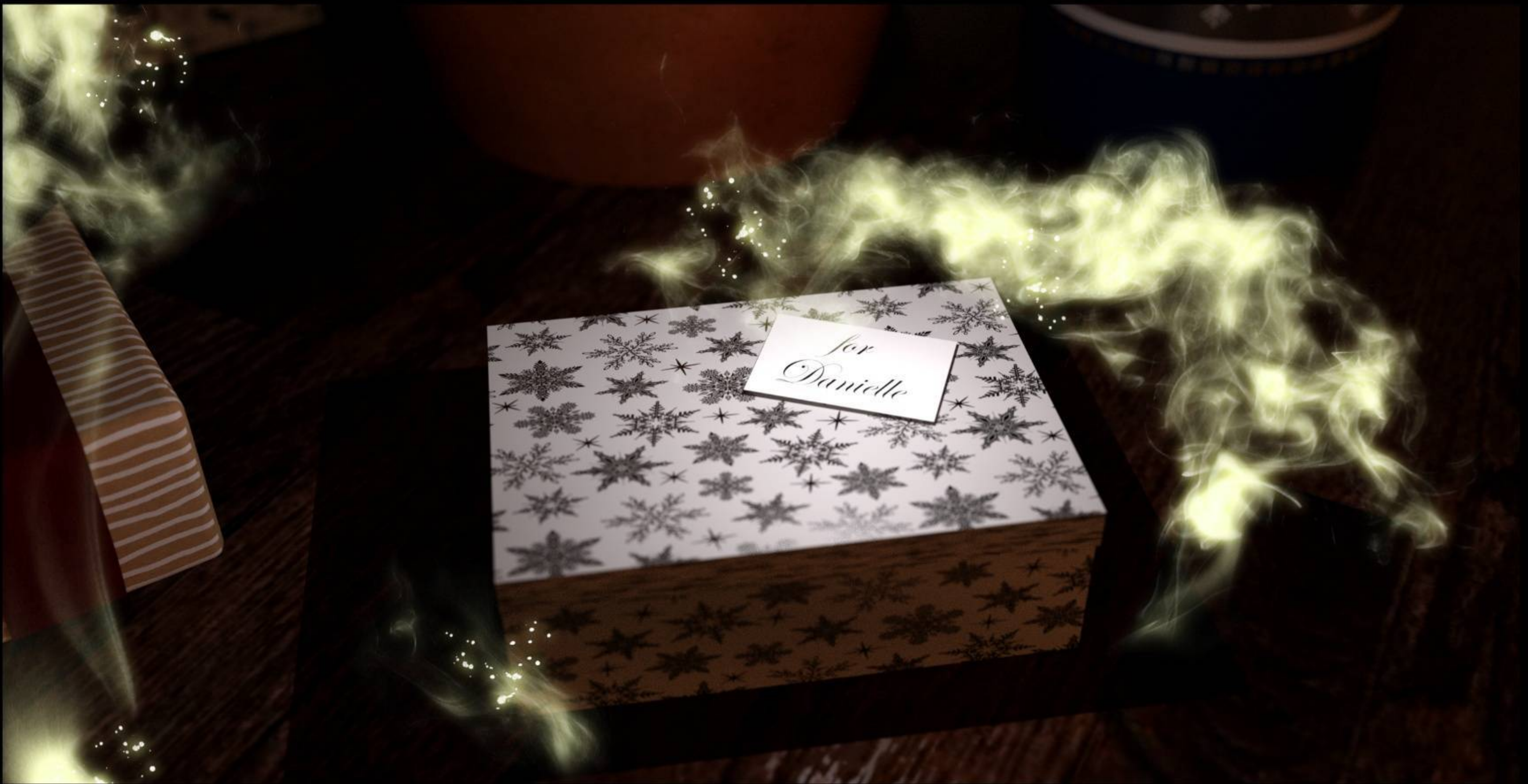
There was a distinct line drawn in the family and Danielle was on the outside of it.

Still though, she kept up her spirit, was kind to her siblings whilst studying dilligently to get into a college.



Danielle chose to see the best in people. Taking it in her stride and putting on a smile through the lonely and isolating years. Even though her own life wasn't the best she at least hoped to be able to help improve the lives of those around her.

So she supported her family, helped them with whatever they needed even as it silently became harder and harder for her to bear.



Seeing the plight of Danielle. A heart of gold, surrounded by selfish cruelty, Laren the Elf had decided that she was the perfect recipient for this new, magical gift.

And thus on Christmas Eve, when all was still, a single gift for Danielle appeared under the Bask-Arden Christmas tree awaiting her in the morning...

*The Gift*

*That keeps  
on giving*

By Tidy\_Fox 🦊



In the early morning of Christmas day as the rising sun cracks over the horizon and bring the first light to the Bask-Arden family home, there is a serene quiet with almost everyone and everything in the house at rest.

*Almost everything...*

A sole figure in the house moved quietly, making sure to not disturb the others.



From the top of the stairs, a pair of shapely, slim legs slinked down towards the living room. Dressed in a black, silk nightie and already adorning make-up, Emmia made her way to the Christmas tree. The fashion and beauty-obsessed daughter of the family had never been patient. She *lived* to be spoilt. Showered in presents, gifts and the attention of others and Christmas was one of the highlights of her year. She just couldn't wait to see what everyone had bought for her. Even with her late night partying she would always, without fail, be the first to wake on Christmas day and tear open her gifts, unable to restrain herself. And so this Christmas morning, like the rest, she padded her way across the house with impatient glee. Her mind swam with all the things that might be waiting for her under the tree. Jewellery, clothes, money...



When she got to the tree though, the spoiled girl paused for a moment as she spotted an unfamiliar present sitting innocently at the foot of the Christmas tree.

Her mind meticulously remembered each and every present, but this one had not been there even as late as last night. And it was addressed to... *Danielle*? Who would sneak a present to *that* mouse of a girl?

It would have to be someone in the house who gifted this to her - it certainly wasn't her and mother would never do that to the "daughter she never wanted", so that just left Elaine?

But why would Elaine buy anything for Danielle? The two hardly spoke... Maybe Elaine had taken pity on the girl and bought her some token gift?

Through Emmia's botoxed face, she let out a cruel sneer.



Emmia lifted the present up to inspect it further. Her mind filled with questions over it.

In all the years since their step-father had passed, not a single one of the Bask's had given her a Christmas gift and yet suddenly, here one was...

Perhaps it was Mother. Maybe she was going soft...

What would they even have gotten her? Did Danielle even have any hobbies or interests? Emmia gently shook the present to see if she could figure out the contents of the package. There was some weight to it, but no noise, no tell-tale signs of what could be inside.

Barely holding back a scold, Emmia decided she would take a peek. She needed to know. Who bought something for her and what could they've possibly gotten for the least interesting girl on Earth?



As she slid off the top lid, she heard a small tearing noise as some sort of seal in the box was broken.

Looking into it, Emmia's eyes widened as a piercing light spilled out from within. Yellow, gold and white light floated up and burst forth as the girl stood in shock staring into the brilliant glow.

Sparks and embers flickered and danced before her as Emmia became mesmerised by them, unwilling or unable to avert her gaze.

The dancing lights grew brighter and brighter and she felt as though she would be engulfed in it!



As Emmia's gaze remained anchored to the light within the box, she felt its warmth wrap around her and though she attempted to look away, she just couldn't seem to resist the light.

She felt it on her skin, dancing around every inch of her body.

She felt it piercing through her and into her; her body, her heart, her nethers and her mind.

Then she heard the light whisper to her. Quietly at first but louder and louder. "*Joy, Peace and Love*" it sang out.

It was... beautiful. It was all so *beautiful*, so radiant. Emmia couldn't help but be utterly enamoured by the miracle she was witnessing before her!

Her heart quickened and she felt a dampness grow in her panties as she felt the light overcome her.



Emmia dropped Danielle's present on the ground as she let herself be engulfed by the brilliance and as it encompassed her, she also began glowing.

*"Joy, Peace and Love"* sang a harmonic choir in her mind.

What was this?! All she could hear was the beautiful chant of *"Joy, peace and love~"* and the aching, wondrous warmth engulfing her being, thrusting deep into her.

It felt incredible to feel so deeply. *"Joy, peace and love"*

Was this what it was to feel these things? Emmia let out a moan, she wanted to feel this all the time!

Emmia thought about her life, her constant need for attention and for material gifts. All to fill some deep hole in her, but it was never enough. She was always left wanting, always empty and unfulfilled.



But as the light cascading through her filled the room, she felt all that emptiness recede. There was no place for that here! Not when she was being filled with such joy!

Emmia, the spoilt beauty. The vapid, empty, spiteful young woman. Always looking down on the less fortunate or jealously at those with more than her...

But now as the light flowed through her, embracing and touching her, for the first time in as long as she could remember she felt... Happy.

No, she was more than happy. She felt excited, jubilant... Joyous!

"Joy, peace and love" she whispered as an enormous orgasm rocked through her body and the light overtook her entirely.



And Emmia welcomed the light into her. It wrapped around her, squeezing her and flushing out all of the bitterness, mistrust, bitchiness and selfishness that'd built up across her twenty years of life.

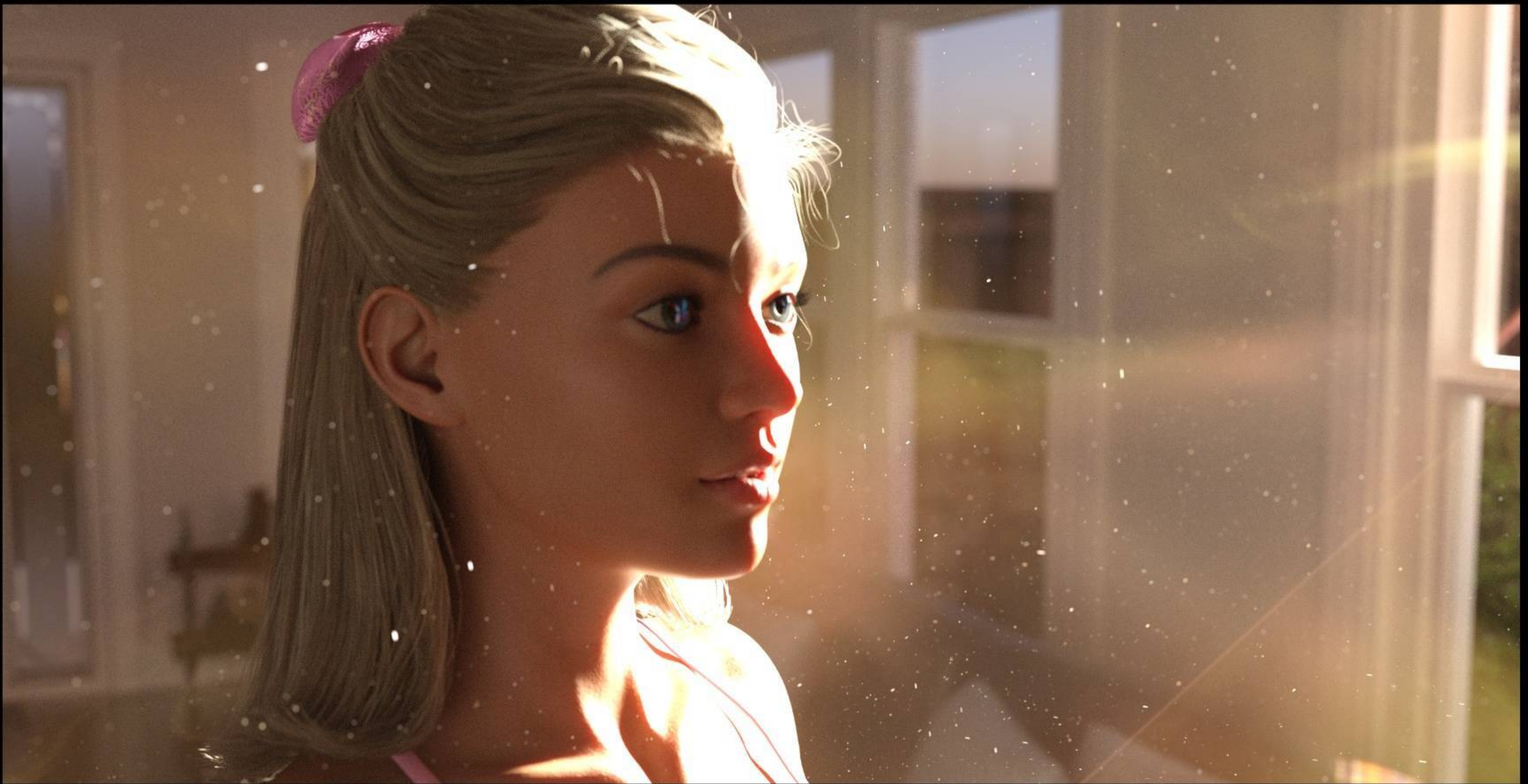
As it tapped into and changed her very soul, her body also transformed in response.

Her fake 800cc silicon tits that had once brought her so much attention shrunk and reverted to their original, naturally pert shape.

Her swollen, pouty lips and botox filled face softened.

Her flowing, ink-black hair shortened to shoulder length, lightening back to its natural blonde color.

The old Emmia might've been frightened, but why worry about these things? All of this felt so good, so right!. Emmia let out a sigh as her old bitchy, sultry self was swept away and cleansed from her body.



As the glow subsided, Emmia brushed away some stray lockes of golden hair as she looked upon the world with fresh new eyes.

In the aftermath of her orgasmic transformation, she could barely put together straight thoughts.

All she could do was stare blankly, lick her lips and enjoy the moment.

The old Emmia had her share of lovers, but nothing, not even the thickest cocks, wettest pussies or the longest tongues had left her feeling this way.

She was finally... satisfied.



As the sun lit up her face, it felt like its light was warming her very soul!

It was so good to be alive.

Emmia realised she'd never stopped to simply enjoy everything around her... She looked out the window at the early morning sun and how it glistened, filling the living room with pale yellow light.

She took in the Bask-Arden living room she stood in, she'd never really appreciated everything she and her family had. What her mother and step-father had worked hard for...

Her family, gosh, she'd never even paid them the attention she should. She was so *lucky* to have such a beautiful and independent family!

Suddenly it occurred to her, she needed to share this feeling. She needed to spread this joy to them!



Emmia gingerly lifted the miraculous present, which had somehow fallen and closed itself perfectly. She noticed some strange black cracks that she could've sworn hadn't been on the box before, but in her joyous excitement, paid it little attention.

The most important thing was to share this incredible gift with her family.

Looking towards the bedrooms upstairs, Emmia let out a wide smile as she thought about how much her family needed this! Her sister, her incredible twin sister especially.

She was so competitive, always working so hard and never satisfied with her performance.

Yes, she would be the next to experience this!

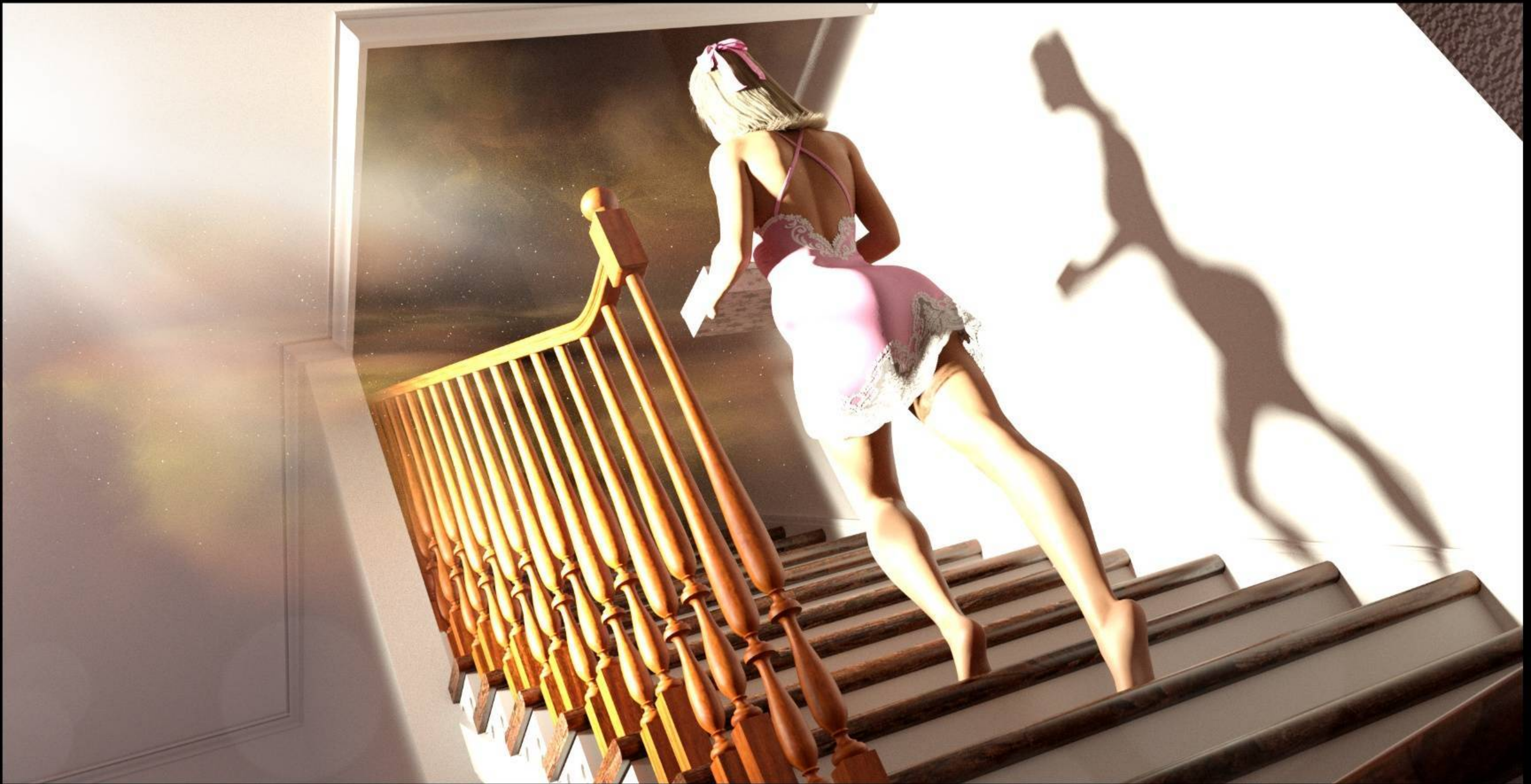
Emmia turned and began heading to her twin sisters room...



Far away up North, in her small and dim workshop Laren the elf gasped with excitement! She grinned ear-to-ear as she watched her *special* gift release it's surprise on the selfish and vain sister Emmia. It was exactly what Laren had expected her to do.

This was what would change Christmas for the lonesome and forgotten across the world. Laren's gift could purify and cleanse any *naughty* children who dared to peek or steal the present! Turning the naughty into the nice, what could be better on Christmas day?

Laren watched on with glee, barely able to hold back her eagerness as to how things would unfold...



Back in the Bask-Arden household, Emmia skipped across the room and began heading upstairs. She gripped Danielle's present tightly in her hands as she walked.

"Joy"

"Peace"

"Love"

She said with each step, her eyes fluttering slightly as she repeated the words and unknowingly to Laren the elf, she grew wetter between the legs.

"Joy... Peace... Love..."



With the lightest of feet, the new and pure Emmia quietly opened the door to her sister's messy room.

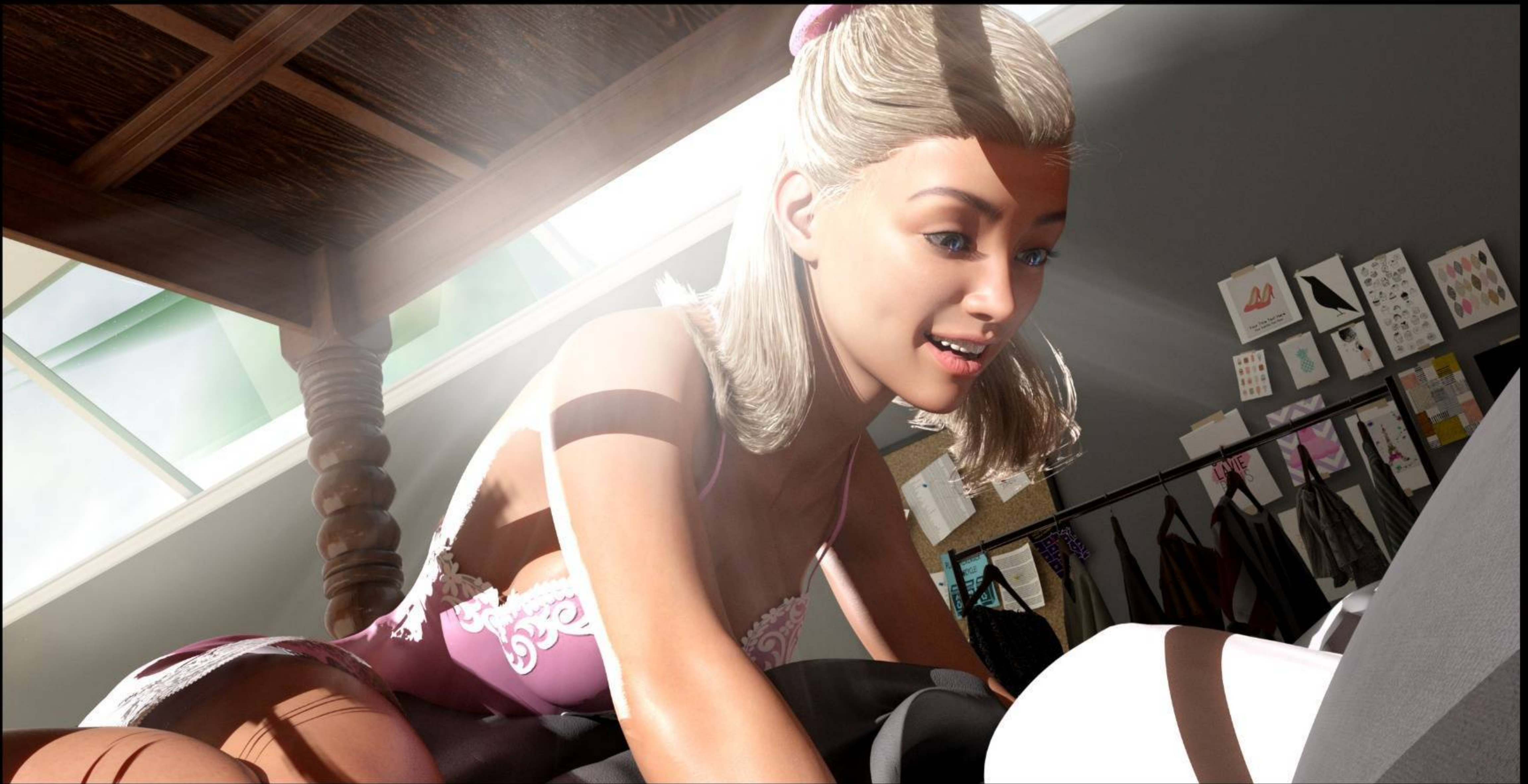
Unlike Emmia, Elaine had never been as outwardly conceited.

She was quieter and had always been more into sports and physical activities in comparison to Emmia's lust for popularity, looks and recognition.

But despite Elaine's more tomboyish nature, Emmia still knew that her twin sister was just as rotten inside, if only in a different way.



Elaine was just as self-obsessed. Entirely focused on *her* physique and *her* skills as an athlete. Never able to accept that anyone was better than her but also never satisfied with herself. It'd made Elaine into an unapproachable and surly person. She was also so messy and unlady-like, Emmia thought as she regarded the sleeping girl's room. It didn't matter though - in moments, she would give her sister something *life changing*. "Peace, Joy and Love" she whispered again, closing her eyes to savour how those words made her brain feel. She opened her eyes with clear resolve. She would finally give her sister the peace that she deserved...



“Wake up, sleepyhead! It’s **Christmas!**”

Emmia sang out in high-pitched, melodic tone as she straddled her sister in bed.

“It’s such a *beautiful* morning, it’d be such a shame to miss out on it, my dearest sister!”

Elaine frowned as she was unexpectedly disturbed from her sleep.

The sporty-twin slowly stirred and opened her eyes, squinting as they adjusted to the blinding morning light pouring into her room.



“W-what the hell is this?” scowled Elaine as her eyes came into focus.

She was met face-to-face with her sister - *except* that there was something strange about her, different... off.

Emmia’s eyes beamed with a bright, but vacant vigor that she’d never seen; her dyed-black hair was back to its natural blonde; her skin was soft, supple and natural rather than the layers of make-up and on her face was the widest smile she’d seen from her sister in as long as she could remember.

Not a fake smile either. There was no malice, spite or hostility.

Just... Joy!

Elaine lay there perplexed, eyeing her with concern and mistrust.



As her sister sat on top her beaming down with her pearly whites, Elaine finally yelled out “Just what game’re you playing at here?” as she pushed her twin off of her. Emmia, with her spoilt popularity had always had a mean streak, playing tricks and games on her - this had made her aloof and always suspicious. “No game, Elaine. There *is* something amazing though!” replied Emmia as she guided the tattooed girl’s gaze to the small gift box that lay next to her. “I know I was a bitch, a vile and *awful* person. I came downstairs this morning and I found *this*. It’s marked for Danielle, but please, Elaine open it up. Take a look!” Elaine looked down at it- “What’s in the box, Emmia?” “Just open it and you’ll understand *everything!*”



Elaine sat up, looking across at the small inert box.

“Is this some kind of trick, Em? Are you fucking with me?”

“No, please I promise! I wouldn’t lie!”

“You’re *constantly* lying!”

“Not anymore. I swear. I just want to bring some *peace, joy and ahhh love* to you”

Emmia couldn’t quite stifle a moan as she finished her sentence. Kneeling next to her sister she slowly began rubbing her wet mound against the heel of her foot.

Elaine looked over at her sister and finally relented. “Fine. But if this is some fucked up thing I swear to god...” Giving her sister a final quizzical look, she reached over and began to lift the lid.



As she began to lift the lid on the box Elaine saw small glimmering sparkles begin to rise up. For a fraction of a second, the air felt electric and the hairs on the back of her head stood on end. Elaine's honed senses knew that there was something wrong and her fight-or-flight instinct began to kick-in, but it was too late. The moment the lid was raised an inch from the rest of the present, the piercing golden light burst out towards the present peeper. Even with her years of athletic preparation; her defined, fast-twitch muscles; and her incredible reaction speed - they weren't enough and in a fraction of a second, the girl was engulfed!



Shimmering power imploded into the young woman as she was lifted into the air by the force of it.

Elaine grit her teeth. "Fight it! Fight it!" she thought to herself. "Whatever this is you *beat* it down!"

"Whatever this is, I'm *better* than it! Fight. **FIGHT!**"

Anger boiled up inside Elaine. Anger over her lack of control. Anger over her sister's deceit. Anger and rage that she had always used to overcome every obstacle in her life.

But even as she tried to focus her anguish into a weapon, she felt a part of waiver. The blinding light and heat pouring into her, as fierce as it was, it didn't feel violent.

It felt like... it felt like a deep and full embrace. *Warm... caring... Peaceful.*

A part of Elaine's cold, impenetrable wall crumbled.



The strength in her began to melt as she felt the energy pour deeper into her. She could feel the cells of her body vibrate and hum in harmony; she could feel her sister's eyes locked onto her with an expression of pure joy and wonderment.

And then Elaine heard it, a choir in her head "Joy, peace and love".

"J-joy... peace... love...?" she repeated and as she did, a thunderous full body orgasm quaked through her. Elaine's head spun and she finally relaxed her tensed body.

"Joy, peace... and love" she repeated once more, again being rewarded with a flood of rapturous pleasure.

"OhhHhh joy, peace and love!" she cried out loud as she was wracked with another mind-altering reward.

All the walls Elaine had built up, all of her anger, her competitiveness and rage melted, evaporating into nothing.



And then, the light engulfing the girl subsided and she dropped back onto her bed. White smoke trailed off of her body as the morning light bathed up against her now perfect and unmarked skin.

“How do you feel, my beautiful sister?” sang Emmia, kneeling down to check on her sibling.

The girl laying on the bed slowly began to stir.

*Peace.* Elaine felt her heart beating calmly in her chest - the jealous and competitive emptiness in her was silent.

*Joy.* She felt the sunlight from her window dance across her skin, warming her where it touched.

*Love.* Her sister - her sister was calling out to her. Her beautiful, caring twin sister.

Elaine found the strength to get up.



She rose to meet her sister. The two twins shared smiles of pure joy and contentment.

Elaine's hair had lengthened, and the roughly bleached hair had returned to a shimmering blonde, just like her twin. Across her body, her tattoos had disappeared and her once taut physique had softened to become more slender and soft.

*"My sister. My wonderful twin Emmia. What happened? I feel so..."*

*"Hush now, sister. I don't know either, all I know is that I wanted so much to share it with you. It fills me with so much pleasure to see you like this. To see you full of-"*

Emmia was cut off as her sister finished her sentence for her-

*"Joy, peace and love."* Elaine closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip as she completed sounding those words.



“Yes, yes! Joy, peace and love!” Emmia confirmed, mirroring her sister’s expression.

“Joy, peace and love.” Elaine said again.

Every time they said it seemed to bring them closer to blissful rapture. Every time they said it scrambled their brains and flooded their body with chemicals of pure happiness.

Emmia squirmed in place as she repeated it again, in turn making her more giddy and horny.

Elaine saw her sister become flushed and grinned knowingly as their eyes locked on one another.



“Joy, peace and love.”  
They moaned in unison as they single mindedly dove in to embrace one another.



The two sisters kissed, embraced and explored one another. Only stopping to mindlessly chant their new mantra over and over again so that they could lose their minds to indulgent bliss all over again.

As they did so they grew closer, healing the rift that had grown between them and more.

The more the twins touched, caressed and brought joy and pleasure to one another, the more their minds synced together. "Joy, peace and love" echoed endlessly in their heads until they fully embodied it.

Finally after an hour wrapped around one another, the two sat up in unison.

They knew what they needed to do next. They needed to keep spreading this Christmas miracle.

The two blonde, angelic girls looked towards the door and in single motion began to walk out together.



“Peace, Love and Joy” they quietly repeated to one another.

Each time, the electric thrill ran down their spines.

Giddy with joy and desiring nothing but to spread this peace, they walked down the hall towards their mother’s bedroom.



Laren gazed in awe at how her box had repaired the damaged girls and returned them both to a state of innocence and goodness. Their wide open eyes, giant smiles and desire to spread this Christmas spirit to others. Their kiss had been a little more... passionate than expected but as she watched the girls saunter down the hall, smiling and swinging their hips in unison she pushed that concern to the back of her mind. There were now 2 fewer girls on the naughty list afterall.



Another concern was the box- she didn't know how far the cleansing magic could be pushed. She'd designed it to easily purify one naughty child with juice to spare but now that it had done it to two, she could see dark fissures beginning to mark the outside of the box.

"It should be fine," she rationalised "if there isn't enough power in it then it should just *not* do anything..."

"Yes, yes. It'll be fine. This will be Danielle's best Christmas ever!"



The sisters quietly stepped into the master bedroom - their *mother's* bedroom.

The room was meticulous, full of lavish decoration and expensive furniture yet at the same time felt somehow hollow. A beat of sadness pierced the girls as they thought of their lonely mother.

They needed to help her but looking around the room, the bed was made-up, everything was spotless and compulsively tidy, they did not find the matriarch of the house here.

The two continued their search.



In her private ensuite bathroom, Elyssia Bask stared intently at her reflection as she meticulously applied her makeup. Every fine line, wrinkle, splotch and stray hair was deeply scrutinised by the woman as she worked to conceal her slowly aging body and the effects of time it had on her.

She was so focused in her task that she almost smeared her Chanel Rouge lipstick when she suddenly heard from behind her-



“Good morning and the **Merriest of Christmas, Mother!**”

A barely visible snarl of annoyance formed on Elyssia’s face but was quickly replaced with curiosity when she looked over at her two daughters.

“Hmm? Good morning girls. I see you’ve both had... a makeover?”

Looking the two up and down she internally winced at the ‘innocent, doey blonde’ look the girls had dressed themselves up in. Elaine had even gone so far to cover-up her tattoos.

What were they playing at?



“Oh Mother, we’ve had something so *wonderful* happen to us!” chirped Elaine.

“A true *Christmas miracle*! Such a wonderful gift. We’ve found-” Emmia continued.

“*Peace, Love and Joy!*” they sang in unison.



Elyssia Arden-Bask sighed and turned around to face her daughters looking wholly unimpressed and disinterested. Facing the two young women, the matriarch leaned back and unashamedly jut out her chest, letting her enormous fake breasts almost spill out of her gown.

Despite these being her daughters Elyssia always needed to show them her superiority, both in mentally and physically. She loved them and spoiled them, but like everything else, she also needed to keep them in line and under her control. Always needing her approval and affection.

“What, have you two joined a cult? What’s that you’re holding” she asked, eyeing the small and unfamiliar gift box in their hands.



“Just take a peak into this box” squealed Elaine giddily as they slid the box open for a third time. Elyssia reactively looked down and as she did streams of light and magic power poured out from within.

“**Peace, Love** and **Joy!**” the girls cried in ecstasy as they rejoiced in unleashing the enchanted gift on their mother. Just as before, shimmering light poured out of the box flooding the room in effervescent energy. Beams of golden light twisted and stretched out, arching outwards to reach for the naughty peeker!



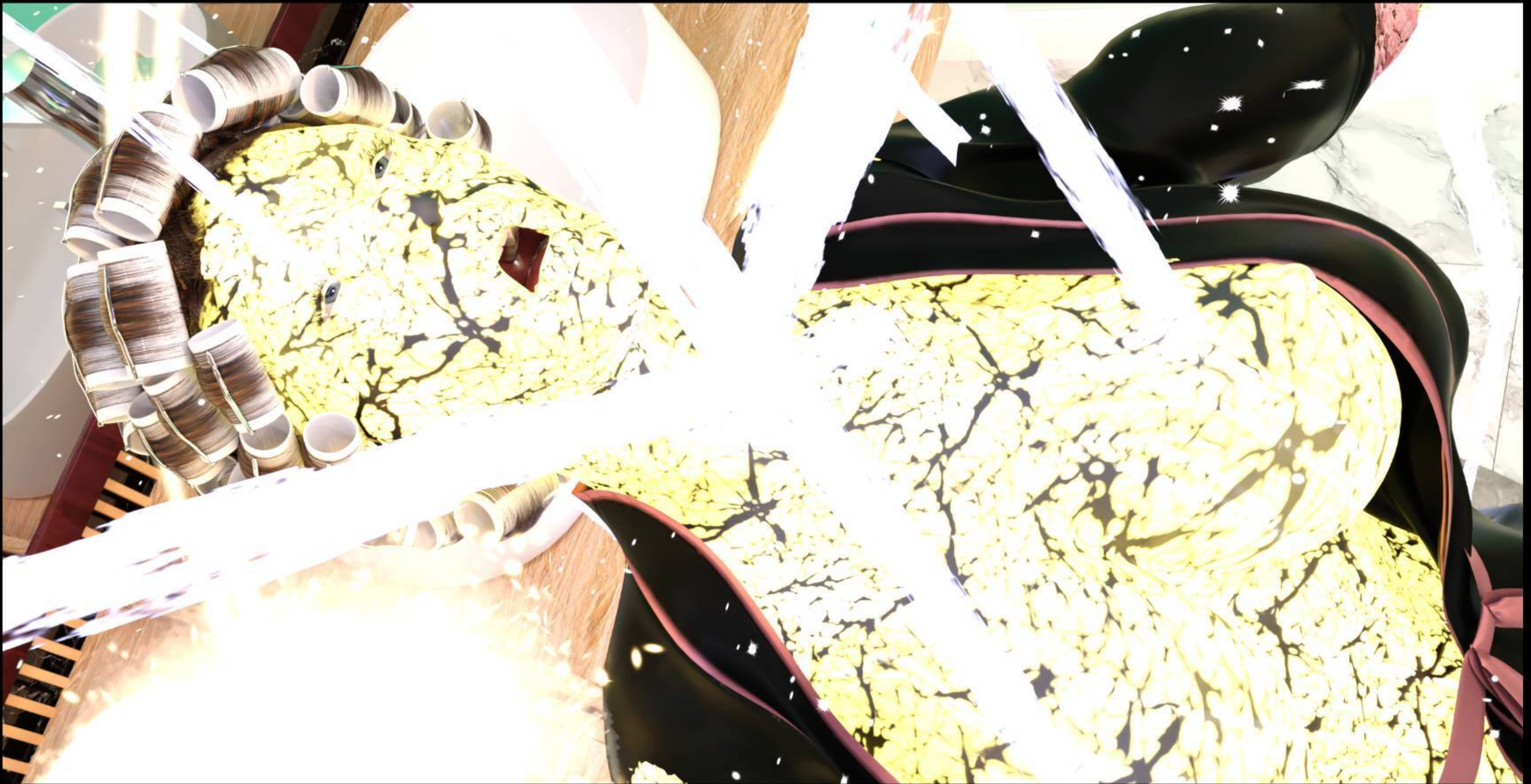
Elyssia was instantly caught by the glowing tendrils of light as the purifying power began running up and across her body, searching for an entry to dig in and cleanse all the badness within her.

“Arrgghhh” she cried out as she was lifted into the air with sparks of light engulfing her.

She felt dozens of hot electric fingers run up and down her body, pushing and prodding. A hot flash run up her spine as something brushed across her nethers. It was as if the glowing light could sense it as suddenly there was much more attention there. Electric thurms gliding up and down her nethers, over her silk panties that were quickly growing wet. Then they found their way under the band and in an instant penetrated her.

Thick columns of light poured into her, sliding and grinding into her body.

Elyssia shook and moaned as she grew wetter and hotter.



In moments, Elyssia was writhing and groaning. Moving herself in time with the invisible rhythm of the light as orgasm upon orgasm wracked her very being. “M-moorreee,” she moaned hoarsely.

Pure joy, pure love- Elyssia let it all in. Anything to feel more of this.

Her body began to glow a radiant white but as it did black cracks could also be seen welling up to the surface!

It was one thing to purify two young women with their whole lives ahead of them, it was something else entirely to do so for a woman with decades of cruelty, selfishness and narcissism. The magical light had to work hard, digging deeper and deeper and letting the black ooze boil to the surface.

For Elyssia, it just meant more pleasure to coax out her evil. More heat and warmth, more love.

“L-love...” Elyssia whimpered “I... I want love... I want to love!” she cried out!



Unbeknown to the 3 women, the door to the master bathroom silently creaked open as Danielle nervously and cautiously peeked her head in.

She'd heard cries and howls from down the hall and thought her stepmother might be in danger or need help!

And even in spite of -or maybe because of- the cruelty she'd experienced under Mother Bask she felt a duty to go and help her. She'd run down as quickly as she could but as she'd gotten closer she began to suspect that the cries and moans were not at all from pain or trouble.

However, she needed to be sure and as she opened the door her eyes widened as she tried to process the scene that was unfolding before her!



Mrs Bask, glowing brightly, grunted and contorted her body to an unseen force. Her legs spread open and her body quivering.

Her dark bruneete hair burst out of the rollers and shimmered golden in the early morning sunlight. Her black, silk robe shimmered and took on a lighter and lighter tone.

All the while, the matriarch babbled over and over incoherently.

“Love me... love you... love everyone! P-peace, unnnghhh, peace and love and j-joy!” she’d cry between deep panting and moans.



Danielle couldn't process what she was seeing.

Whatever this was... it didn't seem real or possible!

The innocent girl stood dumbfounded in the doorway as she watched high stepmother float higher and glow brighter and brighter!



“P-PEACE LOVE AND JOY!!!” screamed Elyssia as everything reached its crescendo.

There was a blinding flash of light, radiating heat and a thunderous crash!

In an instant, all the black ink coalesced and was torn from her body, bursting out and into the box.

The two girls recoiled from the shockwave, losing their grip on the box as they reactively covered their eyes from the light.



The box, dropped to the ground with a wet thud with a pool of viscous purple ooze leaking out from the now inverted, black box. It's task was done and it's purifying magic thoroughly exhausted.



For a moment there was complete silence in the room.  
Then Danielle sprung into action as she ran over to check on Elyssia.  
The twins still recovering.



“M... Mrs Bask, are you OK?” she stammered as she knelt down to the older woman.

“Oh, Danielle. I’m not... I’m not alright.” replied Elyssia slowly

“What’s wrong, do you need an ambulance? I can call-” Danielle was stopped mid-sentence as Elyssia sat up and turned to face her, putting a hand on the young girl’s shoulder.

“I’ve been a monster,” Elyssia finally admitted

“I’ve been *such* a monster to you. To all of you!” she continued whilst looking up at her daughters.

Danielle looked at her Stepmother in shock. She could see genuine remorse and tears in the eyes of the older woman. So much was going through her mind that the young girl felt completely paralyzed.



But she didn't need to, as Elyssia Arden-Bask took the first step and gave Danielle the first genuine, loving hug that she'd ever given her.

"I'm so sorry! I'm here for you now though, we'e all here." she said, motioning for her daughters.

The girls gleefully joined their mother in the family hug.

"We love you mom! We love you sis!" the girls sighed.

Danielle was still in shock, was this a Christmas miracle? This was a Christmas miracle!

Danielle finally felt her paralysis fade as she hugged her Stepmother back.



“Peace, love and joy to you Danielle” whispered Elyssia.

As Danielle continued to process what was happening, tears began to run down her face as she did, in fact, feel loved for the first time in many years; the love gave way to joy and a feeling of peace washed over her.

Danielle felt the unfamiliar feeling of a smile tugging at the edges of her mouth as she thought to herself

“Maybe everything’s going to be alright!”



Afterwards, the Arden-Bask family eventually made their way downstairs and spent the morning chatting, joking and laughing together.

Emmia made everyone mugs of decadent hot chocolate and Elyssia baked cookies- something she hadn't done in years!

Danielle was still dumbfounded - these women, they were clearly the same people she'd lived with for years but it was as if all the vile darkness had been purged from them. They looked happy, ecstatic even and they were treating each other like normal decent people!



She sat there quietly, watching her family interact. The joy, laughter and affection.

It'd been so long since she'd seen or felt anything resembling this that she'd started to think that it only existed in movies. As she was handed a cup of hot chocolate from her now doting stepsister, Danielle made up her mind.

The best thing she could do was simply accept this Christmas Miracle and enjoy it for as long as it lasted.

There was only one question that remained in her mind...



What was the deal with this present?



“Open it, Danielle!” the twins excitedly cried in unison.

“Yes, yes you must!” their mother agreed.

The family looked down at the present with anticipation. Emma passingly wondered why the box had changed color, but quickly dismissed the thought since it was clearly a magical gift after all.



Danielle clasped her hands together tightly, a feeling of cautious nervousness overtook her.

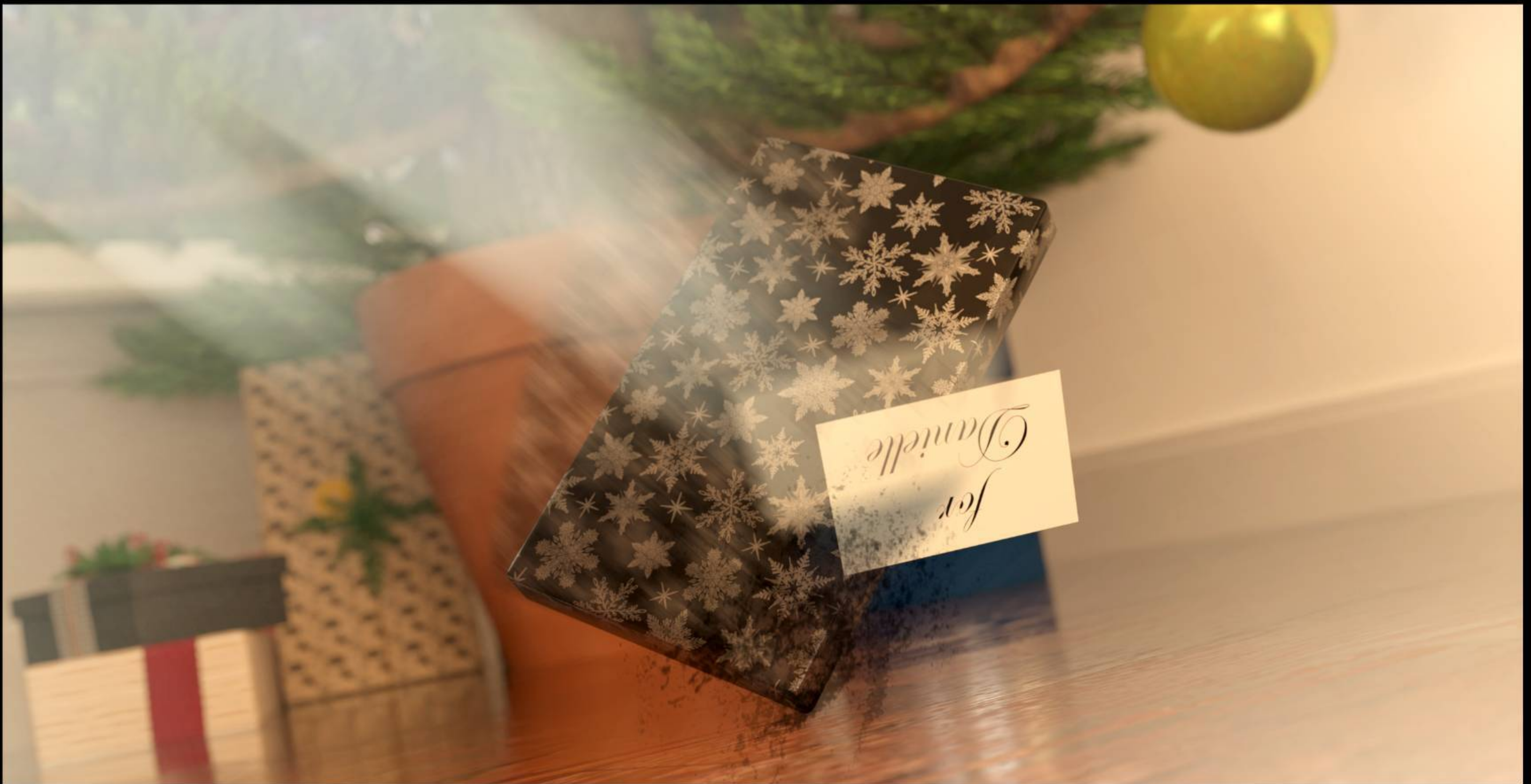
Whatever the gift was and whoever it was from, it'd already done so much more than she could possibly imagine. It'd given her a family again- what more could it do?

The twins squeezed in tight against Danielle, the feeling of the warmth from their bodies was so foreign to her.

"This present is all for you! You must open it" urged Emmia.

"Come now, girls. Give your sister some space!"

Danielle sighed in surrender and picked up the box "Alright, let's see what this is all about then!"



Danielle plucked up the courage to open the box.

It felt light as she picked it up, though there was definitely something in there- she could almost feel a humming buzz emanating from within it, but could hear nothing when putting it up to her ear and giving it a light shake.

The wrapping paper felt odd, almost as if it had an oily residue on it.

Finally she took a deep breath and shutting her eyes tight she threw off the lid. It landed on the ground and in an instant was forgotten.



Danielle opened her eyes and looked into the box. Any excitement she'd felt before rapidly disappeared as her stomach dropped at what she saw within the box.

"W-what is this?" she asked with confusion, a creeping fear rising within her.

But no response ever came. Not from her step-mother, or sisters- only silence.

In fact, they alongside everything else had seemingly stopped doing anything at all as time froze around the young woman.



Then, from within the box a creeping black tendril emerged, smoke and black oil oozed off it's surface as it unfurled itself from within the box. Danielle was frozen like a deer in headlights, the supernatural sight too much for the young woman to process.

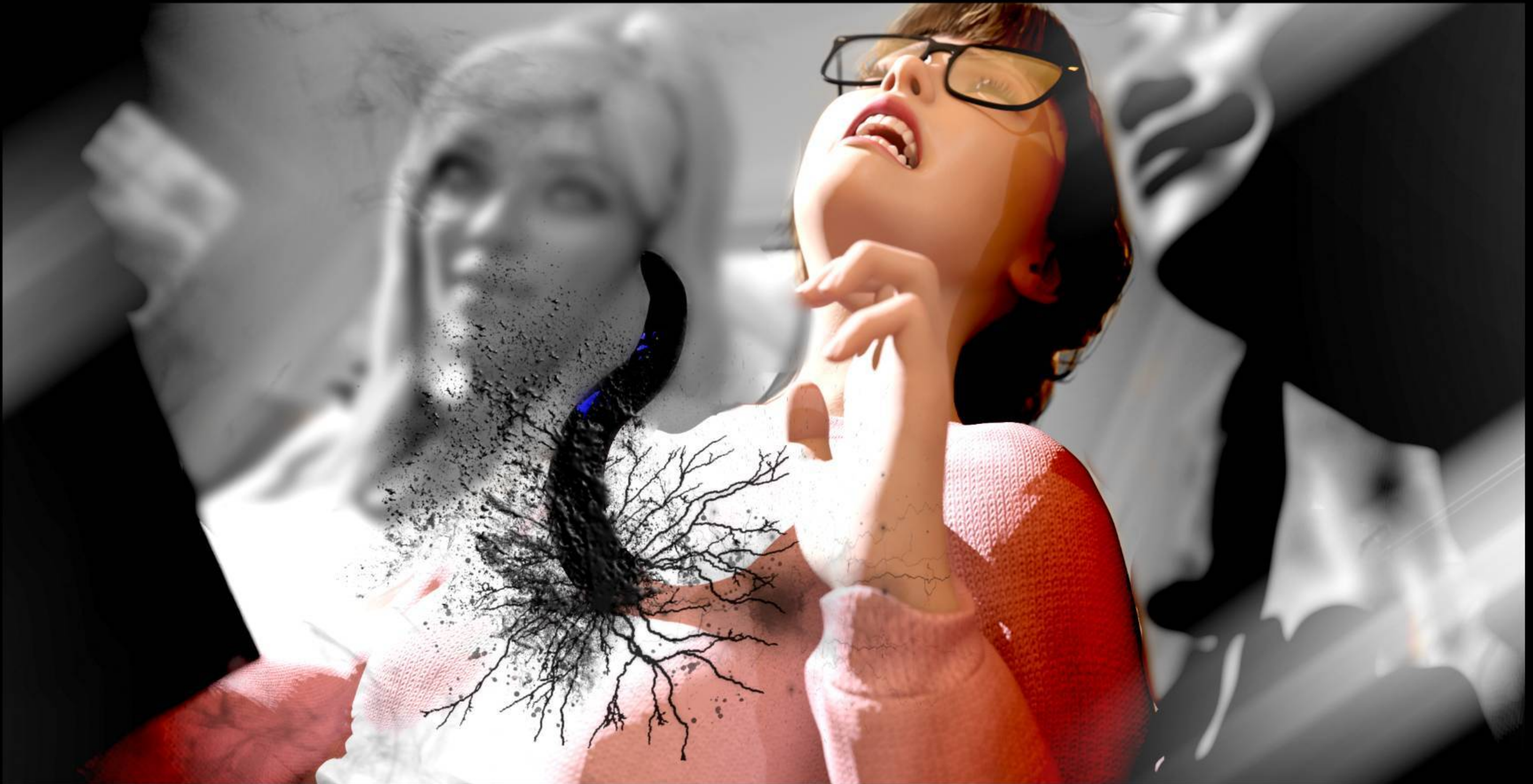
Then she heard a voice, light and rasping, whisper out to her "Your wishes... granted"

The tendril moved back and forth slowly on the spot, black ichor dripping off of it. "M-my wish?"



Without further warning, the slimy black entity rose up and dove into her chest! Her flesh tore and cracked open as it slithered and poured itself, unhindered deep inside her.

Danielle winced and recoiled but could do nothing to stop it. She felt it's long, slick body flood into her. It filled her up and at the same time everywhere it touched left a growing void in its wake, an emptiness that the girl struggled to reconcile.



Her whole being was overcoming with a frigid cold that was dark and isolating. She looked at her step-sisters, sitting so close to her but frozen still and motionless. They couldn't help her, just like how they had never lifted a finger to help her in all the years she'd known them. A flash of spite crossed the young woman as memories of her difficult adolescence boiled to the surface.

*"Your desires are understood..."*

The things voice reverberated and echoed through her invaded body as the last of the creatures tail lashed about and disappeared into her. The gaping wound left by the assault instantly sealing itself back without a trace.



The cold, empty thing within her spread and penetrated her entirely. The years of neglect, bullying and trauma flashed endlessly before her, she relived Emmia's cruelty, Elaine's indifference and Elyssia's malevolence. Her eyes turned inky black as she was consumed by it, jerking her head back she let out an echoing howl.

In that instant time resumed as colour, life flooded and motion flooded back into reality.



Danielle lunged up screaming!

The coffee table flung and crashed across the room as the twins and matriarch flinched back at the sudden primal outburst. Fear and concern wracked the 3 and Emmia reactively moved to help her beloved step-sister.

“Danielle, what’s wrong? Are you ok?”

“S-stay *away from me!!*” she screamed back partly from a newly awakened rage within her and partly because even in such a state she didn’t want to hurt anyone.

“What happened?” Emmia pleaded with genuine concern, but she was met with Danielle raising her hand to block her from reaching out to her.



As Danielle lifted her hand she felt the cold stir within her.

*“Take her gift of vanity.”*

She felt a connection with her step-sister, she could feel a warmth radiating from Emmia and she instinctively reached out and pulled at that warmth.

Emmia’s eyes widened, then her body grew sluggish and slack as threads of golden light began weeping from her eyes and and a thick stream flowed out from her mouth, warping and lashing as it slowly moved towards Danielle.

As the ethereal energy touched Danielle’s hand it danced and crackled against her skin before being absorbed into her. To Danielle, it felt exquisite- a drop of warmth in a frigid ocean; a single beam of light shining in against the pitch black emptiness within her. She greedily reached out to take more!



“Ohhh~!” gasped Danielle at the sudden trickle of bliss.

She grasped harder and the flow quickened, drenching her in warm light. Danielle saw flashes of Emmia’s life-hours spent making sure she was perfect and that she had no imperfections. She felt how Emmia felt when she was showered with affection and the lustful desires of others. The knowledge of beauty, movement and allure filled her. At the same time her body and flesh began to change, becoming engulfed in light just as her step-family had. Her body *had* to match, no- exceed Emmia’s. She wanted beauty, she wanted to be desired, she wanted all the physical pleasure and affection that Emmia had experienced.

A smile crept over at the corners of her mouth as she felt herself twist and change.



“D-Danielle! This... this isn’t what’s supposed to happen,” Elaine cried out “What’re you doing?!”

The twin realised quickly that this was difference than her own ‘cleansing’ transformaiton. She was doing something to her sister, *taking* something from her.

Elaine could almost feel the strength being sucked out of Emmia as the twin slowly slumped down, tendrils of lights pulsing and arcing from her into Danielle.

“Stop, *please!*” she pleaded



*“‘Stop’... ‘Stop?!’ - Nobody tells me what to do!”* The selfish, rage-filled thought flashed hot in Danielle’s mind as she reactively spun to face her other step sister.

*“Take her gift of strength.”* came the voice again and this time there was no hesitation from Danielle.

She reached her hand out and clenched her fist, pulling at the essence of her younger step-sister.

Elaine wretched and choked as she felt a surge of warm energy flood out of her. Just like her sister the supernatural essence flowed out of her and Elaine felt her strength instantly sap away from her.

The energy crackled and flowed into Danielle, letting out a lush sigh as her Elaine’s light was added to her sister’s, still flowing into her.



Elaine slumped over next to her sister. The tendrils of light kept flowing out of the Bask twins.

“Oohhhh, ohh yes! Everything, give me *everything!*” Danielle squealed in ecstasy.

Danielle’s mind shifted again as she became intimately acquainted with her athletic step-sister. Her determination, her commitment and her quiet resentment of those she deemed as weaker or lesser than her. It fed her growing desire for physical and mental perfection.

Her body began taking on the features necessary for physical perfection. Muscle mass and tone refined her shape and Danielle casually flexed her taut body, delighting in the new power and control she had over her body.



Then, finally, she turned to her step-mother who was cowering at the front door. Trying to sneak away.

*“How dare she! Pathetic old woman... she looks so small and meek”* Danielle thought.

*“Please, Danielle, I know we had treated you so, so awfully-”* Elyssia began to plead

*“Shut up!”* spat Danielle. A hurricane of rage stormed within Danielle as she glared down at the woman who was supposed to be a “parent”, the woman who was supposed to support and help her flourish.

*“Years. YEARS!... You tortured, you abused and used me. I know you were only in it for my father’s money. You greedy, manipulative bitch!”*

A calm slowly washed over her as she saw how completely the tables were now turned.



Danielle, with pitch black eyes, surrounded by glowing radiant light. She didn't need to be prompted by the darkness inside of her this time.

“I will take your **power.**”

She smiled darkly as she reached out with her hand and felt the ethereal connection to her step-mothers spirit and pulled with everything she could.



Elyssia Arden-Bask felt the tugging at her spirit, it clenched around here and pulled on it with an inexorable mystical power. Fear wracked the woman and she tried to keep it down, keep it held within her but inch by inch, she felt it boiling up closer to the surface.

Inch by inch she felt herself losing grip on the light of her soul.

She knew something terrible would happen if she let it go, she knew that the Danielle she knew would be gone forever and so she held on with everything she had, but it wasn't enough.

The shimmering light welled up and slowly emerged from her throat. A tendril of pure spiritual essence, growing and coiling out of her and moving slowly towards the greedy hands of Danielle.



“Yesssss” Danielle hissed as the crackling energy from her step-mother reached her. Beams of light connected the family together as Danielle took everything she could from them. This year, it was all for her. Everything.

She cried out with wanton joy, unimpeded by conscience or empathy.

*“Beauty. Power. Manipulation. Control.  
This is everything I want, **give** it to me!”*

The room was enveloped in a blinding light as the corrupted magic of the Christmas gift did its work and made her dream into reality



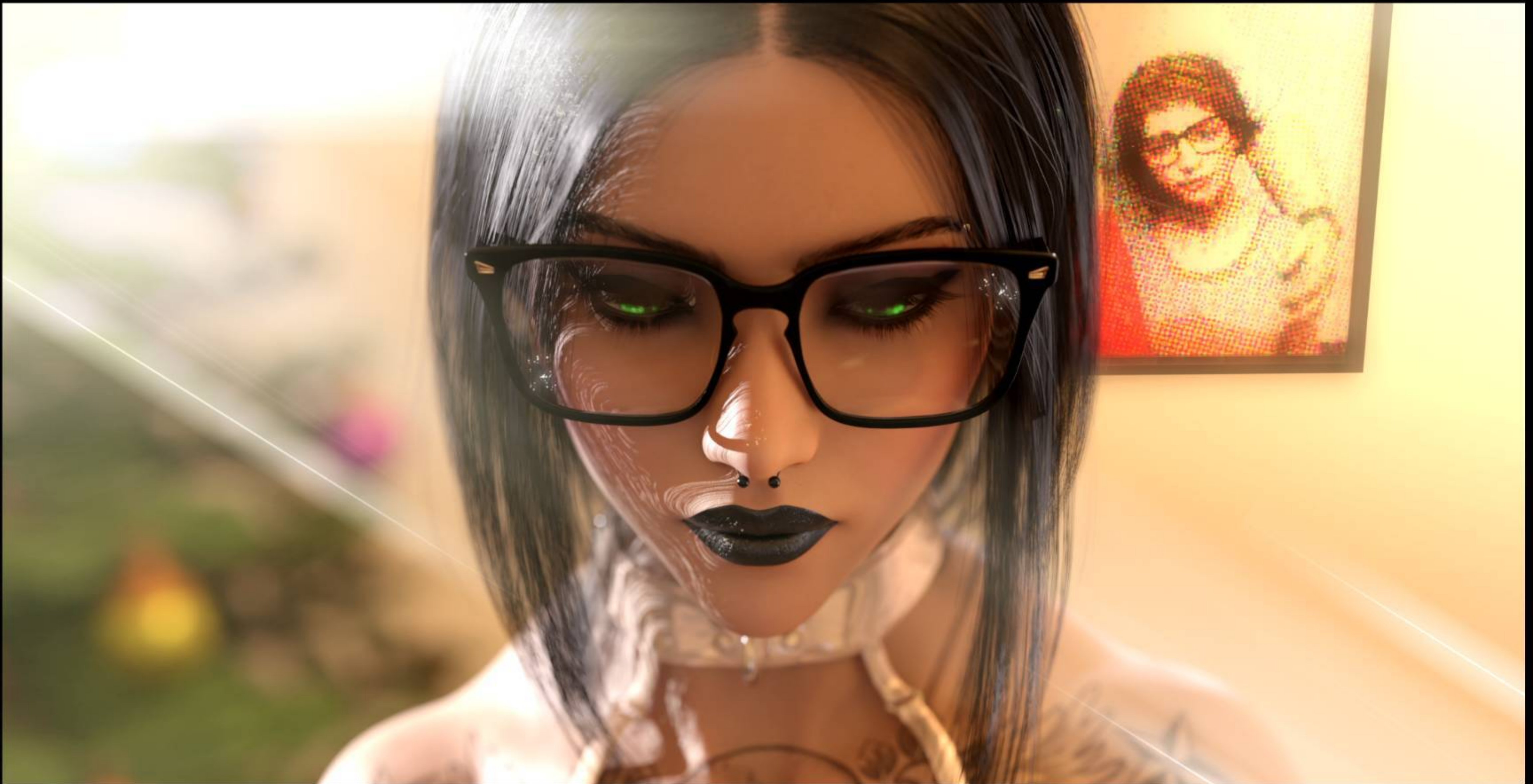
The blinding radiance flickered and faded, then all was silent in the Arden-Bask family living room.

Not a single soul stirred in the house.

The twins slumped on the couch, barely breathing.

The matriarch of the family lay motionless on the floor.

A single pair of glistening white boots and stocking clad legs slowly floated down from the air.



Danielle was reborn on this Christmas day.

The shy but warm and caring girl swept away on this day of Winter celebration. Black hair and midnight lip stick adorned her flawless face and as she slowly opened her eyes, they shimmered with a supernatural, malevolent green glow.

Mistress Daniella was born from this Christmas miracle.



She took her first breath as a new woman. Enormous, perfectly round breasts rose and fell on her chest. A gift taken from her *bitch* of a step-sister Emmia.

She flexed her taut and strong body, she was close to 6 foot now. She marvelled at how strong and shapely she'd become; her body adorned with tattoos she'd always appreciated from afar but never had the guts to get herself - all presents from her calous sister, Elaine.

Within her she felt a new ebbing power, perhaps residual from the Christmas miracle or perhaps something from her manipulative mother.

She callously looked down at their exhausted bodies barely moving. The pitifull things.

Then an idea emerged in her mind and she decided she wanted to test the extent of her new form and powers.



Mistress Daniella sauntered over to her younger sister Emmia and kneeled down.

Emmia was hunched over, her body exhausted and ethereal white smoke curled silently out of her mouth and eues. Daniella couldn't help but smirk at the sight of the empty husk of a girl.

Her eyes blazed a supernatural green as she leaned over to the blonde and whispered in her ear-

**“Emmia, my *bratty* little sister. My Christmas gift to you is **Peace**. From this day, you will be released from your endless affection and attention seeking. You will still *desire* these things but from now on you're just a plain, suburban beta girl- you'll settle into a boring peaceful life, in a boring job in a deadend town. When you see me, which you won't often, you will yearn for my and my life but too meek to do anything. Do you understand?”**

Emmia, barely coherent could only mutter the faintest “unnghhh” as she shivered and the words took root in her.



She then stepped over to her other sister, falling onto the couch beside her and squeezing in tight.

“Elaine, such power and will. I love everything you’ve given me. Don’t worry, I won’t let this lush new body go to waste!” she said as she casually stretched and flexed her powerful legs, before draping one over her sister.

“For you, I bring you *Joy*. I know how lonely and empty you were in your self-absorbed pursuit of physical perfection. So for you, the gift of *family and motherhood*. More than anything you want to be bred. Your maternal instinct is in overdrive and all you want to do is to start a family. You’ll be a pure and loving mother of course. Your body will never be the same- but a small price to pay for your family who you’ll be entirely devoted to. And of course anytime *Aunty Daniella* comes, well, your devotion and breeding instinct will kick in extra hard over me.”

“Annnhhhh,” Elaine let out a quiet moan as her priorities rewired and hormones started working within her.



Finally, she strode over to the fallen form of her step mother.

The older woman lay prone on the floor at the doorway. Once a heartless narcissist, she suddenly looked so small and weak. A slow realisation dawned on Daniella as she stood over her prime tormentor: this woman had no power over her anymore. The realisation was followed with a wave of relief as the young woman was freed from a prison she hadn't even realised she'd been trapped in.

This woman had kept her captive for years, but now she could do whatever she wanted- she could live her own life. Excitement and giddiness boiled over within her.