



Christmas time was that special holiday that just felt so magical and wholesome, but while everyone looked forward to the morning of Christmas day to see all of their new presents delivered by Mr.Claus himself, no one knew of the secret trips Mrs.Claus Made and with her husband being out and about in the world to do all of his deliveries, she had nothing to worry about when it came to her secret being discovered.

Her husband always took his naughty and nice list, but that only consisted of children and teens.

The one Mrs.Claus Sought after was the naughty and nice list for adults, something that her husband gave up on using decades ago thanks to most adults making rather “NSFW” requests for the magical figure to deliver to them as a present. However, while these adults will never get their erotic gifts, Mrs.Claus only needed the names of naughty men for her secret.

Magic truly made life easier, as Mrs.Claus just needed to speak a name. “Hm... Drake Henson.” The list shined brightly, before Mrs.Claus found herself standing in the middle of a living room, while just so happened to be standing by the couch where her target was beating his meat to porn on the TV. “Oh wow! You're quite the naughty one... And are those panties?” Drake jumped up from the couch in surprise, trying to cover his throbbing cock, which had a pair of panties wrapped around it. “Who the fuck..?! What are you doing in my house!?”

“I am sorry for the sudden intrusion, but I'm here because you're on the naughty list... let's see here. Ah yes! You are on the naughty list because you keep stealing your coworker's panties and using them as masturbation aids, which you seem to be doing right now actually...”

Mrs.Claus Had a faint blush on her slightly wrinkled cheeks, but she kept her focus on her secret mission. Drake quickly took the panties off his cock and tossed them, probably embarrassed to be caught in the act. “A-Are you some kind of investigator she hired..? I'll pay double- No, triple! Just don't tell anyone or I'll lose my job!”

Mrs.Claus Had to hold back her laughter, as she always found such reactions quite humorous, pretending like they don't deserve punishment for their naughty behavior. "Don't worry, I'm not going to tell a soul... but you will be coming with me." Bending down and having a little trouble off one of her heels, Mrs.Claus Eventually managed to take one off and stood straight up with the shoe in hand. Drake stared at the shoe in confusion, but soon looked worried as fumes could be seen oozing from within the smelly heel. "Coming with you..? Look I won't do it again, so can you just-Ngh!!~"

Drake's sentence died in his throat when Mrs.Claus tossed her stinky shoe at him with a scary amount of precision, as the shoe landed perfectly on his face. Some magic was clearly at play here as the second he made contact with that shoe, smelly fumes exploded from within it and all over his face, leaving Drake to drive his hips forward with all his might as his erect cock started to let loose torrents of cum all over the floor. Mrs.Claus Watched with a simple smile, even taking a seat on the couch, as Drake's nostrils got violated by her magical foot odor. The horrid stench plagued his mind and easily crushed all resistance.

There was nothing Drake could do to stop this thanks to the shoe magically being stuck to his face as it continued to explode with endless fumes. His attempts at grabbing and throwing the shoe away were useless, especially when he stopped bothering and just openly huffed those smelly fumes like an addict. "It shouldn't be long now..." Mrs.Claus commented, watching Drake's painfully stiff cock spray seed like there was no Tomorrow. Of course, she knew that this was actually Drake's body purging his masculinity and naughty personality, replacing it with one that would serve a much better purpose.

A minute into this little show and Mrs.Claus finally saw the changes begin, starting with Drake's cock losing inches with each passing second, until a useless little nub weakly drooled watery goo above his tiny little marbles. This was the first sign of total masculinity purge, but more changes came as Drake's height started to drastically decrease, almost like he was being crushed by an invisible force that soon left him standing at two and a half feet. With Drake lost in the addicting stench of Mrs.Claus's shoe, he didn't notice any of the changes, not that it would matter for long.

His hair would soften and grow out, becoming a lovely chestnut color that looked to be as soft as silk. Though it was hidden by the shoe stuck to his face, Drake's lips would begin to fill out and permanently become a candy cane red color, while his facial features shifted towards a more feminine appearance. A sudden crunch sound made Mrs.Claus aware of Drake's shrunken waist, before his hips exploded outward to be large love handles. His scrawny ass jiggled a little, before clapping loudly with newfound fat flooding into those lackluster glutes, leaving Drake with a juicy heart shaped bubble butt. And while it would remain hidden, between those juicy buns was a naughty little bussy that quivered.

The final touch was Drake's ears growing just a tad big, while the ends of his ears would slowly sharpen out to look just like elf ones. "I think that should do it!" Mrs.Claus clapped her hands and the smelly shoe bomb flew from Drake's face and slipped back onto her foot. Where that

had once been a naughty man, was now a sissy elf who looked quite lost. “W-Where did the smell go..?~” Drake sniffed at the air, desperate for another hit of that magical stench, but all he ended up doing was finding no trace of it and pouting. “Don't worry little elf, I can give you more of that smell, but you'll have to come work at the north pole.” Mrs.Claus took out an old sock of hers and offered it to Drake.

“Once you take this and smell it, you'll be transported to your new home and meet many like you.” The new Drake didn't even hesitate, grabbing the smelly socks and snorting the stench off of it like a total fiend, until a little leak between his plump thighs revealed his pathetic climax, before vanishing into thin air. “That's one down! Onto the next...” Mrs.Claus gave the list a look over once more, before settling on a name. “Aster Flint.” And with another flash of light, Mrs.Claus found herself in a bedroom and quickly found her target using binoculars to stare out of his window.

It took her a good minute to try and understand what he was doing, but a quick glance at his reason for being on the naughty list revealed his actions. “Oooh! You are probably peeping at some women minding their business...” Aster dropped his binoculars and spun around to face Mrs.Claus, leading him to run for the nightstand by his bed. Mrs.Claus figured that he was possibly going for a weapon and to stop him, she kicked off both shoes and let the room fill with an explosion of her magical foot stench. The effect on Aster was immediate as his cock throbbed to a painful degree, while drooling precum as if on the verge of an orgasm.

Just as he fell to his knees, Mrs.Claus crawled over the bed towards him and would sit on the edge of it. “Do you mind sitting down? I think I know a fun way to punish you.” Aster tried to reach for his nightstand still, but the foot odor filling his nostrils had a few globs of precum shot from his vein covered prick. “T-The fuck **Sniff Sniff** do to me..?!~” He groaned, before falling to his knees in front of the old woman. “Hardly anything, but that's about to change.” Mrs.Claus held her bare feet up, letting Aster see the fumes wafting off of them, before resting her wrinkly soles right upon his face.

Aster was about to say something to make her stop, but the second contact was made and his nose got smothered by those smelly feet, his eyes rolled back and the messy drool of pre from his cock turned into a violent discharge of semen. “**Sniff Sniff** Ahhhh!!~ **Snuff Sniff** T-Too smelly..!!~” Mrs.Claus merely wiggled her toes and relaxed, watching the naughty man huff the magical stench from her feet, as the endless ropes of cum from his throbbing cock began to be made purely of his masculinity. “Just enjoy yourself and it'll be so much easier.”

The magical changes began with Aster's face shifting into a feminine beauty with nice supple lips that smooched against Mrs.Claus' wrinkly soles. His brown hair lightened up and lengthened a great deal, becoming curly strands of blonde. To speed things up though, Mrs.Claus pressed down with her smelly grippers and an excess amount of jizz blasted from Aster's shrinking cock as he drastically shrinks in height, almost like he was being crushed. Aster began to buck his hips like a fiend, while said hips popped outward and soon became

occupied by jiggling booty cheeks with a tight bussy lightly sucking at the air between such buns.

A gasp left Aster's plump cock smooches thanks to his waist crushing in and his shriveling manhood being fully reduced to mere pinkie sized dicklet and two raisin sized testicles. The final changes came when his ears grew and sharpened into proper elf ears. "I think that's good enough..." Mrs.Claus moved her feet to reveal the new sissy elf, as he looked up at her with a flustered face. "M-May I smell some more..?~" The latest naughty man turned sissy elf was quite the cutie, so Mrs.Claus found it a tad hard to not spoil him.

"I suppose... Here you go!" Handing Aster an especially old pair of smelly socks, she watched him basically shove those stinky pieces of cotton up his nostrils and inhale with his eyes crossed in bliss. "**Sniff Snuff** T-Thanks!!~" And just like Drake, Aster vanished to the north pole to meet the other sissy elves. Two down and one more to go, mainly because Mrs.Claus could only get a small amount per year or else run the risk of being caught by her darling husband. "And for the final one... Keith Mason." The final flash of the night and Mrs.Claus found herself in the bathroom, while the shower was running and someone was clearly busy washing up.

Giving the list a check to see what Keith has done, she gasped in surprise and slowly had a grin spread across her face. "So he is a serial flasher?" Looking over at the shower curtains, she summoned a single smelly sock and with a little magic, caused the stinky cotton to become soaked in sweat. The shower turned off and just as the curtains were pulled out of the way, Keith stepped out to be met with the magical gif. "What the-Mmhmn?!" Suddenly darkness overtook him thanks to Mrs.Claus forcing the sweaty socks over his head and magically stretching it all over his body, until she had a human sized sock with Keith trapped inside.

For a brief second, Keith was beyond confused and tried to get out of whatever he was stuck in, but when he felt the damp cotton all around him and with the strong magical stench shooting up his nostrils, his cock became fully erect and started shooting cum like a fountain. "Ahhh!!~ **Sniff Sniff** L-Let me **Sniff Sniff** out..!!!~" His words never reached Mrs.Claus though, as all she did was tie the end of the sock closed, before sitting on the toilet and watching the naughty man squirm in the massive sock. Despite being soaked with sweat, it didn't take long for her to notice dark spots forming around the sock from Keith's ejaculations.

Not only was Keith in a sauna of sweat and foot odor that made his nose burn, but his bare skin absorbed the sweat and brought on drastic changes as his ass exploded with fat and audibly clapped for attention with his developing bussy sucking up sweat. "O-Ooooh!!~ **Sniff Sniff** S-So good!~ **Sluuuurp**" Keith slurped up some sweat, which made his lips become swollen cock pillows, while his watery goo spraying cock nearly became a flat nub on his crotch with even his testicles nowhere in sight. The squirming figure in the sock shrank, letting Mrs.Claus know that it wouldn't be much longer.

His feminizing face was twisted in an expression of pure bliss, while his figure shifted further thanks to his smaller waist and wider hips to really give him a bottom heavy body. As his ears

became larger and pointed, Keith would be suckling on the wet cotton to slurp up as much sweat as possible, while his nostrils were wide open and inhaling the fumes like a vacuum. Mrs.Claus snapped her fingers and the large sock vanished, leaving the new sissy elf on the bathroom floor and pouting in disappointment. “W-Wait!! I wanted more... S-So much more~”

Mrs.Claus gave a soft laugh, before pulling a sweaty sock from behind Keith's pointy ear and shoving it in his mouth. His eyes rolled back as he chewed on the smelly treat, before a messy sputter of impotent jizz landed on Mrs.Claus feet, just as Keith vanished to the north pole to join the others. With a sigh of relief at a job well done, Mrs.Claus rolled up the naughty list and gave her noggin a tap, before a flash of light left her standing in Santa's office with a satisfied smile.

“It's a shame I can't get more, but there is always next year...”

Putting the adult naughty list away, Mrs.Claus had new shoes appear on her feet, before leaving her husband's office to go introduce the new elves to the workshop and all of their fellow sissy brethren. Though there was a handful of bimbo elves, Mrs.Claus just found herself always picking men off the naughty list, but maybe next year she'll mix it up for some holiday fun.

The end.