

The (not so little) Boy That Santa Claus Forgot

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A fun little story for Xxmas :)

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Timmy awoke, rubbing his eyes. It was Christmas Day! Excitedly, he scrambled out of bed, and over to the fireplace, where his Christmas stocking hung. Eager hands pulled it from the crooked nail, wide eyed, he peered inside and found... Nothing. "Oh, Santa," he cried, "You've forgotten me!" He lay on the floor, sobbing. A light appeared in the room, all of a sudden it was just there, hanging in the air. It became brighter, bigger, more intense. Timmy stared at it, his eyelids closing as the light intensified. Suddenly, there was a soft 'pop', and there, floating in the air, was a Christmas Fairy! "I'm a Christmas Fairy," said the Fairy, unnecessarily. Timmy rubbed his eyes in disbelief. "A Fairy? You mean like a guy that likes other gu..." "Errr, no!" interrupted the Fairy, "A proper, grant-you-wishes type Fairy. And I'm bloody good at my job, too!" Timmy peered closer. She wore a dress of golden dragonfly wings, had long silver hair, a bit like grandma but on this chick it looked quite hot, and a tiara made from the honeyed tears of bees. 'Cute,' he thought. "My name is Tin..." "...kerbell?" interrupted Timmy. The Fairy scowled. "No, Tingaling. We don't want to breach any copyright laws, do we?" "Hi Tingaling," said Timmy, "I'm Timmy." Tingaling rolled her eyes, "I know, you're on my list, idiot! It's a long list this year, Santa's developed a bit of a coke habit." "Tell me about it!", said Timmy, "I've seen the ads on TV!" Tingaling rolled her eyes again. Kids these days. She flew around the room, and perched on the end of the bed, legs crossed, wand in hand. She eyed Timmy up and down, he was quite fit, she wouldn't mind getting some kisses under the mistletoe from him. He shouldn't still be on the list, she thought, Santa's cocked up again. Never mind, she was here to do a job, so better get on with it. "Right, Timmy, I can make your wishes come true. Tell me, what would you like for Christmas?" She smiled, seductively, showing a bit of thigh, because Fairies can do that. Timmy rubbed his hands in glee, licking his lips in anticipation. "I would love..... a train set!" Fuck me, thought Tingaling, what a twat! Still, I'm here to do a job. She waved her wand. Flash. Bang. A train set appeared. Timmy leapt on it. "Cool!" Tingaling watched as he tore the box open, taking the train out and caressing it lovingly. She twitched her wand, making her dress shrink, and her boobs grow a cup size. She leaned back, her long hair hanging down her back. "So, what else would you like?" she purred. Timmy looked at her, gazing at her legs and boobs. Tingaling twitched her wand once again, the dress shrinking even more, her cleavage on show, her tiny tinsel thong glistening brightly. "Umm..." his face reddened. "Yes..." purred Tingaling. "Umm... I would love... a Gameboy!" "Just how

old are you, Timmy?" she asked, a bit incredulous now. She was almost giving it way here! "I'm eighteen." Tingaling couldn't believe her elfin ears. "Eighteen? And pissing about with toys? What kind of boy are you? I stand here, half naked, gagging for some Christmas fun, and all you want are toys?" Timmy went red. "I'm.... err... well, I've not had much practice with girls." Tingaling stood, hands on hips, chest thrust forward, eyes blazing. "And if you keep on with this shit," she motioned to the train set, "you won't get any, either!" She waved her wand, growing to full size, which, for a Fairy, is just about five feet three inches. "Gameboy? How about a GAME GIRL!" she shrieked, wand raised above her head. "Be quiet," hushed Timmy, "you'll wake Mater and Pater." Tingaling sighed, lowering her voice, "As I was saying, how about a game girl." With that, she swooshed the wand, and she stood there, naked, all pink, moist and pert. Timmy's jaw dropped, and he gawped at her. She started to feel a bit self conscious. She wagged her wand again, and Timmy felt a strange sensation in his pyjama bottoms. His 'special friend' started to chuff like a train, getting bigger and larger. Tingaling gave him a suggestive smile, nodding down at her neatly trimmed pussy. "Wanna put your train in my tunnel?" Timmy stripped in seconds, his rampant train getting some Christmas kisses from Tingaling before she took him in hand, then guided him into her moist tunnel. "Oooh, come on, Mr Train Driver, drive that train in and out, in and out!" Timmy was a fast learner, and soon his train was thrusting in and out, in and out. His hands found her boobs. He honked them like horns. Tingaling indulged him this, as his train driving skills were incredibly good. He was a good learner, and soon Tingaling was giving his engine a good drenching with her juices. "Do you need to take on coal?" she asked. "Where am I gonna get coal from?" Fuck me, thought Tingaling again- for she had a limited vocabulary. She slipped Timmy from her front tunnel and turned around, spreading her cheeks and giving Timmy a look at her back door coal chute. "Dig deep," she told him. His locomotive was all slick and he entered her easily, hands on her hips. He shunted in slowly. "Whooo whooo," he said. "Ooooh," she said. "Whooooowhooooo!" he said. "Ooooooh!" she said. "WHOOOOOWHOOOOO!" he cried "Ooh, my fucking life!" she screamed. Timmy was plumbing her coal hole fast and deep, when all of a sudden he cried out, "I think I'm going to leak all my engine oil, Tingaling!" Tingaling, not one to waste such a precious commodity, took his train in both hands and pointed it to her open mouth. His oil erupted, copiously, coating her throat and face. "Ooooh!" said Timmy. "Yummy. I do so love a white Christmas!" said Tingaling, licking the last of the oil from Timmy's tender engine. She nursed his rapidly shrinking appendage back into his pyjama bottoms. "Thank you, Tingaling, that's the best present I've ever had. All I was after was a satsuma and some nuts in my stocking, but that was an incredible surprise! I shall be asking Santa for more of the same next year." Tingaling tapped her wand, her clothes back to normal, and her size shrinking back to Fairy size. "For fucks sake, don't tell Santa!" she said, scowling, "I don't want him calling me his ho, ho, ho for the rest of the year." Have a very Merry Christmas :)