

Underneath the Christmas Tree

“Merry Christmas dad!” I shouted bouncing on his bed, waking him up from his deep Christmas slumber. Even at the ripe old age of twenty-one I still woke my father up on Christmas as if I was five years old, eager to see what Santa brought. Growing up, even after I realized Santa was just a figment of the marketing industry, Christmas was my favorite holiday; the gifts, the togetherness, and the magic that was Christmas. And this Christmas I had a little magic underneath the tree for my father. “Dad wake up!” I shouted, grabbing onto his shoulders I shanked him vigorously wanting him awake. I watched as my father’s dark brown eyes flutter open and stare at my bright smiling face.

“Ugh Alex its too early for your nonsense,” he groaned, attempting to roll over to the other side of his bed. The blanket slipped slightly down my father’s body as he rolled back and forth between my arms as I locked him into place. I watched as his smooth tan skin revealed inch by inch as he struggled underneath the blanket. He was gorgeous. His perfect skin, his handsome face, the well-earned muscles that covered his body; I was in love, and with my gift, he would be too.

“Wake up! It’s Christmas dad! We don’t have time for your nonsense,” I said, placing my hands on his face. I could feel his salt and pepper stubble scratching against my hands. I wonder what that must feel like on even more sensitive areas of my body. As the thoughts of my father’s stubble scrapping against my hole clouded my mind, my father saw it as the perfect opportunity to toss me to the other side of the bed. “Hey!” I shouted as I was thrown onto my back.

“Well you said you wanted me awake, and I’m awake,” my father said as he flung the blankets off his body and slid out of bed. I couldn’t help but be mesmerized at the sight of my father only in his boxers. Over the years I had caught glimpses of his bare ass in the shower or his dick in the locker room, and it was those brief glimpses that kept me reading me back in. “Okay time for presents,” he groaned as he stretched.

“Yay!” I shouted, bouncing out of his king size bed, down the hall, and into the living where the Christmas tree stood. Countless boxes sat beneath the Christmas tree; bright reds, greens, and golds shined brightly underneath the lights of the tree. One present stood out among the many gifts. While all the gifts followed the central theme of colors and ribbons; this gift was wrapped in shiny black wrapping paper with a black lacy bow on top. This was the gift that I bought specially for my father. I plopped my ass down beside the bed as I heard the shuffled movements of my father, making his way towards the

tree. Every passing second felt like a lifetime. "Hurry up dad you are taking. . .," I began but saw him slowly turn the corner.

"I'm here. I'm here," he grumbled as he walked towards the tree. I was transfixed by the way he walked towards me. I would give anything to run my tongue up his flat stomach or over his perky nipples. He plopped down on the couch next to me and smiled his perfectly white smile and asked, "Where do we start?" I considered opening my present's first, keeping the charade going for just a few moments longer, but I didn't think I could control myself much longer.

"The big black one!" I blurted out. Calm down Alex, calm down. "Let's start with you opening up your presents first for once. The big black one is the first one," I said in a much calmer manner. My father looked at the tree, his eyes narrowing towards the obvious present I was talking about. I watched as he pulled himself off the couch, crawling towards the present. His ass pushed up into the air, almost calling to me for attention. I could already feel my dick growing hard in my pajama bottoms. My father reached out his hand and grasped onto the box pulling it into his lap. I watched as he searched the edges of the box for a seam to pull the present open, but the wrapping paper was seamless; there were no edges to pry open, no tape to find, no perceptible way for him to open the present.

"How do I open the damn thing?" he asked, placing both of his hands on either side of the box. I sat silently as I watched the bow on top slowly come undone, and wrap itself around my father's hands. "What the fuck?" he shouted as he attempted to pull free from the lace that was continuously unraveling from the box. "Alex help!" he shouted as the ribbon wrapped itself tightly around my father's forearms. I laid back on the couch, excited about what was happening. The top of the box sprung open, as the ribbon began to retract inward. "Alex help me! Why are you just standing there watching!" He screamed as his body began to pull into the box, his muscular form contorting into the box like a contortionist. I watched as the last bit of his body was pulled into the box. His entire body covered in the lacy ribbon; only his eyes left uncovered. I slid myself off the couch and crawled over the box, for which my father was caged in. I looked down at him, his eyes full of fear and confusion.

"It will all be okay Dad. Just don't fight it. Everything will be so much easier if you don't fight it," I said as I closed the cardboard top of the gift box, sealing him inside. I heard his groans of terror as the box cut him off from any light. It would only be a matter of time before the box's magic took control of my father and made him the perfect daddy for me. I stroked the box lovingly, hearing the sounds of my father's cries lessen until they went completely silent. I drummed my fingers along the box imagining what he would look like upon his exit; would he be big and brawny, young and twinkly, or maybe even turn into a leather daddy.

I decided to use my time effectively and began unwrapping my presents. I tore into the gifts finding the usual gifts that my father had bought me over the years; video games, clothes, the random Knickknack. But even after opening my gifts as slowly as possible the gift box did not move. I didn't know how long it would take, so I decided to lay down beside the box and take a nap. I wrapped my body around the box, knowing that if there was any movement it would wake me up.

An hour or so later the rumbling from within the box awoke me. I snapped upward placing my hands on the top of the box eagerly waiting for the big surprise. I heard a deep groan from within the box, knowing that it was my father's.

"Come on out dad, your son is waiting for you," I said to the box, rubbing the sides of it wanting him to pop out like a jack in the box toy. The box began to bounce and jiggle as he struggled free of his ribbon bindings. I pulled away from the box as I saw a large hairy fist punch through the top of the box. I crawled back towards the couch eager for the big reveal. I saw on the couch as I watched a second fist punch through the top; both larger and manlier than his old hands. I watched as inch after inch of his thick hairy arms pushed through the box; a thick leather band adorned both of his beefy biceps.

"Ughhhhh," he shouted as his entire body pushed through the box, revealing a much different person than the one that went into the box. His once hairless chest had transformed and was now thicker and covered in dark black and gray hair. His youthful face had withered and grown older, almost resembling something between his old age and my grandfathers. His facial hair now fully gray, devoid of all color. The once simple pajama shorts he was wearing had been changed into aged leather chaps; his crotch covered by leather jockstrap while his thick hairy ass was exposed.

"Daddy?" I asked, incredibly aroused by the man standing before me. He turned his aged face towards me, narrowing the same brown eyes onto my face. But this time, there was an intensity behind them that was not there before.

"Kneel," he ordered, crossing his arms in front of his chest. I fell to my knees, ready to serve my new master. He looked at himself, seeing the changes that the box had induced upon him.

"You wanted a big scary Dad? Well, that's what you got," he said as he grabbed onto my neck aggressively. He squeezed tightly passed the point of pleasurable and directly into painful.

"Dad! Stop! That hurts!" I shouted attempting to struggle free.

"No. I am no longer your father. It is Master or Sir. Do you understand?" He asked me, squeezing my neck even harder.

"Yes Sir," I croaked. He lessened his grasp.

“Good boy,” he said, as he rubbed his rough hands on my smooth face. “This is going to be fun,” he smiled mischievously.