

Rex & Dex Christmas Special

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

Dexter the nerd and Rex his bully have moved in together, so Rex can continue his favorite nerd's enforced baby treatment. But when Dexter sneaks down to steal Santa's cookies on Christmas, he lands himself in a holly jolly heap of trouble!

Dexter lay in his crib in his purple pajama sweater and purple bunny diapers and sighed. He couldn't get to sleep tonight. He pushed his thick-rimmed glasses up on his nose and looked down at the thick diapers spreading his legs apart. They matched his pajamas really well. They were.... cute... A reminder of what he now was. What Daddy - his former bully from high school - had made him into.

He reached his hand and rubbed it over the thick plastic padding. It felt nice - for his hand, at least. He felt nothing much between his legs as the whole bulk shifted as one unit when he touched it. It was like a tortoise carapace. This was what happened when *Daddy* diapered him in more than two layers.

Dexter sighed. He was horny, but there wasn't much he could do about that, unless he was willing to take a spanking on Christmas. He tossed and turned a few more minutes trying to get to sleep until he finally sat up and decided enough was enough. Dexter pulled himself up and gingerly worked his way over the crib rail and down the other side. He had been sleeping in one long enough to have mastered the technique.

"Gotta be quiet," Dexter whispered to himself as he padded over the carpet toward the door. In the dimly lit light he could see something move in the nursery, and he jumped.

"Yipe!" he said, before quickly covering his mouth.

It was just his reflection in the full length mirror. He stared at it for a moment - seeing a former high school prodigy/supernerd now in babyish and slightly effeminate pajamas. Thickly diapered with pastel bunny-print diapers, a purple pajama-sweater, and a thick pastel purple collar around his neck. The only thing that remained of his old life was his thick glasses, which almost never came off, even in bed.

Dexter sighed. He used to be the smart kid. Keeping his head down and plodding through his work at school. Knowing that *after*, things would be different. Maybe he would go to MIT or CalTech and then land a job with a big tech company after. He hadn't

planned on being adopted by his bully. He hadn't planned on being turned into that bully's baby full time. And now he was... cute. All because he wore diapers to school.

But none of that mattered now, because right now there was something bigger at stake. Right now, it was *Christmas*, and Dexter was going to sneak downstairs and eat all the milk and cookies, maybe even open a present. He didn't care if he got caught; this was his first Christmas as a little, and even though he often thought about when he was at least *ostensibly* considered a young adult, the Christmas excitement of getting up and opening presents was in full force. Besides, it would distract him from naughty thoughts that would make him rub his diapers and get him in trouble.

Dexter slowly crept out into the hallway, taking care not to let the door creak. The door was obstacle number two. He looked left, then right. He heard snoring. Nothing else. "Coast is clear," he whispered to himself.

Dexter snuck down the hall to obstacle number three - the stairs. Every creak spelled potential disaster. He had to stop and wait whenever he made a sound. If the snoring stopped, so did he, until it started up again. Dexter knew that Rex had a sharp sense of hearing and from the swollen tube that descended down Rex's pants during punishments, Dexter knew Rex would love any excuse to redden his bottom again. And of course if *that* happened, Dexter would then be obliged to help Rex take care of his pokey problem. He blushed as his diaper got tighter.

This was no good. Dexter was supposed to be distracting himself! With great focus, Dexter made it to the bottom of the stairs and saw in the light of the Christmas tree what he was looking for: the milk and cookies!

He toddled up to them and licked his lips. He was so singularly focused on the cookies and milk that he had tunnel vision, blinding him to everything around him. By the time he noticed there really was someone else in the room he was already halfway done. It was only the jingling of bells and the clomping of boots behind him that startled him out of his cookie frenzy. He spun around and came face to face with a large bearded man in a red suit and a leather harness adorned with bells.

"Ho ho ho, what are you doing, little Dexter?" asked the man with a twinkle in his eye.

"I- I- I- ummm...." Dexter was astonished. Everyone knew Santa wasn't real. Was he? He looked down at his hands - he was holding a half eaten cookie in one hand and a half glass of milk. He was totally busted. "S-sorry, Santa."

"Oh, *you'll* be sorry, naughty boy. Your Daddy told me *all* about you! You shouldn't be feeding yourself, and you certainly aren't ready to drink out of a big boy glass. Where's your *bottle*, little one?"

"Uh- uh- um...." Dexter could feel his diaper growing warm. Whether it was stress or the milk, standing there in front of Santa holding his treats and wetting himself was perhaps one of the most embarrassing things of his young life. This was *Santa*, after all!

"Nevermind. Santa knows babies don't know any better. You're lucky you're only a little one, or you'd be getting coal and switches for Christmas. Come on then, if you're that hungry let's feed you a bottle in Santa's lap."

Dexter shrunk back. He was not ready to be babied by Santa.

"I'm n-not a baby..."

"Come now, no time for that," Santa said, taking a seat on the couch and waving Dexter over. Dexter felt the pressure of two hard points pressing into his back, nudging him toward the man. Dexter turned his head and gasped as he caught sight of a bright red nose.

"Rudolph?!" Dexter asked, in shock as he was forced forward into Santa's arms by the bright-nosed reindeer. Strong arms pulled him up into a warm lap and a very large bottle of milk was pressed to his lips. He looked up at the large bearded man. Santa smiled down at him.

"Come on, little one, open up. You want to be a good boy for Santa, don't you?"

Dexter obeyed, not wishing to anger the king of Christmas.

"There you go, little guy. Good boy. Drink it all up now. Ho ho ho...."

Santa's deep voice, his soft lap, and the delicious warm milk were having an effect on Dexter. He felt his eyes beginning to droop, and barely registered the feeling of warmth spreading over his crotch yet again.

"Such a good baby boy. But certainly too mischievous to be left unattended. I have a special present for you, little one." Santa nodded to Rudolph, who grabbed a gift out of Santa's bag with his mouth and set it gently under the tree.

"Dexter?" came Daddy's voice from upstairs. "Little boy, why aren't you in your crib? Dexter, where are-"

Rex stopped short when he saw the scene in front of him. There was his little boy sprawled out on the couch fast asleep with his half finished midnight snack of milk and crumbs over the front of his purple sweater, and a very soaked diaper between his legs.

"Oh, Dexie..." said Rex, shaking his head and smiling at the adorable sight. He really was lucky to have such a cute little boy in his life. "I suppose you can sleep a little longer, but those diapers need a change."

Rex picked up the smaller boy in his arms and carried him toward the stairway. The little tyke must have fallen asleep while sneaking Santa's snacks. Well, Daddy's snacks, really because Daddy had had the same plan as Dexter. Clearly, however, the little boy had beaten him to it. Rex would enjoy punishing his little guy in the morning. Rex could feel his hardness snaking down his leg at the thought. Maybe he'd be charitable and let his little nerd out of his spanking if he did an extra good job pleasuring Daddy.

Before he reached the stairs, however, Rex's eye landed on a gift box under the tree that hadn't been there when they went to bed.

"What the..."

He stepped closer and saw that it was labeled with an oversized tag that said 'From Santa to Baby Dexter' in large black letters.

"Now where did *that* come from?"

Rex was puzzled, but the dribbling of a diaper leaking on the floor told him he had more urgent matters to attend to. Between Daddy, and everyone else they knew, Dexter had gotten plenty of gifts. He must've just forgotten about that one. They'd take a look in the morning.

Dexter would sleep through his entire change. After, Daddy brought his little nerd to bed and snuggled up with him; the perfect way to start his Christmas morning. Fun surprises under the tree could wait.

"Merry Christmas baby boy," said Daddy Rex. He kissed his little guy on the cheek and the two of them fell into a contented slumber. As they slept, a faint 'ho ho ho' could be heard in the distance, another delivery successfully completed.

Dexter sat in a pile of wrapping paper. Being Rex's little one meant that most of the gifts under the tree were for him from Rex. Any gifts that weren't from Daddy were from their relatives, since Dexter didn't have any friends from his school days, and he wasn't allowed to go out or to even go online to buy anything for himself.

Being his first Christmas as a little, the morning had been both exciting and a little embarrassing. Dexter had gotten plenty of gifts that reminded him of his new lot in life since he'd left the world of mathematics and computer programming. He now had all new clothes with snaps at the crotch for easy changes, adorable pajamas to transform him into various baby animals, toys that lit up and made sounds, though nothing too mentally taxing - nothing that counted up past the number 4. And of course, Dexter had gotten plenty of cute *diapers*.

He was wearing one of them now, and the outline of the thick diaper was easy to see under his new baby llama onesie. The bulge was so prominent, in fact, that he looked like a little llama-pear.

Dexter had been relieved to wake up in Daddy's bed. His encounter with Santa had only been a dream, or so he thought. That's why Dexter's heart leapt into his throat the moment they came to the final present: A package labeled 'From Santa to Baby Dexter' still waiting under the tree. He quickly composed himself however. Everyone knew Santa wasn't real.

"Haha, that's cute, Daddy. Did you get me that?"

"No, little one, I didn't."

"Well then who? Did my parents send another baby gift?"

Of course it would be them. It had taken them a long time to come around about his and Rex's relationship. Rex had won them over in the end just like he did everyone else, and ever since then, Dexter's parents had been trying extra hard to make up for it to the point of being cringey.

"No," said Daddy, with a little smirk, "it's not from Linda and Bob. Maybe it's from *Santa*."

Dexter rolled his eyes. He may look like a baby but he certainly wasn't born yesterday.

"Just open it, dork, and see for yourself!" Dexter didn't need to be told twice. Santa or not, it was another present, and presents demanded to be opened.

Dexter grabbed at the strategically optimal spot on the bow and... his llama paw totally slipped off. He tried again, but he could make no progress. Growling in frustration, he tried to chomp at the box like the baby llama he was, until his Daddy took it away.

"Silly little llama. Let Daddy help. I don't think you'll be able to use your hands for much now that you're in those jammies."

Dexter felt even more little having to let Daddy open his present for him. These Jammies were going to be a problem if they became popular with Daddy. He could only hope the responses to the pictures Daddy put up on SpaceBook weren't as enthusiastic as the last round of photos Daddy had shared with friends and family, or his fate would be truly sealed.

Daddy unwrapped the bow and set the box down in front of him. It was a traditional Christmas box with a lid, and Dexter was struck by how thoughtful it was for Daddy to let him do that last part himself. He had learned a lot about Rex this past year. Things he had never guessed at when they were adversaries in high school.

Rex reached down with his llama-paw, and lifted the lid. Dexter gasped at what he saw.

"Wha... uh... what is this?" he asked, trying to make sense of all the straps and buckles before him.

"Lemme, see, kiddo," said Daddy Rex, reaching down to pick up the object. It unfurled in his hands to take the form of an extensive leather harness much in the style of the one Santa but colored pastel purple to match Dexter's collar. Rex looked awed. "Oh, Wow! This is one of those adult baby harnesses from Germany. It has a removable crotch spreader and everything... It even has your name on the chest plate!"

Sure enough, the word 'Dexter' was right there, nestled among a few baby bunnies and carrots that matched the bunny diapers Daddy usually kept him in.

"These are really expensive," said Rex, who couldn't seem to take his eyes off the harness. "Who got this?"

"Santa got it," said Dexter with complete certainty. drawing an adorable look from Daddy. This was bad. Daddy really liked Santa's present. "You're not gonna make me wear that thing, are you, Daddy?"

"Of course I am, crinkle butt! It's perfect for you! Wait... hold on... there's a note here," said Rex, peering into the box. "It says... 'This harness should keep your little one well behaved and out of Santa's milk and cookies!'"

The two of them looked at each other, their eyebrows raised.

"No way!" they both said at once.

"Well, we wouldn't want to disappoint, Santa," said Rex, a mischievous grin growing on his face. "Especially after you ate his milk and cookies. You can consider this harness the start of your punishment."

Dexter yiped and tried to scramble away as Rex lunged for him, but he was no match for his athletic Daddy.

"Did you forget I was captain of the wrestling team, silly boy?"

He had not. Dexter could never forget the contortions Rex had put him through as he found new ways to humiliate him in high school. Rex especially liked to tie the nerd up in ways that emphasized the thick diaper he wore to school under his pants; Diapers he wore every day since Rex caught him wearing and forced him to tell Mom and Dad that he needed diapers.

"Just like old times, eh nerd?" asked Rex, wrestling his little boy into submission.

"Y-yeah," wheezed Dexter as the bigger man squeezed the air out of him. "Uncle. Uncle!!!"

"Aww, you give up so easy. I was just beginning to have fun. Okay then, I guess you'll be letting Daddy put this on you now, won't you?"

Dexter nodded, he eyed Daddy's erection straining to escape his pajama pants. Blood was flowing to two places right now at a rapid rate. Dexter's cheeks and his diaper. He gulped and squeezed his eyes shut as he was stripped down by Daddy.

Rex smiled when he opened the front of the pajamas to reveal Dexter's diaper. "Uh oh, looks like the nerd is excited! It's almost like he *likes* being bullied..."

He moved his hand down to cup the tent in the front of Dexter's diaper, then rolled the padding over Dexter's knob in a circular motion, eliciting a moan of ecstasy from the smaller boy.

"Glad to see you're still enjoying yourself." Daddy said, giving him a little peck on the cheek and then released his grip, causing a frustrating whimper from his little guy. "Daddy knows you've been good and keeping your hands away from Daddy's property. Santa told me."

These comments only made Dexter's diaper situation worse. The diaper was practically being pushed off Dexter's body by his hard-on as Daddy continued to tease him. Daddy soon had him down to just his diaper and began unbuckling the harness to put it on Dexter. One by one the straps were buckled around the boy until the crotch part was all that was left.

"Well, well, this is going to be a problem if you stay pokey like that. We're just going to have to take care of this, won't we?" asked Daddy.

Dexter nodded, hopeful that his Daddy would finally grant him an orgasm. It had been almost a month since his last one and his poor little balls were swollen and heavy with unspent seed. Daddy reached his hand down again and began to rub the soggy padding around over Dexter's pole. Dexter moaned, and bucked his hips lightly. Squeezing his legs in and out. This was it.

"Yeah, the little nerd likes his diapers doesn't he?"

Dexter nodded.

"And you want Daddy to keep you in diapers don't you? Just like when I discovered your little secret in high school?"

Dexter nodded and whined, closing his eyes tight. "Uh, huh!"

"You know it was a surprise to me too, baby boy. Seeing you in diapers... Seeing how much you liked being in them... How much you liked being my baby boy. How much it turned me on."

Dexter whined and nodded again. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know that Daddy liked being Daddy. The monster in his pants was evidence enough.

"I didn't expect to get just as excited. I *never* thought I'd end up with a guy, much less a nerd like you... and then you kissed me... and everything changed."

Dexter's eyes shot open. Rex had never admitted this out loud to him before. "D-Daddy, I'm sorry, I..."

"Shh, baby boy, it's okay. You're perfect. And I'm glad you picked me. I know it's been difficult to adjust... but I also know that this is what you really want... don't you?" Daddy picked up the pace of his rubbing, causing Dexter's glasses to fog up, his eyes to cross with pleasure, and his butt cheeks to tense up, lifting his whole pelvis off the ground.

"Yes, Daddy! Yes! Unh... I'm so close..."

"Gosh you're cute when you do this," said Rex, as he watched Dexter squirm and make funny faces and goofy little noises. Then he abruptly stopped. Dexter mewled like a baby kitten.

"I'm so close, Daddy... Unh... Please..."

"I'll be right back back, baby boy. Keep those hands above your belly button until I get back, or you'll be very sorry."

"Y-yes, Daddy," said Dexter, practically sweating with the effort required to keep from grabbing his diaper bulge and finishing right then and there.

Moments later, Daddy was back with something in his hand.

"Okay, little one, I'm going to take care of that little problem down there!"

"Yes, Daddy, please!"

"Okay, you asked for it!"

Rex plunged his hand down the front of Dexter's diaper, and Dexter cried out at the sudden shock of cold he felt in his crotch. Ice! His member quickly deflated, taking refuge from the cold, and Daddy left the ice where it was to continue tormenting the poor boy.

"Sorry little boy, but not really. This is your punishment. No stickies for you for another month. The spreader attachment oughtta help nicely with that," Daddy said, securing the contraption. "You'll *never* get off in this getup!"

The last part of the harness was finally in place, the magnetic locks making it impossible for Dexter to remove any part of it. The moment the last lock clicked in place, a special feeling spread throughout Dexter's whole body. Through the magic of Christmas, his body was transformed into that of an anthropomorphic reindeer.

"Ho ho ho!" said Rex, who quickly covered his mouth at the unexpected exclamation. "What the ho ho heck?!"

Rex looked down at himself. His belly began to grow and his outfit transformed into a red and black leather harness and jock, with jingle bells and boots to match. Rex looked like a very beefy Daddy Santa now, with the beginnings of a nice beard already sprouting. For some reason, he wasn't concerned. In fact, he felt, in a word, *jolly*.

The note that Santa had left with the harness began to glow and new writing appeared.

"What's this?" said Rex, picking it up to read the message aloud.
"Congratulations. You are now the newest Santa for your district. Dexter is your starter reindeer. You can collect more as you see fit. Take off his harness and he will turn back to his regular form. Report to club S. Immediately, and leave the outfits on. Feel free to 'ride' your reindeer there.

-K. K."

Below the message appeared an address: Club S. A gentleperson's leather club. 6969 Candy Cane Lane, North Pole.

"How are we supposed to get to the north pole?" asked Dexter, completely confused.

"Well, it says I can ride you there. Let's start with that!"

Rex mounted Dexter, pulling down the front of his leather jockstrap and allowing his huge trouser snake to spring free. He lined his cock up with the open space in the center of the crotch harness and pressed it against the padding, which easily gave way, allowing him quick entry into his mount.

Rex thrust into Dexter, causing Dexter to moan and press back onto his Daddy's North pole. The moaning, in turn, encouraged Rex to pick up his pace.

"Yes, Daddy. Harder! Just like that!"

As Rex humped his reindeer-toyfriend, the air around them shimmered and they found themselves being transported through space and time with each thrust. As the two of them came - Dexter into his diaper, and Rex into Dexter, they found themselves engulfed in brilliant shimmering light as they flew through the sky like a shooting star. When their orgasms subsided, they realized they were standing in front of a massive leather club, surrounded by snow and ice. A large bearded man in chaps and a vest, puffed his cigar and nodded at the two of them.

"You're just in time. Get on in there."

Rex turned to Dexter. "Did you do that?"

Dexter gave Rex an apologetic look, his deer ears going back. "Yes... a-at least I think I did... It happened when I *came*..."

"You can cum soft, huh? Guess there's no reason to let you get hard ever again then," said Rex, with a soft chuckle.

Dexter's nose glowed red at this.

"That's cute," said the leatherman, who was watching the whole exchange. "Guess that's how he glows. Now hurry up and go inside already!"

"After you," said Rex, holding the door open for his boy. The two of them walked in.

As Rex and Dexter made their way into Club S, they passed some leather-clad santas leaning against the wall by the coat check and holding onto their deers' reins as they smoked their cigars. The deer were all as scantily clad as Dexter, though they each had their own colors - one red, one yellow, one green. And they all had thick padding between their legs as well.

The Santas nodded to Rex, who nodded back. Then, he looked over to Dexter. They were both a little freaked out. All of this was new to them, and they didn't know the norms yet, but it seemed like Dexter wasn't the only deer in diapers.

"I think you'd better take this," said Dexter, untucking a pair of lavender reins from his harness and holding them up to his Daddy. "I'd feel safer if you held them."

"Okay, little one." said Rex, taking them from Dexter's hands and kissing him on the muzzle. "Proud of you for doing that."

Dexter just nodded and his nose glowed a little brighter. This drew the attention of the other santas and reindeer. One of the Santas lowered their shades and narrowed their eyes to look at the two of them more closely.

"I'm guessing this isn't exactly normal," murmured Dexter, indicating his nose.

"No, doesn't look like it," murmured Rex, ushering his mount to the black curtain past coat check and into the club proper. Dexter's nose didn't stand out quite so much in the main club area, which was adorned with Christmas lights from floor to ceiling and lights all over the two-story Christmas trees on either side of the bar. The place was massive and absolutely teeming with activity. Santas from all over the world were represented here, with all sorts of backgrounds and traditions, but the 'uniforms' that they and the deer wore were unmistakable.

"Oh my god... look at that..." gasped Dexter.

There was a deer laid out on top of the bar getting a diaper change for all to see. He must have been embarrassed because he was hiding his face in his hands, though he must have enjoyed it on some level since he had a rock hard erection jutting out from its sheath. His Santa quickly took care of *that* little problem with a handful of ice from the bar, then taped up the diaper without hindrance.

"Hey, I know that trick..." said Rex, elbowing Dexter in the ribs.

Dexter's nose lit up dimly at this comment, but his attention was quickly drawn away by another deer, whose reins were tied to the brass railing, getting a spanking. Then, a couple of elves grabbed some complimentary peppermint-stripe condoms from the bar, mounted the deer from both ends, and fed him their 'candy canes'. Beyond that

there were two Santas making out while their horned and horny companions ate them out from behind. And just past them in the next area of the club was a pair of twin santas giving out free floggings at a double St. Andrew's cross. The line of deer and Santas waiting to get flogged snaked all the way around that room and into this one. Everywhere Rex and Dexter looked, they saw merriment, good cheer, and a whole lot of kinky reindeer games.

Then an Elf DJ got into the DJ box. "Awww yeah! DJ Kris Krinkle is in the house! It's last call before orientation so get your holiday cheer at the bar while you still can, newbies! No alcohol for little fawns, though. We got plenty of milk and apple cider for baby reindeer! Aww yeah! Remember kids, don't drink and sleigh! Now get ready for some hard beats with a set I like to call Jingle Baaaalllls Rock!"

"Where the hell are we?" said Rex.

"What's that?!" yelled Dexter, putting up his hand to his ear. "I can't hear you over the music!"

"Is this all they play?"

"Hey," said a nearby elf who overheard them. "You don't like CDM?"

"What's that?"

"Christmas Dance Music! Wait... you're newbies aren't you?"

"What?!" asked Dexter and Rex in unison.

The elf sighed and set down his peppermint schnapps.

"Come with me." He signaled to his friends to watch his drink, then waved at the two confused Christmas helpers to follow him.

The elf led duo past the gumdrop gogo dancers, around the peppermint schnapps fountain, past the butterscotch blackout room, and the licorice labyrinth with its glory ho-ho-holes, to a large XXXmas theater which Dexter and Rex saw was already filled with other Santas and Reindeer looking all around, seemingly as confused as they were.

"What is this place?" Rex asked the elf, now that they were away from the ear deafening dance music.

"Club S., where else?"

The two returned blank looks, and the Elf held up his hands.

"I know, I know, you've never *heard* of it. Just have a seat. The orientation will begin shortly and all will be explained. Now, I gotta get back to my Schnapps before one of my friends Schnapps it up! Haha, get it? I *sleigh* myself." The elf walked away, leaving Rex and Dexter to themselves. They shrugged and found a seat, sitting next to two large Santas from Barbados.

"What's going on?" asked Dexter, pushing up his glasses on his muzzle.

"We're as clueless as you," said one of the reindeer. "The four of us were at my place for Christmas, and we found these special gifts from Santa. Next thing you know, we're at the north pole."

"Oh really? Next thing you know?" asked Rex, with a grin. "And just how did you get here?"

The deer put his hands up to his cheeks and scrunched his face up. "Well, er... uh... that is..."

"We mounted them, of course!" said one of the Santas, slapping the flustered deer on the back. "Seems like this harness lets us do more than transform, doesn't it, little one?" He slid his fingers under the diapered deer's spreader pants and poked a hole in the back of his diaper.

The deer moaned, and started bucking his hips as the fingers invaded him from behind. "Unff... I c-can't get hard in this harness, Daddy."

"That's okay, little one, you don't need to." The Santa pulled his hands free and then bent the deer over to reveal that the diaper was once again completely intact. "Magic diaper portal." he said, with a grin.

"What's next," asked Dexter. "Hey, don't even *think* about it..." he added, when he caught Rex's mischievous grin.

Rex just grabbed him and pulled him close. "Come on, little guy, don't you want to sit on Santa's lap?"

It appeared that Dexter didn't have a choice, because moments later, Daddy had him in his lap and gave him the same treatment with one arm wrapped around his tummy and one hand exploring his diapered hole.

The lights dimmed and the stage lit up. Dexter's nose shone out bright against the darkness as his Daddy teased his prostate there in the middle of the theater.

"D-daddy... please... people are looking..." whimpered Dexter.

"Shh, you let Daddy worry about that. You just be a good little boy for Daddy and do as I say. Now relax."

A beefy man in a skimpy red Santa outfit and a red leather bulldog harness strode onto the stage, jingling all the way.

"Welcome new Santas and new reindeer. I'm Santa Claus, but you can call me Kris. You have all joined the ranks of the many Santas and steeds before you to help make the magic of Christmas happen every year. You may have noticed that you all meet certain special criteria in order to be here. Can anyone tell me what those criteria are? Yes, you there in the front."

"We're all gay couples?"

"Close! Gay couples and *polycules*. You all recall that I have nine reindeer, yes? Well, when they're not flying my sleigh around the world, they're at home with me. And believe me taking care of 9 rambunctious littles is no small task. Which brings me to the second criterion which is, what? That's right, you might have already guessed that all our reindeer are *littles*. That's right, that's why almost every deer here is in diapers or pull ups, except for the few who are big enough to be *potty trained*, of course."

"But why, Santa?" asked one starry eyed deer, who was clearly starstruck.

"That's a great question, little Wesley."

The reindeer gasped. Santa knew his name! Santa continued.

"It's because we have strict child labor laws here at the North Pole. Yes, we're very proud of that fact! But it does present a problem since being here requires you to *believe*. Consequently, littles are the only ones old enough to be helpers, yet young enough at heart to still believe in Christmas Magic."

There was a general murmur of assent from the crowd as they saw the logic of Santa's decisions.

"I personally pick each and every new team and deliver them their gifts. Yes, I visited each and every one of you yesterday. It will be up to you to build your teams as you train for next year's Reindeer Games. The most *successful* teams will get to deliver their gifts on Christmas and stay on another year. The rest... well, I'm afraid you'll have no memory of any of this. Have to keep our Christmas secrets after all."

"I don't get it," said the Santa sitting next to Rex and Dexter. "If this is all true, how come no one has ever seen gay Santas and their diapered reindeer criss-crossing the skies?"

"Great question," said Santa. "And the answer is.... Christmas magic! Here at the North Pole we have a saying. When in doubt, it's Christmas magic! Yes, Christmas magic explains everything... -oh! Ho ho ho... It looks like we have a special guest here today. It's Rudolph! Everybody give him a hand! Or a hoof! Whichever you have!"

A diapered deer walked onto the stage, nose glowing bright. He waved shyly at all of the assembled Christmas helpers.

"Rudolph here is going to help me show you how this whole 'delivery system' works. But he could use some help. I think I saw another very special reindeer in the audience... Yes, there he is! I'd recognize a nose like that anywhere!"

"Ahem." said an usher elf by Rex and Dex. "Can you two come with me? Oh, I didn't say you had to stop fingering your deer, sir."

"You mean we're not in trouble?" squeaked Dexter, whose heart had nearly stopped when the usher spoke up.

"No, little fawn, not one bit. You've got a special gift. We're taking you to the front to show everyone! Now hurry up so Santa can give his demonstration."

"D-d-demonstration?" Squeaked Dexter

"Sounds like fun," said Rex, as he tugged on Dexter's reins and led him down to the reserved section, one hand holding the reins tight and the other planted firmly on Dexter's butt with several fingers remaining in his asshole. The two were ushered past a velvet rope and onto the stage.

"Please give Dexter and his Santa, Rex a hand. Look at that nose glow!"

The crowd applauded, giving them a hand even as Rex was still giving Dexter a finger.

"Uh oh, Rudolph, looks like you're being upstaged! We can't have that, can we? Let's show them how it's done!"

Santa proceeded to unbuckle Rudolph's crotch strap and pull down the front of his diaper to reveal Rodolph's little deer bits locked in a small red cage.

Rudolph's nose flashed red so bright the audience had to shield their eyes."

"Whoah, there Rudolph," cried Santa. "We'd better put that away before you blind someone with that nose of yours!" He pulled the diaper back up, and Rudolph's nose returned to its bright and steady glow. His legs were buckled and he held his hands over

the front of his diaper. He was clearly embarrassed. Dexter sympathized as he squirmed on two of Daddy's fingers. Santa continued his speech.

"So what's going on here? Allow me to explain. Reindeer powers are controlled by three forms of energy - little energy, horny energy, and embarrassment energy. Little energy is what allows you to see things like me, my reindeer, Club S., and even the special outfits you're wearing. Little energy is the energy of *belief*."

This seemed to make sense to all the newbies, since it aligned with what Santa had said earlier. It wasn't too far a leap after that. Santa continued.

"Sexual energy, why *that's* a power source. You were all able to travel here by 'mounting' your reindeer, were you not?"

A murmur of agreeable santas and bashful reindeer gave the answer to that question.

"Horny energy is what moves us through space and time to accomplish the feats that we must accomplish as Santas and Reindeer. And the *orgasm* is of course the most powerful fuel of all. But usually, reindeer need some recharge time after. So unless you have a stable like old St. Nick, you'd better hold off on letting your little ones nut if you have any travel plans. That's why little Rudolph here stays caged. Why don't we do a little demonstration right here? Rudolph, bend over. Dexter, you do the same. Alright, Rex. Let's let 'em have it!"

The two santas began to pump their fingers in and out of their little deer faster and faster, adding more fingers as they built up momentum.

"Another finger, Rex. That's the way. Now make an angry duck with your hand! Don't worry, it'll fit! Almost there! Good job, boy!"

Through the magic of Christmas, the two of them got their fists into their fawns and were soon pumping away like pistons. As they did, a loud hum could be heard building in the room, almost like that of a large turbine turning. Rudolph and Dexter were drooling and moaning at the onslaught of intense pleasure bordering on pain.

"Almost there... Rex. Don't slow down now... and... pop goes the weasel!"

The two reindeer let out loud gasps as they felt their Santas push them over the edge, and then with a loud moan, they came, spurting hard into their diapers. The whole room filled with fireworks as many of the deer in the audience also spunked their diapers.

"Ho ho ho! What a fantastic display of Christmas cheer! With your orgasms combined, you've just supplied enough energy to power club S for the whole month.

Yes! You all did this! Now while all you horny reindeer catch your breath, I'll explain the *third* special power of reindeer. A select few of you are what we call 'shiners'. Only those little ones who are oriented around embarrassment and humiliation can become shiners. The more that is the case, the shinier their noses! And because shiny noses are so useful, we take extra care to make sure our *shiners* are plenty embarrassed wherever they go! Isn't that right Rudolph?" Santa Asked. Rudolph just squeezed his eyes shut and nodded as he kept his hands over the front of his diaper. He was still self-conscious that everyone there had just seen him cum while being publicly fisted.

"Hands behind your back, boy," said Santa, and the deer stood to attention, his nose glowing three shades brighter.

"Now I don't want to spoil all the fun by telling you everything myself. Tonight's event is called 'Mingle with the Kringle'. I want you to get up, meet people, and learn what you can about your powers. Talk to the old-timers. Play with each other. And of course feel free to join me in the blackout room in 30 minutes for a special game of hide the candy cane. First player to bury their cane in a shiner will get a very *special* reward to help them in the next reindeer games!"

With that, the newbies were all dismissed to mingle and meet.

Santa and Rudolph turned to Dexter and Rex with big smiles.

"That was great!" said Santa. "Having two shiners up here really livens things up. I could see the audience getting a rise out of the performance. That got us a lot of juice."

"Do you mean power for the club or the juice in their diapers?" asked Rex.

"Ho ho ho! Dad jokes! I love them!" said Kris.

"Ugh, more like *bad* jokes. You really *are* a Santa," groaned Rudolph, shaking his head at the terrible joke.

"Thank you," said Dexter. "I'm glad *someone* said it!"

After a hearty round of laughter from everyone, Santa spoke up once more.

"Thanks for being here, kids. I'm really excited about you two and the cheer you'll bring to our big family." Kris shook hands with Rex, then Dexter, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Dexter with your nose so bright, won't you join us in the blackout room tonight?"

"Ookayyy, Santa. I guess if it's for *Christmas*."

"That's the spirit, boy!" said Santa, slapping Dexter on the shoulder. Then, he leaned in and spoke in Dexter's ear. "You know, we like to keep shiners around her as long as possible, at least a few hundred years or so. Most other teams age out in a few decades but you two, well, you'll have a good *long* time to enjoy your being Daddy and baby."

Dexter imagined being Rex's bashful baby for another several hundred years and his nose glowed a little brighter.

"Ho ho ho!" said Santa, stepping back and raising his voice once more. "You're easy, little one. I can see why Rex adopted you so quickly! Alright, kids, off I go. See you in the Butterscotch Blackout Room!"

Kris and Rudolph departed, and as they did, Rudolph slipped Rex their number.

"A couple of really nice guys," said Rex, putting his arm around the smaller Reindeer.

"Yeah," said Dexter, still rubbing his shoulder. His nose still held a steady glow, just from the memory of what had happened on stage and the knowledge that all of the people around them had seen it.

"Uh, Rex, I think I need a little break. Can we find somewhere quiet to calm down?"

"Sure thing, little man. Let's take a breather! Nope, no walking on those wobbly bambi legs. You just took your first fist and emptied your eggnog into your diaper. I'll carry you for a while."

Dexter rested his head on his Daddy's chest as he was carried out of the theater.

"Come on, little fawn. Let's get you changed. There's a space at the bar with your name on it!"

Rex and Dexter had a lot to learn if they wanted to fill Santa's shoes next Christmas, but they had a whole year to learn it. This was going to be an interesting holiday season, to say the least.