



Hey, Polks, Tinseltop here!

A couple of you may remember me from last year ... No? Why are you staring like that? Never seen an actual Christmas elf before?

So here's a thing you may not know about the Big C: He's not actually that jolly happy guy you see on TV commercials. He thinks Christmas has become kind of a pain in the ass, and he wishes he could find ways to make it fun again.

Fun for him, I mean.

TINSELTOP'S TRUE TALES OF TRANSFORMATION

That's how we get to where we start this story, a few weeks before what we call the Big Ride.

The boss has to spend a lot of time checking his telescopes and astrolabes and weather reports to get ready to go, and it bores him silly, not that he'd ever admit it.



You know, Christmas used to be all about the handouts.

I used to punish people too. I got to wreak vengeance! A moral arbiter! Not just --

-- a man in a punny suit passing out loot.

I've heard this one, boss.

Don't interrupt me.

Now everybody thinks they get a ton of junk whether they were good or not. If I tried to give somebody a lump of coal or a willow switch they'd probably try to sue me.

And they're all getting more and more badly behaved, especially the boys. My saints, the boys! What do I do about them, Tinseltop?

Slow down, will ya, boss? I'm going to fall off!



I don't know how much more of this I can stand!

Uh-oh.

Everything OK, boss?



They're finding new ways to be horrible in every direction, and the worst part is, most of them don't even think they're doing anything wrong --

Hmm.

... I just got a brilliant idea!

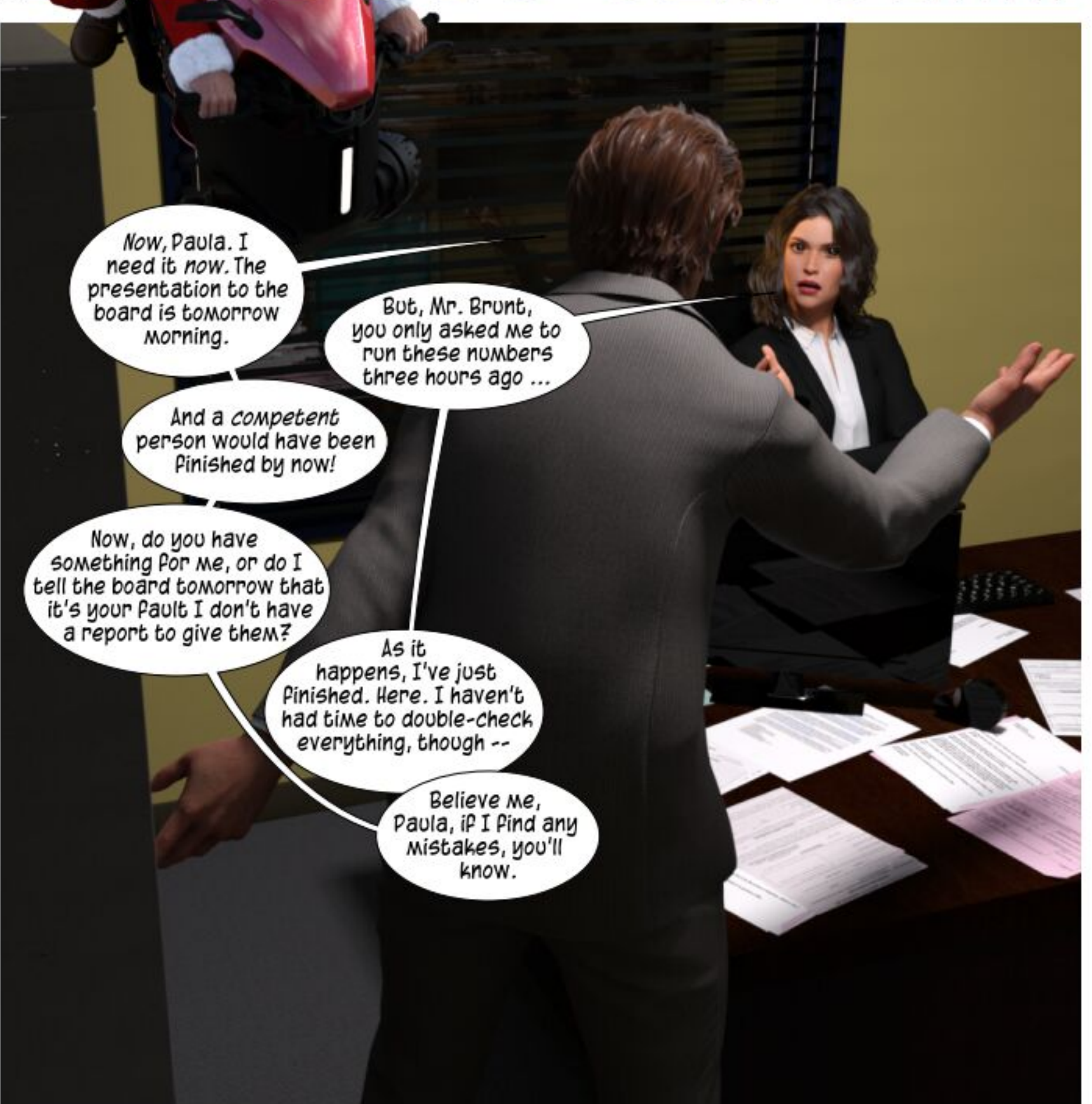
HO HO HO HO HO!

The maniacal laugh. A bad sign.

Come along, Tinseltop. We're going to have a little fun.

BAD BOYS GET SWITCHES

WORDS AND IMAGES BY TRILBY



Now, Paula. I need it now. The presentation to the board is tomorrow morning.

But, Mr. Brunt, you only asked me to run these numbers three hours ago ...

And a competent person would have been finished by now!

Now, do you have something for me, or do I tell the board tomorrow that it's your fault I don't have a report to give them?

As it happens, I've just finished. Here. I haven't had time to double-check everything, though --

Believe me, Paula, if I find any mistakes, you'll know.



Fucking diversity hires ... "Oh, we need more women in the executive suite" ... only good at one thing and a lot of them aren't even any good at that ...

So who's the asshole?

Richard Brunt. He's the company's vice president of finance. He's dodged three sexual harassment lawsuits in four years.



Lori, personal meeting. Five minutes.

... Yes, sir.



Who are ... Did they order a Santa without letting me know?

You don't look too excited at going in there and dealing with Dick's dick.

Oh, it's OK, but he's not very good and I never get off ... he just goes up and down a few times and that's it ...

... Why did I just tell you that?

I'm the actual Santa, Ms. Buxton.

I have a present for you.



I think you know what to do with it.



but ... Uh ... it's bad to put candy and stuff up in there, right? Gets all gross ...

This is special candy. It'll be fine.

-- ooh! --



That will keep her busy. Now it's your turn.

We need body contact, and I don't think I can get him to have sex with me.

Boss, do we have to do it this way?

-- sigh --

OK, let me change. I hope she means he likes blondes.

ohhh my gooooood ...! It's tingly!



Who the hell are you?

-- giggle --

I'm your Christmas present, silly!



No, seriously -- who sent you? Is this one of Daryl's little jokes?

Santa sent me! I told you, I'm your present!

C'mon, try me out! If you don't like me, you can always take me back!



Ooh, yeah! Jingle my bells!

I ... Uh ...

UHH!
UHH!
UHH!

... something's ...

OHH!
OOOOHH!!



So you just straight-up stole my design?

No. I made the breasts and the lips bigger.

... oohh ...!

It's tribute. I thought you had the right approach.

Let's get her dressed before she recovers and tries to stagger out of here naked.



So the bimbo wanders out to get Pucked ... that's not much of a punishment, boss.

Wait and see.

Come on, let's beat her to her destination.

aah!

aah!

oh, god

aah!



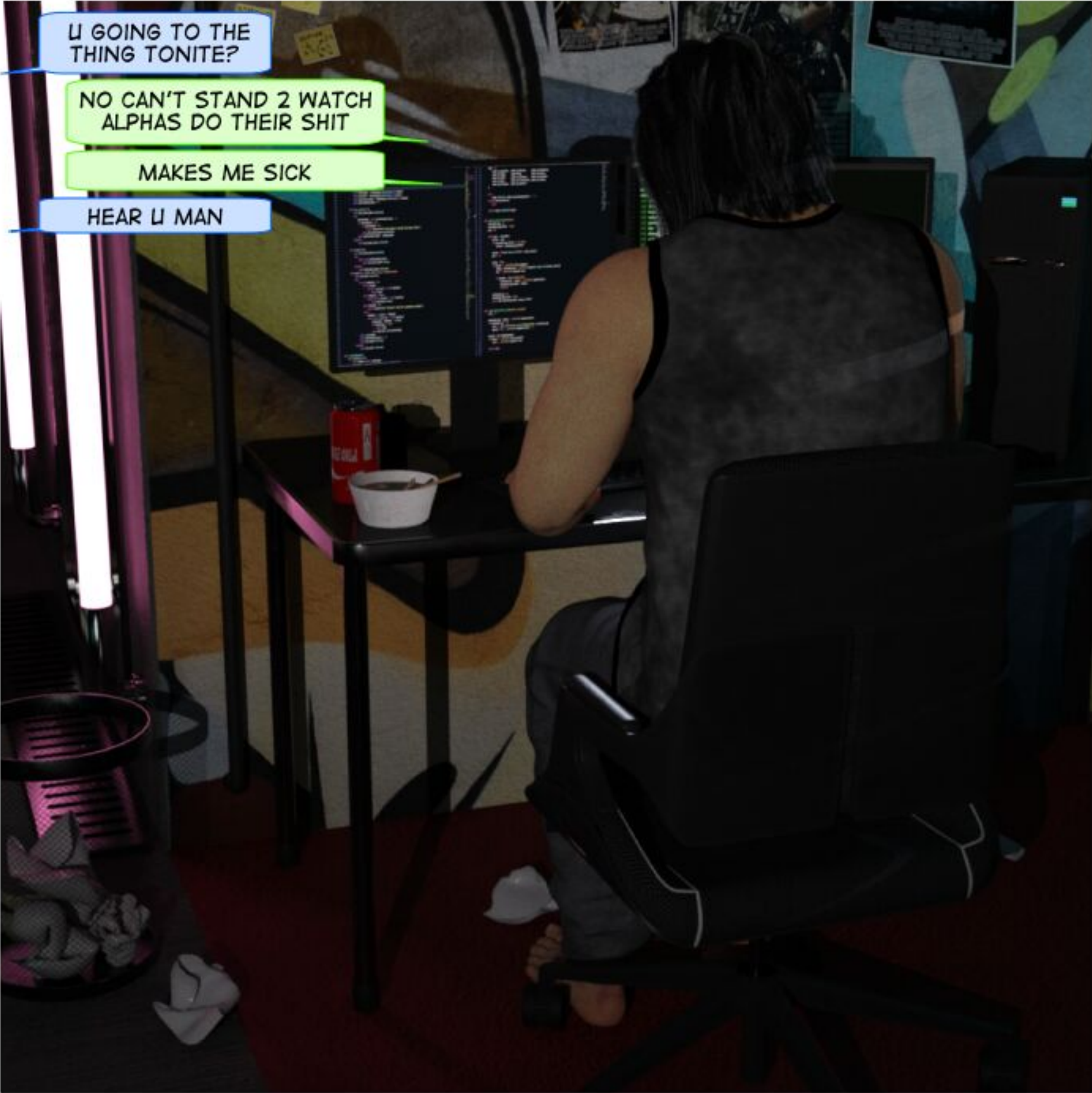
I should have put some bad numbers in there just to make him look like a fool ... he has no idea what the actual financials are ...

What the hell am I still doing in this job? What's wrong with me?

Oh, Ms. Wright?

You're the VP of Finance now.

Merry Christmas.



U GOING TO THE THING TONITE?

NO CAN'T STAND 2 WATCH ALPHAS DO THEIR SHIT

MAKES ME SICK

HEAR U MAN



That's Rollo Rainey. He's an "incel." Those are young men who spend all their spare time griping about how they can't get a girlFriend.

That is, when they're not shooting people.

Looking in there I can spot at least ten reasons why he might not have a girlFriend.

Ho ho ho! Indeed. But he won't listen to us.



What's wrong with my head ... I feel so Punny ...

Where is this place? Why did I come here? It's like something else is ...

I can't control it! ... What's going on? Who am I? Why do I look like this?



Huh?

BRB DOORBELL

MAYBE ITS THE WOMAN OF UR DREAMS LOL

BZZZZZ
BZZZZZ



Uh ... hello?

Hiiii! I'm your Christmas present!

Oh, no.

UM.

Ooh, and it looks like you've got a present for me too!
-- giggle --

Noooo!



-- MMM! --

auuuuu!

ROL R U THERE?

HELLO?



You see, Rollo's really not a bad boy. He just needs to be taken in hand. So to speak.

In other words, he needs a girlFriend. Which we knew. Even he knew it.

But who deserves that? It shouldn't be somebody else's job to clean up his act --

Oh!

Now you're getting it! We give the job to a bad boy who *does* deserve it. He cleans up while cleaning the other one up. Two for one!

And he hates every second of it.

Oh, that'll change. By this time next year she'll be happy with her new self, and he'll be a much better person who showers much more often.

Boss, I have to admit, it's brilliant.

Sadistic, but brilliant.



... My Friends, to restore this nation to its former glory requires vigilance! We cannot let these inferior breeds take over the fabric of our society! We must stand together to bring back purity!

OK, I'll bite. Who's the Nazi?

Jepperson Hawthorne. When he's not being a white supremacist, he's a United States representative.

Lovely. Pillar of the community, huh?

I wanted you to get a look at him before we go to his house.



I am *not* having sex with him. I have limits.

It wouldn't work anyway. Hawthorne is married and very monogamous. He hasn't so much as leered at another woman in twenty years.

... who'd marry a guy like that?

There are plenty of women just as horrible as he is, Tinseltop, you know that.

But she's on the good list. They married too young and he wasn't like this then. She'd like to leave him, but she worries he'd kill her.

... Oh.



Hey, Bedelia.

Aaaaah!

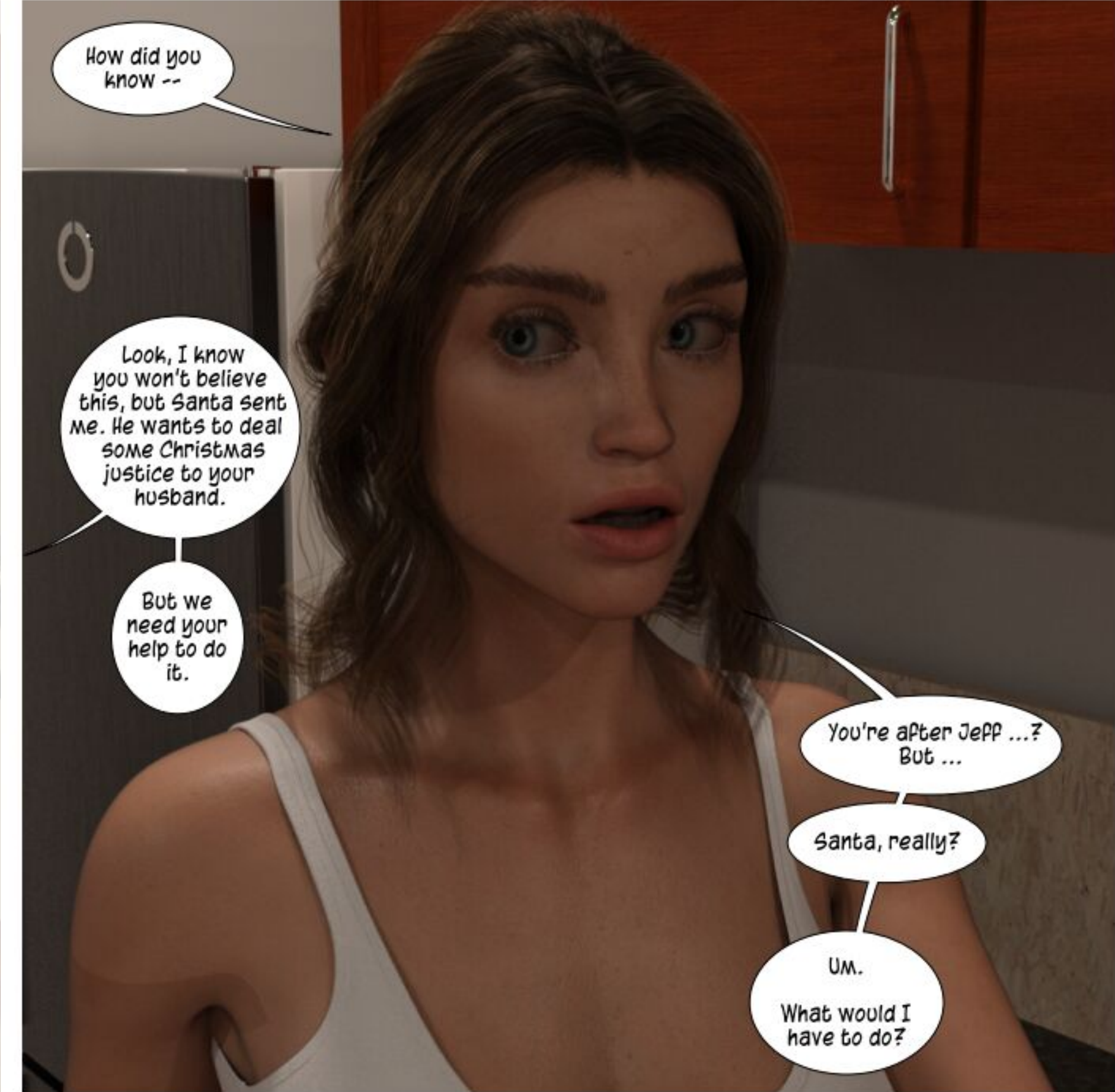
Who are you? How did you get in? What do you want?

Relax. I'm not dangerous. Sorry to have startled you.

I ... I just thought that ...

You thought I was your husband home early and that he was going to see where you hide your birth control pills.

That he doesn't know you take.



How did you know --

Look, I know you won't believe this, but Santa sent me. He wants to deal some Christmas justice to your husband.

But we need your help to do it.

You're after Jepp ...? But ...

Santa, really?

Um. What would I have to do?



Just rub this all over your skin. Especially on your private bits.

It won't do a thing to you.

...What will it do to Jepp?

Improve him.



Dee?

Up here, sweetie!



How did the speech go?

All right ... ah, you're looking really ... Did I miss something?

No, I'm just really Peeling in the Mood tonight.

You don't like it?

I didn't say that ... You just usually ... ah ...

Come on, silly, stop asking questions and enjoy it.



ooh ... why is it good? It's never this good ... is it the stuPP she gave me?

Whoa! Dee, what's got into you? You ...

Uh ...

Dee, wait ... something Peels wrong, I ...

UHHH! AHHH!

... I ...

OOHH! OOOOOH!!





Here's what we're gonna do. You're going to lick my pussy and make it happy. If you make it happy enough, I'll do something sweet for you.

No! Don't do it!!

Then we'll see what happens after that.



But ... I ... uh ...

... OK.



oh, yeah!

Oh, my god ... I ...

yeah!

... I ... ohhhh ...

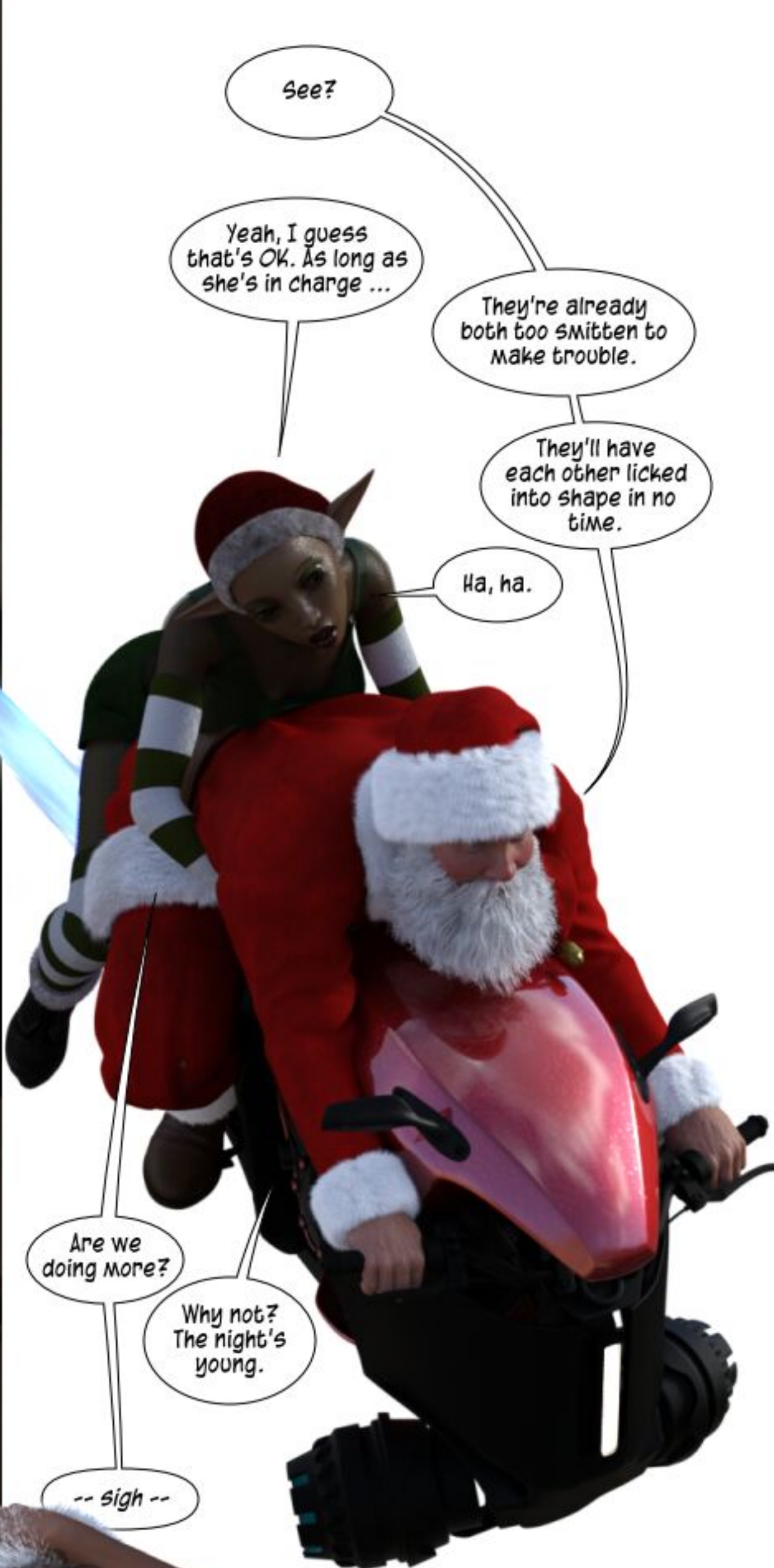
-- aaah -- Just like that!

-- aaah! -- Don't stop!

ohhh ...

Yeah, I can work with this, honey ...

C'mere, I wanna tear those shorts off.



See?

Yeah, I guess that's OK. As long as she's in charge ...

They're already both too smitten to make trouble.

They'll have each other licked into shape in no time.

Ha, ha.

Are we doing more?

Why not? The night's young.

-- sigh --



So we spent the rest of the night flying around turning bad boys into good girls ...

Plus a couple of variations on the theme, just to keep it interesting!

But even Santa gets tired eventually.



Ho ho ho!
A good night's work, I'd say.
We'll have to do it again some --
-- ahem --



Jessica!
Hi, Mrs. C!

We were just out,
ah, dispensing a little
poetic justice, you
could say ...



I saw, Kris. You're
not the only one who
knows how to use that
basin, you know.

I think it's an
excellent idea. But it
should be a bit more
evenly applied.

You've been
schtopping half the
elves in the workshop
when you think I'm
not looking.

Honestly, I don't mind,
but it's hardly good
workplace conduct by the
boss, wouldn't you say?

And the
uniforms you
make them
wear ...!



Jessica, I know
what you're
thinking --

There's no need to do
that, really --

I don't --

PWOOF



uhooooh!



Now, you're personally
going to give a really good
intimate Christmas gift to
every single elf in the shop.
Every. One. Do you
understand?

Oh!
-- giggle --
Okay!



And, considering what
you've put her through
tonight, you should start
with Tinsetop.

Do a really good job,
now.

oohh!

Huh!
... well, OK.



Don't worry, Polks,
--- MMM! ---
Christmas isn't cancelled! Mrs. C said
she'll change her back before the
Big Ride ...

-- ooooooh! --

... if she
finishes giving
out all her gifts
by then!

-- END --