

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

7,569 words.

<Secret Santa>

by <Growing Desires>



#

Thank you for reading this story and supporting my work. You can vote on what I choose to write about and what projects I work on if you join my Patreon. You can read all of my stories on Patreon or Deviantart Subs and you are able to also buy digital copies of my book on Gumroad and Amazon.

[-All of my links are here-](#)

Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Why do these things always go on for so Goddamn long?

I could feel myself starting to doze off. The perfectly air-conditioned meeting room and the contents of the meeting were sending me to sleep. I was sitting in a meeting room; it was decorated with cheap festive lights and tinsel. The upper management loved to throw a lot of fuss into the Christmas meetings, I just rolled my eyes harder each time it came about. I sat next to a close friend who I just so happened to work with. He knew the limits of my apathy and entertained me throughout the meeting with silly jokes and doodles. I can't say I took in a great deal of the corporate spiel that the boss was ramming down our throats this year. I turned to Dean and saw that he was subtly highlighting the time on his watch.

15:57, they better not let this run over.

Thankfully the managers were pretty good at getting us out of meetings on time, I was hoping that this would be true today.

“And now, our favourite part of the year.” Gary, our boss said, gesturing to the deputy manager who was walking around the room with a hat filled with paper.

Secret Santa. I hope I get someone good this year.

I picked a name out, Lucy.

Shit. That is a pain.

Lucy was a department manager who I regularly feuded with. Her ideals did not match my own and therefore our stylistic clashes meant that we worked poorly together.

And now I've got to get this bitch a present... Great...

I turned to Dean to see him reading his little slip of paper, he quickly clutched it close to his chest. "It's meant to be *secret* Santa." He scolded me.

"What's the big deal, everyone knows who gets who each year." I whispered.

"Because without the secret part of the game, where is the fun." Gary's voice pierced the room and he stared at me. "I trust you all will stick to the £10 limit, can the gifts be in by the 15th, no later. Thank you everyone."

He turned off the projector and dismissed us. I shuffled out of the room with Dean in tow.

"C'mon Dean, tell me who you've got." I quizzed him.

"You've not even told me who you've got."

"Lucy." I huffed.

Dean laughed. "Serves you right for trying to break the sanctity of Secret Santa."

"So?" I pressed him.

"It's a secret Belle."

I huffed.

"I'll tell you after Christmas, like everyone else will most likely do." He smiled and walked into his office to grab his stuff. "See you tomorrow. Talk to you later."

Dean and I met at work and had become great friends. He joined the company only a year ago, but we quickly became very close. We worked in the same team, and it meant a lot of close working, but it went further than that, me and him just kind of gelled well together. We had similar interests, an inquisitive mind and loved music. I slung my headphones on and turned on my music and strutted out of the office. Quick to get home so that I could enjoy every second away from "my prison".

I wonder what I'll have for food.



Chapter Two

Time flew by and the pressure of work mounted quickly, suddenly we were staring down the barrel of Christmas break, and luckily, me and Dean had completed all of our work. In a very timely manner, I might add. The last day was entering the final hours, but I had a sense of detachment from the office by this point. I was well and truly in holiday mode.

I was reflecting on the year and what I had achieved and everything that brought my joy was found outside of these four walls. Sure, I did a great job at work, but I found it unfulfilling, I was more interested in other things. At the start of the year, I had made a promise to myself to get into shape, not just in shape, but the best shape I had ever been in. I had destroyed that goal and then some. I wasn't ever fit and buff, even now I wasn't really buff. I didn't really gain muscle; I was just very fit. My body fat had dropped considerably since I started my health kick and I felt better for it. The gym was my second home. Despite the commitment, I didn't feel like I was quite fulfilled by the results.

I was entering my mid-thirties, and I was fitter than I had ever been.

Why did I want more? What else did I need?

The questions rattled about my skull, and I stared at myself in the mirror. Something wasn't right about what was looking back at me, I wanted something else.

Before I could have the epiphany, the door opened, and I nearly jumped out of my computer chair.

“You’ve not grabbed your present yet Belle.” Gary informed me. “What’s wrong? Did I startle you?”

I was clutching at my chest and breathing heavily, staring daggers into him. “No. Not at all.”

Gary was mostly oblivious to social cues or more accurately, he didn’t bother to engage unless they were in a similar position to himself. He nodded and left; he had informed us earlier in the day he was going to leave early because of “all the work he does at home”. Nobody was going to argue, obviously.

What present is he on about?

I stood up and walked into the staffroom and saw the Christmas tree with a few presents under it. I saw a small package with my name on it.

I completely forgot!

“To Belle, From Secret Santa.” I said aloud.

“Who else is it going to be from?” Dean said, making me jump for a second time.

“First Gary, then you! Can people stop spooking me!” I caught my breath and glared at Dean. “Who got you?”

“I don’t know, it is a generic men’s bath gift set.”

“Lame.” I remarked.

“I Know.” He looked at the gift in my hands. “I know who got yours.”

“Who?”

“I’ll tell you after you open it, but you might not want to open it here.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Just, trust me.”

“Fine. I’ll open it in my car later.”

The day dragged itself to its conclusion and finally I was able to leave the office after a busy few weeks, finally the Christmas break was here. I grabbed my stuff, making sure to grab my present and sat myself down into my car. I quickly tore into the packaging and was shocked to find

the soft feeling of fabric; I yanked at the fabric and pulled out the garment and held it up.

The design is unique and unmistakable. I have seen this design before, on a social media platform.

Dean.



Chapter Three

Dean was a unique individual, I had never worked with, nor met, someone like him. Fixated on social media and everything was very sexual in nature. He was just so open and didn't mask anything. What you saw is what you got with him. Numerous times, we had joked about my ineptitude with social media and how far away I was from the internet zeitgeist. One such topic was leggings. A social media platform that Dean frequented made many fads famous, one such thing was leggings. Looking down to my lap, the blue fabric was unmistakably those leggings. The main draw was that the leggings were sculpting the wearer's butt so that it really popped, the elasticated fabric was tight until it arrived at her wearer's ass. I had seen a few photos and clips from Dean of women who wore the leggings, it made their ass really pop.

I didn't need to think why he got them for me, it was obviously a joke gift, an inside joke. I inspected the tag and saw that he actually got my size.

"Well... I might as well try them... What's the harm." I giggled to myself. "Maybe I could send him a photo." I burst out laughing and blushed, shaking my head. "No."

I was far too shy for that. I couldn't possibly do such a thing.

Could I?

I needed to distract myself and think of something else.

I threw the leggings on the passenger seat and started to drive home. Despite my moderate

drive home, I found that I couldn't stop thinking about the present. It was like my intrusive thoughts were winning today, because the second I got home I rushed upstairs to my room and changed into the leggings.

"Holy shit..." I gasped.

I gawked at myself. The leggings looked amazing on me. My ass looked great; my legs looked incredible. I was awestruck.

I can't show Dean this...

My long legs were perfectly showcased in these, the royal blue leggings were out of this world. I strutted across the room a few times and kept checking myself out in the mirror, absolutely astounded that I could look this good.

Shit. My ass looks good.

Despite my slim form, with these leggings I really did have some ass going on. It was quite empowering.

"Maybe I just send him a quick message to thank him..."

I stared for a few seconds longer before leaving the mirror.

"Food time..."

I kept the leggings on and carried about my evening, noticing every so often I was staring at myself in the mirror. I am not someone who is vain but seeing how good I looked, it was rather nice. I hadn't felt particularly good about my figure in a while, despite my goal of being fit, I just didn't look the part, or I didn't have any of the gains I wanted. The night sped along and before I knew it, I was asleep on the sofa.

I woke up after an hour or so needing a pee. I didn't fully come around, but when I pulled my bottoms down, it was then I noticed I was still wearing the leggings. My ass plopped on the toilet seat, something felt off, I was far too out of it to really think about it further, I stumbled to bed and fell back asleep with the leggings on.



Chapter Four

The next morning my Alarm went off, I cursed aloud.

“Fuck off!” I angrily hissed.

I was more annoyed that I was now on holiday break, and I forgot to turn off my alarm. I dismissed the ringing and laid there with my eyes open. I was never one to fall back asleep, I was up, that was it for me. I kept myself snuggled in bed; the cold air was too much to bear right now. I shifted in the bed and felt a strange sensation.

Why do my hips feel funny?

It was hard to describe, it was like there was a pressure on my hips or ass. It wasn't uncomfortable, just different.

My hands explored under my sheets, and I felt my fingers reach my hips. The elasticated feeling made me realise that I was still wearing the leggings but there was something else.

My fingers splayed over my hip, which stuck outward to the side of my body.

I gasped as my fingers felt this new sensation.

Is that me...

It was. It was my hips. My body. I felt different, bigger, curvier.

I threw the blanket off of me and lifted my torso up off the bed and looked down. My lower half had morphed over night, I was spread much wider than I was previously. Looking down at my

thighs I could see a difference. It wasn't massive from the outside glance but to me, it was massive. It looked as if I had gained 15lbs, but it went all to my hips and thighs.

Now that I think about it...

I wasn't quite sitting on the bed the same, I felt like I had sunk more into the mattress than I should. I timidly poked my thighs through the blue fabric and felt my finger sink slightly before the unyielding flesh held my prod at bay.

"Fuck..." The word fell out of my mouth.

I flicked my legs to the side and got out of bed, feeling that my centre of balance had changed, I almost fell. I waddled slightly over the mirror and gasped.

"Fuck..." I said with a more shocked tone.

From the front my slim body had changed, my hips were spread outwards either side of my torso. It seemed so drastic to me because I was so slim and formless.

I look... Good...

It was hard to deny that despite the extra fat on my thighs, as minimal as it was overall, and the way my hips were wider, I had to admit it. I turned to the side and gasped aloud again.

My ass stuck out so much compared to what it used to, in reality it was within the realm of normality but to me it looked like I had stuffed cushions down my pants. I jumped on the balls of my feet and saw it shake behind me.

"So... Jiggly..."

I pulled the leggings down and saw the skin, confirming it was all me under there.

"What am I going to tell everyone... What the fuck..."

My plumper ass was still jiggling from my movements, and I just stared at the hypnotic and rhythmic bouncing. Each fat cheek shaking wildly.

I think I could get used to this.



Chapter Five

I would have to get used to it; two days had passed since I had woken up curvy. As sudden as the growth was, it didn't disappear. I was left squeezing into old trousers and struggling to not turn heads when I was out and about. In part because of my perfect curves but in part because of my ill-fitting clothes. Due to the time of the year, shopping was a nightmare. I had placed an order online to get new clothes delivered but "Due to demand, the delivery has been delayed".

I decided to suck it up. It was very quickly Christmas eve and I had plans to meet some family, namely, my mother. My mum wouldn't allow me to get away with wearing the clothes I was struggling to deal with. Not only that, but it would also draw attention to my growing rear and the shaming she would likely give me would be too much to bear.

I tried on a number of jeans, leggings and shorts but they were all too tight. I sunk my hands into my fleshy thighs and felt a sense of excitement. I was getting used to my thicker form and I must admit, I was starting to enjoy it. Too frustrated to stop and do something about my growing appreciation for my form, I continued to dive through my wardrobe until I found something that fit.

The blue leggings.

Despite the fact that I had grown, the blue fabric had stretched well over my curves.

Couldn't hurt, I know they draw attention but maybe that is better than not being able to fit into my clothes.

I decided to roll the dice and wear them. I stared at my figure in the mirror and placed a hand on my hips.

“Fuck... I do look good...” I said aloud to nobody, my voice quivering.

I changed my top and made my way to my family home. It wasn't too far of a drive but thanks to how hectic the roads were, it was just as infuriating to make the trip.

Everyone is driving home for Christmas, I guess...

I arrived at the same time as my sister, Emily. Emily was older than me, she had a more stable life than me, husband, homeowner and we were all just waiting on the announcement for pregnancy to drop.

Maybe this year.

She waved at me frantically, she was so excited to see me. Emily had moved much farther away than I had from Mum and Dad's so seeing here was a bit of a rare event. She ran over to my car; her frame was slight, and she was small. She could've been a gymnast with her frame, and it looked like she was keeping up with the gym because she still looked great. I always idolised her figure as she looked far more toned than I, not covered in muscle but it was clear she was fit.

I got out of the car to greet her, and her face turned to shock.

*Shit... Is it **that** noticeable?*

Her eyes darting between my hips and my face seemed to suggest it was that noticeable. Before I could even open my mouth, she yelled.

“Holy shit Belle! What happened!”

“I ca-”

“You look fucking hot!” Despite her slight frame and her small demeanour, when she was around me, she was rather boisterous and maybe a bit vulgar.

“What?” Her husband Richard walked from the other side of the car, not fully aware of what was going on, even his eyes noticed my new curves.

“Don't look!” Emily slapped Richard's arm. “In the house, now”

He did as he was told, taking one last glance at my wide hips. Emily closed the gap between us and stopped short of a hug. Her voice lowered to a whisper. “What happened... You’ve never had curves.”

“You’ve not even seen the best part yet...” I turned and stuck my ass out.

My large cheeks were highlighted by the leggings, as advertised.

“Fucking hell...” Emily said under her breath.

“I know...” I added.

“What... How... We don’t have genes like that... What is mum going to say!” Emily’s mind was working a mile a minute.

“I know. I hope she says nothing, I don’t want her judgmental gaze over me at all, you know what she will say.”

“Something about getting fat or being a slag, no doubt.” Emily said, as if reading my mind. “But how? Injections or something?”

“You won’t believe me.”

“Try me.”

“I woke up like this.”

“Bullshit!” She exclaimed.

“I am serious. I woke up like this. I didn’t think it was too noticeable.”

“You thought wrong. You’ve always been so small, to see you with some meat on you, it is rather drastic actually. Especially with those leggings.”

Shit.

“Right, let’s get inside... I’ll go first, distract mum and then you just sit at the table, she won’t be able to see anything then.” She pointed at my rear. “That is going to be hard to hide, Belle...”

“I know...”

Emily burst through the door, made quite the entrance, grabbing all the attention from our

mum. She wrapped her arms around her and gave her a big hug, being sure to turn her away from the door. I quickly bolted into the house and to the table. My ass jiggling behind me, each rushed step causing my ass cheeks to clap together. It wasn't audible enough for anyone to hear from that far away, but it was enough that I knew.

I zipped past everyone, Richard stared again, and I quickly jumped into my seat. I looked up and saw Emily and Mum were still embraced.

Safe. Thank fuck.

I looked to my left and saw my dad with wide eyes in the doorway.

Shit.

“What happened to you sweetheart?” His voice was loud enough to get my mum's attention.

I saw her practically discard Emily and walk towards me with a concerned look on her face.

“What's wrong honey?” Her voice was kind and caring but I knew what sharp words would likely come after.

“Nothing, I'm fine.”

Mum turned to Dad and looked inquisitively.

“She looks different.” My dad was a lot kinder with his words.

My mum looked at him with a raised eyebrow, my dad then gestured downward. Her eyes were quickly back on me.

“Stand up.”

Guess the jig is up.

I stood up and saw my mum's face drop. She was awestruck, with all the attention on me, I blushed profusely. My dad turned away thankfully. Emily and Richard did not, however. I had six eyes on me, rather, my ass. I looked down and saw how even from my point of view I looked much different, I could see my legs were plumper and juxtaposed to my thin frame. I turned to look behind and I could see my butt sticking out. It was rather embarrassing, but it wasn't hard to see why they were making a fuss. I was a slim woman and now I had suddenly changed.

My mum seemed genuinely concerned though, which was new for her. I had expected the judgement but thankfully her first thought was my safety. It was nice. For a bit. The topic of conversation was my sudden weight gain for far too long. Hormones, glands, cancer, everything was discussed until my Mum finally went down the route of “Maybe I did this to myself.” That is when things got a bit more annoying.

“You didn’t get surgery, did you?”

“No mum. Of course not. When would I have gone for surgery without you knowing?”

“I don’t know, but you better have gone to somewhere safe, not one of those back-alley places you read about online.”

My eyes rolled for the millionth time. Emily could see my mounting frustration and decided to throw me a lifeline.

“Mum... I think we should move on...” She started timidly.

“How can we? Your sister is mutilating herself for... For what?”

“Mum... Please.”

Mum still didn’t follow, she continued to try to talk about my new assets before Emily flipped.

“Mum! I’m late.”

The implication that she was pregnant was there, Emily wasn’t above oversharing but there was a nervousness about her voice. Not the way I imagine she would want to have broken that news, but I was more than grateful for the topic to move off of my butt. Thankfully the “potential pregnancy” topic kept my mother entertained until she heard the pan on the hob boiling over. Cooking was her passion, so she quickly ignored us for the sake of providing great food. The whole time I could see Richard squirming in his chair as his wife got bombarded by questions.

I turned to Emily and whispered. “You didn’t have to do that...”

“I know. It wasn’t exactly true though...”

I smirked.

“I mean, we are trying, and I *am* late, but only by a day.”

I giggled under my breath.

“Shush, she will know. Just keep your head down, bubble butt.” She teased.

I did as I was told, I enjoyed the wonderful feast Mum had made and accepted the remarks about me eating too much and it “going to my ass”.

All said and done, it was a good time with my family, despite the rocky start. I hadn’t seen them all together for quite some time, far too long, but at last it was time to leave. Everyone was excusing themselves from the table, my mum and dad went to do the dishes, my sister needed the toilet and Richard was going to vape outside. I shifted slightly in my chair and felt the leg of the table dig into my thigh. I felt dread run through my body.

My leg shouldn't be touching the table.

My hand timidly went under the table, and I gasped when I made contact with my thigh, much quicker than I was expecting.



Chapter Six

I pulled the chair back as covertly as I could, I looked down and saw a lot more thigh than I had hours earlier. My legs were now more like trunks of a tree. Somehow, they had grown again. I placed my hands on the sides of my hips and felt they were far wider too.

I struggled to contain my reaction.

What the fuck.

There was another sensation that I hadn't quite placed earlier. My thighs were pressing against the underside of the table. I shifted on my seat and felt that my ass too was bigger.

It must be huge...

I looked at my parents who were arguing about dishwashing etiquette. I saw my chance. I dashed from the table and rushed towards the door. I heard Emily walking down the stairs let out a shriek before stifling herself. She clearly could see the difference I was having issues comprehending. I didn't stop, I rushed to my car, Richard standing by the front door getting a show of my now gigantic ass shaking and jiggling as it quaked with each heavy step towards my car. I didn't have the nerve to look at him, I just pulled off and drove home.

I focused on my sudden growth, and I swear that during the trip even I could feel myself growing, my ass was already starting to overflow the car seat but by the time I stopped outside my house, I swear it was even bigger.

I rushed inside, lest a neighbour notice me. Straight to the mirror I saw my body in all its glory.

I was huge.

From the waist up, a thin and athletic woman, clearly looked after herself. From the knees down even, it looked like I was thin. Between my knees and my waist.

Huge.

Thick.

I'm massive.

My thighs were so big and wide. I stared and felt a twinge between the huge log-like thighs.

So big... So soft...

My gaze turned to the outline of my hips, and I was shocked to see how wide they now spread, you could fit three of my torsos in my total width now. The pear-shaped figure I was growing was incredible. I had never seen anything like it before. I was curvy with a capital C.

“Here goes nothing...” I whimpered.

I turned to my side and was met with a shock. I knew I was big; it was obvious to me but to see the girth of my ass cheeks. I couldn't believe how big it was. Each cheek is almost the size of a watermelon. The blue fabric somehow covered the whole thing. It didn't even look strained.

I put two and two together.

“The leggings!” I pulled them off in a flash and gasped at all the smooth and soft skin I could now see. It wasn't cellulite ridden like you might expect, it was perfect. Blemish free and so ripe.

I stared for a few seconds before I felt a familiar urge take over, this time however, I had the time.

I traced my fingers over my lower half, exploring its vast expanse and found myself getting more turned on. I threw myself on the bed and spread my legs wide, slipping my fingers between my thighs.

“Fuck...” I gasped, feeling my hips start to gyrate from the pleasure that my fingers were

drawing out of me.

The motion of my thickness only fuelling my arousal as I worked my clit feverishly.

“Shit!” I said breathlessly before I felt an orgasm wash over my body.

My body shuddered and shook from the explosive release.

I laid back on the bed, a bit more difficult due to the changes to my lower body. Panting into my pillow, I could feel my ass shaking from my sharp inhales.

The leggings...

Exhausted from my orgasm, I fell asleep right there, my naked lower half getting cold in the night causing me to tuck myself into the bed before the morning came round.

Christmas Day.

I had rushed out of my parents’ house so quickly that I didn’t even get my presents, I even forgot to exchange the presents I had in my car. In my haste to see my new body, I forgot to even reply to any of the messages I had. I picked up my phone and saw the work group chats filled with Christmas wishes. I had lots of missed calls and messages from my family, which I continued to ignore. There was one message that caught my eye.

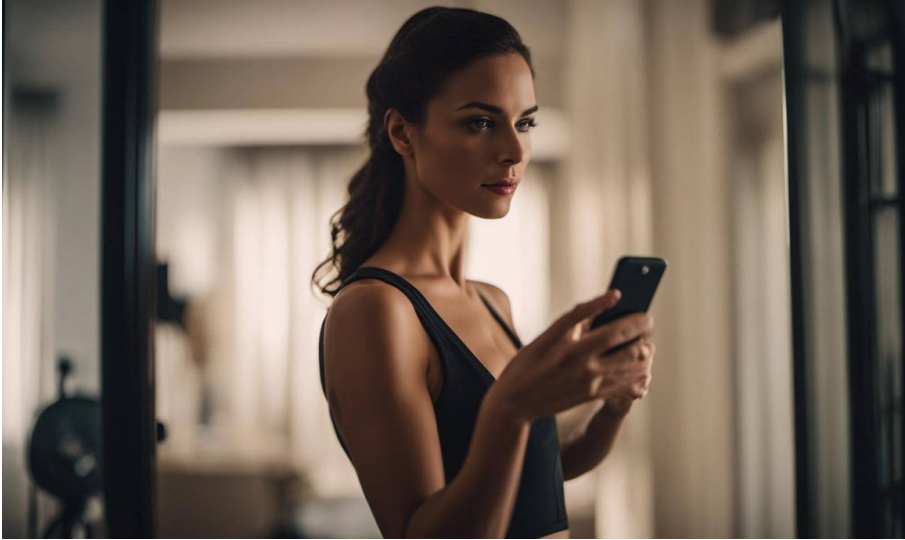
Dean.

“Merry Christmas, I hope you have a fulfilling day.”

Fulfilling day.

I got up and saw the blue leggings discarded on the floor. I put them on, quick as a flash and turned sideways in the mirror and stuck my ass out. Picking up my phone I snapped a quick picture and sent it to Dean.

“I didn’t think blue was my colour.”



Epilogue - Deans Perspective

She knows... She knows... Shit... Am I dead?

The self-doubt crept into my head.

Was this a mistake...

“No. She said, “I didn’t think”, meaning she does think it is her colour?”

Why am I worrying so much...

I have always had a thing for thicker women, thick thighs, wide hips and full and voluptuous asses. I also really liked Belle, whilst we’ve only worked together for about a year, I found myself really enjoying spending time with her and talking to her, despite the fact we don’t do a great deal of it outside of the confines of work. I never mustered the courage to ask her out, but I really wanted to.

We’re both single... What’s the issue...

I would struggle with myself over it constantly. I felt something there, something that could be something. One day when looking around some of my favourite ass themed sites I saw an advert for leggings, the ones that went viral a while back, they looked great. I didn’t think much of it until I pulled Belle’s name from the secret Santa hat. We’d talked a few times about viral media and products linked to viral posts; it wasn’t something she was familiar with due to her disconnection from most social media apps. We’d even talked about those leggings before.

Me and Belle were quite open with each other.

We both loved to people watch, checking out random strangers was a bit of secret fun we had. We would point out people to each other and it was always interesting to see why each of us would pick out that person. One day I saw someone in those leggings, and I made the comment about seeing them online before, she had no idea what I was on about, so I enlightened her. It became a bit of a joke but after pulling her name, I knew what I needed to do. My first thought was to get her those leggings. Finding them was a little harder than I expected, a lot of places were out of stock due to high demand for Christmas. Thankfully I found a pair from a new shop that I hadn't heard of. GD Sports.

I placed the order, wrapped it and put it under the tree and tried not to think much about it, lest I chicken out.

I checked the tree every day until we went off for our holiday break and I nearly bailed on the last day, thankfully when I went to the tree, I saw Belle picking up the gift. We left that day, and I must admit, I did expect a message that night, the fact she hadn't sent me anything was rather concerning. It wasn't uncommon, we did talk outside of work, but it wasn't a constant stream of messages, sometimes we wouldn't talk for a week or so.

It just felt different in this scenario.

I didn't want to message her though because I was concerned that she knew it was me and resented me.

Biting my nails for a few days was better than forcing the topic and upsetting her more.

Finally, after a few days, Belle messaged me.

"I didn't think blue was my colour."

The picture along with the message was a one time only. I hadn't had the balls to click it yet. Something about the message filled me with dread. I took a deep breath, dismissed the doubt about the message and tapped the icon to view picture.

"Holy fucking shit." I said aloud.

The image on my screen was insane. Out of this world. Not in reality. There stood Belle, in

those blue leggings, the colour was amazing, but it was what was contained behind the fabric that had me fighting for my life.

Her side profile was unreal. Her ass looked gigantic, bigger than most of the models I followed online, her trim waist flaring out into that gigantic ass was too much for me. I became rock solid. I felt a bit of shame, because it was Belle, and I felt a bit weird but...

Why would she send me that picture?

I took that as enough of an invitation and I started stroking my cock to the image on my screen. She looked immense. How she had changed so much was a mystery to me but the image before me was too arousing to ignore. I came quickly, I didn't want to close the picture but alas, I did need to message her back.

Dean: What happened...

Belle: What do you mean? ;)

Dean: You... Look different?

Belle: Oh... I think I styled my hair differently, is that what you mean?

Dean: No. Umm... Lower?

Belle: Oh... Right...

She sent another picture, this time it was a POV shot of her looking down at her thighs, the gargantuan thick meaty thighs were pressed together all the way to her knees. The blue fabric drew extra attention to them. Each thigh looked to be bigger than her waist. I felt myself become weak when looking at them. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Dean: That is an edit, right? Like photoshop or something? A new filter?

Belle: Maybe you should come around mine...

Was she... *Propositioning* me?

Like Belle, I had no plans for Christmas day, I was expecting my parents to pop round later, but I could easily tell them I wasn't home. I got dressed and quickly fired them a message and rushed to her house. I had been there before, thankfully I remembered my way there. Fuelled by curiosity and lust, I found myself standing at her door. I rang the doorbell and waited for Belle to answer.

No answer.

I felt my phone buzz.

Belle: It's open ;)

I turned the handle timidly. I was getting more excited and worked up by the second. I didn't know what was in store, but I am sure it would be good.

"Hey? Belle?" I called.

"Front room." Her voice beckoned me.

I entered the doorway of the front room and looked around. I realised that she wasn't here, so I decided to take a seat. I had been here a few times in the past year, but I felt significantly different this time. This time I was nervous, excited and more than a little turned on. I could hear some footsteps approaching from the other side of the room. Her living room had a second entrance from the kitchen. I stared at the doorway as the anticipation built up within me to a crescendo.

Belle stopped short of the door.

"Hey Dean..." Her voice was heavy and seductive.

"Hey."

I watched her blue covered leg enter the room first, it was so slim and looked great until it got to her knee, then her thigh exploded in size as my eyes travelled up her body. Her legs looked so thick and full. The fabric contained her softness well, one might think that due to the contrast in size, the upper half of the leggings would make her look like her legs were sausages. Instead, the

fabric kept her form together and firm. My heart started to pound in my chest when I saw the next very obvious change in Belle.

Her hips.

She never had any real sort of curves to her but now here she was with wide flaring hips. So much more than the “Childbearing” hips that people talked about, she was curvy, almost impossibly so. There was so much to her form now that aroused me, and I hadn’t even seen the back yet. The leggings were meant to do wonders for the wearer’s ass, which is one of the reasons I bought it, not just for the banter.

I must’ve been drooling, or thereabouts, Belle just smirked and laughed at me.

“So... The leggings huh?” She clearly wasn’t afraid to draw attention to herself now.

“The... Uh... Leggings...”

She slowly took step after step and headed directly towards me. I watched as her thick lower half shook and swayed as she slowly made her way to me.

“It was so obvious that it was you... Did you swap with someone to get me?”

I nodded.

“A bit against the rules... Naughty...”

As she got closer, she was looking more down on me as she started to tower over my sitting position.

“Well... I like the leggings at least... They do their job rather well... Although, you’ve not seen how well yet...”

She was referencing her ass. I am not sure if I can take anymore teasing.

“Please show me...” I whimpered.

“Oh, you want to see?” Belle gladly took control of the situation.

I was very quickly becoming putty in her hand to mould to her wishes. She leaned down towards my sitting position, her face was close to mine, I could feel her hot breath on my face. She was breathing quicker, clearly enjoying this situation.

“Seeing as you asked *sooo* nicely” She whispered.

I saw her hands on her thighs start to rub and squeeze her fat legs.

“I mean... That is the point of the leggings, right? It would be a shame *not* to show you...”

Trailing her fingers up her thighs to her midriff, she started to turn.

It was glorious.

Like a sun being eclipsed by a moon, I saw her ass slowly fill my vision. During her rotation I saw how far her cheeks stuck out from her torso, it was like she had a shelf back behind her. I had seen my fair share of asses online; I would even call myself someone with an ass fetish. I'd watch videos, see pictures, look for morphs and stories. Almost the word ass would cause me to feel excited. Seeing the new Belle before me now. I could hardly contain myself. I was too shocked in this exact moment to take action, which was likely a good thing.

Her ass was huge. Each cheek could've covered my whole torso. It was so big and plump. The leggings did more than any piece of nylon had any right to do. I was just openly staring at her gigantic ass when I heard her make a noise.

“Ahem...” She cleared her throat.

I looked up to her lust filled eyes. I saw her eyes dart to my lap and back up to my face. I was hard. Rock solid. It was something that happened so quickly I didn't even attempt to hide it. Belle appreciated it by the look on her face.

Still taking back control from the shock, I reached out and placed my hands on the wide expanse of her ass and I felt my cock flex within my pants. Belle let out a gasp.

“Who said you can touch...” She teased.

I looked at her with puppy dog eyes.

She giggled, the power of the situation causing her to almost erupt in laughter.

“Well...”

I watched as the twin moons started to fall to me. I gulped and braced for impact.

With a heavy crash, my body was almost consumed by her ass. The monstrous cheeks

made me look like an action figure in comparison. My cock was dug into her yielding flesh. Her butt was so big and firm on my body, I could barely move.

I wrapped my arms around her wide cheeks and felt my cock throb.

“Is... Is *that* for me...” Her voice sounded like she was in a trance.

Slowly she started gyrating, her huge ass was being moved around my body. I started to get brave, and I started to more actively grope at her curves. I had no hope to reach around her big rear but even the attempt was arousing to me.

I had only dreamed of a woman with this much ass.

The reality of the situation was getting me rather worked up. I swung my hand and slapped her ass. The thwack echoed throughout the room, and she stopped gyrating. Her skin jiggled and wobbled for a second and I heard a loud moan escape her lips.

I sat silent for a second, her sudden pause had alarmed me, like I had done something wrong.

She said in a quiet little voice. “*Again...*”

My hand struck her again with a crack.

Another loud moan filled the room, along with the echo from my hand’s contact. I felt her ass jiggle in waves over my torso.

“*I need more*” she said like a woman possessed.

I gasped involuntarily as Belle’s large ass pushed me backwards, I fell into the sofa more as the underside of her butt was now on my chest, my head was buried between her ass cheeks. I struggled for breath despite the heavenly state I found myself in. I felt her hands clambering at my pants. She desperately wanted in, I bucked my hips and let her grab my throbbing dick.

I felt the warmth of her soft hands start to teasingly play with it before I saw the light start to come back into view. Her ass was moving off my face. My oxygen supply was no longer cut off, at the perfect time for me to let out a grunt of my own. Without much warning, Belle impaled herself on me. She had pulled the stretchy leggings down and revealed her pulsing.

I could feel how tight her pussy was, it was as if her walls were being pushed against my

cock because of her heavy thighs. She wasted no time before she started to bounce, and I felt the weight of her heavy body start to crash onto my torso. Her rhythmic gyrating was driving her to a quick orgasm, apparently teasing me was enough to get her very worked up.

I am close too...

I struggled to contain the rapidly building arousal. I wanted to savour this moment forever.

It was never going to last that long, however. As Belle worked up her speed, she started to bounce, her booty slapping against my chest, almost winding me, but driving my arousal through the roof. Thankfully she had already come, her body quivered and shook but she didn't let up. Powering through her refractory period, the momentum of her jiggling ass was sending shockwaves through us both.

I couldn't keep the air in my lungs to utter the words, but I tapped her ass with a desperation that she knew meant one thing.

“Do it! Cum! Cum for my huge ass!”

Her words were blunt and to the point, a side to her I didn't know she had within.

Who was I to deny her, to deny my fantasy. I held on for a few more seconds before something changed.

“Fuck! Can you feel it Dean!” Her voice took me out of the moment, something I'd be thankful for in the coming seconds.

Belle stopped and placed her hands on top of mine. Pinned to her fat ass, I could feel her heartbeat throughout her vast expanse. My dick throbbed for friction.

That is when I felt it.

My hands were being spread.

What...

My breaths became shallower, I craned my neck to observe.

“You can feel it...” She moaned. “Bigger... I don't know what these leggings are made from... But they are making me grow...”

Grow.

I felt it now, in real time, her ass was expanding in my grasp, the cheeks were spreading to cover my face, I started bucking my hips, desperate to fuck her once more.

“You want it so bad...” She teased.

There was a loud rip, her leggings split, the true extent of vastness was now on show, my palms pawed her skin. The smooth and firm surface of each cheek was throwing me over the edge.

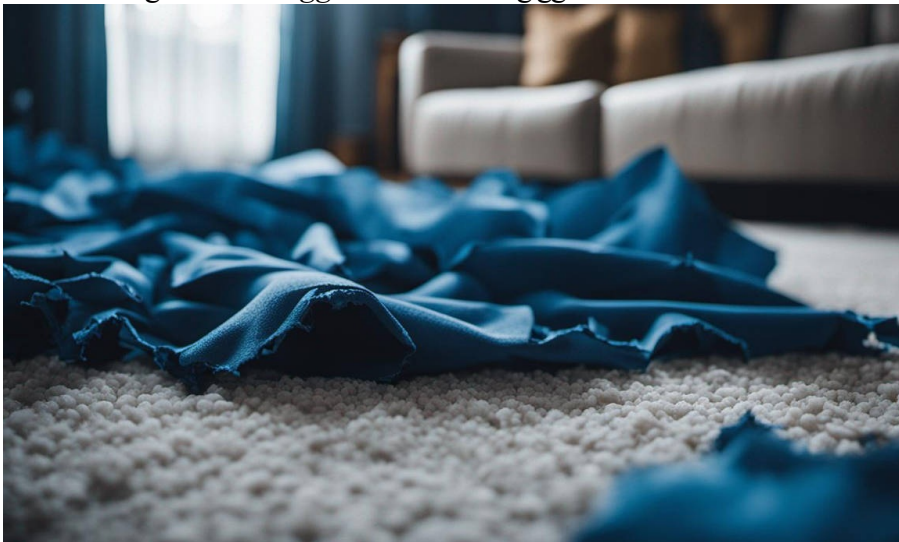
Finally, Belle started to ride me again.

“This... Is... All... For... *You*...” Belle gasped as she approached another eruption.

I came. My eyes rolled into the back of my head, and I felt my pent-up orgasm finally burst free from me. I pumped and thrust and flailed beneath the booty of my wildest desires. Feeling the mounting pressure start to edge out over my lungs. I felt myself feeling faint. I tapped her ass weakly.

Thankfully she moved, stranding in the centre of the room looking back at me, the tattered blue leggings on the floor discarded, her ass taking up so much space behind her body.

“I think I might need a *bigger* size...” She giggled.



Thank you for reading, you are amazing, thank you for the support

If you want to support me further:

You can buy my books on Amazon, Deviantart and Gumroad,

You can subscribe to my Patreon or Deviantart to gain access to all of my content

Or just give me a watch on Deviantart to see all my free work

* * *