

Twas the Night Before Titmas

Contains breast and butt expansion

“Does it have to snow *every* Christmas?” Elizabeth groaned while staring out the window of her boyfriend’s living room. Curtains of snowflakes fell against the streetlights outside. She could practically feel the chill prickling her legs through her black fishnets.

Sam kissed her on the head. “You know, a lot of people would be happy to see it snowing on Christmas Eve! Who doesn’t want a white Christmas?”

She grumbled a reply and moved closer on the couch to lean her head on his chest. There weren’t many cheery things the goth girl could stand. Her boyfriend was one of the few exceptions. Something about his whimsical demeanor and constant positivity never failed to get under her skin, as well as her clothes when he was lucky enough.

Sam snuggled her under his arm and rubbed her shoulder. A hint of cleavage bulged between her arms where her black blouse fell forward. Coupled with the miniskirt around her hips, Sam was enjoying the teasing outfit more and more. The backs of her thighs bulged at her fishnets when she pulled her knees into her chest. In such a small skirt, Sam knew there was a wondrous scene in full view if one were to stand in front of her. He wondered if her crotch were wrapped in black or hot pink tonight.

Curious, Sam slid a hand down her side until it grazed her hip. Paying no attention to the cheesy Christmas movie on the TV, he inched it along the back of her thigh until barely grazing the bulge of her privates.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

Sam didn’t pause. “Nothing! That skirt gives my hand a mind of its own, is all... I can’t control it.”

Elizabeth put her legs down and blocked any further access. “Don’t open until X-mas.”

The frills running around her thighs only tempted him more. A space heater warmed the area. Combined with Elizabeth’s own body heat, Sam was starting to feel a little overwhelmed with all the clothes on his body. An eager hand playfully groped a C-cup breast.

“Can I shake my present and try to guess what’s inside?”

“Like hell.” Elizabeth grabbed his wrist and threw it in his lap. “Keep your hands to yourself.”

“Grumpy much?”

“I’m always grumpy this time of year. You know that. There’s just so much fake happiness and people and *more* people.”

“Someone is being a bit of a grinch!” Sam snaked his arms around her abdomen and tickled her most vulnerable spots.

“S-Stop!! No!!”

Elizabeth squirmed in protest as his hands traveled her body. In a huff, she grabbed both and held them against the couch. Strands of black hair fell into her face and color filled her flustered cheeks.

“Feel better?” Sam grinned.

“I’m going to break your fucking hands,” she growled.

“Ooooh, so *mean!* You’re definitely going to get a lump of coal with that attitude! I think you just--”

Together they sat, enjoying Christmas movies of old.

Sam and Elizabeth paused. A disembodied voice spoke without a source. Startled, they stared at each other with wide eyes.

“Did you...” Elizabeth started.

Sam nodded. “I heard it too. Is there a radio on upstai--”

Elizabeth’s clothes made Sam feel hot, though her attitude was so cold!

“The fuck??” Elizabeth jumped from the couch and spun around in search of the voice. “Is this some kind of joke, Sam?!”

“I swear it’s not me! I don’t know where it’s coming from!” Though the voice was troubling, Sam found it hard to concentrate due to his girlfriend’s legs standing in front of him.

With his eyes full of lust and desire, Sam ogled Elizabeth’s skirt.

He wished it could be higher.

Elizabeth turned around and caught Sam staring at her legs. “You pervert,” she huffed, trying to pull her skirt down. “There’s a narrative ghost in your house and you’re trying to sneak a peek.”

“I don’t know... I kind of like it! It’s soothing, like someone reading a Christmas story.”

Flustered and perplexed, Elizabeth sought the source of the voice.

“You’re damn right I am!! Come on out, you creep!”

Quick as a flash, her panties were gone; she had not a choice.

“All right!! Sam, stop this right now before I--”

Elizabeth froze. A breeze tickled her crotch. She could feel the lines of her fishnets rubbing against her bare skin. Her hands flew between her legs to cover her sudden nudity, Sam already graced with an eyeful.

“S-Sam,” she squeaked, “My underwear is gone.”

He grinned, watching with rising anticipation. “I think I’m starting to like what this voice has to say!”

She stood with her nethers wrapped only in net,

“Where is it coming from?!”

While up above, tingles ran over her supple set.

“N-Nnngh...”

Elizabeth shuddered. Sensations coursed through her chest. Releasing her crotch, her hands came to tremble in front of her breasts. Cotton rubbed against her bare nipples and brought them to thick points. Even without a bra, her cleavage rose ample and full.

“W-What the--”

Supple and firm, Elizabeth’s bust heaved.

“S-S-Sam,” she squeaked.

Bigger and bigger they grew, each time she breathed.

Her eyes bulged. Sam’s mouth fell open. There had been movement under her shirt. Fabric tightened over soft masses as if she’d inhaled extra deep.

Elizabeth squeaked, *“Eep!”*

The swelling in her chest was undeniable. A single breath brought her to a plump D-cup, already dwarfing her natural size. She held her breath, not daring to inhale again.

“No way...” Sam stared. A small gap had formed between two buttons. *“Breathe some more! I think your boobs actually grew!”*

She glared in anger. Already the need to inhale was burning in her lungs.

Try as she might, Elizabeth’s blouse won’t last long on this Christmas Eve night.

“Gaaaaahh!!”

STTTTCH

“M-Mmmm!!!”

A deep gasp for air filled her chest to the brim. Watching in panic, Elizabeth saw her breasts grow into her shirt. Skin bulged to fill empty space and push into her sleeves. Between every button, cleavage pushed for freedom.

“What’s...mmm!...What’s happening to me?!” she moaned.

Bloating and swelling, she ogled her breasts in fear,

“I think it’s a Christmas miracle!” Sam cheered.

Elizabeth waited for the voice’s next decree. Her heart palpitated, not knowing what to expect. Every second was another worried breath driving her chest’s development even larger.

So focused on her melons, she paid no attention to her rear.

“WHAT?!”

Girth pushed against her fishnets. Overwhelmed, Elizabeth’s hands grabbed her ass and looked over her shoulder. A jiggling mass filled her palms far more than before. Double its usual size, it lifted the back of her skirt like a table cloth.

Sam’s cock jutted from his pajama pants at full mast. In front of him stood Elizabeth growing at every curve. Only a few seconds were necessary for her average-sized frame to engorge into a voluptuously extreme figure.

“My ass!!” she whined, *“Why my ass?!”* Frantic, she pushed her hands into her butt hoping to quell the growth. Plump cheeks only swallowed her palms. Soon, it ballooned to compete with two basketballs.

Bigger and bigger she felt herself grow,

“N-No!” she disagreed, “No she didn’t! Stop it!!”

To the point her clothes threatened to blow.

STTRRTTTTCH

“No... O-Ooohhh no...!”

Sam pushed himself back into the couch as if he were watching a realistic 3D movie.

Elizabeth’s body swelled at an alarming rate.

POP!!

POP POP!!

“My buttons!!” she gasped.

Hot and heavy her chest would balloon,

“M-Make them...stop!!! How are they so big?!”

Their sensitivity increasing and making her swoon.

“N-Nghhh!! Ohhhh G-God...that...mmm...feels good...”

Elizabeth’s nipples jutted into the fabric. Color filled her cheeks. The heat rising from her cleavage made her dizzy.

Cradling two breasts the size of watermelons, her blouse strained to control their jiggling weight. Flesh bulged at every seam. Hot cleavage rubbed against her stomach and flowed from the bottom of her shirt. Every expansion-inducing breath caused her seams to creak louder and louder.

SHRIIP!

SHRRRRRIIP!!

Diamonds in her fishnets started to pop. Stretching to their limit, they pulled tight into her bloating thighs and hips. Tears shot down multiple areas to release the pressure of her body. Somewhere between her tree trunk thighs, Elizabeth could feel her pussy massaging itself in a swollen cave of heat and moisture.

“Don’t just stare at me!” she cried at Sam, “Do something!! I’m about to--”

Her seams strained like Christmas stockings stuffed to the top,

“Holy shit...” Sam gawked. Elizabeth wobbled unsteadily on her feet. At such beach ball sizes, the only reason she could stay standing was due to her rear and bust balancing each other.

Elizabeth labored, feeling so stuffed her clothes may soon--

“Oooohhh, God!! I feel like I’m about to--”

--pop!

SHRRRRRRRIIPP!!!

POW!!!

POW POW POW!!

A shower of black fabric and netting fell to the ground. Elizabeth’s breasts tumbled free into her waiting arms like fleshy boulders. She bent forward to help control their momentum, only thrusting her ballooning hips and thighs backward to tear through her fishnets. Strands of

threads broke open to release her curves, leaving the leggings tattered and limp around her knees. A generous eyeful was gifted to Sam as she bent at the hips.

Milk sloshing within her like dairy jingle bells,

GUUURRRRRGLE

Elizabeth's mouth fell open. Incredible fluid-filled weight flooded her bust. Arms trembling to hold its welling size, she felt her skin tighten and bloat. Searing pleasure plumped her nipples and they threatened to gush like nozzles.

"No no no no no!! Not milk!! I am NOT lactating!! There is no way that MILK is inside my--"

Elizabeth was overcome and released an orgasmic wail.

"Aaahhhnnngggh!!!! Mmmmmmmnnngghhh!!!!"

BWOOOMPH!!!!

The couch was pushed backward when Elizabeth collapsed to the floor. A window-shaking cry of pleasure came from her mouth as she leaned on her yoga ball udders and felt them bloat under her weight. Behind her, Sam watched her legs spread beneath an engulfing ass large enough to fill the couch. Fluid dripped from her crotch and ran down shaking thighs.

"O-Oh God... Oh my God..." she moaned. *"What is this voice...doing to me?!"*

Was she big enough? Her boyfriend would say no.

"Elizabeth..." Sam gulped, his mouth dry. *"How big can you get??"*

Filling with the Christmas Spirit, her body continued to grow.

"M-Mmmmm!!!"

GUUURRRRRGLE

Flesh rushed across the carpet. Elizabeth felt herself being pushed back by her chest as it engorged like a blimp. Filling with milk and swelling with every breath, it grew wide and full. The couch was pushed against the back wall from the size of her rear. So entranced by its growth, Sam nearly became pinned between it and the cushions before he coming to his senses and escaped. The wall of ass engulfed the piece of furniture soon enough.

"Nnnghh!!!! Ooohhhh God I feel big!!!"

Sam watched in glee with thoughts of decking her halls,

"T-Too big...! Mmmnnghhh I can...f-feel the milk filling me!! My nipples can't take much more!!!"

While Elizabeth moaned and felt her body filling the walls.

CRREEEEAAAAAK

With only space available by the TV, Sam moved to face his girlfriend's chest. Nipples larger than his head quivered with milk. Breasts the size of small cars filled his living room with a wobbling ass to match. Pinned between them was Elizabeth, panting for breath. Pleasure wracked her face.

"I-I can't take it!! God this feels SO GOOD!!!"

Milk ran over her curves to scent the air with sweet cream. With her curves pressing against the walls, there was nowhere left for her to grow but up.

Swollen and trembling, Elizabeth came.

“M-Mmmmm!!! MMNNGH!!!! O-OH GOD!!!”

FWWWSSSHHHH

Milk sprayed the wall and covered the TV in a layer of dairy.

“No bigger!! NO BIGGER!!!” She gasped for air, feeling faint from such a release.

“Please, I can’t TAKE ANYMORE!!”

Soon her growth slowed, leaving her far from the same.

CREEAAAAAK

A final grown of drywall signaled the end of her transformation. Coming to rest as a heaving mountain range of ass and tits, Elizabeth lay sprawled between them. Sweat poured from her brow and thick streams of milk shot from her nipples. Sam ogled the jiggling sight. More than half of his living room was taken up by his girlfriend. Wall-to-wall curves filled his view. There was no easy way out of the room.

“It’s...It’s over...” she panted. Uncharacteristic of her, a giggly smile spread over her tired face.

“You’re huge...” Sam whispered. A gentle hand rubbed a mammoth breast, making it shake with delight. Nothing had ever looked so inviting.

Filled to the brim with joy, Elizabeth stared at the over-excited boy.

“Mmmmm... You look like you enjoyed the show...” Teasing, she stared at the load soaking through Sam’s pants. There had never been a hope of him resisting from such a sight. *“What do you say you climb up here and we’ll take a cuddle break and watch another movie? Maybe afterward I’ll let your hands finally have their fun.”*

Sam climbed onto her bust, thrilled beyond measure.

Nothing sounded better. With a smile on his face, Sam climbed onto her sloshing chest nestled himself into her cleavage where she embraced him in her arms. The two sat wrapped in cushioned luxury.

This Christmas Eve was certain to be bursting with pleasure.

The voice faded away as a new movie began playing on the TV. It was near tipping over due her to encroaching bust, though neither was very intent on watching.

“I guess we’ll never know what the hell that voice was,” she sighed.

“I’m not going to question it.” Sam nuzzled himself into her cleavage.

“As enjoyable as it was, I’m glad it stopped. Much more and your walls might not have--”

Ahem

Elizabeth’s eyes widened when the voice cleared its throat.

Chapter two