



BEETLEBOMB
3D Artist • Storyteller

"Sweet dreams, darling." Your wife's shoulder pressed into yours as she leaned in for a kiss goodnight. Her soft, feminine hands delicately cupped your chin. She chuckled softly. "You've still got a bit of chocolate chip on your lips from earlier." With a warm smile, she wiped it clean. "You know," she began and rolled to the other side of the bed to turn the lamp off. "The kids will be jumping off the walls all day for Christmas tomorrow. They're going to go crazy when they see the half-eaten milk and cookies next to the tree." With the lights off, she snuggled up closer to you. "We make a great team. Don't we?"

"Sweet dreams, darling..."

As your mind departed from your physical body and was lifted high above the clouds like every night - instead, you found yourself in the presence of a beautiful woman dressed in red. This was different from all your other dreams. Her attraction was intimidating. Powerful. Every detail of her was so strikingly gorgeous. As the majestic woman acknowledged your presence with a smile, your heart began to race. She was approaching you. It was only then that you realized you've become a young man again. Your youthful skin was restored and the chronic pain in your back evaporated. Your problems were all gone, and you were at peace. Why?...

"You've been a good boy this year, XXX..." The woman in red, with hair as white as snow, started speaking. "As the spirit of this holiday season, I have come to you with a gift for your good deeds." Her hand opened up, revealing a small green present wrapped in a red ribbon.

You reached out to open the gift, but the moment your hand made contact, it was bathed in a sea of shimmering blue light. Much like the woman's hair. As the light condensed into a brilliant white snowflake, it slowly drifted above her hand before dashing into the woman's chest and disappearing. The woman, who was nearly your height, raised a knowing eyebrow in your direction. The snowflake shone in both of her eyes before fading away. "Ahh... so THIS is what you desire most."

Your jaw dropped in awe as her humble red outfit almost entirely evaporated, revealing every inch of her striking figure. A bikini and sling top covered her modest B-cups as a pair of vibrant red stockings clung onto her thighs for dear life. Her head rose to meet yours as her feet were decorated with gorgeous black high heels. "Here comes the fun part." She noted and winked at you. Her breasts exploded in size. You watched, mesmerized, as her chest soared through the alphabet. C-cups. D-cups. F-cups!.. G-cups!... before finally settling at J-cups. The bikini and sling top stretched tight against her newly found assets. But it wasn't over yet. Your eyes dropped to her stockings just in time to see her thighs thicken and ripple with muscle. The already tight stockings now positively stretched against her like a second skin.

Her cold fingers curled around your hard-on and gave it a gentle squeeze as she leaned in to whisper in your ear. "This wouldn't be the holidays if you didn't get everything... That. You. Wanted. Hmm?" Her breath was cold like winter itself as it danced off your cheek.

When she leaned back and straightened up, you realized what she meant. She was taller than before. Much taller. You watched intently as her nose rose past your line of sight. Then her chin. It wasn't until her massive cleavage pressed against your face that you realized the growth had slowed. "Do with me as you will," she began. "For I am yours. I am the essence of this year's holiday spirit, and I am your gift."

Soft, memorable lips gently roused you from your sleep. "Good morning, darling," she said. As you stretched your limbs beneath the warm covers, you had difficulty remembering what you dreamt that night. Your wife's hand traveled down your stomach and beneath the elastic band of your boxers. "My, you're a lively one this morning. Have a good dream?" Her lips pressed onto your own before you had time to respond, and her hand gently began to massage you. Up and down. Up and down. You groaned as she picked up the pace. "Mmm... yes... that's the holiday spirit." Your eyes shot open as the words left her mouth. The kiss stopped abruptly as your wife's shocked expression stared down at you. "What?"

A snowflake shimmered in your wife's eye and you could feel her body changing. "Happy holidays!" A voice spoke out in his mind.



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