

Twas the Night before Titmas 2

Contains breast and butt expansion

Fresh night air filled Sam and Elizabeth's lungs. Bundled in their warmest clothes, the couple slowly made their way around the edge of an ice rink. Christmas decor spiced the air with cheer.

"Having fun?" Sam asked. Imbalance wobbled his arms as he held onto his girlfriend's hands for support.

Elizabeth rolled her eyes and helped tug him along. Her goth wardrobe stood out amongst the reds and greens of the other couples dotting the rink. "Hardly. If one more person runs into me, I'm going to take my skates off and put the blades to good--*Hey!*"

He stumbled, running into her front and finding support in her arms. Sam looked up from her cleavage and grinned like a child. "Well *I'm* having a great time."

"You can barely stand up!" She pushed him off with a huff and straightened her thin black jacket.

Since their fateful Christmas several years ago with the mysterious narrator, Elizabeth's body was never the same. Much of her titanic size had remained, leaving the grim goth at a looming seven feet tall with curves ample enough to challenge smaller doorways. Soft globes of heat jutted from her torso at head height: something Sam was thankful for every day.

"I can't believe you talked me into coming to a..." Elizabeth shuddered. "*Couples skate night.*"

Sam flailed his arms and almost fell into her once more. "You needed a night out! You're so grumpy during the holidays."

"Just admit we're here so you can fall onto my tits and call it an 'accident' so we can go home and get warm."

"Hey, you're the one that decided to wear a skirt in the middle of December." Taking her hand, he tried leading the way around the rink once more. "Come on. A few more laps then I'll buy you some hot chocolate."

A smile almost cracked through her black lipstick and she squeezed his hand. "Deal..."

Other couples whizzed by with girls hanging on the arms of their partners. Laughter and love filled the air to beat back Winter's chill. In the light of a proudly lit Christmas tree, the ice glowed with a magical radiance.

Sam looked his partner up and down. Aside from a thin black jacket, much of her body wasn't dressed for the low temperature. A miniskirt and thigh-highs were all that shielded Elizabeth's legs from the elements. "Seriously though, are you cold? We can go."

"I'm fine. Plenty of padding to keep myself--"

A night of cheer and love

They almost fell when a familiar voice sounded from the air. Sam looked into Elizabeth's eyes and saw them turn just as wide.

"Did...that sound like..."

She nodded. "Maybe we should--"

Made mysterious by a voice from above.

Other skaters were taking notice. The sounds weren't coming from the PA system. With no source, the couples were slowing to look around in confusion.

Though the wind might be cold and skin feels its bite,

"Shit. Shit. Sam, we need to go." She glanced at her chest in worry. It was already far too large. "Remember what happened last time we heard--"

Warmth creeps into the girls as their clothes all feel tight.

"Mmnhg!! F-Fuuuuck!!"

"Already?!" Sam panicked, seeing Elizabeth tremble and tense.

"Ahh!!"

"Anne??"

"Molly, what's the matter??"

Squeaks of surprise spread over the ice rink as every girl felt a rush of warmth pass through their body. Many clutched at their chests or flung their hands to their rears. Elizabeth's eyes bulged as she glanced down and wrapped her arms around her chest.

"S...Sam, we need to--"

Fabric and seams pull and shift,

Strrrrtch!!

"Mmnhg!! Ohhh no. Ohhhh no no no!! SAM!!" Elizabeth gasped when her jacket filled out. Beach ball breasts heaved with weight she hadn't felt in years. Excitement blossomed between her widening thighs and she felt her stockings tighten.

As their curves were given a generous gift.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

The air left her lungs when disbelief punched Elizabeth. Flesh surged her body into a dramatic hourglass incredible even for her frame. Wobbling ass cheeks pushed behind her and lifted her skirt into a hip-sized tablecloth. Thighs spread her legs and forced her skates to scrape across the ice. On top, billowing tit flesh flowed to fill her jacket to the brim. Cleavage pushed from the neckline and into her sleeves.

"MY BUTT!!"

"Alleeeen!! M-My bra feels funny!!"

The chaos was spreading. Girls tumbled and fell back onto rear ends more than plump enough to break their fall. Others fell into the arms of their partners as breasts too large for their frames threatened to blow the zippers of their coats. Every pair of jeans looked ready to split down the backside as their owners outgrew them.

“Move!! The exit!! THE EXIT!” Elizabeth urged.

Sam helped her along as others raced in the same direction. “Come on! We can make it! We just have to get away!”

“Do you think I don’t know that?! I was there last time it--”

Full and swollen their curves all grew...

STRRRRTCH!!

“Haaahhhh!!”

Her jacket filled to the brim and squeezed the air from her lungs. Feeling as though two beach balls had been inflated under her clothes, Elizabeth struggled to move. Her front rounded out as if her body were inflating as a whole. A useless skirt fluttered on top of her hips as her butt shook with clumsy skating steps, far too wide to fit through a door.

“Oh no!! FUCK!! Sam!! I’m gonna--”

Until every last stitch of their clothing finally blew.

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!

“AH!!”

“MY CLOTHES!!”

“It’s cold!! JASON IT’S FREEZING!!!”

The ice rink echoed with the sounds of failing fabric. Seams exploded in unison and swollen naked bodies burst into view. Everywhere Sam looked, he saw girls floundering nude and grabbing at tattered ribbons for any sense of modesty as their curves ballooned to unnatural proportions. Their boyfriends gawked, many trying to help cover or help them to their feet.

BOOMPH!!

Elizabeth had the worst of it. Gravity took her by the reins and pulled her to the ground. Yoga ball breasts broke her fall even as she rose onto her hands and knees.

“S-Sam!!”

He looked around. The exits were already blocked by throngs of people wedged in the tiny gates. One was completely jammed by a single fallen girl and her ass, while another had a tangle of women smothering one another.

Pleasure and heat rose like birds in flight.

“Aahhhmmm!! Mmmmnghhhh~!! F...Fuuuck!!” Elizabeth moaned, burying her face into her cleavage to scream. Steaming moisture trickled down her inner thighs to the ice below.

“Oh God...!”

“Why does it...feel...good?!”

“Touch me... I want you...to touch me...!”

Arousal’s grasp descended upon the women. A cloud of heat formed from their symphony of groans. Nearby, Sam saw a girl spread her legs for her partner as her breasts pinned her down. Another began pleasuring herself even as her boyfriend tried to pull her toward a gate. Their curves were inching close to him and Elizabeth, like pairs of encroaching blimps.

The rink was running out of room.

Every girl rejoiced as their growth surged to great heights.

STRRRRTCH!!

“AahhhhhmmmmmmMMMM!!!”

Howls of pleasure rang forth when growth exploded. Sam backed up as the other girls' bodies rushed toward him: a pair of breasts and a heaving ass and thighs.

“Sam...” Elizabeth growled.

He'd backed into his girlfriend, colliding with the soft wall that was her chest. It loomed taller than all others, inching higher than his shoulders and completing the shrinking triangle he found himself trapped in.

“M-Mooooore!! Don't...stop~!”

“For the love of God!! Somebody suck my nipples!!”

The screams knew no end. Crowds were gathering around the rink now, watching as it filled with mound after heaving mound. Giant coffee can nipples pointing toward the sky. Any man not attending to his woman found themselves lost in a shrinking maze of flesh as free space dwindled.

Skin and breath lurch and heave,

STRRRRTCH!!!

“S-S...Sam...! I'm~” Elizabeth panted from the other side of her breasts. Sam would have gone to meet her but his prison was shrinking. He pushed against the other two girls squeezing his area to a few square feet. Heat bathed him from their trembling flesh.

“Aahh~! Who-- Who's touching me??”

“Harder!! Push...harder!!” they both begged.

Still Elizabeth dwarfed them like a mountain to hills. Her breasts loomed over twice their size and resembled large vans pushing against other bloated breasts for space.

As every girl loses the ability to leave.

RRMMMBBLLLL!!

“Haahhh!!! HHAAAHHH OOHhhh MY GOOOD!!!!”

The ice cracked when all growth accelerated. Skin rushed at Sam, rapidly pinning him between the three women before he could react. Darkness swallowed him into a pillow cave of sweat and skin. Kicking off his skates, he began flailing and groping to climb out, pulling himself up for fear of being smothered.

“AAH~!! YES!! YEEES!!”

Their cries filled his ears when he emerged like a groundhog from the fleshy sea. He looked out over the ice rink and saw a land of quivering flesh and rounded domes. It was a dreamscape of sex and lust.

“Sam!! Please just-- MMNGH!!! I-I-- I need your help!”

Elizabeth's cries came from over her hills. His hands and bare feet sank into her cleavage as he climbed and crested over her room-sized bulk.

Curves overflowing and their limits near,

Sam slid down the other side of Elizabeth's cleavage and fell into the valley created by it and her rear. She waited there, trapped in a sea of heat and melted ice. It was their own private hollow in an ocean of jiggling delight.

"What's wrong??" he asked in worry. "How can I help??"

"Sam... S-Sam... I--" She gulped, grabbing at him for a hold on reality. A hand fell upon his hardened manhood. "I need--"

Every couple becomes filled with Christmas cheer.

He understood immediately. Both hands began kneading her immobilizing bust as her curves grew around them. Elizabeth loosed a needy whimper and unbuttoned his jeans. The two fell together, reveling in her engulfing curves as the voice brought its story to a close.

*With their gifts granted and grown to a wondrous sight,
A Merry Christmas was had by all, and with it, a swollen night.*