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<Secret Santa>

by <Growing Desires>

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.

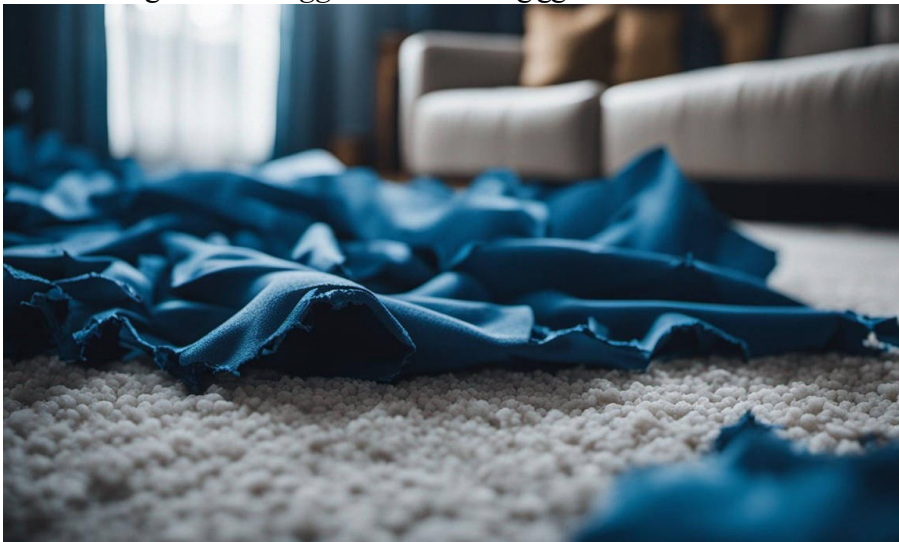
Finally, Belle started to ride me again.

“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.



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