




THE INSATIABLE MRS. CLAUS

TEXT VERSION
[LINKTR.EE/GTSX3D](https://linktr.ee/GTSX3D)



In the heart of the North Pole, a winter wonderland sprawls out, blanketed in fresh, glistening snow. Twinkling Christmas lights cast a warm, inviting glow over the quaint village, where the air is crisp and the scent of pine and peppermint fills every breath. A large, velvety bag of gifts sits prominently in the center, brimming with carefully wrapped presents, each one a promise of joy and surprise.

A scene from a game showing Santa Claus in a red suit lifting a large black dumbbell. An elf with blue hair and green floral tattoos stands next to him, holding a tablet. The background is a snowy landscape with falling snow.

¹ Grunt "Come on... just... a few... more..."

³ Pants "These damn things... feel like... they're filled with... lead."t

² "You got this, Santa! Ten more to go!"

⁴ "That's the Christmas magic working against you! Keep pushing!"

The jolly old saint has traded his red suit for sweatpants, grunting as he pushes a set of heavy dumbbells. His muscles strain with each lift, sweat dripping from his brow. Beside him, an elf diligently holds a notebook, her mind keeping track of time as she jots down Santa's reps.

¹ Grunts "You know, I could use a little Christmas cheer right about now."

² "Oh, I'm cheering you on, Santa! But if you mean something else..." (she playfully wiggles her ass) "You'll have to earn it!"

³ Chuckles "You're a naughty one, aren't you?"

⁴ "Just trying to motivate you, sir. Now, push harder!"



10 KG

2
"Sure thing, Santa! What are you in the mood for? Something more upbeat?"

4
"You got it! How about some 'Eye of the Tiger'? That should get you pumped!"

1
Puffs "Hey, Ginger! Change the tune, will ya? This one's not cutting it."

3
"Yeah, put on something with a bit more... (grunts)... drive."





1 Grunts "That's the stuff. This is gonna be one hell of a Christmas."

With "Eye of the Tiger" blasting through the speakers, Santa finds his second wind, his muscles pumping with renewed vigor. This year, he's not preparing for his annual Christmas run; he's getting ready for something far more daunting—a showdown with his dark counterpart, Krampus. The thought of their impending fight fuels his determination, each lift of the dumbbells a promise of the strength he'll need to face his formidable foe.

² "You're really pushing yourself, Santa. Krampus won't know what hit him!"

¹ Pants "Whew! That was a hell of a workout."

³ "Damn right. I've been at this for too long to let him ruin Christmas." (smirks)


⁵ "Not yet... been meaning to tell her today but I didn't gather the courage to do so..."

⁴ "By the way, does Mrs. Claus, know?"





As Santa catches his breath, a figure emerges from the cozy, warmly lit house, casting a long, curvaceous shadow across the snowy ground. Mrs. Claus steps into view. Her physique is a sight to behold—generous hips spill out from a tiny pair of underpants, accentuating her voluptuous form. Her thick thighs and plump ass are a testament to her indulgent nature, promising a level of gluttony that would make any feeder's heart race.



¹ "There you are, my jolly old elf. I've been looking for you."

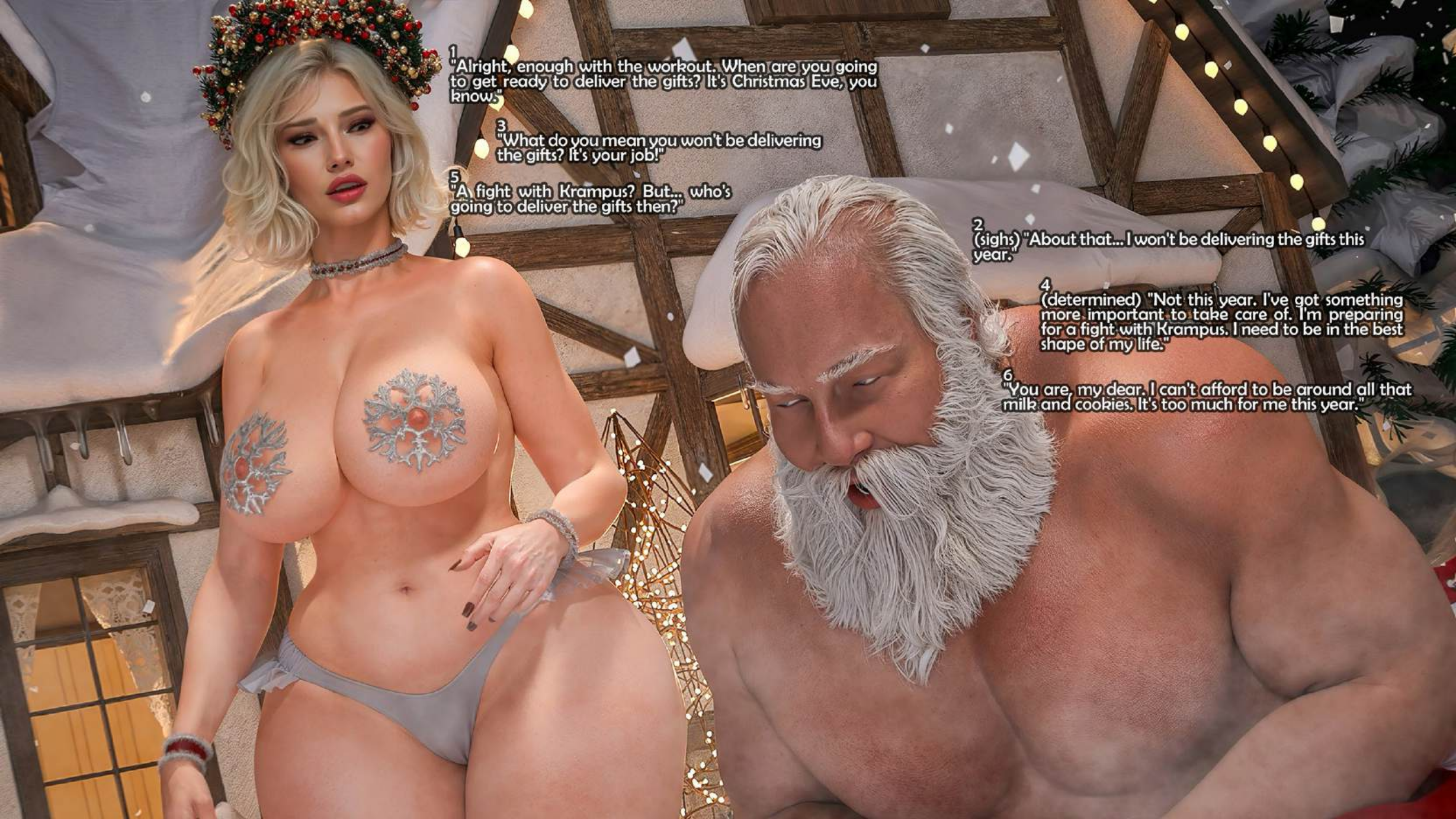
³ "Fresh air, hmm? Or are you just trying to avoid those Christmas cookies I baked earlier?"

⁴ (chuckles) "Never, my dear. I was just saving room for later."

² (turns his head) "Mrs. Claus! You startled me. I was just, uh, getting some fresh air."



"Well, don't wait too long. You know how I love to indulge during the holidays. Besides, I might just eat them all myself."



1 "Alright, enough with the workout. When are you going to get ready to deliver the gifts? It's Christmas Eve, you know."

3 "What do you mean you won't be delivering the gifts? It's your job!"

5 "A fight with Krampus? But... who's going to deliver the gifts then?"

2 (sighs) "About that... I won't be delivering the gifts this year."

4 (determined) "Not this year. I've got something more important to take care of. I'm preparing for a fight with Krampus. I need to be in the best shape of my life."

6 "You are, my dear. I can't afford to be around all that milk and cookies. It's too much for me this year."



2 (reaches out and grabs her tits) "Nonsense, my dear. You're perfect just the way you are. Besides, a little indulgence never hurt anyone."

4 "Then you go overboard. It's Christmas, after all. A time for indulgence and joy. You deserve it."

1 "Me? Deliver the gifts? But Santa, you know I'm trying to watch my weight. I can't be around all that food... I just can't control myself."

3 (blushes) "Santa, you know I can't resist. What if I... what if I go overboard?"



1 (sighs) "Alright, but don't say I didn't warn you. If I gain a few pounds, it's on you."


2 (smirks) "I'll take that risk. Now go on, get ready. The night is yours."



2
(leans into his touch) "Santa... I just want to make you proud. I don't want to let you down."

1
(gently caresses her face) "You know, I couldn't do any of this without you. You're my rock, my partner in every sense of the word."

3
"You could never let me down. You're the strongest, most incredible woman I know. This year, it's your turn to shine. Show the world what Mrs. Claus is made of."



¹ (smiles softly) "You really mean that, don't you?"

³ (nods) "Alright, I'll do it. For you, for us, for Christmas. I'll make it a night to remember."

² "With all my heart. Now go out there and make this the best Christmas ever. I believe in you."

2
(smiles) "Thank you, Santa. I'll do my best."

4
"I will. And you—win that fight for me, okay?"

1
"There she is, ready to take on the world. You look amazing, my dear."

3
"I know you will. Remember, enjoy every moment. This is your night."

6
"Good luck, Mrs. Claus! We believe in you!"

5
(nods) "You have my word. I'll make you proud."

7
"You got this, Mrs. Claus! Show the world what you're made of!"



Mrs. Claus sits at the reins of the sleigh, her eyes fixed on the vast, starlit sky ahead. Her expression is a mix of focus and determination, but there's a hint of nervousness too—this is her first time taking on such a monumental task. She can't help but wonder how the night will unfold and, more importantly, how she will fare.



1
(watching her go) "There she goes. My incredible wife!"

3
(chuckles) "Knowing her? Not a chance. Ho ho ho"

4
(grinning) "I give it three houses before she starts gaining some serious curves."

2
(* playfully*) "Think she can handle all those treats without going overboard?"


5
(laughs) "I say two! She's got a sweet tooth like no other."



Her mind races with thoughts of the countless homes filled with tempting treats, her sweet tooth already aching with anticipation. The idea of being surrounded by all that food, especially those irresistible milk and cookies, sends a shiver of both excitement and dread down her spine. She takes a deep breath, steeling herself for the challenge ahead, unaware of the gluttonous indulgence that awaits her.

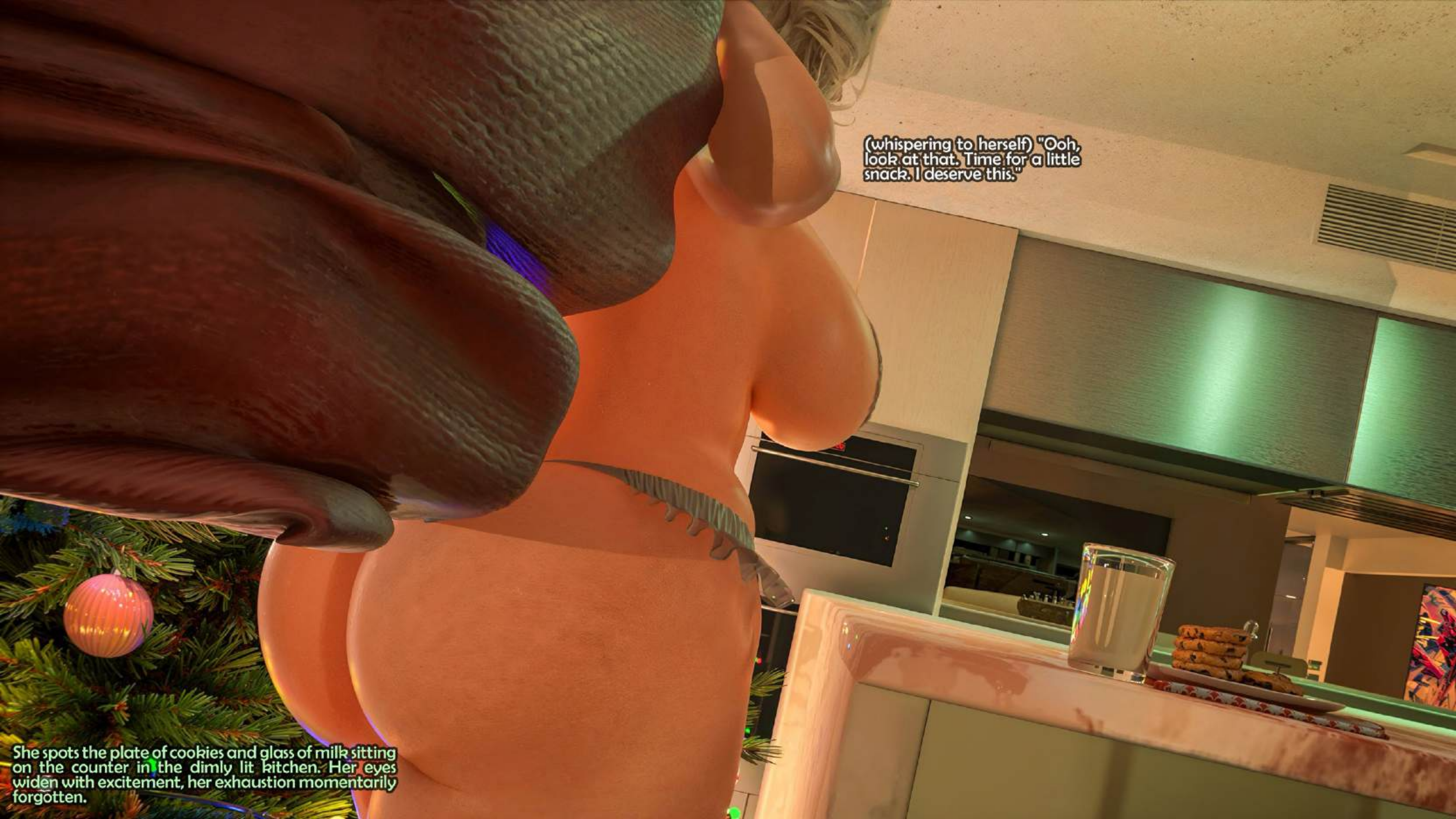


A plate of freshly baked cookies sits next to a tall glass of cold milk, the scent of sweet vanilla filling the air. Behind them, a beautifully decorated Christmas tree twinkles with warm lights.

A 3D rendered character of Mrs. Claus is shown from the waist up, carrying a large, heavy brown sack of gifts over her right shoulder. She has short, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a crown of red berries and white flowers. Her outfit consists of a light-colored, ruffled bra and matching bottoms. She has a large, intricate silver and red tattoo on her left breast. Her expression is one of weariness and concern as she looks off to the side. The background is a dimly lit room with a painting on the wall and a small plant on the floor.

(whispering to herself) "Fuck, I'm already tired and this is just the first house. How am I going to make it through the night?"

Mrs. Claus tiptoes into the household, a massive bag of gifts slung over her shoulder. She looks visibly tired, her breaths coming in soft pants. Her eyes dart around the room, wary of being spotted.



(whispering to herself) "Ooh, look at that. Time for a little snack. I deserve this."

She spots the plate of cookies and glass of milk sitting on the counter in the dimly lit kitchen. Her eyes widen with excitement, her exhaustion momentarily forgotten.

She reaches out and grabs a cookie, holding it up to her eyes. She looks at it with a mix of excitement and nervousness, her mouth already watering in anticipation.





She takes a bite of the cookie, her eyes rolling back as the sweet flavor hits her tongue. She lets out a soft, satisfied sigh, her shoulders relaxing as she gives in to her indulgence.

(whispering to herself) "Mmm, that's so fucking good. Just one more won't hurt."



(moaning softly) "Mmm... so good..."

As she reaches for more cookies, something magical starts to happen. Her body begins to swell, her breasts and belly expanding with each bite. This is what she feared, but the pleasure of the sweets is too much to resist.

(between bites) "Just... one more..."



(panting) "Oh god... can't stop..."




(gasping) "So... fucking... good..."



(whispering) "Just... a little... more..."



A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is wearing a festive Christmas wreath on her head, decorated with red berries, gold and silver ornaments, and green pine needles. She is holding a large, round chocolate chip cookie to her nose with her right hand, which has dark red nail polish. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression, suggesting she is savoring the scent of the cookie. The background is softly blurred, showing a Christmas tree with colorful lights and a gift box wrapped in green paper with white polka dots. The lighting is warm and intimate, typical of indoor holiday photography.


She brings another cookie to her nose, inhaling deeply as she savors the scent of fresh baking. Her eyes are closed, eyebrows raised in pleasure as she chews the rest of the cookies, completely lost in the sensation. The experience is overwhelming, her body responding to every bite.





Her ass stretches against the white, too-tight underpants, the fabric disappearing into her growing crack. Stretch marks begin to form on her expanding skin, white lines streaking across her curves as she grabs another cookie, her appetite insatiable.

(moaning) "Fuck... these are so damn good..."




(gasping) "My ass... it's... it's tingling..."

(panting) "Oh god... I can feel... every fucking bite..."



(whispering) "Just... a little... more... need it..."





(slurred, panting) "Fuck... I'm so full... and thirsty...
but this milk... gonna wash it all down..."

The plate is now empty, nothing but crumbs left behind. She holds the glass of milk, her eyes crossing slightly as she struggles to catch her breath. Her body is visibly larger, her belly and tits straining against her clothes. She feels stuffed, her body aching from the sudden growth.



Gulp...



Gulp...

She tilts her head back, gulping down the milk in large, thirsty swallows. As the liquid hits her stomach, she starts to grow, her body stretching upwards as she gains height. Her form expands, becoming more imposing as she continues to drink, the glass shaking slightly in her grip.

Gulp...



Gulp...





Gulp...

She keeps guzzling the milk, her body stretching and expanding with each fucking gulp. Her tits, her ass, her thighs—everything swells, her form becoming monstrously tall and thick. Her clothes creak and groan, seams popping as she grows like a fucking weed, her body aching and throbbing with each brutal inch gained. She can't stop, her hunger insatiable as she drains the glass, her body ballooning into a towering, voluptuous giantess.

Gulp...



Gulp...






She drains the last of the milk, her face smeared with white droplets, lips glistening. Pulling the glass away, she gasps, "Ah..." struggling to catch her breath, her chest heaving with the effort.

With the treat now consumed, she turns to the fridge, her eyes wide and glassy, a mix of satisfaction and growing hunger swirling within them. Her breath hitches as she licks her lips, not yet ready to admit what she's contemplating.





She bites her finger, her face a picture of conflict and nerves as she stares at the fridge. Traces of milk still cling to her skin, her appetite roaring to life, demanding more. She knows she shouldn't, the thought of gaining even more weight sending a shiver of fear down her spine. But the hunger... it's overwhelming.

(whispering to herself) "Fuck... I shouldn't... but I'm so damn hungry... Just a peek... one little peek won't hurt..."

The fridge sits silent and still. Heavy footsteps approach, each one thudding with a weight that seems to shake the kitchenware in the cupboards.





She swings open the fridge door, her eyes widening as she takes in the sight before her. Sodas and beers line the shelves, but it's the plate of burger and fries that makes her mouth water. She can feel her resolve slipping, her hunger taking control.

(whispering to herself) "Fuck, where do I even start? The burger? The fries? Oh god, those beers look so good too..."






She reaches in and grabs a can of beer, cracking it open with a swift, practiced motion. Bringing it to her lips, she tilts her head back and starts to chug, the cold liquid pouring down her throat. She hopes the buzz will help her loosen up, maybe even quiet the voice in her head telling her to stop.



BuAAAAAAAAAAAAARGHPPPP!

As she pulls the can away from her lips, she can't hold back the massive burp that escapes her mouth. It's loud, echoing through the kitchen, shattering the silence of the sleeping household.

A woman with long, wavy white hair is wearing a festive Christmas wreath adorned with red and gold ornaments. She is dressed in a red and white Santa-style outfit with white fur trim. Her chest and upper thighs are decorated with large, intricate silver snowflake tattoos. She is holding a white can with both hands, and her right hand is pressed against her mouth in a gesture of shock or panic. Her eyes are wide and looking upwards and to the left. The background is a simple, brightly lit indoor space with a light-colored wall and a wooden cabinet.

(whispering to herself, panicked) "Shit! Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck... Did anyone hear that?"

Her eyes widen as she realizes her mistake, her hand flying to her mouth in shock.

The owners lay entwined in bed, the wife's head resting peacefully on her husband's chest. Suddenly, the man's eyes fly open, his body jolting awake at the sound of the loud burp echoing from the kitchen. His wife stirs, looking up at him with concern.

1
"What was that? Aren't you going to go check it out?"

2
(nervously) "I, uh, yeah... I guess I should. Stay here, I'll be right back."





He swings his legs out of bed, his heart pounding as he reaches for the gun he keeps in the nightstand. His hands are steady despite the adrenaline coursing through his veins. He's no stranger to danger, but this is his home, his sanctuary. He silently makes his way towards the kitchen, every sense on high alert, ready to face whatever intruder dares to disturb his peace.



He bursts into the kitchen, gun at the ready, his body tense and prepared for confrontation. But what he sees stops him dead in his tracks. The kitchen is a mess, wrappers and empty containers strewn about, but what really catches his eye are the gifts. Piles of them, neatly wrapped and placed on the counter. His mind struggles to process the scene, his shock palpable.

(stunned) "What the...? What the fuck is this? Who the hell...?"

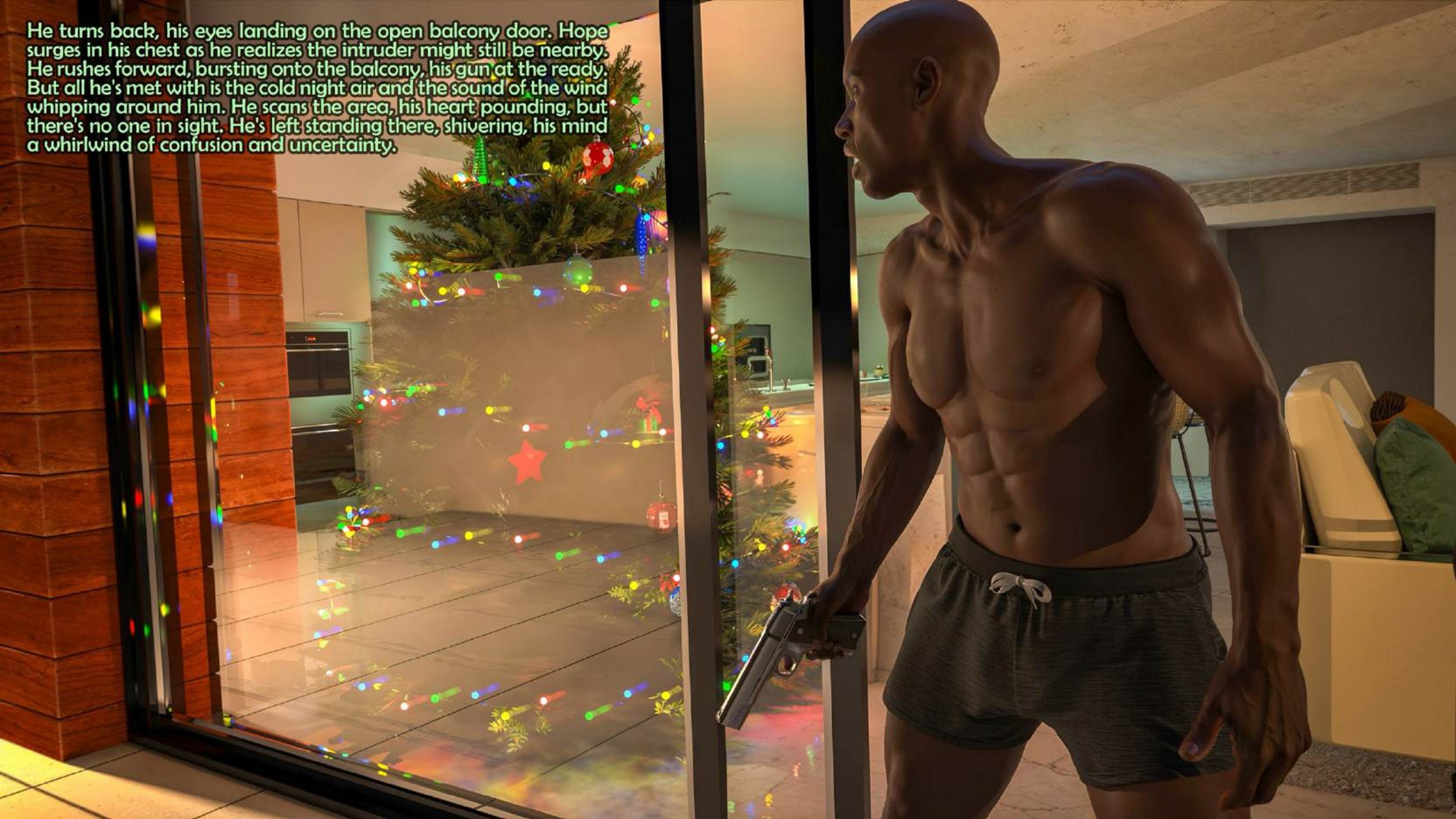


He looks around, his gun lowering slightly as he tries to make sense of the chaos, his eyes wide with disbelief.

(bewildered) "What the fuck...? They stole our food? Who the hell breaks in just to eat? What kind of fucked up shit is this?"

His gaze shifts to the right, and his jaw drops at the sight of the fridge swung wide open, its shelves nearly bare. The intruder has either stolen or consumed almost everything, leaving behind a mess of empty packaging and spilled crumbs. The absurdity of the scene hits him like a punch to the gut, his mind racing as he tries to piece together what happened.

He turns back, his eyes landing on the open balcony door. Hope surges in his chest as he realizes the intruder might still be nearby. He rushes forward, bursting onto the balcony, his gun at the ready. But all he's met with is the cold night air and the sound of the wind whipping around him. He scans the area, his heart pounding, but there's no one in sight. He's left standing there, shivering, his mind a whirlwind of confusion and uncertainty.



Mrs. Claus is back in the sleigh, soaring through the snowy night sky. She holds a half-eaten burger in her right hand, trying to finish it off despite her obvious discomfort. Her belly is round and swollen, straining against her clothes, and she's leaning back, attempting to make room for her overly full stomach. Her face is flushed, her breath coming in short gasps as she struggles with the effects of her overindulgence.

(mumbling to herself, barely intelligible) "Mmm... too much... oh god... so full... can't... can't breathe..."

She takes another small bite of the burger, her eyes rolling back as she tries to enjoy it despite her discomfort, her body aching from the sheer amount of food she consumed.






The reindeer at the front of the sleigh strain against the extra weight, their breaths coming in visible puffs of steam in the cold night air. Their powerful bodies lean into the harness, muscles working overtime to keep the sleigh aloft. The usual grace of their flight is replaced with a labored, determined effort to carry the overloaded sleigh and its uncomfortably full passenger.



Mrs. Claus steps onto the balcony of the second house, her bag of gifts slung over her shoulder. She moves cautiously, her eyes scanning the room like a burglar casing a joint. Her body is noticeably fuller, her curves more pronounced than when she left the first house.

A pregnant woman with white hair, wearing a red and white floral crown, a silver snowflake tattoo on her left breast, a white and red Santa hat wristband, and a white and red scalloped bikini bottom, is looking out a window. The window shows a snowy night scene with a house and trees. A white lamp is visible in the room. In the bottom left corner, there is a counter with a glass of milk and a stack of cookies.

(whispering to herself) "Oh, those look so fucking good. I wish there were more, but this will do just fine."

She spots the classic combo of milk and cookies waiting on a nearby counter. A smile spreads across her face, her eyes lighting up with anticipation.

She grabs five cookies at once, bringing them close to her face. Her tongue darts out, licking her lips in anticipation as she stares down at the treats, her eyes gleaming with hunger.





She pushes all five cookies into her mouth at once, her jaw stretching wide to accommodate the load. Her cravings are escalating, her ability to consume more surging with each indulgent mouthful.

(mumbling with a full mouth) "Mmm,
fuck...these are so good." (swallows) "Feels like
I'm filling up fast."



(panting slightly) "Oh god, I can't stop...I don't want to stop." (moans softly) "Feels so fucking good."




(gasping) "Fuck, yes...I can feel it...growing."
(lets out a deep, satisfied sigh) "More...I need more."






(mumbling) "Mmm...more." (swallows)
"Feels...amazing."

She reaches for more cookies, her arms already looking plumper, the flesh jiggling slightly as she moves. Her focus is solely on the sweets, her focus on her transformation.




(panting) "Just...one more." (moans)
"So...tasty."

(gasping) "Oh...my arms...so...thick." (sighs)
"Can't...resist."




(mumbling) "Mmm...so good." (swallows)

She reaches for more cookies, her ass expanding, growing rounder and wider with each bite. Her presence becomes more imposing, her body towering as she indulges, the room feeling smaller around her.



(panting) "Can't...get enough."
(moans) "Ass...feels so...full."



(gasping) "Fuck...growing...so big."
(sighs) "More...I want more."

(mumbling) "Mmm...yes." (swallows) "Tits...so full."

She continues to indulge, her breasts ballooning with each cookie. Her snowflake nipple pasties barely cling on, her tits growing rounder and fuller, stealing the spotlight with their magnificent expansion. Her body is a spectacle of greed and gluttony.



(panting) "Oh...they're...so sensitive."
(moans) "So...good."



(gasping) "Fuck...they're...so heavy."
(winces) "Back...starting to...ache."
(moans softly) "Feel...so...milky."





Speaking of milk, she grabs a glass and brings it to her lips, chugging it down eagerly. Her throat works as she gulps, her eyes closed in bliss. The milk fuels her growth, her body expanding even more as she drinks deeply.

(panting between gulps)
"Mmm...so creamy."



(moans) "Mmmmm..."





(gasp)



She drains the last of the milk and looks down, her eyes widening as she takes in her transformed body. Panic mixed with arousal surges through her, her mind a battleground of desire and alarm.

(whispering to herself) "Oh god...what have I done?"

(panting softly) "I should stop..."

(mumbling to herself) "Just...one more."

"What's...a few more...cookies gonna do?"

She turns around, her body dwarfing the once-imposing fridge. It now looks like a mini-fridge compared to her. Her eyes gleam with a mix of hunger and mischief as she contemplates.

She's hoping for a few more cookies, oblivious to the decadent, creamy treasures hidden inside, waiting to be discovered.



The swings open the fridge door, her eyes widening in shock. The sight before her is both terrifying and thrilling, a mix of fear and excitement coursing through her veins as she takes in the unexpected bounty.



"Oh my god..."

(whispering to herself) "Oh my god...what do I do?"


(Voice of Caution)
"Leave it. You've had enough."

(Voice of Temptation)
(slyly) "Come on, just a little taste won't hurt."

(Voice of Caution)
(weakly) "But...you should stop..."

(Voice of Temptation)
"Start with the whipped cream. You know you want to."



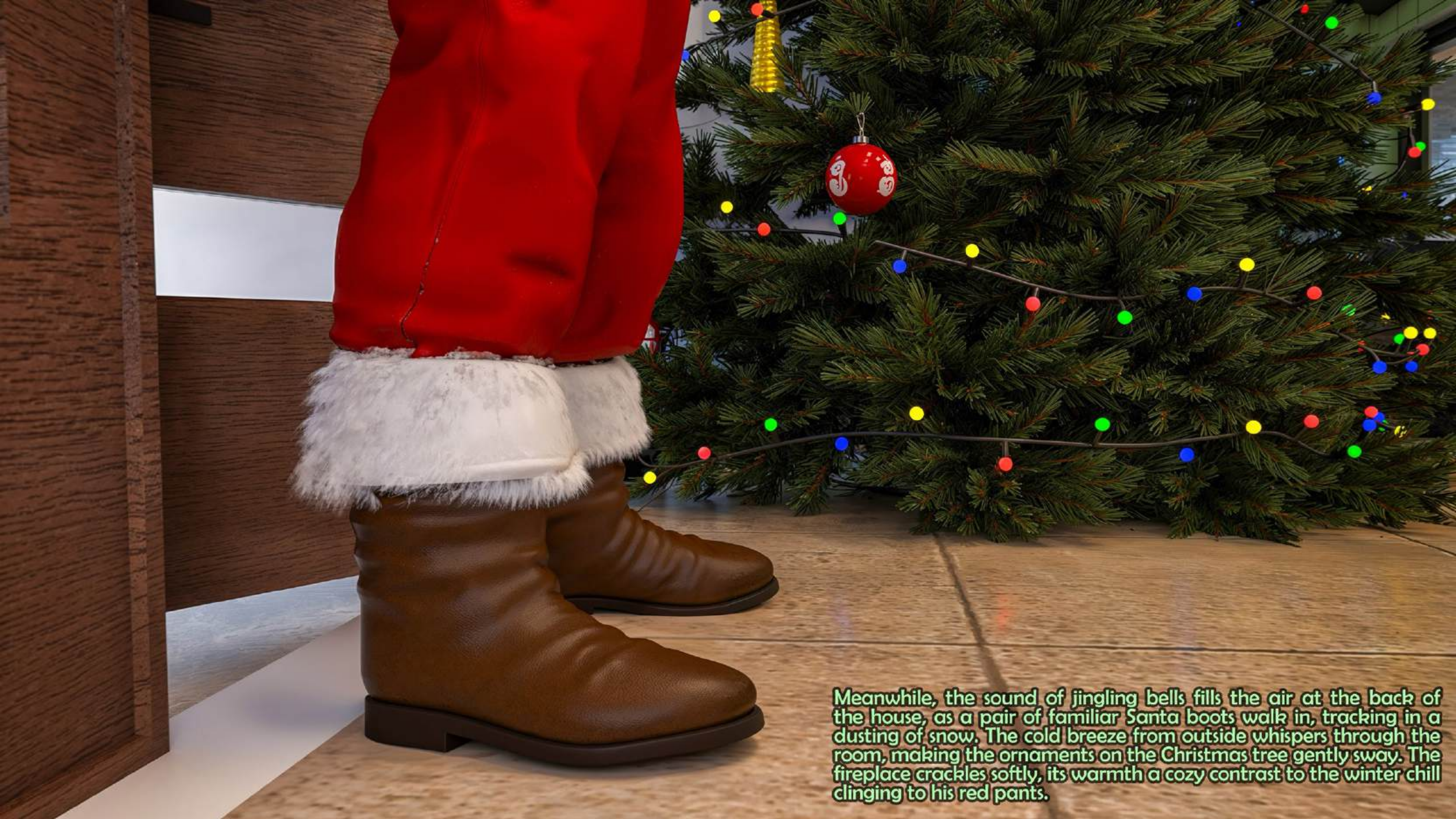


The fridge is a treasure trove of indulgence. Cartons of milk and rich, velvety heavy cream line the shelves, promising decadence in every drop. Cans of whipped cream stand at the ready, their nozzles poised for a sweet, frothy explosion. Giant tubs of cookie dough ice cream beckon with their creamy, chunky allure. At the bottom, two magnificent cakes, not yet fully adorned, await their final touches, their layers of sponge and frosting already tantalizing. It's a sight that would make any foodie's heart flutter with delight.



(whispering to herself) "Fuck it...here we go."

She grasps one of the magnificent cakes in her left hand, its weight insignificant compared to her newfound strength. In her right hand, she holds a carton of heavy whipping cream, her eyes gleaming with unbridled desire. She bites her lip, all thoughts of caution and reason evaporating as she prepares to indulge in the sweet, creamy decadence before her.



Meanwhile, the sound of jingling bells fills the air at the back of the house, as a pair of familiar Santa boots walk in, tracking in a dusting of snow. The cold breeze from outside whispers through the room, making the ornaments on the Christmas tree gently sway. The fireplace crackles softly, its warmth a cozy contrast to the winter chill clinging to his red pants.



The man's boots crunch against the floor, his red pants rustling with each step. He's holding a half-empty bottle of whiskey in his right hand, his left fist clenched tightly.

He swings the bottle of whiskey wildly, his eyes scanning the room with a crazed look. His voice echoes through the house, harsh and slurred.


"Where the fuck are you, bitch? I know you're here! Ho ho fucking ho, right? Your fat ass better get out here now!"



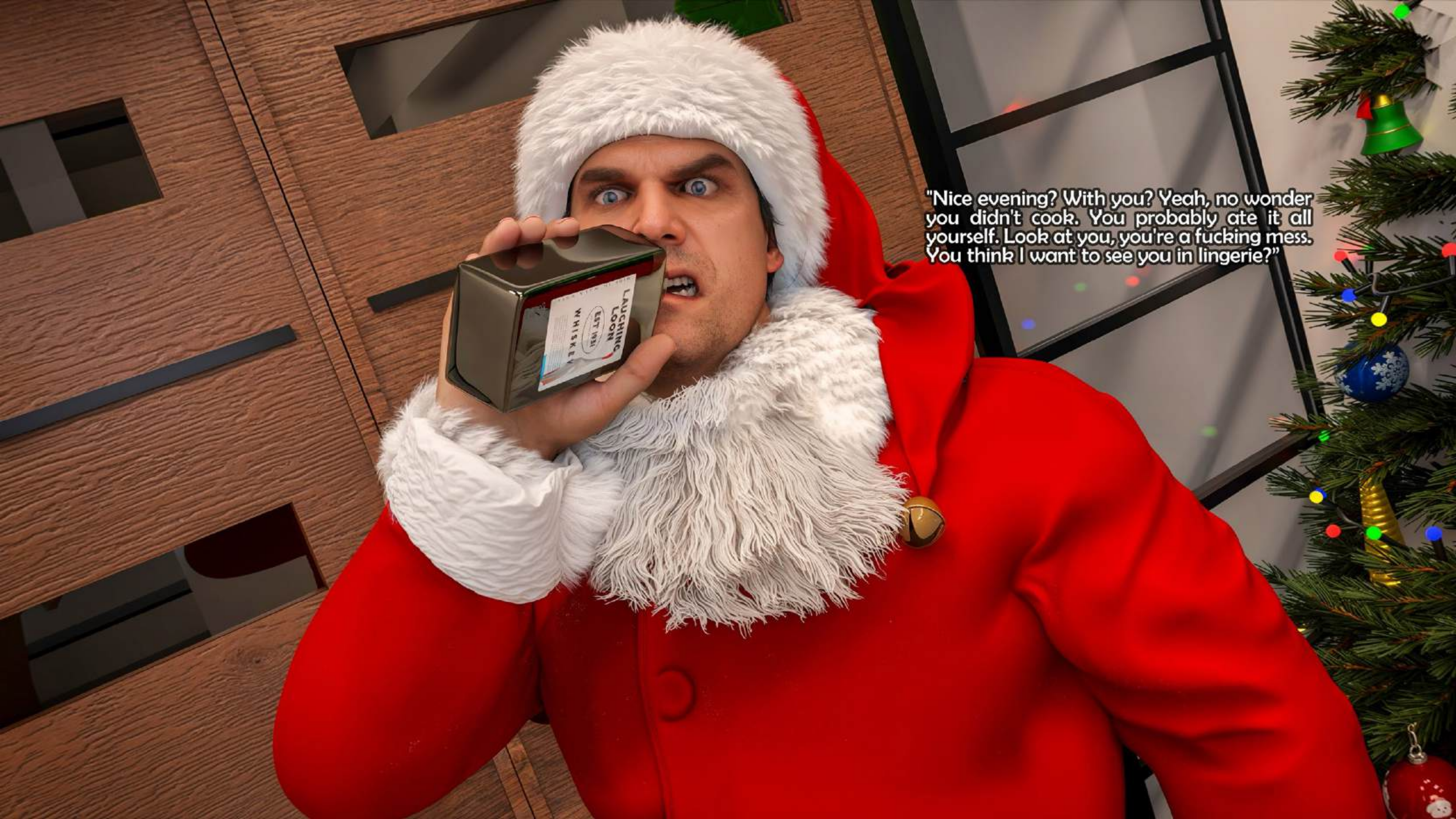
¹ "You're late. There are some leftover cookies and milk in the kitchen. I'm sorry I didn't get to cook earlier, I've been feeling tired today."

² "Tired? You're always fucking tired. Too tired to cook, too tired to clean, too tired to do anything useful. You think I want your shitty cookies? I want a real meal, not this kid's stuff."

The sound of his shouting echoes through the house, reaching the upstairs bedroom. His wife, startled and frightened, quickly makes her way downstairs. Her steps are hesitant, her body tense with fear. She finds him by the entrance, his eyes wild and his breath reeking of alcohol. She tries to keep her voice steady, but it trembles slightly as she speaks.

A woman with dark, wavy hair and bangs is standing on a staircase. She is wearing a black, lace-trimmed, open-front bodysuit or lingerie set. Her right hand is resting on the white wall of the staircase, and her left hand is near her head. The background shows the concrete structure of the stairs and a window with a view of a starry night sky.


"I—I was trying to do something nice for you. I put on this lingerie, thought we could have a nice evening together."

A man dressed as Santa Claus is shown from the chest up, wearing a red suit with a white fur collar and a white hat with a red band. He has a wide-eyed, intense expression and is drinking from a bottle of Lauching Loon Whiskey. The bottle is held to his lips with his right hand. The background consists of a wooden wall with dark horizontal slats and a window with a black frame. To the right, a portion of a Christmas tree is visible, decorated with colorful lights and ornaments.

"Nice evening? With you? Yeah, no wonder you didn't cook. You probably ate it all yourself. Look at you, you're a fucking mess. You think I want to see you in lingerie?"

The man takes a long, aggressive swig from the whiskey bottle, his eyes never leaving his wife. He drains it with a sickening gurgle, then hurls the empty bottle at her with a sudden, violent motion. She yelps, trying to dodge but not fast enough. The bottle grazes her arm before shattering against the wall, leaving her shaking and terrified. His eyes are cold—a stark reminder of just how monstrous he truly is.



A woman with dark, wavy hair is sitting on a set of stairs, looking down with a sad expression. She is wearing a black, lace-trimmed bikini. Her arms are crossed over her knees, and her legs are tucked under her. The stairs are white with dark wooden treads. In the background, there is a white wall and a window showing a starry night sky. A quote is overlaid on the image in the upper right corner.

"Why are you doing this to me? I just wanted to make you happy. Why can't you just love me the way I am?"

2
(through tears) "You're the one who's useless. You're just a drunk, miserable bastard. I hate you!"

1
"Get the fuck out of my sight, you pathetic cow. Go back to your fucking room. You're useless, just like those damn cookies. You can't even make a man happy."

1
(under his breath) "For fuck's sake..." (then louder)
"Wait, come back. I didn't mean that. Just come back
down."

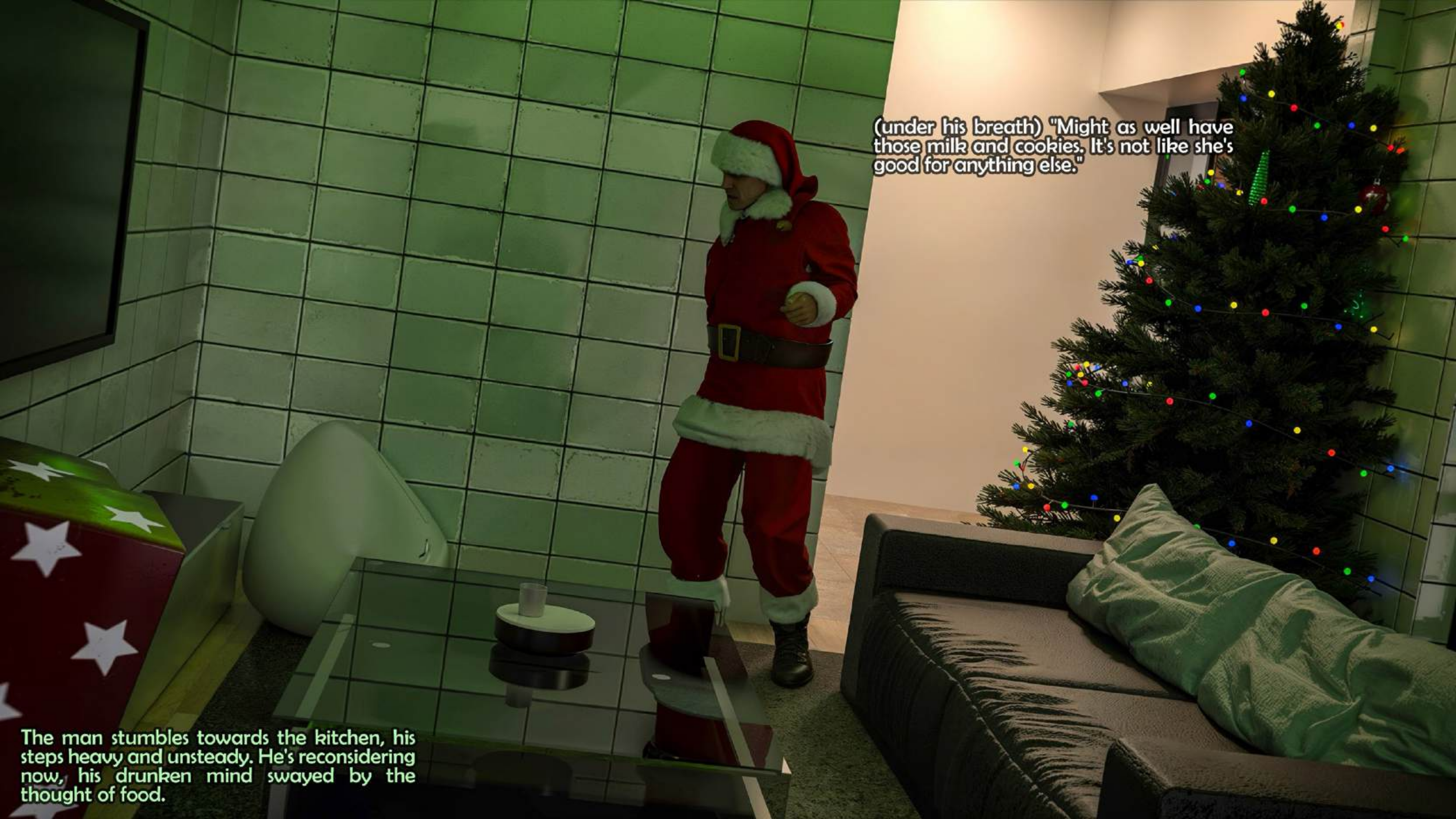
2
(through tears) "Fuck you! Leave
me alone!"



A man dressed as Santa Claus, wearing a red suit with white fur trim and a white beard. He has a serious, almost angry expression on his face. He is standing in a room with a tiled floor. In the background, there is a wooden door and a Christmas tree decorated with lights and ornaments.

"Fuck off then. Suit yourself."

He's a far cry from the jolly Saint Nick he portrays, at the mall. That's just a facade, a way to make quick cash to fuel his gambling and drinking habits. At home, he's a monster, a pathetic excuse for a man. His wife is the backbone of the family, the one who keeps everything together, but he treats her like dirt, taking her for granted and tearing her down at every turn.




(under his breath) "Might as well have those milk and cookies. It's not like she's good for anything else."

The man stumbles towards the kitchen, his steps heavy and unsteady. He's reconsidering now, his drunken mind swayed by the thought of food.

As he enters the kitchen, he trips over a small side table, sending it crashing to the floor. He stumbles forward, his drunken reflexes slow and clumsy.

"Oof!"



"Fuck, that hurt."

Through his blurry vision, he sees two massive, unfamiliar legs standing before him. The feet are giant, with perfectly painted toenails, clearly belonging to a very large woman.





She towers over him, her presence menacing and looming. It's Mrs. Claus, but she's not in the jolly mood after hearing what he said to his wife.

"Who—who the fuck is that?"



He cranes his neck, looking up, and is greeted by the sight of an enormous belly. It's round and massive, covered in stretch marks, and blocking out everything else. The belly gurgles loudly, a churning cauldron of sound. He's too drunk to process what he's seeing, his mind struggling to make sense of it.

"What the...? Am I fucking seeing things?"

²
"You weren't supposed to see me... hic ...now you've left
me no choice." BUARRRP

¹
"Who the fuck are you? What are you doing
in my house?"

²
"I can't let you leave... hic ...especially not
someone like you." burRGHpP

¹
"What are you talking about? Get out of my way."

A man dressed as Santa Claus stands on the left, looking at a large, inflated, light-colored balloon that dominates the right side of the frame. The balloon is shaped like a large, rounded object with a small protrusion on top. In the background, there is a Christmas tree with lights and a window with a view of a city at night.

¹
"You're... you're fucking huge...
what the... what are you...?"

²
"I heard how you talk to your wife...
hic ...you're a nasty piece of work."

¹
"I'm surprised Krampus didn't stop by... hic
...now I'll have to deal with you. Save him
the work." BUARRRRP

²
"This can't b-b-be real... Y-you're not real..."



1
(grabbing his head) "How real does this feel...
hic ...you little worm?"



She lifts the man effortlessly, her massive hand wrapped around his head. She brings him closer to her face, her eyes cold and unyielding. With a swift motion, she envelops his arm in her mouth, her lips sealing around his flesh with a soft, wet sound.



Hidden behind the wall leading to the kitchen, the wife watches in horror as her husband's screams echo through the house. She stands frozen, her eyes wide with shock and disbelief. The sight of the enormous figure devouring her husband is too surreal, too terrifying to comprehend. She can't move, can't scream, can't do anything but watch as the man who had tormented her meets his gruesome end. The sounds of his struggles grow fainter, drowned out by the gurgling noises coming from the massive belly. The wife's mind races, but her body remains paralyzed, unable to process the nightmare unfolding before her.




In a matter of seconds, the man's leg disappears down her throat, the only thing left visible is his shoe sticking out grotesquely.

She holds her neck, trying to force him down, but it's clear she's struggling. Swallowing a whole person is no easy task, even for someone of her size. Her face contorts with effort, her massive body trembling as she fights to consume him.

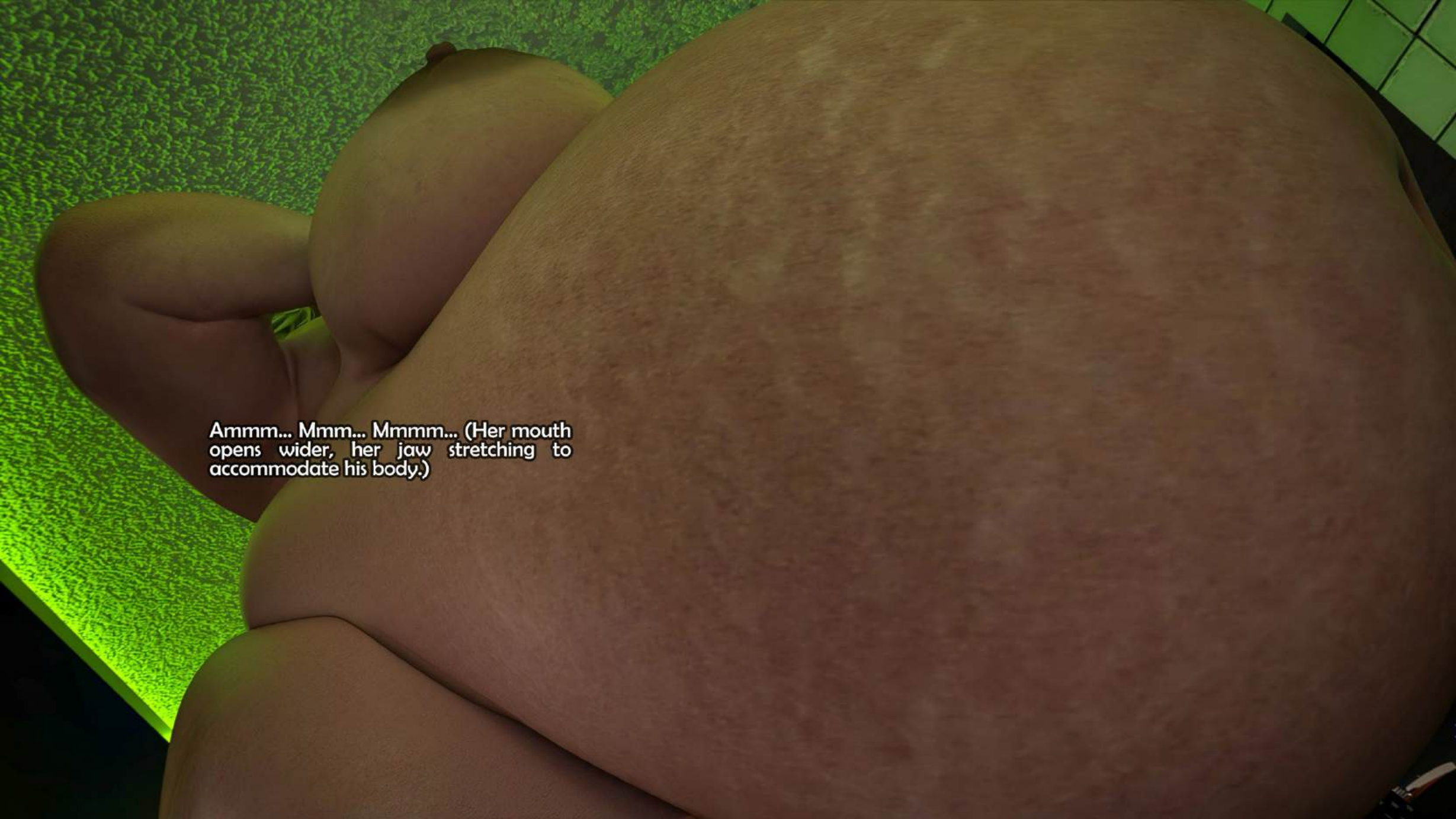
(extremely muffled, unintelligible) "Mmmph...
gglll... mmphaaa..."




As he continues to slide down her throat, her belly begins to swell, rapidly tripling in size. The stretch marks become more pronounced, her skin taut and shiny. Loud, gurgling sounds echo from within her, a symphony of gluttony and growth. She looks significantly bigger, fatter, and rounder, her form expanding to accommodate the prey settling in her stomach.



Glllk... Glllk... Glllk... (Her throat contracts,
forcing him down.)




Ammm... Mmm... Mmmm... (Her mouth opens wider, her jaw stretching to accommodate his body.)

A woman with long blonde hair and a crown of red and white flowers is shown from the waist up. She has a very large, prominent belly that she is touching with her right hand. The scene is lit with a strong green light, and the background shows a tiled floor and a wall with a grid pattern. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Buuuuurrrrp... Rrrppp... Buuuuuurrrrp...
(Her belly gurgles loudly, the gassy sounds
filling the air as her stomach expands.)



Mrs. Claus stands amidst the wreckage of her indulgence, her body stretched and expanded, the remnants of her gruesome feast still echoing within her. As she processes the sheer magnitude of what she's done, her eyes land on a figure hiding behind the wall. The wife of the man she just consumed watches her in sheer terror, frozen in shock and fear.




She hadn't intended for anyone else to get involved, especially not an innocent bystander. Her mind races, a back-and-forth battle between the voice of reason and the whisper of temptation.

1
(Voice of Reason)
"She didn't do anything wrong. He was the piece of shit, not her. You have to stop this now. We don't hurt innocents."

2
(Voice of Temptation)
"But she's seen you. She knows. What if she tells? Wouldn't it be easier to just... indulge? Just this once more?"

3
(Voice of Reason)
"No, no, no. This is wrong. You can't just eat everyone who gets in your way. This ends now."

4
(Voice of Temptation)
"But think of the power, the satisfaction. You know you want to. Just take her. Make it quick."

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is shown from the waist up, wearing a black lace halter top. She has a distressed expression, with her mouth slightly open and her hands near her chest. She is standing in a room with light-colored tiled floors and a wall with a diagonal pattern. The lighting is somewhat dim, creating a somber atmosphere.

"No... please... I didn't see anything... I swear..."



The lights in the corridor dim as Mrs. Claus's massive frame approaches the terrified woman. The air grows colder, heavier with each step she takes closer to her. The woman's breath hitches, her eyes wide with fear as she realizes there's no escape.



"He... He was a piece of shit. I'm glad you did it. Just please, don't hurt me."

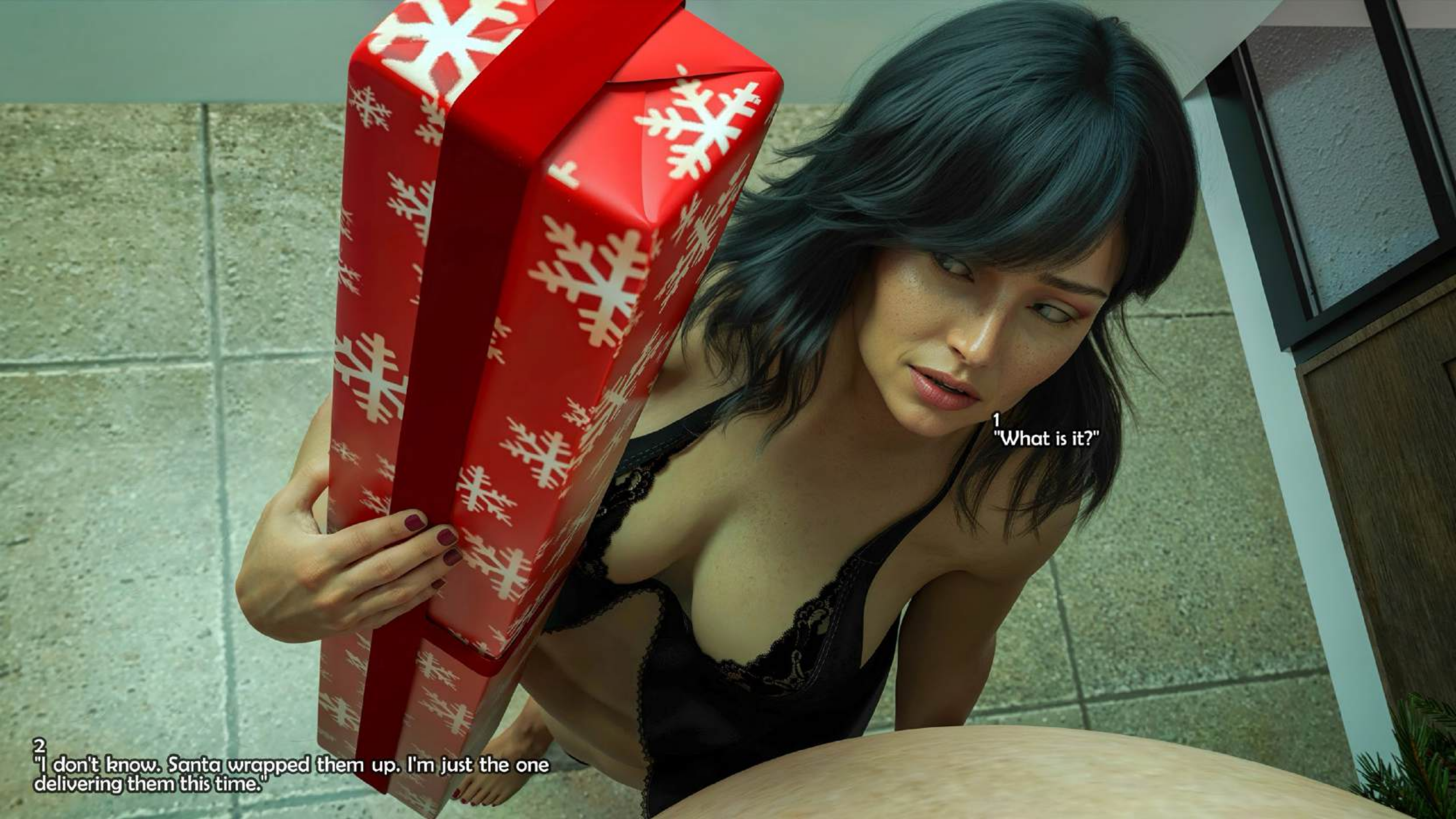


"Please, have mercy..."




"There you go. Happy holidays."

Suddenly, the blonde giantess reaches into the bag slung over her shoulder, which now looks significantly smaller against her massive frame. Despite standing several feet away, her belly button is almost level with the woman's chin. She pulls out a beautifully wrapped gift and extends it toward the trembling figure. The tension in the air immediately dissipates, replaced by a sense of relief and warmth. The voice of reason has won this time.

A woman with dark, wavy hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black lace-trimmed top and is holding a large, rectangular gift box wrapped in red paper with white snowflake patterns. She is looking down at the gift with a curious expression. The background consists of a light-colored tiled floor and a dark wooden door with a glass panel.

¹ "What is it?"

² "I don't know. Santa wrapped them up. I'm just the one delivering them this time."

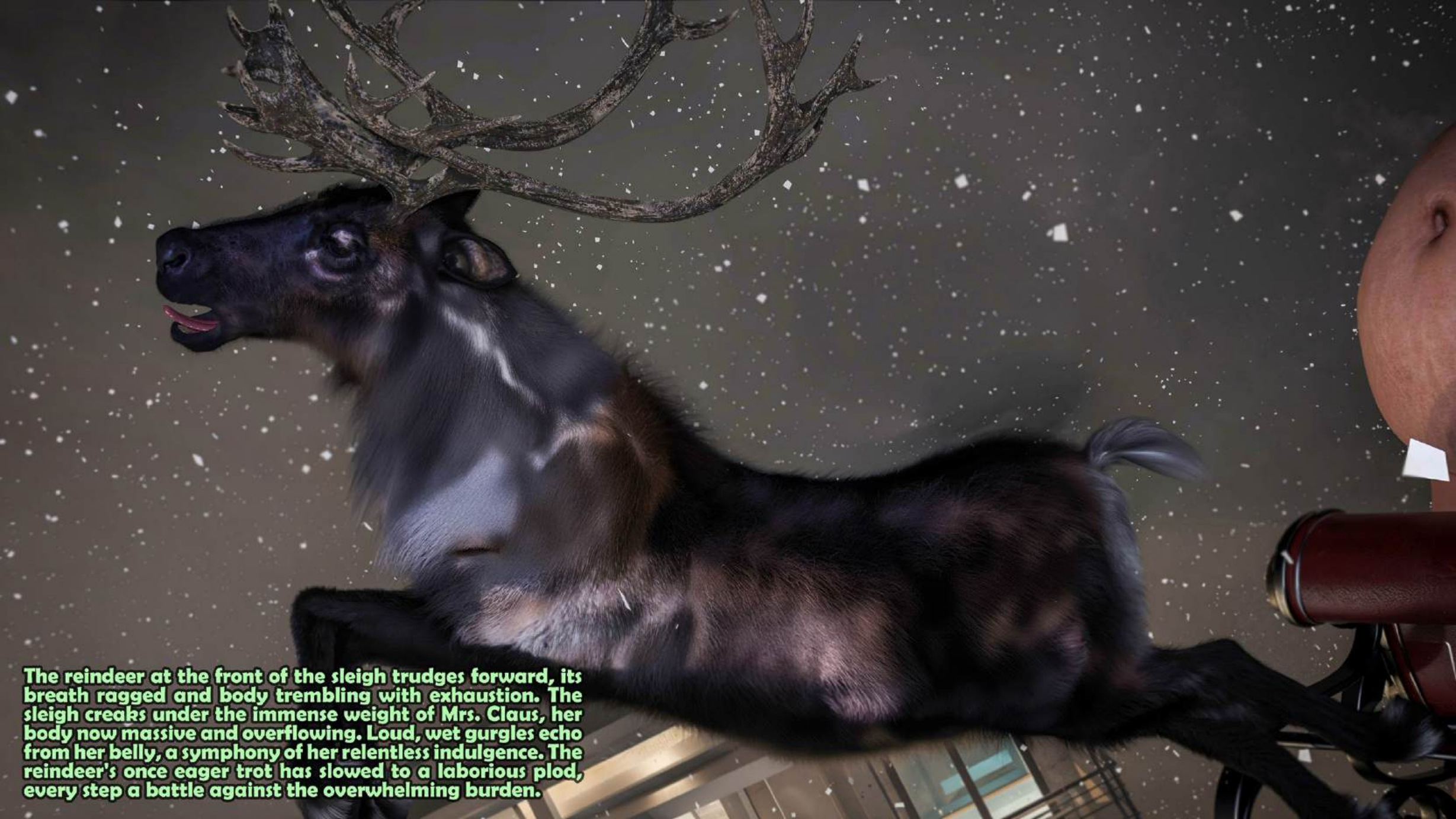


¹ "Thank you! And be careful out there!"

³ "But what am I going to do now? About him?"

² "Remember, never be ashamed of who you are or what you look like. Every body is beautiful. Take care of yourself. Merry Christmas!"

⁴ "Just tell the cops he never came home. It won't be hard to believe. Good riddance."



The reindeer at the front of the sleigh trudges forward, its breath ragged and body trembling with exhaustion. The sleigh creaks under the immense weight of Mrs. Claus, her body now massive and overflowing. Loud, wet gurgles echo from her belly, a symphony of her relentless indulgence. The reindeer's once eager trot has slowed to a laborious plod, every step a battle against the overwhelming burden.

(groaning) "Fuck, I'm so full. My belly feels like it's gonna burst. (pauses, letting out a small belch) Everything's just sloshing around in there. Why the hell did I eat so much? (moans softly) But damn, it was so fucking good..."




(looking down at her belly) "Oh god, here we go again. I can feel that bastard moving around in there. (groans) I think it's gonna happen again. (pauses, taking a deep breath) This is gonna be messy."





Suddenly, the bulge in Mrs. Claus's belly begins to shrink. The sleigh starts to vibrate intensely, the reindeer groaning under the shifting weight. Another growth spurt is imminent, her body preparing to expand even further.



(groaning) "Fuck... too
full... need to..." (pants)

She clutches her naked belly, face twisted in discomfort and shock. Her thighs tremble as intense pressure builds inside her, breasts heaving with each labored breath. She raises her hand, desperate to slap her belly for relief.




**(gasping) "Oh god... so big...
can't... (moans) too much..."**

**She swells even more, her ass and hips widening obscenely.
Her nipples thicken and darken, breasts growing heavier.**




(panting) "Oh my god... I'm getting... (laughs softly) so full... bursting..."

Her growth peaks, her arms and legs thickening to match her massive stomach. Her entire body is a quivering mound of flesh, every curve exaggerated. She's lost in the intoxicating sensation, mind hazy with pleasure and power.




**(in deer language) "Grunt Snort
Too heavy... can't... hold..."**

**(moaning loudly) "Mmmmm... I'm...
I'm growing too fast... (screams) It
feels so fucking good!"**

A close-up photograph showing the back and buttocks of a very muscular person. A deer's head with large, textured antlers is resting against the person's back. The scene is set against a dark, starry background.

(shouting) "Fuck yes! So... (laughs) so fucking big...!"

(in deer language) (Wheeze) (Stamp) "Too much... losing... control..."



**(ecstatic) "Yes! Yes! Unstoppable...
(moans loudly) I can't stop...!"**

**(in deer language)(Groan) "Can't...
hold on... much longer..."**

The sleigh tilts sharply, tipping to one side as her colossal form spills out, her massive belly cascading over the front seat. The reindeer, exhausted and overwhelmed, begin to descend rapidly. She grasps onto the sides of the sleigh, her eyes wide with a mix of thrill and alarm.

(exclaiming) "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"





The sleigh plunges towards the snowy forest. Her enormous form, a grotesque masterpiece of indulgence, overflows from the sleigh like a flesh avalanche. Her colossal gut leads the descent. Trees tremble in anticipation, their branches quivering as if eager to embrace the massive blimp of flesh hurtling towards them. She's a fucking behemoth, a monument of excess, her body a obscene display of unrestrained greed and desire.



(groaning) "Ugh... what... happened..."

Twenty minutes later, the forest is silent except for the soft rustle of settling snow. The sleigh lies in a broken, splintered heap, half-buried in the powder. She lays amidst the wreckage, finally waking up.

A reindeer with large, dark antlers is lying on its side in a snowy landscape, appearing exhausted and defeated. Its mouth is wide open, showing its tongue and teeth. To the left, the back of a sleigh with a brown leather tufted seat and a wooden shaft is visible. The background consists of snow-covered evergreen trees with small, colorful lights.

(in reindeer language) (Snort, Grunt) "You're on your own now... (panting) I can't... I want to go back to Papa Claus... (weakly) can't carry you around anymore... (soft whimper)"

The reindeer, exhausted and defeated, lay scattered around the crash site, their bodies heaving with fatigue. They look at her massive form, their eyes filled with a mix of fear and resignation.

A woman with long, wavy white hair is lying on her back in a snowy environment. She is wearing a festive Christmas wreath on her head, decorated with red berries and gold ornaments. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or frustrated expression, with her hands pressed against her forehead. Her body is extremely large and exaggerated, with very large breasts and a very large belly. The background is a soft, white snow. The lighting is soft and natural, suggesting an outdoor winter setting.

(groaning, hand on forehead) "Jeez... only two houses and I'm already... (pauses, looking down at her massive body) this big. I don't know if I can... (sighs) if I can do this. How am I gonna finish...?"

She heaves her massive form up, her ass and belly jiggling with the effort. The bag of gifts, once a struggle, now rests easily on her forearm, her strength amplified by her immense size.

**(panting) "I'm... (looks down at her body)
I'm shocked I let myself go this far. But...
(pauses, hefting the bag of gifts)**



**These gifts... won't deliver themselves.
I gotta... (grimaces) finish this before
sunrise."**



Just her lucky day, she stumbles upon a massive house nestled in the heart of the forest. The mansion is surrounded by towering fir trees draped in melting snow and adorned with elaborate RGB lights, a stark contrast to the wilderness around it. The decorations are sophisticated, a clear sign of wealth and opulence. Her eyes widen with greed and anticipation, deciding this will be her next stop, unaware of what awaits her within.



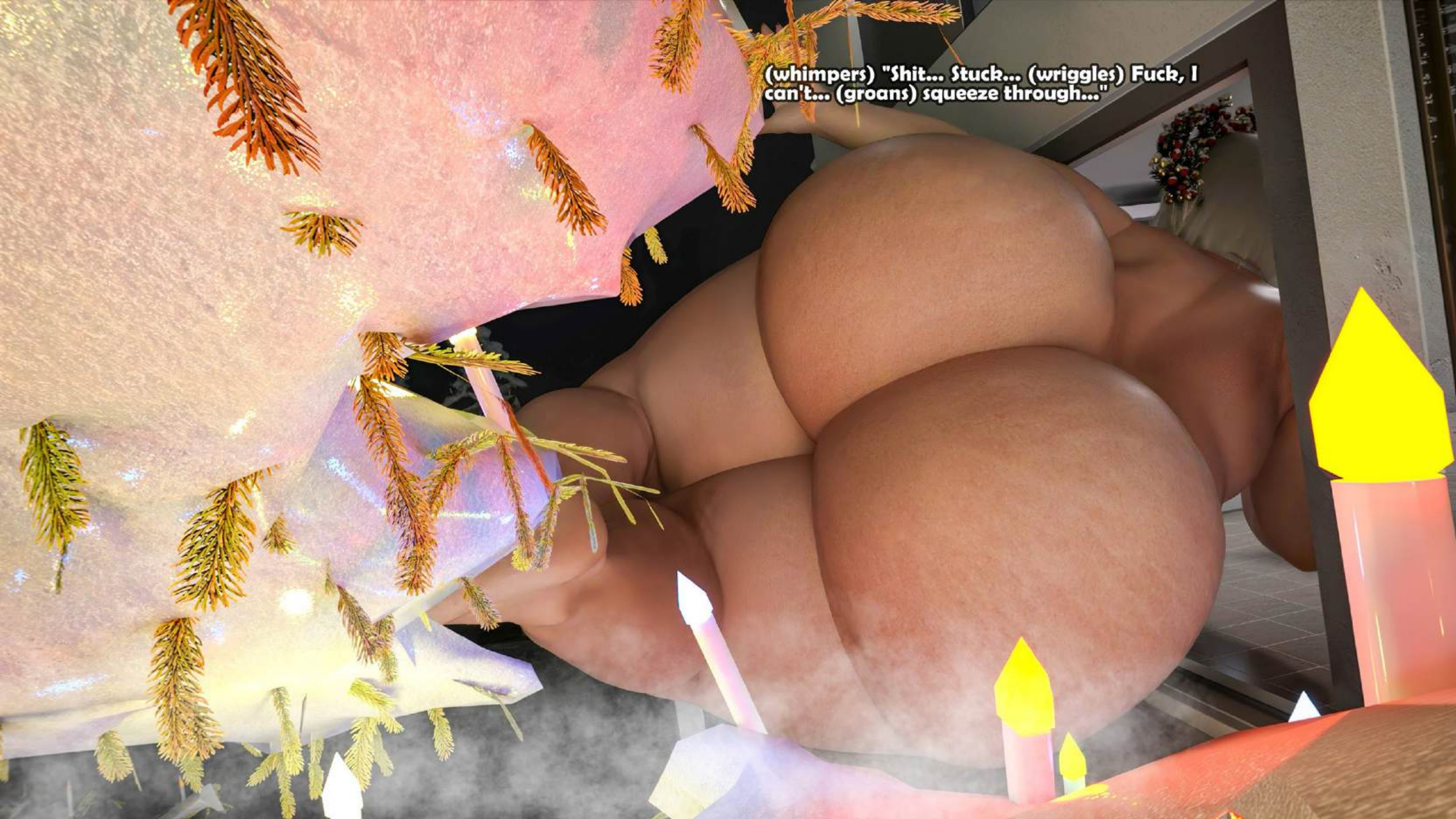
(muttering to herself) "How am I gonna get in there? (pauses, squinting at the house) No way I'm fitting through any of that... (looks around) Need to find a bigger way in..."

She looks up at the grand house, her obese body clearly too big to squeeze through the front door or even the chimney. She scans the mansion, her eyes peering for a large window or any opening that might fit.

(grunting) "Fuck... almost...
(pants) there... (groans)
Come on, you... (strains) fat
fucking... (moans) blob..."

She spots an open window on the second floor, large enough to possibly accommodate her size. With a grunt, she heaves herself up, her flesh jiggling with the effort. Her bloated belly, however, proves to be a problem when it gets stuck as she tries to squeeze through the opening.

(whimpers) "Shit... Stuck... (wriggles) Fuck, I can't... (groans) squeeze through..."





(whispering to herself) "Holy shit... When did I get this big...?"

With a final grunt, she manages to squeeze in far enough through the window to get a look at the room. She tosses the bag of gifts inside first, but as she surveys the space, her face falls. The room, a kitchen, looks extremely tiny, the normal-sized objects within it emphasizing just how enormously big she has become. The realization hits her like a truck, the stark contrast to her previous size undeniable.

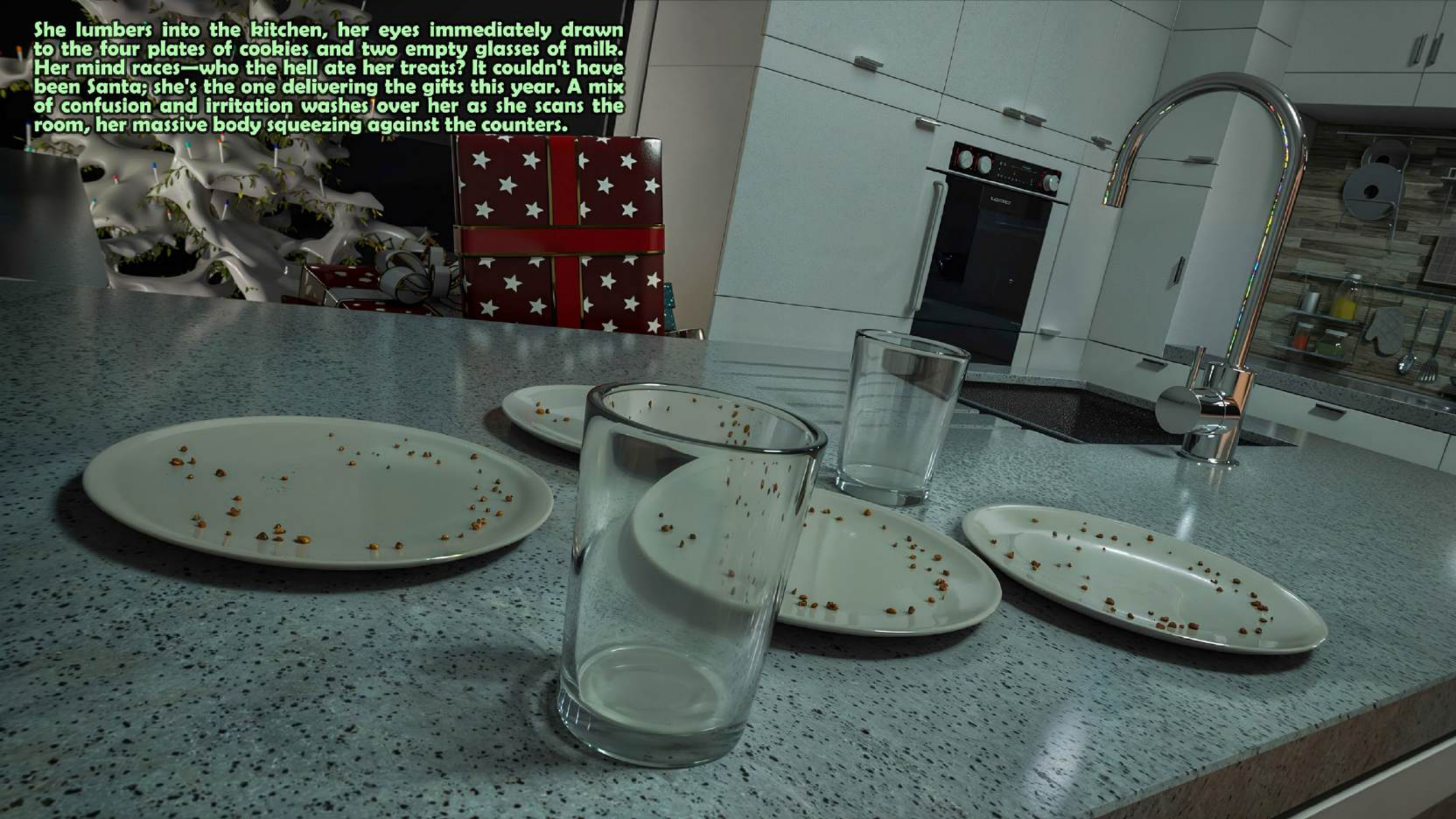
With one final attempt, she extends her arm and grabs onto a nearby sink, her chubby fingers barely fitting inside the basin. She starts to pull, her titanic weight and size causing cracks to form in the wall. The sink groans and threatens to tear away from its fixtures as she heaves forward.

(grunting) "Come on... just a little... (strains) more...
(pants) Almost... there..."

With enough wiggling and determination for her next meal, she finally slides in.



She lumbers into the kitchen, her eyes immediately drawn to the four plates of cookies and two empty glasses of milk. Her mind races—who the hell ate her treats? It couldn't have been Santa; she's the one delivering the gifts this year. A mix of confusion and irritation washes over her as she scans the room, her massive body squeezing against the counters.





"What in the world? Who could have eaten that?"



Sudden noises and stifled screams from upstairs make her pause. She tilts her head, her enormous tits heaving as she listens intently.

"What the...? Sounds like someone's having a bit too much fun up there."



(Pleading, desperate)
"Please... please stop!"



2
(Laughing) "That's not how this works, you little worm. If you didn't deserve it, I wouldn't be here."

1
"I'll do anything you want, please just stop! You can take all the money!"

A colossal foot presses down on the man, pinning him to the floor. He squirms, trying desperately to free himself, but her sweaty toes and immense weight hold him firmly in place. The giantess towers over him, her eyes gleaming with amusement and contempt.

²"Giving people what they wanted? More like poisoning them for profit. You fucked over a lot of people, and now it's time to face the consequences."

¹"Come on, you've got the wrong idea! We were just giving people what they wanted. You can't blame us for that!"





The giantess hoists another man by his leg, lifting him effortlessly toward her face.


It was none other than Mrs. Krampus, the sinister counterpart to Mrs. Claus, sent by her husband to punish the wicked. The men she has pinned are ruthless drug dealers, their actions spreading misery and destruction. Tonight, they face her wrath.







Mrs. Krampus opens her mouth wide, revealing a dark, cavernous throat. The man's head dangles inside, and he's hit with a rush of hot, moist air.



"Billrrrgggghhh... bluurrghhh..."

"Gulp..."



"Gllggg..."

"Gllloooooorrrrgggghhhh... bloooooorrrppppphhhh..."



"Gurgle... gurgle... KER-FLOP!... gurgle..."

"Mmmmmph..."




"Ahhhhhhhhh..."

She stands there, savoring the treat she just devoured. She shudders with satisfaction as she lets out a long, deep gasp of air, relishing the feeling of her latest meal squirming within her.


"BLLLLUUUURRRRRPPPPPPHHHHH..."

She lets out a massive, wet burp, her hand resting on her newly distended belly now covered in fresh stretch marks. She rubs her stomach, trying to soothe the discomfort of being so incredibly stuffed. The burp is thick and juicy, echoing through the air with its moist resonance.

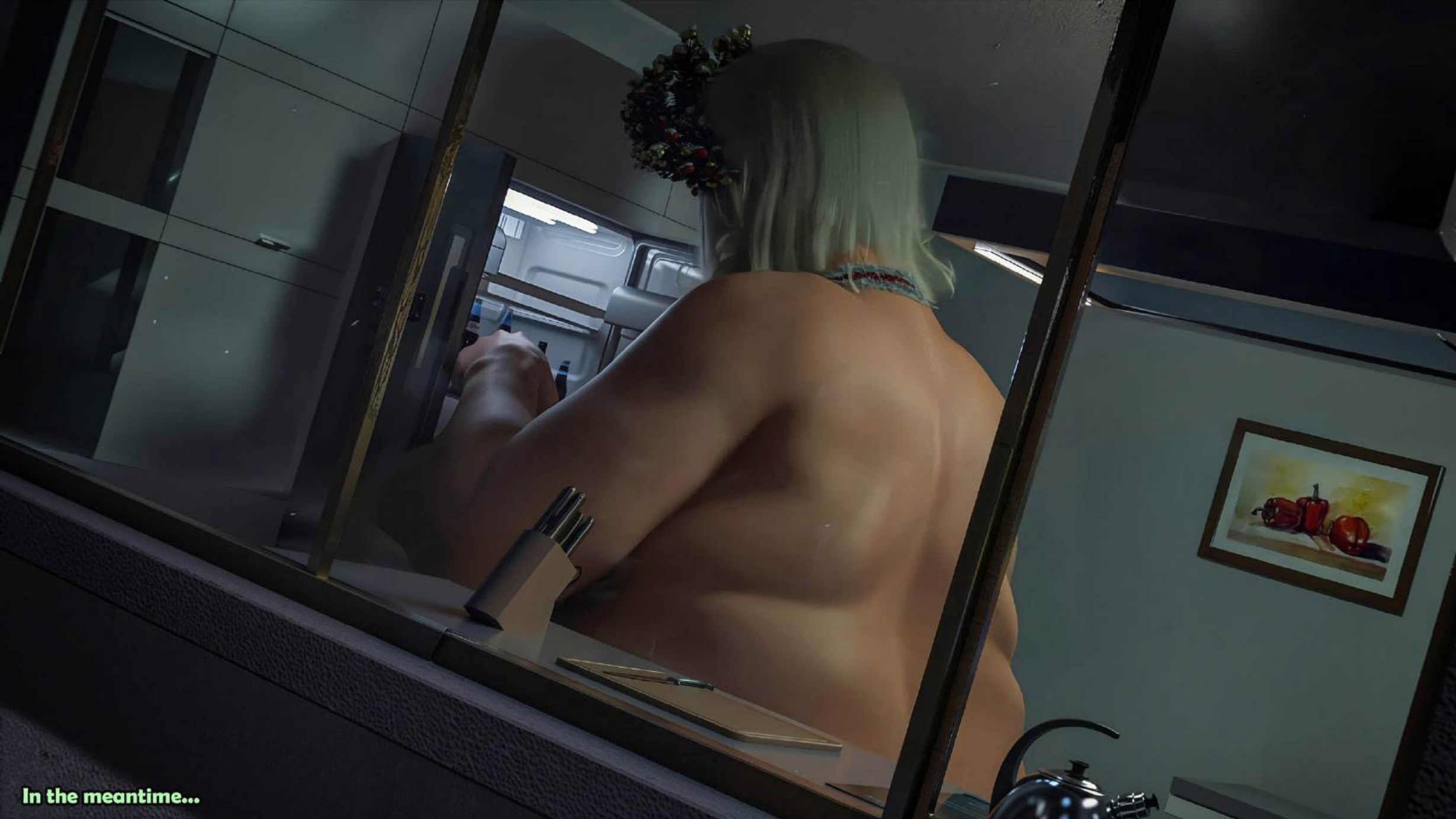


¹ (Groaning) "Uh Oh..."

She suddenly feels dizzy, her vision swimming as she senses something is wrong. Her body begins to tremble, and she knows what's about to happen. Her weight starts to shift, her already enlarged physique preparing to expand even further. The man beneath her foot tries desperately to crawl away, his eyes wide with terror.



The foundation of the building groans and creaks under the immense strain. The combined weight of the two colossal, enormously fat giantesses threatens to collapse the structure entirely.




In the meantime...



Mrs. Claus is raiding a fridge, her enormous curves desperately spilling into any free space. Her thick fingers dwarf two-liter bottles of soda, making them look like mere shot glasses.



She is in pure ecstasy, her mouth stuffed with multiple burgers at once. Her eyes roll back and cross as she indulges in her gluttonous haze. She was letting herself go completely.



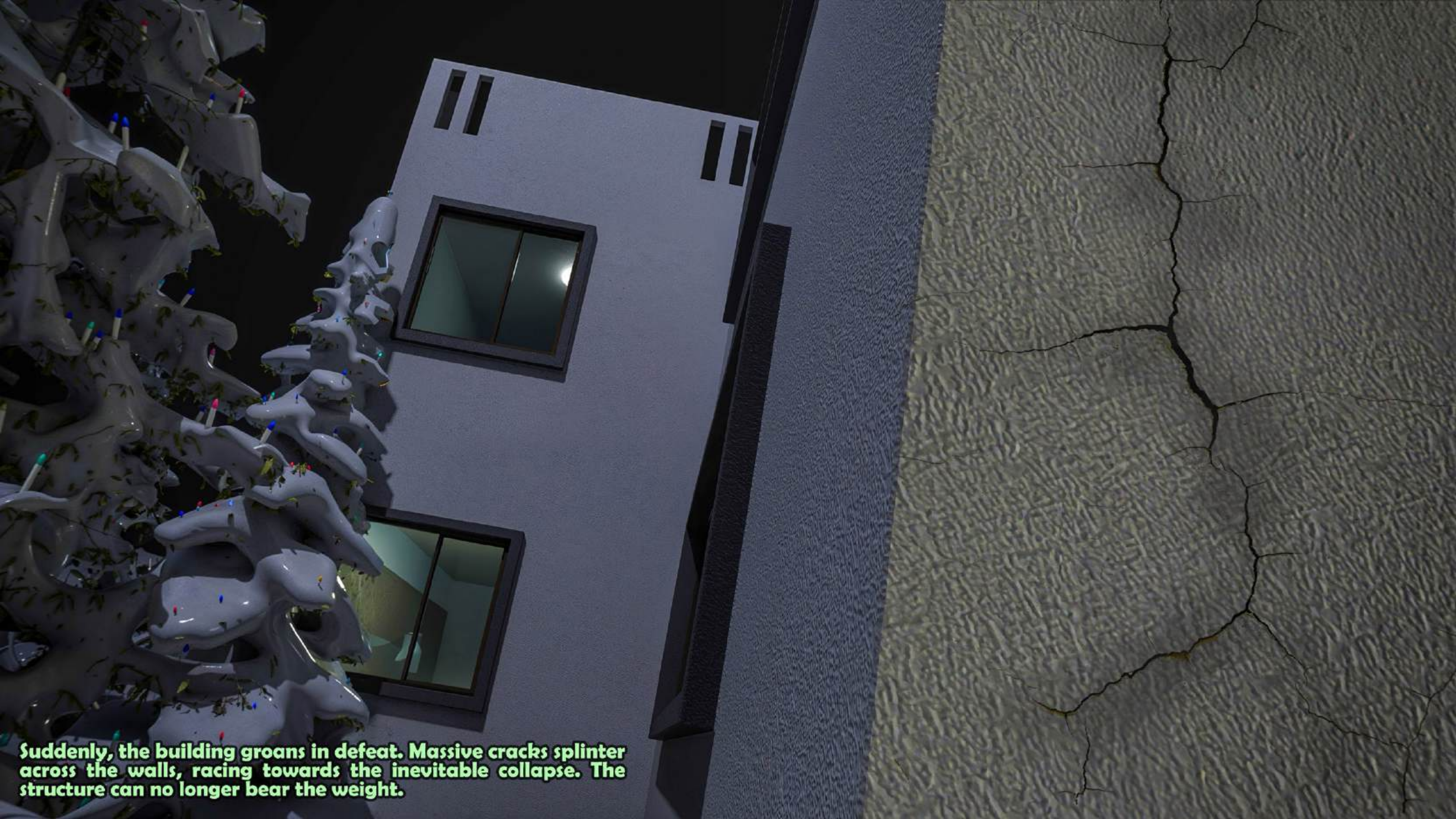
(Mouth full, struggling) "Oh... Oh god... swallow... too much... hic"

The kitchen is already bursting at the seams, barely containing her obese frame. Just when she thinks she can't get any bigger, another growth spurt hits. Her body expands, pressing against the walls, cabinets creaking and groaning under the strain.

(Gaspng) "Slurp... Can't... gulp... breathe... burp..."

(Moaning) "So... hic... full... gasp... but... swallow... so good..."





Suddenly, the building groans in defeat. Massive cracks splinter across the walls, racing towards the inevitable collapse. The structure can no longer bear the weight.





The building crumbles, sending a cloud of dust and snow into the air. Mrs. Claus, now bigger than ever, lies amidst the rubble, coughing and gasping for breath.


(coughing) "Oh... fuck... what just happened?"





**(groaning) "Ugh... my head...
everything hurts..."**

(muffled) "Help... can't breathe... get off me..."

A woman with a large, prominent belly is shown in a Christmas-themed setting. She is wearing a white headband with red berries and a silver choker. Her expression is one of surprise or discomfort, with her mouth open. Her right hand is resting on her large belly. The background features several Christmas trees, some decorated with lights and candles. The scene is lit with warm, festive colors.

(burping loudly) "BUAAAAAGHRRRP!"

Suddenly, she lets out a thunderous burp, the sound so loud it shakes the trees and causes some of the LED lights to flicker and go out.

1
(between burps) "Oh... shit... sorry,
I didn't... BUaaaaRGHRP... see you there..."

She finally notices the man struggling
beneath her, his attempts to dig himself
out futile against her immense weight
and the thick, cold snow.

(gasps) "What the—?! Oh my God!"



"Well, well, well... didn't expect to see you here, Mrs. Claus. Aren't you usually distributing gifts in the good people's houses? This is my territory."



1
(nervously) "Mrs. Krampus... I... I didn't know where I was going. I ended up here by accident."

2
(chuckles) "Looks like our husbands are off boxing while we're stuck doing their chores this time of year. Typical, isn't it?"




1
"My, my, Mrs. Claus, you've certainly packed on the pounds. Always so self-aware of your body, and now look at you—all plump and round. Been enjoying those cookies a bit too much, huh?"

2
(nervously) "You're one to talk, fatass."

4
(quickly backpedaling) "Oh, no, I meant fantastic! You look fantastic, Mrs. Krampus."

3
(raising an eyebrow) "What was that?"





2
(nervously laughing, attempts to change subject) "Oh, ha ha... yeah. So, hey, how come you never visit? It would be nice to see you sometime."

4
(stuttering) "I-I-I know... I lost control during this trip"

1
(jokingly) "You know, honey, you're looking mighty tempting right about now. What's stopping me from having you as my next treat? You're just the right size for a full course meal."

3
(smirking) "Visit? And do what? Eat your vegan cookies? No thanks. Plus, it looks like those diets you were yapping nonstop about worked out really well for you."

The playful back-and-forth between the two giantesses comes to a halt when they hear police sirens and see red and blue lights shining through the trees. A swarm of police officers emerges from the cars, pointing their guns and shouting for them to stop where they are, as if those weapons could do anything against the two colossal goddesses.

(turning her head, smirking) "Well, well, well... looks like even we get our own Christmas gift this year."

(through a megaphone)
"Freeze! Stay where you are!"

(shouting) "Put your hands up!
Don't move!"

**(eyes locked on the police, a wicked grin spreading)
"Look at all this fresh prey, just begging to be devoured.
I'm gonna gorge myself on every last one of them, and
fuck, I'm gonna be even bigger—unfuckingstoppable.**

**So, what's the verdict, Mrs. Claus? You gonna join me in this
feast, or keep pretending to be the good little wife? Just
remember, once I'm through with them, I have no problem
having you next. And then, maybe I'll pay a visit to that
husband of yours. Put an end to Christmas once and for all."**



3
(impatiently) "I ain't got all fucking night, Mrs. Claus. If it wasn't for Santa and this dumb expectation he created, I'd be in the comfort of my home getting fucked by my husband right now. So, make your choice. Join me, or become my next meal."

1
(Voice of Reason)
"This is insane. You can't do this. You have to stop. Think about the consequences, the lives at stake. You're better than this."

2
(Voice of Temptation)
"But think about it—if you don't act now, she'll outgrow you. She'll be unstoppable, and who knows what she'll do to you and Santa? You need to stay ahead, become even bigger, even more powerful. Imagine the satisfaction, the sheer dominance. You can't let her win. You need this. You want this."

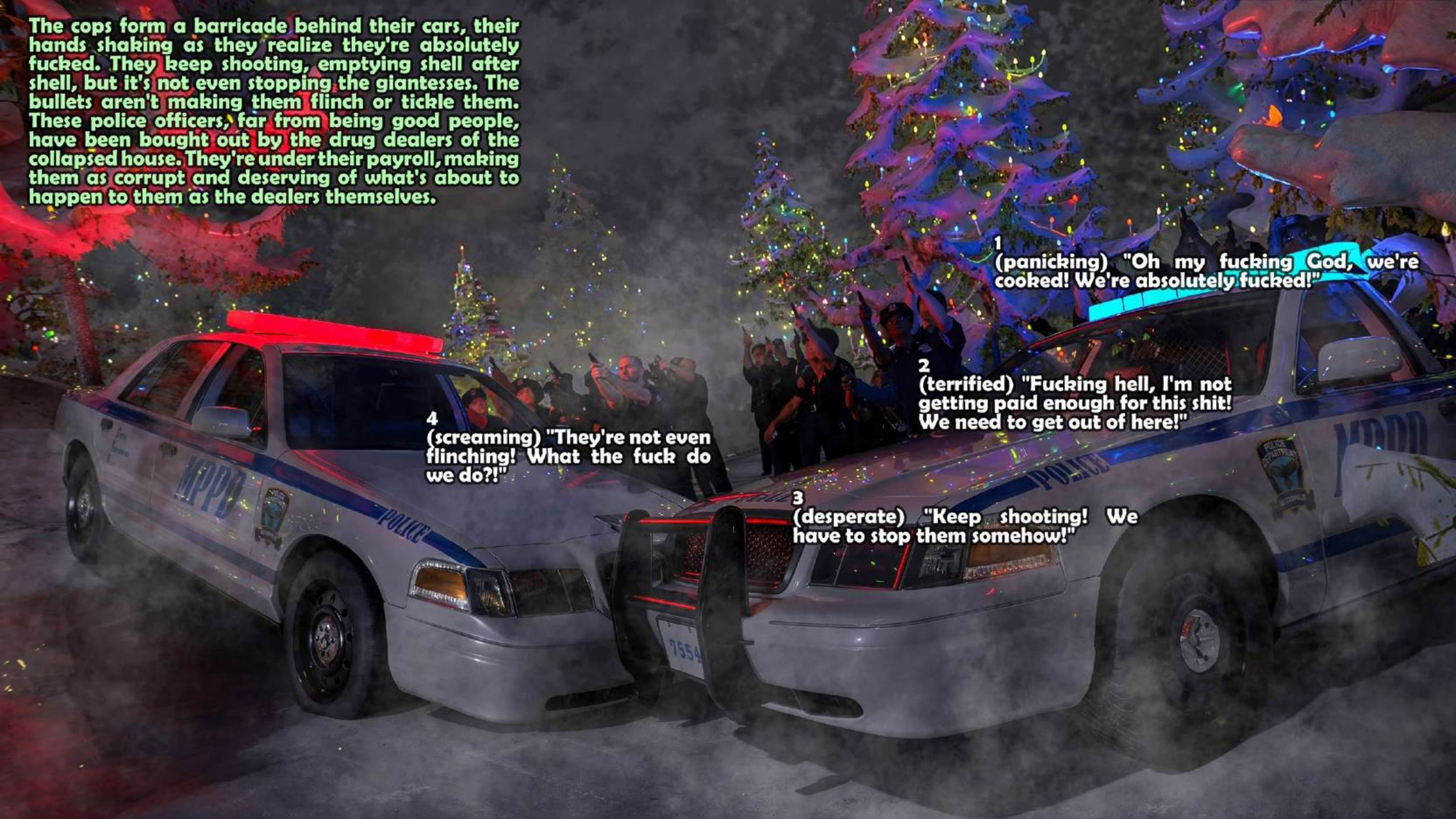
The cops form a barricade behind their cars, their hands shaking as they realize they're absolutely fucked. They keep shooting, emptying shell after shell, but it's not even stopping the giantesses. The bullets aren't making them flinch or tickle them. These police officers, far from being good people, have been bought out by the drug dealers of the collapsed house. They're under their payroll, making them as corrupt and deserving of what's about to happen to them as the dealers themselves.


1 (panicking) "Oh my fucking God, we're cooked! We're absolutely fucked!"

2 (terrified) "Fucking hell, I'm not getting paid enough for this shit! We need to get out of here!"

4 (screaming) "They're not even flinching! What the fuck do we do?!"

3 (desperate) "Keep shooting! We have to stop them somehow!"





1 (persuasively) "You know, these pigs aren't the good guys they pretend to be. They've been on the payroll of the biggest narco traffickers in town. They're worthless. Almost like they deserve what's coming to them, don't you think?"

3 "That's what I like to hear... let's feast!"

2 (softly, hungry) "I... I am really hungry."

Mrs. Claus's expression shifts, the voice of temptation overwhelming the voice of reason. Her eyes gleam with hunger as she starts to lick her lips, detaching from her previous reservations.



**(belly gurgles and rumbles)
"GRUMBLE... SQUELCH... GLUG GLUG"**



[REDACTED]

2
(mouth open, hungry for more) "Mmm... more... GULP... Come to mama... SLURP"

On the other side of the forest, Mrs. Krampus is having her own fun, swallowing down entire police officers with ease. Her massive size gives her a clear advantage as she hunts them down, grabbing them from between the trees as they try to run away.



(gurgles) "Blubl... Sqelsh"

(swallowing) "Gik... Slrrp... Gilgg"



(devouring) "Chomp... Mmf... Glk"

(rumbles) "Gluglug... Brbl"



(churns) "Growl... Sllosh"

(gorging) "Slrp... Mmf... Gllgg"




(gurgles loudly) "Blubl... Beeelch"

(swallowing) "Glk... Mmf... Chomp"




(devouring) "Come to momma... Slluurrrp... Yesss... Gllkk"

A 3D rendered scene showing the back and buttocks of a person with pale skin and black nail polish. A dragon-like creature with horns and wings is perched on the person's right shoulder. The scene is decorated with snow-covered evergreen branches and lit candles. The background is dark with falling snow.

(swallowing) "That's it, my little treats... Mmff... Gllkk"

(rumbles) "Glluglug... Brrrbl"

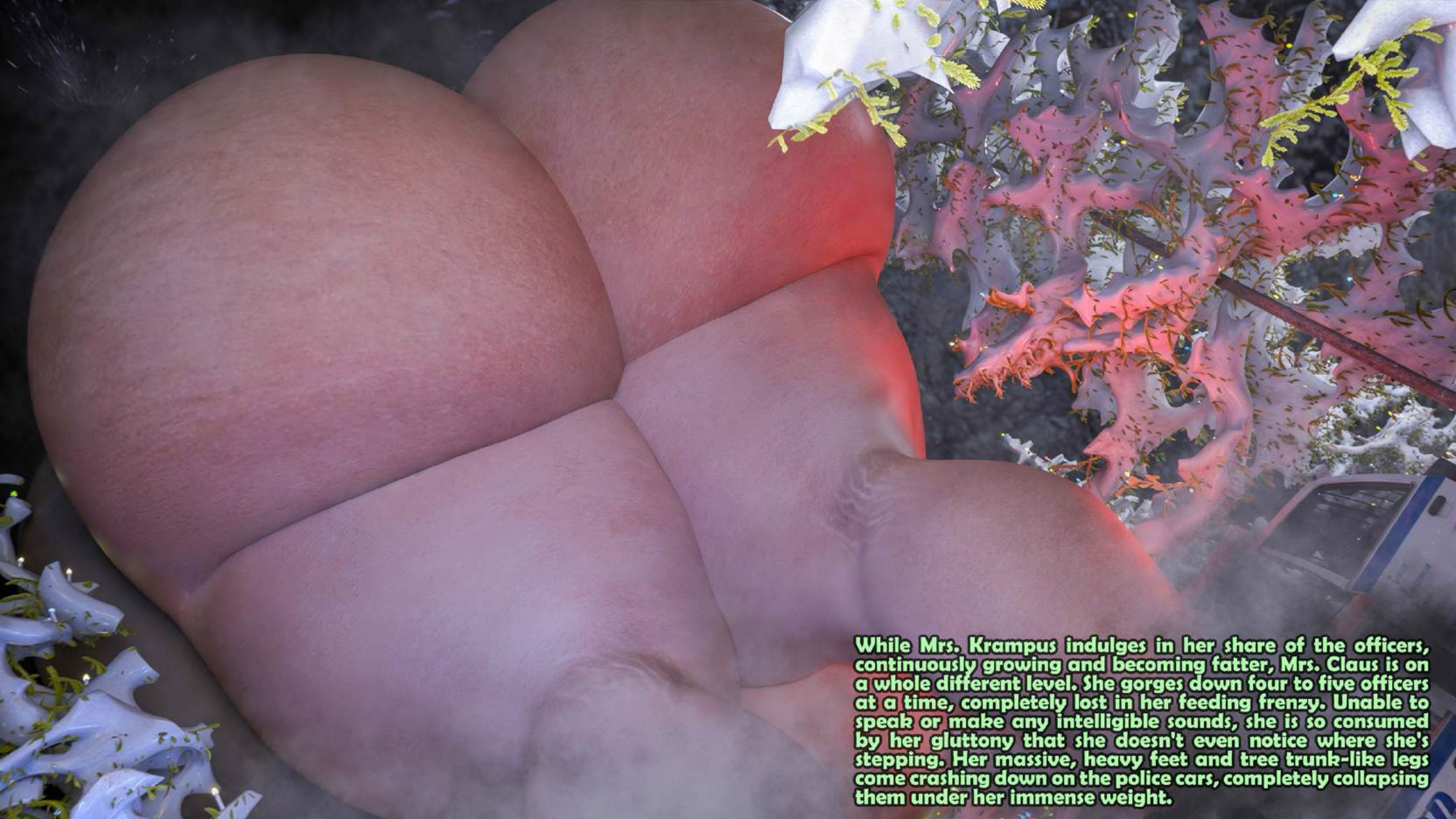


(gorging) "More, more... Slluurp... Mmff... Gllkk"

(churns) "Grrroowl... Slllosshhh"

(devouring) "Momma's hungry... Chompp... Mmff... Gllkk"

(gurgles loudly) "Bluuublub... Beeeelchhh"



While Mrs. Krampus indulges in her share of the officers, continuously growing and becoming fatter, Mrs. Claus is on a whole different level. She gorges down four to five officers at a time, completely lost in her feeding frenzy. Unable to speak or make any intelligible sounds, she is so consumed by her gluttony that she doesn't even notice where she's stepping. Her massive, heavy feet and tree trunk-like legs come crashing down on the police cars, completely collapsing them under her immense weight.



3
(defeated) "There's nobody left to shoot... They got us all..."

1
(swallowing) "Mmff... Gllkk..." (in hear head)
"I have to... I want you all inside me... Make me bigger... I don't want to stop"

A large, nude woman with long, wavy white hair is the central focus. She wears a festive Christmas wreath with red berries and gold ornaments around her head. Her eyes are closed, and she has a slight smile. Three police officers in dark uniforms and caps are positioned on her body: one is inside her open mouth, another is on her right shoulder, and a third is on her left arm. The background is a snowy, festive environment with colorful lights and decorations. The scene is oriented vertically in the image.

1
**(in her head) "More... I need more... I
want them all..."**
"Every last one... Mine... All mine..."

(swallowing)
Ggggllllkkkk...
(inhales deeply)"

"Sllluuuurrrpppp...
Mmmmmffffff..."

"Bllluuuubbbllll... Sssqqeeelllssshhhh...
Gggglllluuuurrpppp... (bubbles and pops)"

**(devouring) "Chhhhooommpppp...
Mmmmmffffff...
(slurps and gulps)"**

**"Gggllluuuuggglll... Bbbrrbblll...
Ssslllooosshhh... (churns and groans)"**




**(gorging) "Sllllluuuurrrpppp... Mmmmmffffff...
Gggglkkkk... (deep, resonant swallows)"**

**"Gggrrrrroooowwwllll... Sssllllloosssshhh...
Bllluuuubbbllll... (echoes and reverberates)"**

Mrs. Krampus looms over the forest carnage, her belly swollen and sloshing with the remnants of her feast. She's packed away every dickhead she could find, but her gut tells her there should've been more fuckers to gobble up.

"Where the hell did all the other assholes go?"



A woman with exaggerated features, including very large breasts and a very large, rounded belly, is shown from the waist up. She has a large, textured, horn-like structure on her head. She is looking towards the right with a slight smile. Her right hand is resting on her belly. The background is dark and textured. In the bottom right corner, there are some small, thin, vertical objects that look like pins or needles.

"How's it hanging, Mrs. Claus? You manage to snag any of these worms, or did I just have them all myself without noticing? Ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Holy shit... what the actual fuck?"



¹ "]-Jesus... f-fucking... y-you... what the...?"

² "Mmmmm.. ugh... c-can't...
buaarrp... m-move... i f-feel s-so
gassy.."

There she is, Santa's wife, completely unrecognizable. She's so fucking inflated that her head and feet are nowhere to be seen, her arms lifted high just to make room for her obscene width. While Mrs. Krampus was savoring her meals, Mrs. Claus wasn't fucking around. She consumed way more, way too fast. She couldn't handle the thought of losing.



She was wider and fatter than she is tall. The distance between her massive ass cheeks and her bloated belly is longer than her actual height. She's beyond huge—no description or comparison does her justice.

"Mmm... mmm... mmm... (groan)... f-full...
(burp) (glug glug)... c-can't... (squelch)...
m-move... (slosh slosh)... mmm... mmm..."



2
"W-woah, y-.. y-you're... (gulp)...
really something else..."

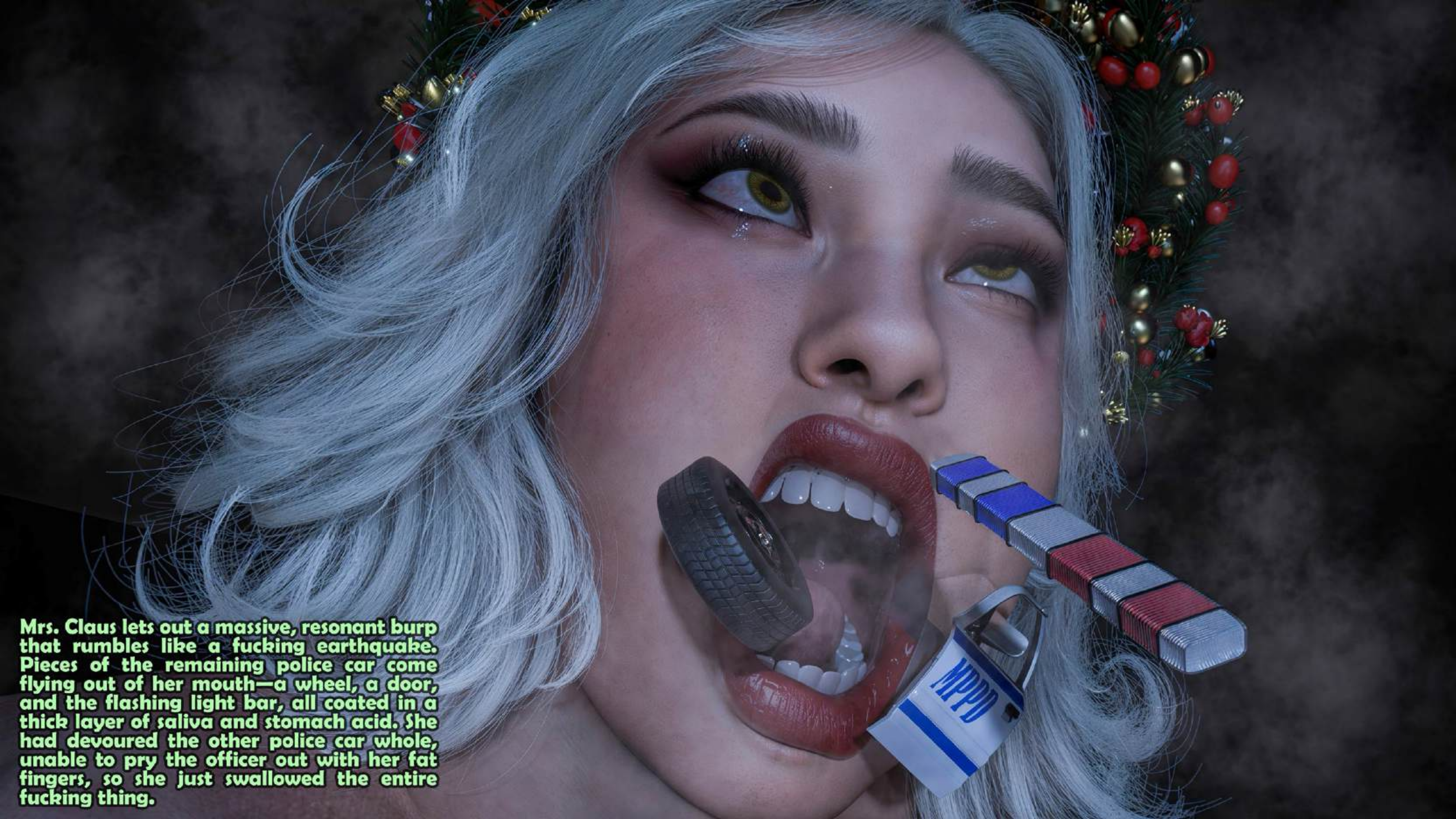
4
"Okay, okay... (takes a deep breath)...
Let's just... calm down, alright? You're...
clearly the boss now... (nervous laugh)...
No need to... get worked up..."

1
"(burp) Looks like... you got... what you
wished for... (mmm)... Not so... big and
bad... now, are you?... (slosh)"

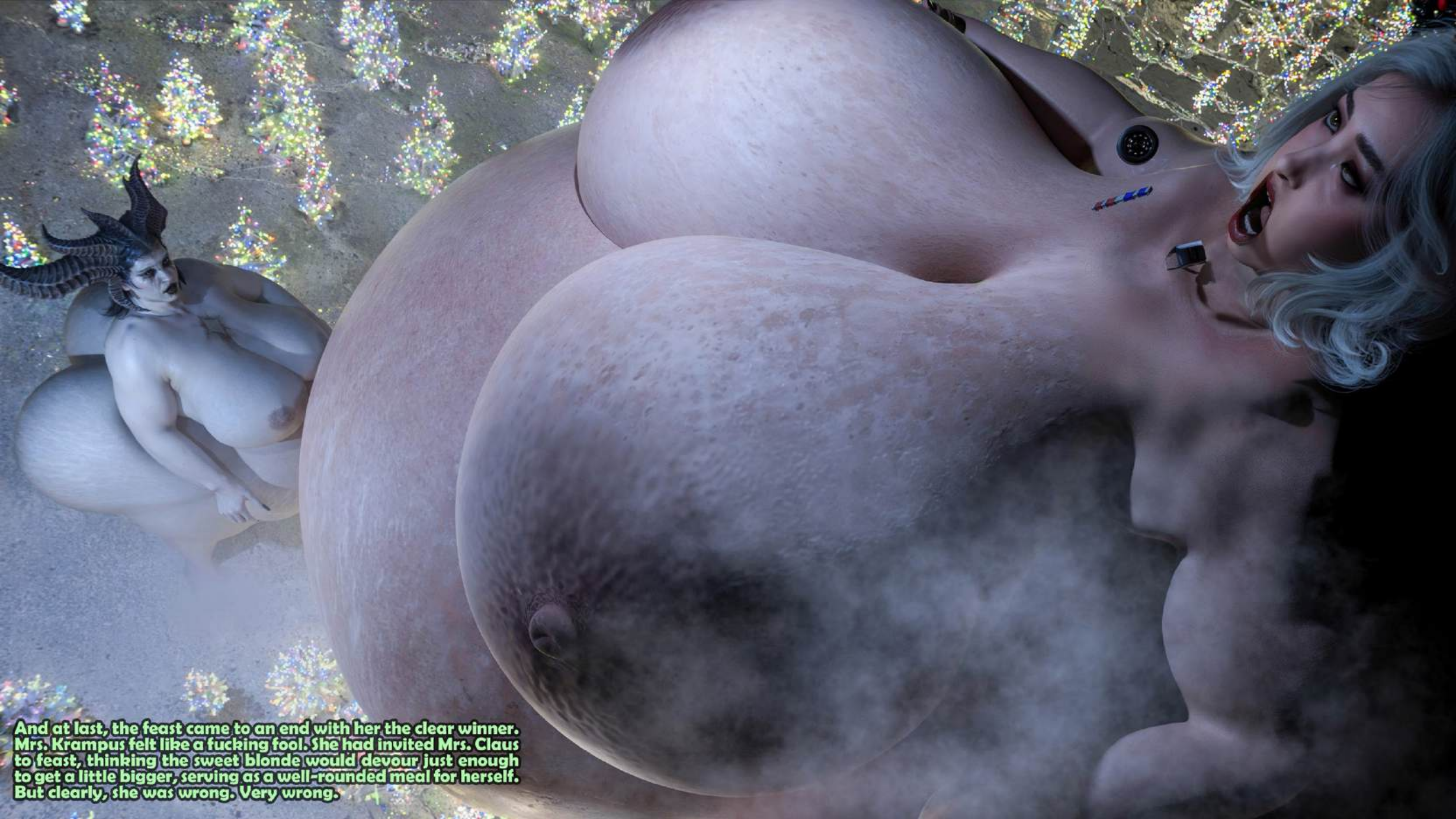
3
"(mmm)... Be careful... what you wish for...
(groan)... Who's the... big girl... now?... (squelch)...
What were you... saying... about my husband...
earlier?... (slosh)"



"Give me one good reason not to— (interrupted)"



Mrs. Claus lets out a massive, resonant burp that rumbles like a fucking earthquake. Pieces of the remaining police car come flying out of her mouth—a wheel, a door, and the flashing light bar, all coated in a thick layer of saliva and stomach acid. She had devoured the other police car whole, unable to pry the officer out with her fat fingers, so she just swallowed the entire fucking thing.

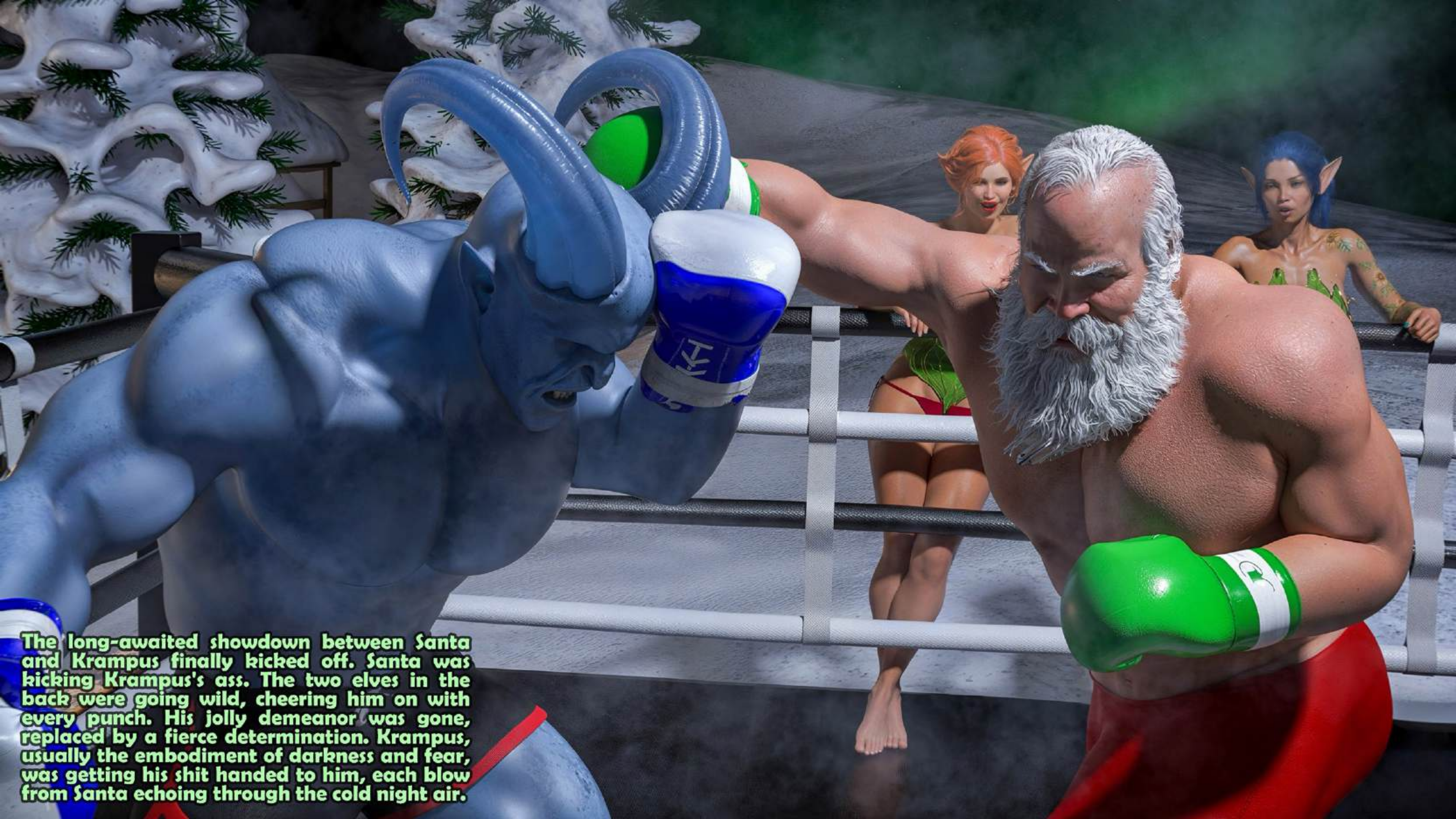


And at last, the feast came to an end with her the clear winner. Mrs. Krampus felt like a fucking fool. She had invited Mrs. Claus to feast, thinking the sweet blonde would devour just enough to get a little bigger, serving as a well-rounded meal for herself. But clearly, she was wrong. Very wrong.

¹ "That's right! get him Santa!"

² "Let's gooooo! Another upper-cut!"

A few hours later, in the north pole...



The long-awaited showdown between Santa and Krampus finally kicked off. Santa was kicking Krampus's ass. The two elves in the back were going wild, cheering him on with every punch. His jolly demeanor was gone, replaced by a fierce determination. Krampus, usually the embodiment of darkness and fear, was getting his shit handed to him, each blow from Santa echoing through the cold night air.



But just like any boxing match, all it takes is one hit. And that's exactly what Krampus did. With a sudden burst of cunning, he landed a sneaky uppercut that sent Santa crashing down. The elves' cheers turned to gasps as he hit the ring floor, the fight taking a brutal, unexpected turn.

1
"Ha! You're not so jolly now, are you, fat man? Looks like Christmas came early for me!"

3
"Oh no, this isn't good. Santa, can you hear us?"

4
(groans) "Just... give me a moment..."

2
"Santa! Santa, are you okay?"



1
"Stay down, old man. You're no match for the power of Krampus!"

(gasps) "Oh no..."

(whispering) "Oh my God... look behind him..."

1
(whispering) "It's Mrs. Krampus...
she's... she's huge..."

3
(turning around) "What the—?!!"

2
(gasps) "What the...
how did she get so
big?!"



1
"We're leaving, Krampus. Now.
You've caused enough trouble for
one night."

2
(winces) "Ahhh, you're
hurting me! Put me down!"



1
(struggling) "But I won! I won the fight! It was all worth it!"

3
(grimacing) "Well, at least you finished off Mrs. Claus like we agreed, right? That was the plan!"

2
"Worth it? Look at me! Look how big I've gotten! You need to save your energy because fucking me's going to be a lot harder now."

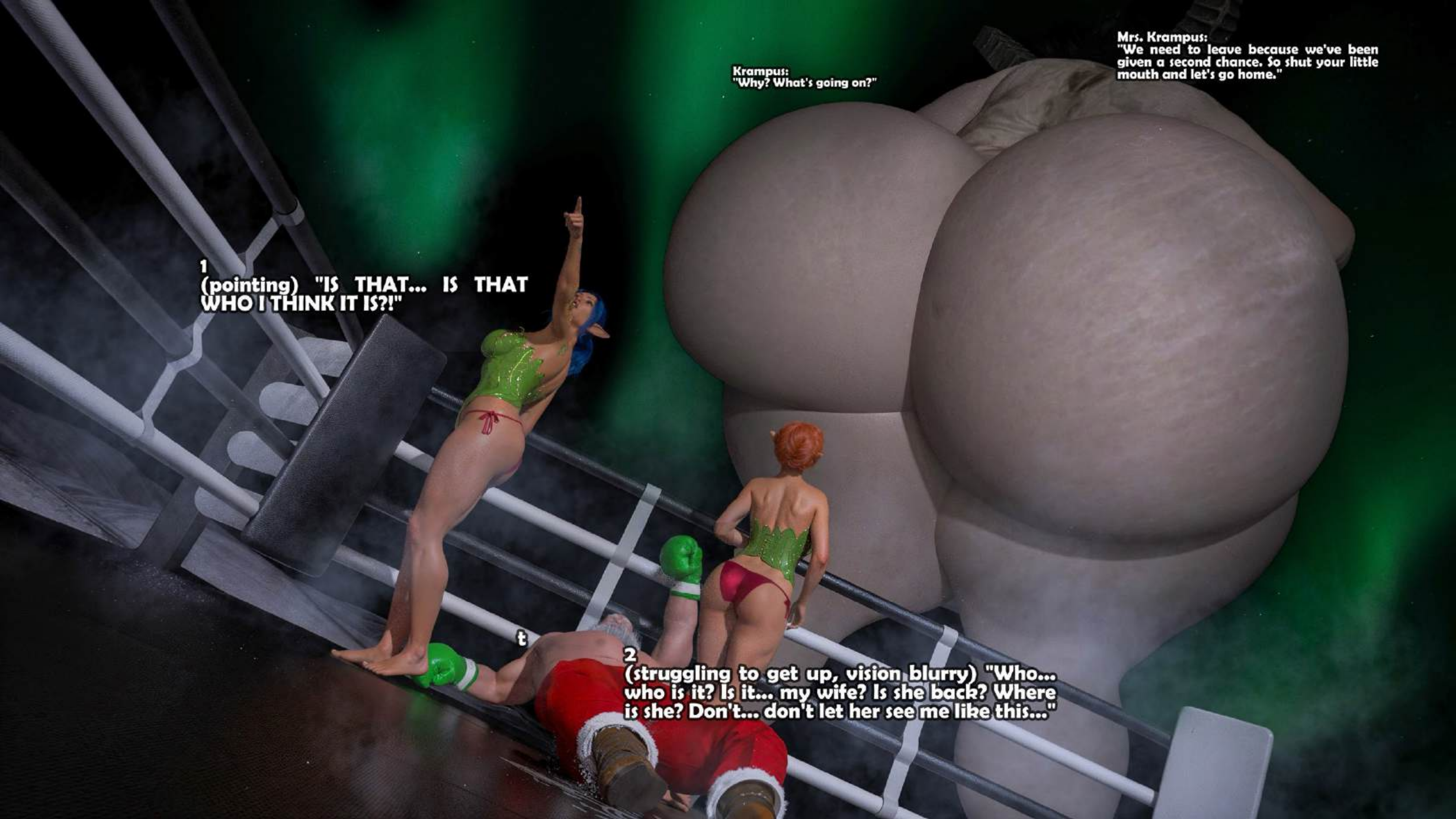
4
"Yeah, about that... we need to leave. Now."

Mrs. Krampus:
"We need to leave because we've been
given a second chance. So shut your little
mouth and let's go home."

Krampus:
"Why? What's going on?"

1
(pointing) "IS THAT... IS THAT
WHO I THINK IT IS?!"

2
(struggling to get up, vision blurry) "Who...
who is it? Is it... my wife? Is she back? Where
is she? Don't... don't let her see me like this..."



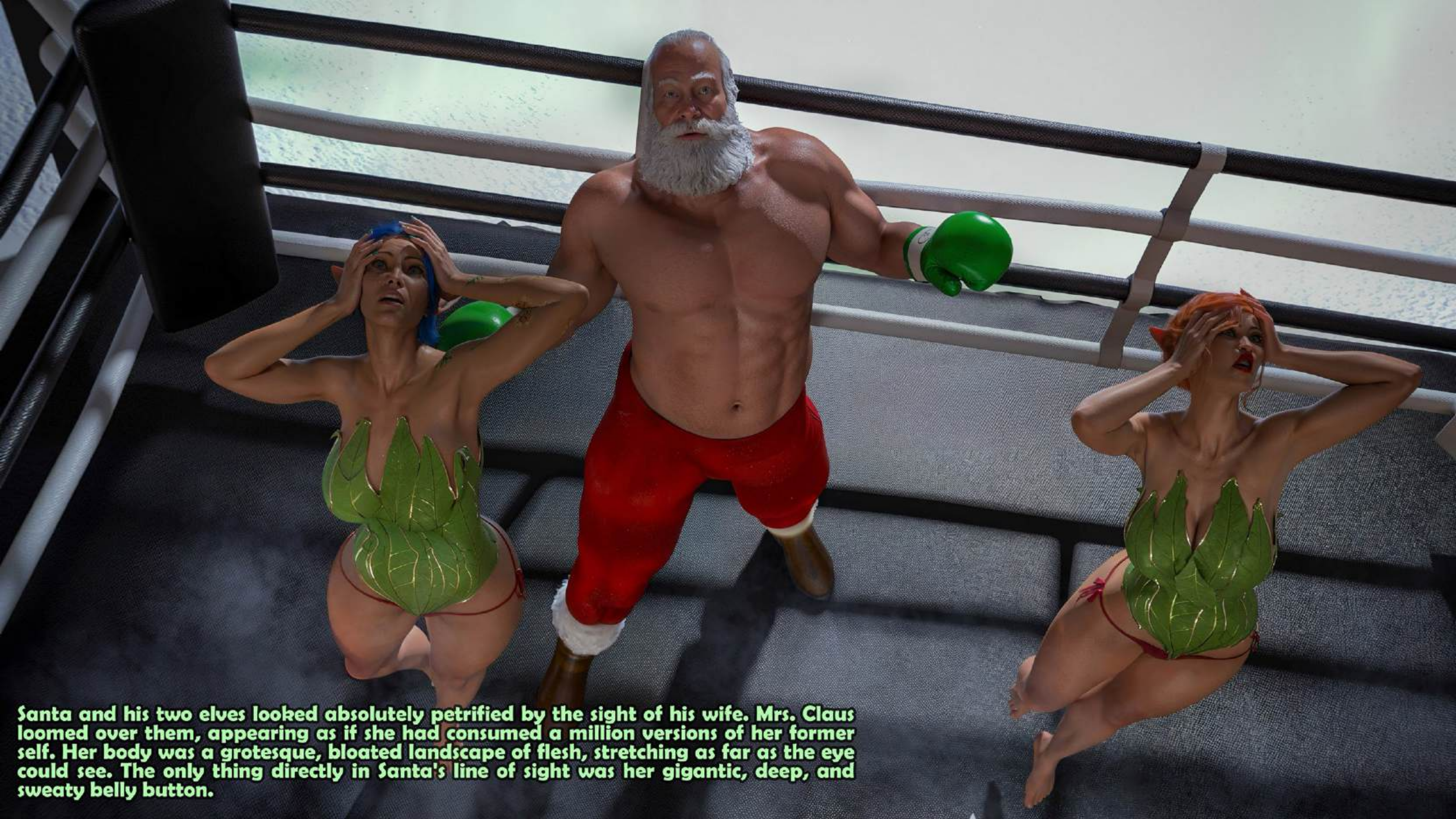
(belly gurgling and rumbling like a volcano about to erupt) (BURRRRP) (GLUG GLUG GLUG) (SQUELCH)

1
"Hi baby, I'm back. Sorry I ran a little late and couldn't see the fight. I was, as you can see, busy with some... stuff."

3
(terrified) "Oh my God... she's... she's enormous..."

2
(shocked) "What... what happened to you?! You're... I can't even see your head from here! What did you do to yourself?!"

4
(shaking) "What... what did she do to herself? She's... she's a monster..."



Santa and his two elves looked absolutely petrified by the sight of his wife. Mrs. Claus loomed over them, appearing as if she had consumed a million versions of her former self. Her body was a grotesque, bloated landscape of flesh, stretching as far as the eye could see. The only thing directly in Santa's line of sight was her gigantic, deep, and sweaty belly button.

A woman with long, wavy white hair and a crown of red and white flowers is peering over a large, smooth, pinkish-red, fleshy-looking object. She has a wide, unhinged smile and is looking directly at the camera. The background is a dark green, slightly blurred. The text is overlaid in the top right corner.

(staring down at Santa with an unhinged, wide smile)
"What's wrong, honey? Didn't you say I could eat as
much as I want? (chuckles) Don't worry, I'm not going
to eat you. (laughs manically) Ha ha ha ha!"



1
(smiling wide) "Oh, honey, I missed you so much. It feels so good to be back with you."

3
"I'm sorry about the fight, here's a kissy to make you feel better"


2
(terrified but trying to play along) "Y-yes, dear... I-I missed you too... (swallows hard)... It's... it's good to have you back..."

With a swift and surprisingly gentle motion, Mrs. Claus reaches down and scoops Santa up, bringing him close to her face. Her thick, juicy lips press against his in a sloppy, wet kiss that leaves him breathless and covered in a thin layer of her saliva and sweat. Her eyes gleam with a mix of affection and madness as she holds him there, her hot breath washing over him.

1
(cooing) "There you go, dear. Nice and cozy, just like you like it. Now I can keep you close while I take care of some... leftovers."

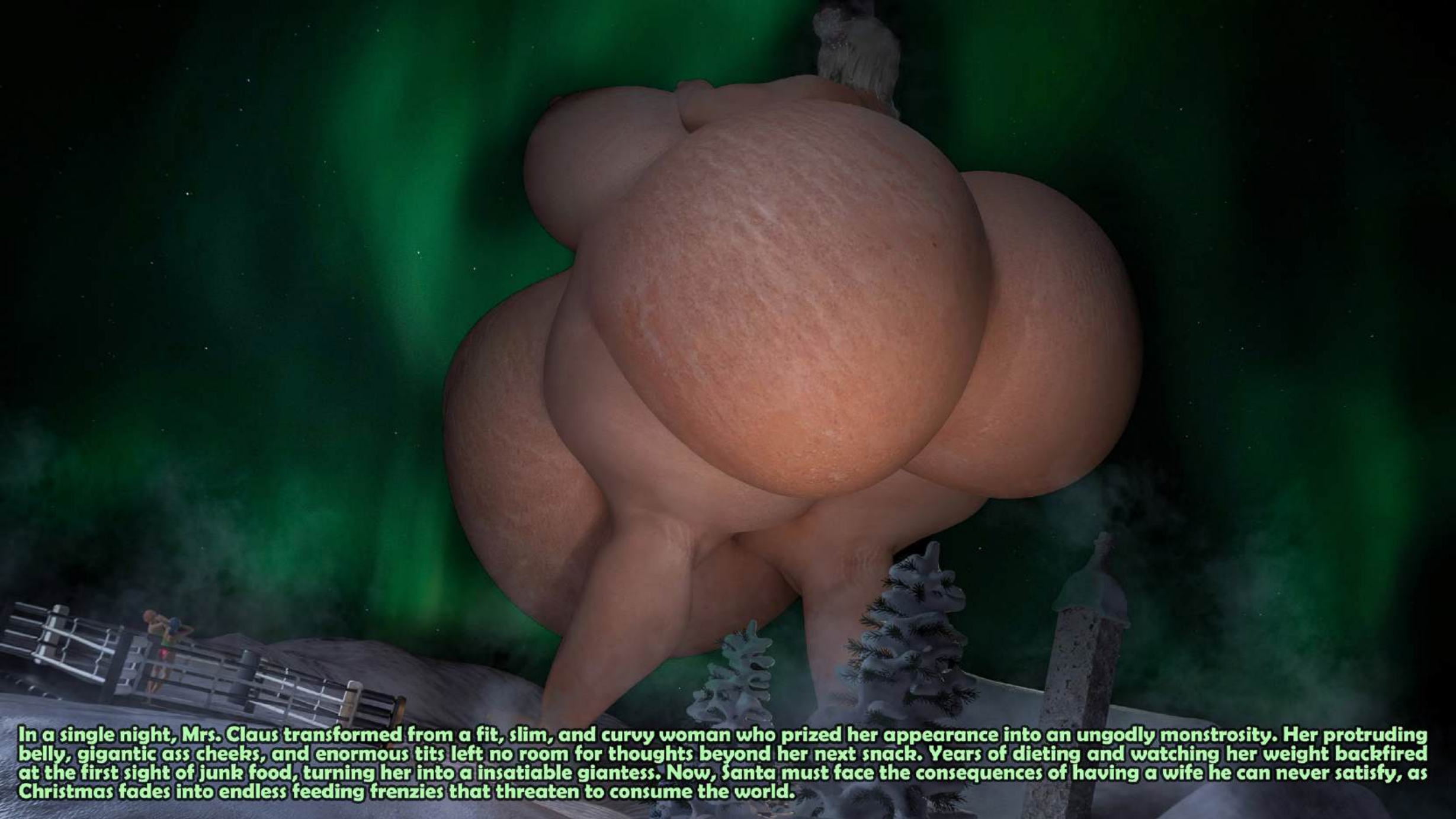
With a playful giggle, she grabs him and tucks him securely between her boobs. He disappears into the vast, soft chasm of her cleavage, completely enveloped by her flesh.





1
Santa:
(muffled, trying to breathe)
"D-dear... it's... it's a bit tight in
here... (wheezes)... Can't... can't
really move..."

2
(chuckles) "Oh, don't you worry,
honey. You're just fine where you
are. I'll take care of you, and
that's all that matters. (SLURP)
(SQUELCH) Now, let's see what
else I can find to snack on..."



In a single night, Mrs. Claus transformed from a fit, slim, and curvy woman who prized her appearance into an ungodly monstrosity. Her protruding belly, gigantic ass cheeks, and enormous tits left no room for thoughts beyond her next snack. Years of dieting and watching her weight backfire at the first sight of junk food, turning her into an insatiable giantess. Now, Santa must face the consequences of having a wife he can never satisfy, as Christmas fades into endless feeding frenzies that threaten to consume the world.

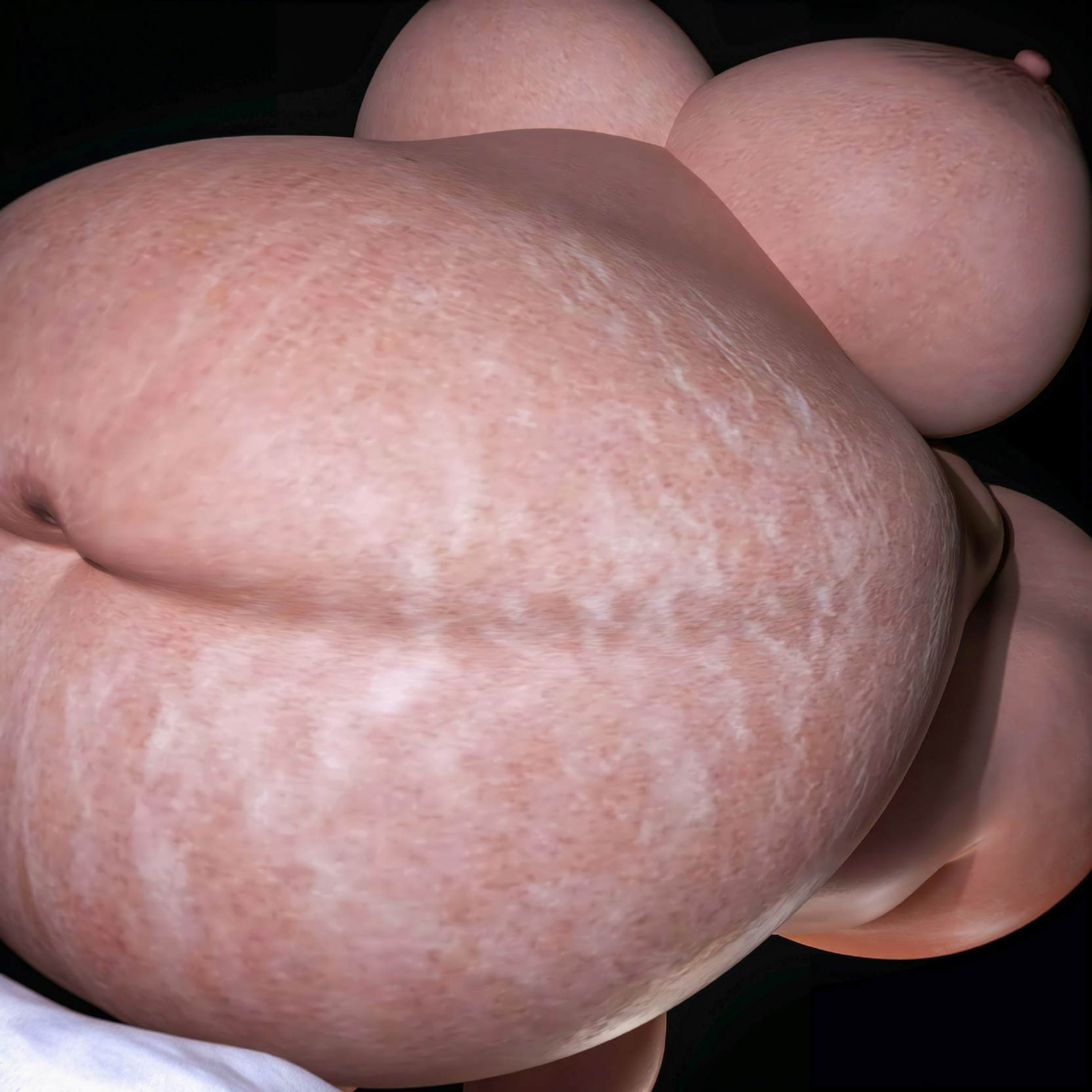
THE END

(JUST KIDDING)

AS MRS. CLAUS WALKED AWAY WITH SANTA NESTLED BETWEEN HER TITANIC BREASTS, ONE FINAL GROWTH SPURT SURGED THROUGH HER BODY, A DELAYED REACTION TO THE COUNTLESS POLICEMEN SHE HAD VORACIOUSLY CONSUMED EARLIER. THIS ULTIMATE TRANSFORMATION ENGULFED SANTA EVEN DEEPER INTO HER COLOSSAL GLEAVAGE, PUSHING HER SIZE TO ITS MOST EXTREME AND CATASTROPHIC LIMIT.













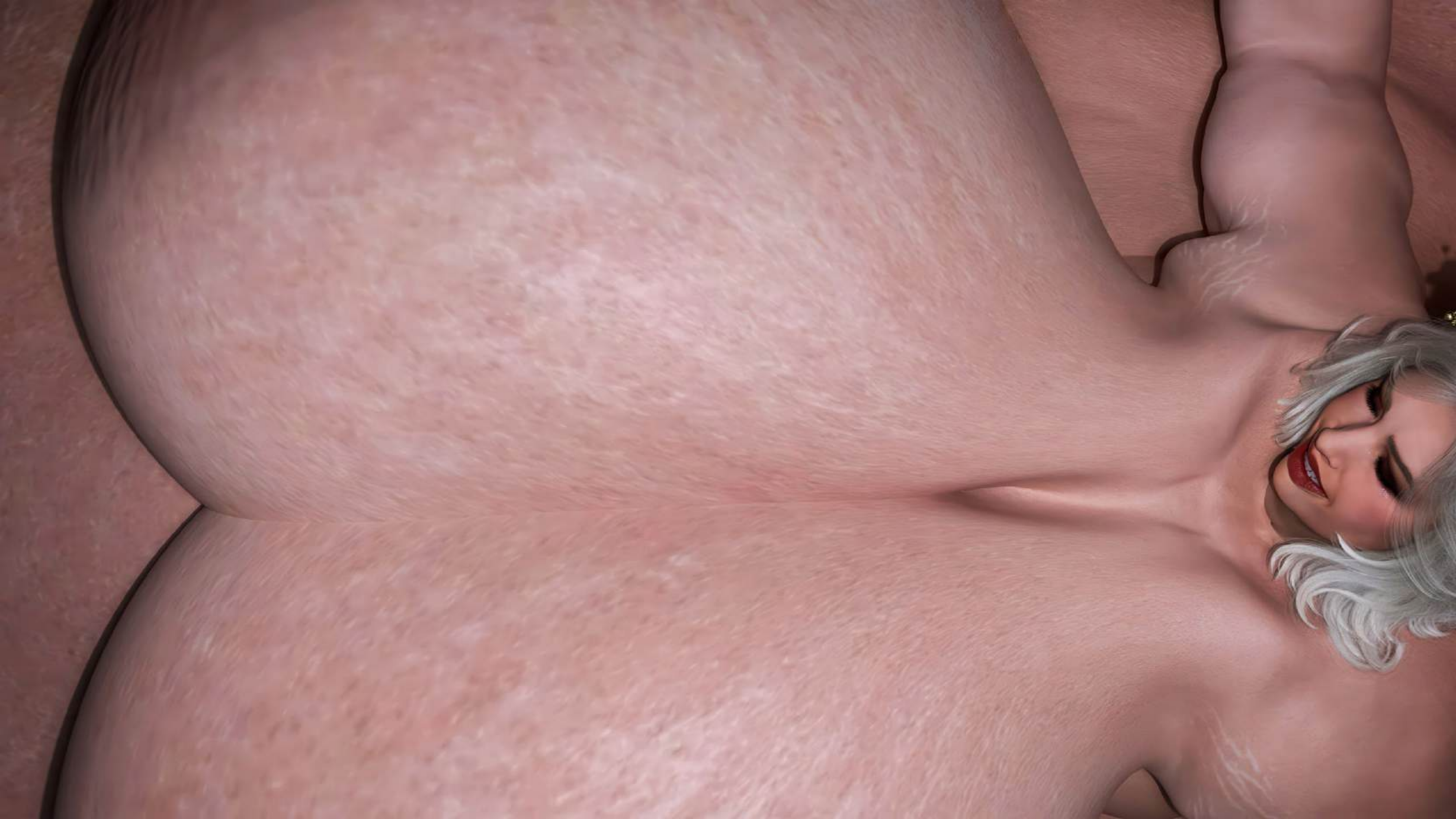


















THE END

FOR REAL THIS TIME.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND MERRY CHRISTMAS!