

The New Mrs. Claus (MtF, WG, GILF)

"Um, Ben? Are you okay?" The voice from his mother snapped the guy out of his near feverish trance. Benjamin hadn't really noticed how he had been merely staring at his dinner for the last few minutes instead of eating it, and he let out a tired sigh. He could feel a bead of sweat running down his forehead, and he quickly wiped it off before anyone noticed it.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just feeling a little tired." He explained, the guy not being in the mood to talk about it. Benjamin kind of figured he was getting sick, but he didn't want his germophobe sister to freak out or have his mother treating him like a baby. He certainly didn't need another speech from his dad about climbing a mountain or doing some other made-up event with the sniffles.

"You look a little sick. Are you sure you're okay?" The rotund woman asked, and Ben groaned when he saw his little sister flinching when she heard what her mother said.

"Ew!" Sarah huffed as she scootched further away from him, now covering her mouth with a napkin. The fourteen-year-old girl certainly made it clear that she wasn't taking any chances, especially now when Christmas was just around the corner.

"Look, I'm not getting sick. I'm fine!" He said, trying to reassure everyone at the table, but he could see how his sister remained unconvinced. She sat at the edge of the table, keeping a healthy distance from him as if he was a leper.

"I don't know, but you look a little pale to me." His mother continued, which only seemed to agitate his sister even more. Benjamin was honestly surprised that she was still sitting down at the table. Then again, he figured she would bolt up to her room at even the slightest sign of the sniffles or a sneeze.

"I told you, I'm fine! I've just felt a little tired lately." He muttered, rubbing his sore neck and letting out a long sigh. It was impossible not to hear the soft snap that came from his stiff neck a few moments later. It wasn't just his neck that was sore either, and it felt like every single joint in his body was acting up.

"Really?" Carl muttered, and Ben was surprised that his father had decided to join the conversation. Even more surprising, the stern man sounded almost concerned when he said it.

"What's wrong? And when did it start?"

"I don't know, maybe yesterday? I've been feeling tired, and my body's been all sore since then." Ben muttered as he sat up straight and stretched his sore arms a bit, causing his oddly stiff joints to pop. It didn't hurt, but he couldn't remember the last time he felt like this. It

reminded him a little of how he felt after an intense session at the gym, except it seemed to affect every single inch of his body. Joints. Muscles. Limbs. Even his back and neck. All Ben wanted to do now was to lie down and rest.

"So, since the 18th, huh?" His father muttered, snapping Benjamin out of his trance. The teen could swear that he saw his parents give each other a concerned look, and he saw the worried look on his mother's face. The chubby woman wasn't good at lying, and those concerned eyes of hers didn't fool anyone.

"What?" He asked, but his mother was already cleaning the dirty dishes off the table and hurrying off towards the kitchen before anyone asked her something she wouldn't be able to answer. Melissa pretended that she didn't hear him when Ben called out after her, and the sounds of washing dishes and cleaning the kitchen reached his ears.

"Oh, it's nothing. Probably just a cold or something! When I was your age, I would walk five miles to school with a cold, and I certainly didn't complain. Uphill, all the way!" It didn't take long before Harold started to tell one of his clearly made-up tales from his youth, and that was Ben's cue to leave the table. His sister leaned back when he got close to her, napkin covering her face, and she stared at him with a suspicious gaze that searched for even the slightest sign of a cold.

Ben could feel how stiff his entire body was as he left the table, the eighteen-year-old guy groaning as he walked up to his room. He could hear his parents muttering to each other from the kitchen, and he knew that they were hiding something, but right now, he didn't care. All Ben wanted to do was to go upstairs and take a nap. He just hoped he would feel better afterward.

The intended fifteen-minute long nap turned into a thirteen-hour-long rest, and Ben didn't wake up until the very next day. The poor guy groaned as he woke up, and he couldn't help but sigh when he saw how early it was in the morning. Even worse, he didn't feel better. At all. Honestly, it felt almost worse than yesterday. Benji sighed as she sat up with another groan, and a series of pops from his sore joints quickly followed it.

Ben stood up, unaware of how pale he looked, and he got dressed before shuffling downstairs to get something to eat. The rest of the household was fast asleep this early in the morning, so that meant that he could enjoy some breakfast alone for once.

He ran a hand through his short mane of dark hair, not noticing how the locks seemed a tad bit thicker and longer than yesterday, before opening the fridge. The young guy's belly let out a long and agitated rumble at the mere sight of food, and he could feel his mouth watering as his gaze wandered over the fridge stuffed to the brim with food. He wasn't usually a big fan of breakfast, but there was no denying just how hungry he was. Not only that, but he had this odd craving for pancakes. Cinnamon pancakes, loaded with syrup.

So, much to his surprise, he found himself in the kitchen making some for himself. He wasn't much of a cook, and he didn't like making food either, but he felt oddly calm and relaxed as he made the pancake batter. He had never really made pancakes before, yet he seemed to know exactly how to make them and what ingredients he needed. It all came naturally to him, and Benjamin was soon gorging on a small mountain of pancakes loaded with enough syrup to satiate a small family. It tasted okay, but he was surprised at how delicious the maple syrup was, and he wondered if his mother had gotten a new brand or something. The saccharine taste lingered in his mouth long after he was done with the breakfast, causing him to smack his lips and lick his gums to make sure that he got every last drop of it.

Ben headed upstairs after breakfast to get a shower, the young guy hoping that the warm water would soothe his aching joints and sore neck. It did, and he stood there for much longer than he intended. Finally, almost an hour later, Ben got out of the shower and started to dry himself off. The guy stood in front of the mirror, drying his hair with a towel when he noticed something odd. His entire face looked a little puffy, swollen even, and Ben could swear that his skin didn't look as smooth as it did yesterday. However, he got the biggest surprise when he pulled the towel away from his head.

There, hanging gently down over the middle of his forehead, was a lock of the purest silver hair he had ever seen. It wasn't more than a few inches long, but it stood out on his head like a lone star in the night sky.

"What the hell?" He muttered, rubbing his finger over the silvery lock, and he could feel just how thick and voluminous the strands of hair seemed to be. Ben's mind began to race as he wondered how or where it came from, but he quickly snapped out of his thoughts when his sister Sarah hammered her fist against the door.

"Stop hogging the shower!" She huffed, and he let out a groan at the sound of her irritated voice.

"Alright, alright!" Ben hissed back, only momentarily taking his eyes off the silvery strands of her on his head. He brushed it back, hiding most of the white locks in his otherwise short dark hair, and sighed. Ben's body was already back to feeling a little sore again, and he almost wished he could take another shower to get rid of the aching sensation in his back.

Sarah glared at him as he walked out, the germophobic girl covering her mouth and keeping a respectable distance from her brother. She hurried inside and slammed the door, causing Ben to sigh. Jeez, he was already looking forward to college, where he wouldn't need to share a roof with that hypochondriac.

However, as he walked through the hallway, Ben could hear her mother talking in the distance. He didn't intend to eavesdrop, but he couldn't contain his curiosity when he heard his name. So, quietly, he walked towards the living room and stopped just outside it in the hallway.

"Yes. Yes, both Harold and I believe that it has started. No, we aren't completely sure of it." Melissa said, the rotund woman sounding nervous and worried as she talked over the

phone. What he heard pretty much confirmed his suspicions, and he figured that she was talking to some doctor about his 'sickness' or whatever it was. **"Look, I know you have a lot to do this time of year, but could you please come by and check up on him?"**

There was a long pause before she let out a sigh of relief, and Ben was a bit shocked to hear what she said next.

"Thanks so much, dad. I'll see you in a few days then. Bye." His mother then hung up and headed off to the kitchen, leaving her son confused in the hallway. It sounded like she had been talking to his grandfather, but why? He was only a carpenter who lived up north, so why would she be talking to him about what was happening to Ben?

That got him thinking back to the last time he had seen his grandfather Nick, and he realized it had been years since the last time he came here. It was a bit unfortunate as well since he really liked his grandfather. He was this jolly old fellow with a bushy beard and a bright smile on his face, the kind of geezer that no one could hate. According to his mother, Nick took it hard when he lost Ben's grandmother, Margaret, ten years ago, and he hadn't visited them since.

However, none of this explained why his mother talked to Nick as if he could help. How could a wizened carpenter with a jelly-belly and a big bushy beard help him?

Ben sighed and rubbed his sore neck again. No point in speculating. It was clear that his parents weren't going to say anything, so he might as well wait around until Nick came here. For now, he found himself craving something sweet, so he got dressed and headed out to buy some candy.

The rest of the day was pretty uneventful, and Ben spent most of it lazily in bed with his laptop and his mouth full of sweets. Each one he ate tasted better than the last one, and he ended up shopping for some more when he ran out of candy. By the time that he had passed out, he had eaten almost four pounds worth of jelly beans and chocolate treats.

Ben woke up the next morning feeling as stiff and sore as yesterday, but, for some reason, he didn't seem to mind it as much. It was as if he was getting used to the slight cramps and aches, which wasn't a comforting thought. The young guy stood up with a few pops and snaps from his joints, now yawning loudly, before heading off to take a shower.

The first thing he noticed as he stepped into the shower was how bloated he felt. Ben didn't seem bigger or heavier than yesterday, but he certainly felt swollen and lethargic. He wondered if his slim belly was softer than he remembered it or if his limbs seemed more padded than before, but Ben just assumed he was overthinking things. The warm waters worked wonders on his aching joints, and he felt ten years younger by the time it was over.

Once again, as he was drying himself off with a towel, he noticed how something was wrong with his face. Or rather, his hair. It would seem that his white lock of hair had made some friends

during the night, and he could see a few more streaks of purest silver tracing through his hair. The rest of his dark locks seemed a little longer and thicker as well, forcing Ben to brush some of it behind his ear. He had been wondering if Sarah was behind this, like a prank or something, but he found that doubtful. After all, his bitchy sister probably wouldn't dare walk into his bedroom now that she thought that Ben was sick.

"Okay, something is really wrong with me..." Benjamin said as he examined his face, and he couldn't shake the feeling that he looked older as well. However, he didn't seem to notice that his stubble was now gone. **"I need to figure out what it is, and I bet that mom and dad might have an idea what it is."**

After that, Ben got dressed and walked downstairs to grab some breakfast. Once again, he was the first to wake up in the house, and he found himself standing alone in the kitchen as he tried to figure out what to eat. Ben found himself going into autopilot as his hunger and his growing sweet tooth took over, and he found himself making some French toast.

The kitchen soon smelled of cinnamon and vanilla as he made a very sizable stack of it for himself, enough to feed two people, and Ben soon sat down to gorge on the feast. It was good, but it wasn't nearly sweet enough, and he found himself dousing it in copious amounts of syrup and sugar. His taste buds danced with joy as he devoured the saccharine meal, and he was honestly surprised to have eaten all of it himself.

It was still early in the morning at this point, and a wave of lethargy washed over him as his stomach began to digest the heavy and sugary breakfast. Ben shuffled upstairs, yawning and stretching his aching joints, before crashing on the bed with a tired sigh. He lay there for quite a while, surfing on his laptop and letting his stomach process the meal. It wasn't until much later, when jovial and booming laughter echoed through the house, that he woke up from his torpor.

"Is that grandpa Nick?" Ben muttered, and he couldn't help but feel a bit excited at the thought of seeing his grandfather. Hopefully, he and his parents could tell him what was going on since they clearly knew something. Benjamin stood up with a groan, momentarily forgetting just how tired his frame was and how much it ached, and a few audible pops from his sore joints quickly followed. The guy headed downstairs, and he could see that his parents, sister, and grandfather all sat in the living room waiting for him.

"Ah, Ben! My boy, how good to see you again." Nick said with a cheerful tone, and it was hard not to smile seeing that joyful face of his. Ben's grandfather looked like he hadn't changed a bit. He still had his thick white beard that dominated his face, and he was as large and fat as always. His belt struggled to contain that massive gut of his, which wasn't surprising. What was a bit shocking, though, was his outfit. It was bright red with white fur lining, just like the one he wore when he dressed up as Santa when they were little. Was he working part-time as a mall Santa? Or did he want to spread some holiday cheer coming dressed as one?

It didn't take long before Nick's jovial smile faded a little, and Ben could see the concerned look on his mother's and father's faces. His sister seemed clueless, though, but she did give her

brother an odd glance when she noticed the few snow-white locks in his otherwise short black hair. She wasn't the only one that saw it either, and both his parents and his grandfather looked at him with a mixture of concern and support.

"Hey, grandpa. Um, mom? Dad? Would you mind telling me what this is all about?" Ben had a feeling they would tell him even without him asking, but he wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

"Um, you should probably sit down, dear. All of this might be a bit hard to understand, but we'll do our best to explain what's going on." Melissa said as she gestured at the sofa. Ben sat down, and his aching knees and sore back thanked him profoundly for that.

An awkward silence filled the room, and Ben could see the hesitant look his parents had on their faces. In the end, it was Nick that finally spoke up after a few moments of sitting there with a pondering look on his face.

"Alright, children. I don't have a lot of time to waste, not this time of year anyway, so let me try and explain quickly what's going on and why you haven't seen me much in the last few years." The joyful man said as he ran his thick hand through his glorious white beard. His tone was cheerful, but Ben could hear the tiny hint of concern in it. **"First off, let's address the elephant in the room. In this case, that would be me and why I'm wearing a Santa outfit. The explanation is simple. I'm wearing a Santa outfit because I am Santa Claus."**

Ben and Sarah looked at him with disbelief, and they both expected him to burst out in laughter and tell them it was a joke at any moment. But nothing happened, and he stared at them with an earnest look on his face. Even their mother nodded approvingly, which only made them even more confused. All of this had to be a joke. Right?

"Um, grandpa? We aren't kids anymore. We know that Santa isn't real." Sarah said, and they could both see the amused tone on Nick's face. Ben noticed a glint in his warm eyes, and it almost looked like they shimmered briefly.

"I understand that it's hard to believe, so let me show you." The wizened man said as he stood up. Ben was always in awe at how tall and big Nick was, his belly really dominating his body. He moved with ease, though, and he could only imagine just how strong he must be if he could move that heavy frame of his around as if it weighed nothing.

Nick grabbed his huge gut with his hand, and he let out the most Santa-like laughter they had ever heard in their life. A cheerful and loud 'ho-ho-ho' echoed through the room, and both Ben and Sarah stared in awe as sparkles of pure light seemed to sweep through the room. Ben's father wasn't a big fan of Christmas, which meant that the room and house didn't have a lot of holiday decorations. However, that was about to change as holiday spirit and magic swept through the room.

They all stared in awe as an impressive Christmas tree formed in the corner of the room. The fireplace roared to life, and large holiday socks hung from the mantle with their names on them.

Decorations appeared out of nowhere, filling the room with holiday cheer and joy. Even their clothes changed, and every in the family now wore a tacky Christmas sweater with motifs of deer, snowflakes, and other holiday-related imagery.

Ben stared slack-jaw around the room, eyes with wide shock, and he couldn't believe what he had just witnessed. Sarah looked like she wasn't sure if she should scream in panic or squeal in joy at the sight of the adorable Christmas decorations. His mother and father looked impressed, but it was clear that this wasn't the first time they had witnessed something like this.

"How? Why?" Benjamin wasn't even sure what to say, and he couldn't even wrap his mind around what he had just witnessed. It was beyond surreal, and he wondered if this was how Harry felt when Hagrid told him that magic was real and that he was a wizard. The rational part of his mind still rebelled to the sheer thought of magic existing, but it was hard when faced with proof like this.

"Now now," Nick said as he sat down, planting his rotund behind in the comfy chair and snapping Ben and Sarah out of their trance. **"save your questions until the end. There's still a lot we need to tell you two."**

"I know it's hard to believe, but I am Santa Claus. The real one, with a sleigh, workshop full of elves, and all of that." Nick said, and it was easy to see how amused he was at the sight of Ben and Sarah's flabbergasted faces. **"However, I'm not the original Father Christmas. I'm a mere descendant of Saint Nicholas and the spirit of Christmas. So is your mother, and both of you as well."**

"It all began when I turned eighteen when the Santa back then was about to pass away. From what I've heard from your mother, you are now experiencing the same symptoms that I did. Sore joints, back pains, hair turning gray, all that stuff." Nick said as he gestured towards the silver locks in Benjamin's hair, and it was around this point that the guy began to realize what his grandfather was trying to say.

"Wait, are you saying that I'm going to become the new Santa Claus?" Ben muttered, and he was a bit surprised to see his grandfather shaking his head.

"I'm not sure. As you can see, I'm still at the top of my game!" The joyful and bearish man said with yet another cheerful laughter that echoed far and wide through the house. **"After all, I've only been doing this for half a century or so, and I still have a few more centuries left in me. However, there's no denying the truth. Your body is changing, and you were born on Christmas, so everything lines up perfectly."**

There were a lot of questions that swirled through Ben's head at this point. How did he even have children if he had been old since he was eighteen? How did he meet Ben's grandmother? How did he raise his daughter, Ben's mother, if he lived in the North Pole? Did he even live up there, or was that just a lie? However, right now, Ben just needed to know what was going on with him. After all, if he wasn't going to become the new Santa Claus, then what was happening to his body?

"So, what's happening to me then?" To his dismay and surprise, Nick shook his head.

"I don't know, lad. But, don't you worry, I'll try and figure it out as soon as I can." The man said as he stood up, causing his blubber-filled belly to shake like a bowl full of jelly. However, Ben could see a glint in his grandfather's eye. He was a good liar, hiding behind that jovial personality of his, but he could see that his grandfather was lying. However, for now, Ben decided not to bring it up. After all, maybe there was a reason he wasn't telling them everything? **"But I'm going to find out. I should have an answer for you in the morning. Until then, try to relax and enjoy the season!"**

That was easy for him to say - the man was the living embodiment of holiday cheer, for God's sake! Both Ben and his sister sat on the couch as Ben's parents and grandfather got up, the siblings trying to do their best to process all of this. Their mother gave them both reassuring looks, especially Ben, and their father looked as uncomfortable with all of this as they were. Nick, as expected, had a giant cheerful grin on his face as he followed his daughter into the kitchen to get something to eat.

They sat there in silence, trying to collect their thoughts when Ben heard his sister snicker.

"What?" He asked her, and he could see the amused smile on her lips.

"Nothing. I just tried to picture you as a fat guy like grandpa." Sarah muttered with another snicker.

"Ugh..." Ben groaned as he got up, joints aching and popping as he did. His belly rumbled a little, and he was a bit annoyed that he was hungry yet again. It had been less than an hour since Ben ate, and yet his gut still ached and complained. He still had some sweets up in his room, and he would rather eat that as a snack than go into the kitchen and join his parents and grandpa. It didn't sound like Ben's father was happy to hear that his son was about to turn into some Santa-clone, and both his mother and grandpa did their best to calm him down.

The rest of the day was uneventful, with Ben merely doing his best to make it through it. He stayed in his room most of the time, snacking on sweets and fueling his increasingly severe sugar addiction. Nick and his mother would pop by, ask him how he was doing, and make some polite small talk. His grandfather sat buried with his nose in a tome, one that matched his outfit perfectly, and searched for some answers. Ben's father avoided them altogether, spending most of his day in the garage and occupying his mind with some woodwork.

His sister would occasionally pop by, the girl a lot less afraid of him now that she knew he wasn't sick with the flu or anything, and ask him a bunch of annoying questions to tease him. She was a lot more amused by all of this than the rest of his family, and Ben knew that it would only get worse as time went on.

Dinner was awkward, but at least Nick's cheerful disposition did make it a lot more tolerable. The man was in his seventies, and it was remarkable how good shape he was in, especially for someone whose diet consisted of little more than porridge and sweets. Ben was a bit surprised

at how uninteresting his mother's meatloaf tasted, and he found himself forcing it down instead of enjoying it. He found himself craving something far sweeter, and it looked like Nick had noticed it.

"Don't tell your mother about this," Nick said with a wink as he handed Ben a box of Christmas sweets, the thing packed with all manner of fudge, caramel, and chocolates that made his mouth water at the sight of it. **"and don't worry. We'll figure out what's going on, and I'll be right by your side through all of this."**

Ben smiled at the sight of the bearded man's smile, and some of his worries went away when he realized that he wouldn't go through all of this alone. It would probably be weird as hell to become a fat man with a giant white beard, and he felt thankful that Nick was going to guide him through all of this.

The teen fell asleep a few hours later, with a half-eaten box of sweets on the side of his bed and with caramel and fudge stains on his cheeks.

Morning came, and Ben groaned as he sat up on the side of the bed. His body was sore and ached a little, but he was shocked at how little he seemed to care about it. It felt natural to him, and it did worry him quite a bit. However, he was far more concerned about something else. More specifically, his sore and sensitive chest. The teen gasped at how engorged and sensitive his nipples had gotten. It didn't take long to notice that both his areolas and nipples had both grown during the night. The areolas were bigger than dollar coins, and his nipples were almost as thick as his pinkie. They looked huge, and it was hard not to blush at the sight of the gigantic things adorning his puffy chest.

The poor guy got a few more surprises when he took his long and warm shower. He saw how more of his hair had turned white, with an even mix between dark hair and streaks of silver. It was a bit longer and thicker now, with the snowy white locks being more voluminous than his original hair.

Ben felt heavier as well, and he could now see that his flat belly had a bit of padding to it. Not much, but more than enough to prove that he was getting fatter. The rest of his frame felt softer as well, though it was hard to see a difference.

It was barely dawn at this point, and he could hear that he and Nick were the only ones that weren't sleeping. He sat in the living room, reading the tome, and Ben decided that he didn't want to interrupt the cheerful man. Instead, the teen went into the kitchen to grab something to eat, and once again, Ben found himself eating far more and less healthy than ever. Toast with small mountains of jam, and he was even ashamed to admit that he ate a few spoonfuls straight from the jar as well. He washed it down with full-fat milk and some soda, which caused his taste buds to tingle with joy.

After that, he was ready to pass out again. Ben headed upstairs to his room to take a nap and collapsed on the bed with the taste of jam still on his lips.

He wasn't sure how long he was out, but he could see that the sun was finally up, and the rest of the household had woken up. He could hear his parents bickering downstairs and how his sister was talking to one of her friends over the phone in her room.

Ben still felt tired after the nap, but it could have been worse. He sat up, stretched his stiff body before drowning his worries with some more caramel and fudge. God, it tasted so good that he nearly moaned as he ate it. Where did his grandpa get this stuff? It was amazing!

"Um, sweetie?" His mother said, knocking softly on the closed door to his room. **"Your grandfather says that he has found some answers."**

"Okay, mom. I'll be down in a minute." Ben's voice suddenly cracked as he talked, much like it would for a boy going through puberty, and he couldn't help but blush a little. He put on some comfortable sweatpants and an oversized sweater that would hide his swollen nipples. After all, he wouldn't hear the end of it if Sarah noticed it.

It didn't take long before everyone gathered in the living room. Nick looked as cheerful as ever, but there was a glint of worry in his eyes. Ben's mother did her best to keep a smile on her face, but she looked worried as well. So did Ben and his father. Sarah was the only one that didn't seem concerned, and she seemed amused by the current events instead of concerned or worried. Not surprising, both Ben and Sarah had been at each other's throats their entire life, and it wasn't possible to just blame it on sibling rivalry either.

"Well, the good news is that I think I know what's going on." Ben's grandfather said, but there was a hint of concern in his otherwise cheerful voice. He then continued to talk as he stared at his grandson. **"But the bad news is that I don't think you're going to like it."**

"Well, what is it?" Sarah said with a bit too much enthusiasm than Ben liked, but he couldn't deny that he too was curious.

"It isn't easy to explain, but I'll do my best." Nick cleared his throat and sat up, his large gut jiggling quite a bit as he did. **"You see, I met Margaret - the love of my life - when I was only sixteen. We didn't listen to our parents when they told us to slow down, and it didn't take long before I got her pregnant. She wasn't even eighteen when she gave birth to Melissa here, my sweet darling daughter."**

It was clear how hard it was for him to talk about his late wife, and Ben could see just how much he cared for her. Nick cleared his throat again and continued.

"Then, a week before my eighteenth birthday, the changes started. It wasn't long before I looked like this, having aged more than half a century in a matter of moments. Margaret didn't stop loving me despite our age difference, and she begged me to take her with me to the North Pole. I couldn't say no to her, but we couldn't take our darling Melissa with

her there. It wasn't a place for children, at least not for raising a child." He continued, and Ben started to understand why his mother got raised by her aunt and uncle instead.

"Get to the point." Ben's father said with a tired voice. **"What's happening to my son?"**

"I'm getting to that. Well, as soon as we got to the North Pole, Margaret began to change. Soon she blossomed into a wonderful woman my age, becoming Mrs. Claus in both body and spirit." The bearded man said, now pausing to scratch his chin as it looked like he was pondering how to explain the next part.

"But, she wasn't a descendant of the Christmas spirit, and that's why she didn't live for as long as she should. She only became Mrs. Claus because of our love and not because it was her destiny." Nick explained with a heavy sigh, once again taking a short break to clear his throat. **"Margaret lived a long and happy life, and I will always cherish our time together."**

"Wait, how long are you going to live? I mean, haven't you been Santa Claus for almost half a century?" Ben asked, and he could see a smile spread over his bearded face.

"Oh, yes indeed. I've done this for quite a while, but I'm still considered a young Santa. My predecessor was almost five centuries old when he passed away." His grandfather explained, and that put things into perspective. That meant that he might still have another four centuries left in him, and Ben had a hard time believing it. Not only that, but if he became the next Santa, then would he live for as long? There were too many questions swirling around inside of his head. He felt dizzy from being almost overloaded with new information, his mind racing to make sense of all of this.

"But, there must always be a Mr. and Mrs. Claus. Always. So, now that Margaret has passed away, I think that the Christmas spirit is trying to fix that." Nick explained, and his words snapped Ben out of his thoughts. Wait, what did he mean by that? He could feel his heart starting to race a little, and he found himself unable or unwilling to understand what that implied.

The room fell silent as his grandfather stopped talking, and it wasn't until a few moments later that Sarah broke the silence.

"Wait, are you saying what I think you're saying?" She asked with a snicker, which caused Ben to give her an odd glance. What did she mean? And what did she think was so funny? Deep down, he kind of knew what it meant. However, his mind still refused to accept it.

"Indeed." Nick gave her a nod before turning his gaze towards Ben again. **"I don't think Ben is becoming a new Mr. Claus. I think, as strange as it sounds, that he's becoming the new Mrs. Claus."**

In one fell moment, the room erupted into a bickering mess. Sarah laughed, his father protested, and his mother tried to calm everyone down. At the same time, Nick tried his best to answer

their questions and do his best to ease their worries. Ben wasn't listening. It felt like his heart had sunk into his chest, and he could almost feel his world getting shattered around him.

Nick had to be wrong, right? There was no way that what he was telling was true! And yet, he knew deep down that he was speaking the truth. It would explain his engorged nipples, his increasingly longer silver hair, and the reason why his hips, ass, thighs, and buttocks had felt more swollen than the rest of his body. It was bad enough that he was getting older and probably fatter, but now he wasn't even going to keep his gender? Not only that but what would this mean with his grandfather? If he became Mrs. Claus, would that mean they would be married? Oh god, what if it meant more than just pretending to be his wife?

It was too much for him to handle right now, and he merely excused himself and headed upstairs to his room. He could hear Sarah's amused laughter echo through the house as he closed the door and collapsed onto the bed. Ben's strained mind and body couldn't handle the stress and panic right now, and he found himself drifting off to sleep as a result of it.

For a moment, as Ben woke up, he wondered if it had all been a bad dream. A weird nightmare where his body was changing in ways he didn't want or control, becoming something he couldn't even imagine before all of this.

However, that fleeting hope vanished when his body reminded him how stiff it was and how much his joints ached. The sensitive and engorged nipples were just the icing on this horrible and strange cake.

"Oh god..." He muttered as he sat up on the side of the bed, his voice cracking a bit again.

"I know, bud. It isn't an easy thing to swallow." A familiar voice said, and Ben could see that his grandfather stood at the edge of his doorway with his usual and cheerful smile on his face. Ben wasn't sure if he was happy, angry, sad, or just confused to see his grandfather's face. At least his smile did put him a little at ease.

"Mind if I sit down?" He asked, and Ben shook his head. Nick was a massive man, and it wasn't just because of his weight. He was a tall fellow, standing over six and a half feet tall, and Ben could only assume that he hid thick and strong muscles underneath all that padding on his body. He sat down next to Ben, causing the bed to creak loudly.

"Look, I understand that all of this is new and scary, but try not to worry. I'll be right by your side to help you adjust to all of this, and I'll make sure that you'll get through this. Okay?" It was hard not to smile a bit at the sight of Nick's warm smile and reassuring words, and Ben gave a soft smile and a nod back to the jolly old fellow.

"Unfortunately, I'm going to be busy for the next few days. After all, Christmas is around the corner, and I need to prepare for the long sleigh-ride around the world." The man said,

scratching his beard. **"But, in the meantime, your mother has promised me that she'll take care of you and help you through this until I get back."**

"As for the changes, they'll continue until Christmas eve. On that night, the final transformation will happen. I won't hurt, and I think you might even find it quite enjoyable." He said with a chuckle as he stood up, leaving Ben with only more questions and worries swirling through his head. But, despite how bad things looked, at least he would have his grandfather to guide him through all of this.

"I need to leave now. So, until I get back, make sure to take it easy and rest up. And remember, stay positive!"

And, with that, he left. Nick said goodbye to the rest of the family before his jolly laugh and sleigh-bells disappeared off into the distance. Ben spent the rest of the day in his room, now trying to process everything his grandfather had said to him. Sarah popped by once to ask him a few annoying questions, no doubt to tease and humiliate him a bit, and he slammed the door on her face every time.

Ben's mother came by with dinner, but it tasted nowhere near as good as he had hoped. His body craved something sweet or fattening, and the casserole wasn't what he wanted. Ben did his best to eat it all, and he rewarded himself with the rest of the caramels and chocolates that Nick gave him once he finished his dinner.

His father had disappeared, no doubt finding all of this too weird and confusing to wrap his head around. Harold probably hid in the garage, occupying his mind by working on one of his projects.

The rest of the day was uneventful, and so were the next few days. Ben spent all of his time in his room, avoiding his sister and his father, as his body continued to change in small but significant ways. The rest of his hair turned pristine snowy white, now reaching down to the bottom of his chin, and he was shocked at how silky and thick his mane had gotten. Ben noticed that his body had lost a bit of height as well, and his chest had continued to swell a little in size. The rest of his body had fattened up a little as well, with his hips, thighs, ass, and belly gaining most of the extra padding. It wasn't enough to make him look like a girl or anything, but he didn't like what all of this meant. Even the hair on his arms, chest, and legs had all fallen off, leaving his skin much smoother and hairless than he liked.

His sugar addiction continued to grow, and almost the only thing he could eat was sweets by the final day. Ben found himself with weird urges as well, and he had to stop himself from walking down to the kitchen to bake on more than a few occasions. Not only that, but he was finding it harder and harder to swear. The words seemed to morph on their way from his mind to his mouth, for example turning *fuck* and *damn* to *fudge* and *darn*, and it made his sister only more amused as he tried to curse at her.

Benji's sister would pop by occasionally, much to his dismay, and it was clear how much she enjoyed all of this. They had been at each other's throats since she was born, and she was

enjoying the opportunity to tease her big brother quite a bit during all of this. The worst part about it wasn't how she teased him about his silver hair or his swelling body. What he really hated was the humiliating and insinuating questions she asked him.

"If you are going to turn into Mrs. Claus, does that mean that Nick's going to be your husband? Does that you'll share a bed?"

"Do you remember grandma Maggie? I wonder if you'll end up as fat as she was. Maybe you'll end up even fatter!"

"If grandpa is going to live for several more centuries, does that mean that you'll be his wife for that entire time? That's a very long time, so I hope you'll get used to being a fat old woman!"

It was easy to ignore her, but her words still managed to creep into the deepest part of his mind. It fueled his imagination, like kindling added to a fire, and it made his mind conjure up more than a few horrible images and scenarios in his head.

The days went by quickly, and soon it was only minutes away from Christmas. Ben lay in his bed, eyes wide and heart racing as he watched the clock on his nightstand. He couldn't sleep, which wasn't surprising, and he lay bundled up in his sheets and blanket as he waited for the inevitable to happen. Seconds passed by, and he stared with dread at the clock as midnight approached.

Ben's heart skipped a beat when his digital clock turned '00:00'. He lay there, perfectly still, as he waited for the final transformation to happen. Seconds passed by, and nothing seemed to happen. Sweat poured from his brow from just how stressed and nervous he was, and his heart was beating like a drum in his chest. But, when nothing was happening, he began to calm down. Maybe his grandfather was wrong?

Then, seemingly out of nowhere, he began to hear Christmas bells in the distance. It sounded muffled and far away, but it got louder and more intense with each passing moment. Suddenly, his entire frame began to tingle, and his heart started to beat fast as he felt a weird buzz in every inch of his sore body. Sweat poured from his body, and the heat was unbearable. Ben pulled the covers, sheets, and blanket to the side, and he soon lay naked and exposed on the bed as he began to hyperventilate.

The Christmas bells now rang loudly in his ears, and he felt sure that he was the only one that could hear them. Otherwise, the entire neighborhood would be wide awake at this point.

Ben's body burned hot as the transformation began, and he could feel how his chest started to buzz. He saw how erect his nipples were, and his eyes went wide as they grew with each passing moment. Ben put his hands over them, almost as if he thought he could stop the changes by doing so, and he stifled a moan from how sensitive they had gotten. It didn't take long before his nipples were massive, easily as thick as his thumb, and how his areolas were over several inches across. Then, a moment later, fat poured into his swollen chest.

"N-No..." He whispered to himself, now doing his best to stay as quiet as he could throughout all of this. The last thing he wanted was his parents or sister from seeing him like this.

Ben watched in horror as his flat chest grew in size, becoming larger and larger with each passing moment. He was blowing through cup-size after cup-size without any sign of slowing down. There was no denying it; he was growing tits, a pair that was now filling out the palm of his hands quickly.

"S-Stop..." Ben muttered with a slightly more effeminate voice, and any hopes of ending up as a woman with small breasts got crushed as they continued to fatten up. They were overflowing his shrinking hands, his dainty fingers struggling to contain the boob-flesh that never seemed to stop swelling. His hands sank into his breasts, feeling his stiff nipples caressing the palms of his hands, and it sent shameful pleasure through his body. Ben stifled a moan, and he watched as his tits grew to immense proportions. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, they stopped growing. Unfortunately, at that point, they were bigger than basketballs. Massively fat and sagging tits, with signs of wrinkles and stretch marks that made it clear that they didn't belong to a young woman. The nipples were the largest ones he had ever seen, and they looked even big on his impressive mounds.

Ben then watched them get paler as the color seemed to fade from his skin. He glanced down at his dainty hands, eyes wide at the ghostly white fingers adorned with modest yet feminine nails. Then, a moment later, he watched as his slim fingers fattened up just like his breasts had. They soon looked like sausages, plump fingers that looked right at home on an obese older woman. Padding spread up his arms, muscles turning into pliant fat, as his limbs soon matched his hands. Wrinkles appeared everywhere, once more reminding him how old he would be in the end. Then, to his horror, he realized that he couldn't reach fully around his massive tits with his now shorter and plumper arms.

"Ah! D-Darn it..." Benjamin gasped as he heard his shoulders crack as they shrank, and he could feel his torso slimming down. His skeleton was now shrinking in some places like his chest and growing in others, like his hips. Soon his pelvis popped and snapped as it grew in size, going from narrow to beyond childbearing in a matter of moments. Ben's entire body was sore after his skeleton stopped transforming, and he had lost at least half a foot in height at this point. Muscles and lost bone mass turned to fat, and his once shrinking body soon began to grow and blossom again.

While this happened, Ben could hear the Christmas bells ringing in his ears. Not only that, but he now heard children singing holiday carols, the sound of which sent tingles through his entire body. All of this only seemed to accelerate the changes, and he could feel how his increasingly softer and weaker body became more womanly and older as time went on.

"Oh, golly!" The words that left his mouth were soft and feminine, high-pitched and matronly in tone. It wasn't the brash young voice of a guy in his teen but the meek and caring tone of a heavy-set grandmother. His Adam's apple had already disappeared, and he knew that it wouldn't be long before the changes swept up to his head.

A loud gurgle soon filled the room, and Ben groaned as he gripped his belly. He had a hard time even reaching it now that he had sagging breasts the size of boulders on his chest, and merely rubbing against his soft orbs made his cock twitch shamefully with excitement. Benjamin pressed his hands against his padded yet still flat tummy, and he groaned as he felt fat surge into his midsection. Wave after wave of lard poured into his belly, fattening it up at a rapid rate, and it wasn't long before his gut was flabby and plump. And, just like his breasts, it never seemed to stop growing. Pound after pound of fat poured into it, growing until his sagging belly was the size of a small beanbag chair. It was as immense as his tits, equally flabby and wrinkly and old as well.

At the same time, his hips had grown to ridiculous proportions, and his thighs had gotten beyond obese. The gap between his legs was gone, never to be seen again in his life. Feet shrank, becoming fat and womanly, and the rest of his legs became as fat as the rest of his body.

The changes then swept upwards to his face, and he let out a gasp as fat poured into it. Benjamin could feel his lips growing fat, his cheeks becoming plump, and he could feel his skull shrinking slightly. Eyes tingled as they turned bright blue, just like Nicks, and he could feel his eyelashes getting long and womanly. His hair cascaded down his scalp, growing longer and thicker than ever before. It didn't stop until it reached his upper back, perfect silvery locks that now framed his pale womanly face. His now womanly and fat head sat on top of rolls of lard, and it was hard not to notice his very defined double-chin and massively bloated cheeks.

Then, a moment after his head had changed, he could feel something tugging and pulling at his manhood.

"G-Gracious, not that..." Ben muttered in his granny-like voice as the bells rang and carols sang in his head, drowning his thoughts in Christmas cheer. The magic yanked at his testicles, and he gasped as they pulled into his body. Once there, they were twisted and changed into something hopelessly feminine. Estrogen pumped into his system, washing away testosterone in the process, and the influx of womanly hormones made his plump frame tingle and buzz from how sensitive it got.

Ben's manly pride diminished in size, shrinking each time it throbbed and twitched until it was gone. The poor guy couldn't see it happen, the size of his massive tits and bloated gut made it impossible to say anything below his waist, but **she** could certainly feel it. It wasn't long before Ben was no longer a man, and all that remained of her former cock was a fat and old feminine flower that was way past its prime.

"I-Is it over?" Ben muttered as she sat up, feeling the weight of her body and shuddering from how every inch of her frame jiggled with even the slightest motion. He knew it wasn't over since the bells and carols still sang in his head. Then, a fraction of a second later, her backside started to tingle like crazy. She let out a gasp and fell to her hands and knees on the bed, ass now sticking right up in the air. Ben's obese belly and fat tits were squished against the soft sheets as she glanced over her shoulder and saw how her ass started to grow.

It was round and padded, to begin with, but it looked flat and uninspiring compared to the rest of her incredibly curvaceous frame. However, that was about to change as she watched, in horror and pleasure, as fat poured into her ass-cheeks. They ballooned outward, growing at an impressive pace, and she bit down with her plump lips and feminine mouth into the pillow to stop herself from moaning. It was over as quickly as it started, and Benji was met with a huge surprise when she glanced over her shoulder.

There it was, a sagging dump truck of an ass that protruded easily over two feet out from his body. Each ass-cheek was as big as both Ben's tits combined, and that wrinkly behind easily dwarfed even her impressively fat belly in size. There wasn't a chair big enough to support that backside, and each cheek could easily take up an entire couch cushion. Ben had never seen an ass that big before, and she was now the 'proud' owner of it. It jiggled and shook like jelly with each breath she took, the sight and sensation of which confused and shocked her. Ben even tried to imagine the size of the underwear needed to contain such a booty, and she doubted that anything short of a small tent would suffice.

Finally, it was over. The singing stopped, the bells no longer rang, and the room got silent. But, as Ben lay there collapsed on the bed, she heard something. A soft clicking sound, one that happened over and over again. It came from the door, and she brushed her long silvery locks from her plump and womanly face as she moved her gaze over there. Her bright blue eyes went wide when she saw Sarah standing there, phone in hand and clearly taking pictures of her obese and curvaceous form.

"Wow." Ben's sister said in awe, the girl doing her best not to burst into laughter at the sight of her brother's new plump and womanly figure. **"You're even bigger than Maggie was. I wonder what grandpa will say when he sees you."**

Fear. Panic. Shame. All of it washed over Ben's obese body as she stared in shock at her sister, lips quivering and body shuddering from stress.

"G-Get out!" Ben hissed as her lips smacked together, and she sounded more like an ashamed and offended old lady than anything else. She was beyond tired and ready to pass out any moment, but the shock of seeing her sister there was enough to keep him awake.

"Sure thing, I already got what I need." Sarah had a grin on her face as she put away her phone before slowly closing the door. **"Good night, 'grandma!'"**

All of this was just too much for poor Ben to handle, and she found himself passing out on the bed only moments after hiding her fat figure underneath layer after layer of sheets and blankets. The bed creaked from even the slightest movement of her heavy frame, and every inch of her body jiggled in ways she hadn't experienced before.

The holiday 'miracle' was over, and Ben's formerly young and masculine figure was gone. All that remained was the far older and curvaceous frame of an elderly and pale grandmother - the perfect body for the new Mrs. Claus.

'Ho-Ho-Ho!'

Nick's cheerful voice echoed above the house, and it wasn't long before his plump figure emerged out from the fireplace by magic. He now donned the complete outfit, making him look like the person he was, and the bearded man gazed around the room. Melissa was there to greet her father with a smile and a worried look in her eyes.

"Ah, my darling daughter!" He said as he hugged the plump woman. **"How is Ben doing?"**

"He's upstairs, in his room. Um, I don't think he's taking it so well." She explained, and Nick wasn't surprised to hear that. After all, the grandfather himself didn't take it so well when he quadrupled in age and gained two hundred pounds in a night. Nick could only assume just how much worse it must've been for Ben.

"I understand, don't worry. I'll try and talk to Ben." The jolly figure said with an unusually somber tone, and soon the stairs creaked underneath his heavy steps as he made his way to Ben's room.

A soft knock on the door snapped Ben out of her sullen trance. She had locked herself in the room, not wanting to see or talk to anyone looking like this, and not even Nick could change that. Unfortunately, a locked door was no match for some yuletide magic, and the heavy-set man soon walked into the room.

"Hey, Ben. Sorry that I'm so late." The bearded man said apologetically before closing the door behind him. Ben lay on the bed, covered in enough blankets and sheets to cover every inch of her body, but that still didn't hide the immensity of her frame.

"Go away." Ben was whispering, but he could still hear just how soft and matronly his voice had become.

"Oh, Ben. We both know that won't change anything. I know that you aren't happy with all of this, and you didn't choose this for yourself, but hiding in your room won't undo what happened." Nick said in a calming and soothing voice, and Ben couldn't deny that it felt good to hear it. For some reason, it calmed her down, and she could feel her stress melting away slowly but surely. He sat down next to her, causing the bed to creak and complain under the extra weight.

"I know. It's just don't know what to do." Ben wasn't used to hearing her voice, and she could barely believe it was hers. It made her sound like some grandmother in a fairytale, as tender and sweet as pie, and it certainly sounded like the voice that belonged to the wife of Mr. Claus.

"Well, I often find that putting on clothes is a good start. Don't you agree?" Once again, Ben found it hard not to warm up to the lovable man, and he soon sat up on the bed. The entire thing shook and creaked as she moved, and her frame jiggled uncontrollably as well. She pulled

down the blanket from her head, revealing her long thick mane of silver hair and that adorably plump and beautiful yet aged face of hers. Nick smiled at the sight of it, and his heart skipped a beat as he stared into her eyes. Ben felt something similar, and she found herself blushing as she stared at the person that used to be her grandfather.

"I guess..." Ben muttered, forcing a smile and brushing some snowy white locks from her face.

"That's the spirit. Look, I don't know what will happen from here on out, but I promise you that I'll do my best to make you feel as comfortable as possible going forward. Okay?"

The longer Ben stared at the man, the more confused she started to become. She could feel how her heart was beating faster, and she couldn't stop staring into his warm eyes. Her loins ached in ways she wasn't used to, and she found herself imagining things that made her blush. One thing was sure - Ben was still straight. Unfortunately, that meant something completely different now that she was a woman.

"Now, I've brought you some clothes that I think will suit you nicely. I'm going to get Melissa so she can help you get dressed." Nick then stood up, the springs in the bed sighing with relief, and walked towards the door. He stopped just before he walked out, and he turned around and smiled. **"For what it's worth, I think you're beautiful."**

Ben's cheeks turned a deep crimson red as she blushed, and her heart skipped a beat when she heard his words. Why did he have to say that?! And why did hearing that make her feel so good?

"Ah!" Ben gasped as her mother once again tried pulling on the bra straps. Each time she pulled, it would squish her massive mounds together, sending pleasurable tingles through her obese body that she neither wanted nor could suppress.

"Only a little more!" Melissa groaned as she tried again, hoping to hook the clasp on the back this time around. They had been in here for half an hour, trying to get the clothes that Nick had brought with him on Ben's body, and they were still struggling with the bra. Finally, after a lot of huffing and groaning, she managed to clasp it, and Ben could feel how the massive undergarment now hugged his beyond bloated and wrinkly breasts perfectly. Honestly, he felt relieved that his tits finally got the support that they both needed and deserved.

"Okay, almost done." The rotund mother said as she walked to the bed, now trying to unpack the red dress that looked bigger than a tent. Unfortunately, that gave Ben a lot of time to stare at her reflection and take in her expansive curves and old body. It was hard to believe that less than a week ago, she had been an eighteen-year-old guy, and now she was stuck like this.

Ben sighed as she watched her frame jiggle and shake with every tiny movement of her body, sending her breasts and, especially, her backside into a wobbling frenzy. The frilly red bra did a remarkable job at containing her tits and giving them a perkiness a pair of boulders like that shouldn't have. Unfortunately, he couldn't say the same thing about his panties. The matching

pair of red underwear had initially looked too large for her, but both of them had underestimated the sheer size of her voluptuous rear. The panties covered her feminine snatch, but her booty had swallowed most of the fabric up, and she was showing off more than half of her giant wrinkly ass to the world.

The nylon stockings that covered her legs did make her legs look incredibly stunning, and they did hide how wrinkly her skin was, even if Ben had protested loudly when her mother wanted to put them on her. *'It's part of the outfit!'* Her mother had said, and she knew better than to argue with the stubborn woman. Now, without the dress on, she looked more like some granny that was trying to spruce up her anniversary night with some sexy lingerie, a thought that made Ben shudder. It didn't help that Melissa had put her white hair up into a bun on her head, which only accentuated the look even more.

What shocked Ben the most was how perky her assets were despite their size and her age. Her belly should be hanging down to her knees, and her ass and tits should be drooping down immensely, but they only sagged about as much as Melissa's large and fat curves. That said quite a bit since Ben was around three times more stacked than she was, as well as being twice as fat. She figured that it was probably the holiday magic behind that, but that didn't mean she had to like it.

"Honey? Where did you put the toolbox?" A familiar voice said, echoing through the house, and Ben's heart skipped a beat when she heard that it was getting closer. She didn't have time to react before her father stood in the doorway, Harold's eyes going wide when he saw his son for the first time since her transformation. The father thought that Ben wasn't in his room, and he was shocked to see her standing there half-naked in front of him.

"Um, hi, son..." He muttered awkwardly, his gaze traveling over her body. Ben did his best to try and conceal his exposed curves and nakedness, but that was like trying to hide a car underneath a towel.

"Uh, hi, dad..." Ben answered with an embarrassed tone, her cheeks now burning red as she tried to move her fat arms over her breasts to at least cover them up a little.

"Oh, the toolbox? I put it in the storage room." Melissa said as she continued to unwrap and fold out the dress, snapping Harold out of his trance, and the man blushed when he realized how much he had been staring at Ben's near-naked body.

It was at this point that Ben saw something that shocked him. Harold was wearing a pair of tight sweat pants, and they did nothing to hide his massive erection. For a brief moment, Ben tried to tell herself that there might be some other reason he got aroused. But no, she could see that Harold was only staring at her and her gigantic ass. They were no longer related to each other now that Ben had been transformed and had inherited the holiday spirit, but that didn't make things any less awkward. The teenage guy in her was disgusted by this, but her womanly body certainly loved the attention, and she felt ashamed at how her loins tingled at the sight of Harold's raging boner through his pants. Ben had seen the carnal and lustful look in Harold's

eyes, and there was no doubt in her head how much his former father enjoyed his new and stacked figure.

"Oh, okay. Um, see you later..." Harold muttered, unaware that his erection was still in view as he hurried off. Then, at that moment, Ben realized something else. She remembered when Margaret was still around and how Harold would always compliment and be nice to the rotund woman when she visited. Maggie wasn't as curvy as Ben was, not even close, but Nick's former wife was still an incredibly plump woman. Benji had thought that Harold only was trying to be kind to the woman, but after she had just witnessed, she now knew that it was more than just that.

Gosh, Ben thought back to all the times Harold had offered to drive Maggie somewhere or spend time with her. All of this shed new light on her perverted former father, and she couldn't help but blush even more at the thought that Harold imagined her naked body in the shower or when he was with her former mother.

"Oh, gracious..." Ben muttered as he buried his plump face in her fat wrinkly hands, almost as if he was trying to get rid of the shame by hiding from it.

"What is it, dear?" Melissa asked as she walked up to the stacked Mrs. Claus, and the plump granny simply shook her head. It made her entire face and fat chins jiggle like jelly, and it caused her curves to bounce around a little.

"Nothing." Ben didn't want to think about any of that. Right now, he just wanted to get dressed, even if it meant wearing a dress that was as big as a tent yet would struggle to contain and cover her obese figure.

"Alright, put your arms up, and let's get you dressed." Her former mother said, and they both began the struggle to get the pale elderly gal into the dress. It would take another ten minutes before Ben walked out of her room fully dressed, and she hated how the outfit hugged her every curve tighter than she wanted. The dress wasn't low-cut by any means, but it was impossible not to show off some cleavage with a bosom as massive as hers.

Nick was waiting in the hallway, and the man gave Ben a bright smile when he saw her. The sight of it did put her at ease and made her feel a little less miserable, and she was ashamed of how good his lingering gaze over her plump curves felt.

"There we go. One step in the right direction." Nick said as he walked up towards the former teen. Ben was in awe at how tall and massive her grandfather was next to her, and she blushed when she realized that she was still probably fatter and heavier than he was. **"Now, let's go downstairs and get something to eat. I've spent all night delivering presents, and you've had to endure the transformation, so I think we both deserve something in our bellies."**

Ben could feel how her grandfather put his hand on her back on their way down to the kitchen, and she felt ashamed that she said nothing about it. Even worse, Benjamin felt embarrassed at how good and calm she felt with him so close to her.

"You know, you should consider thinking of a new name for yourself," Nick suggested as they walked to the kitchen, each step causing Ben's entire body to shake and wobble. **"and I've always been a fan of Barbara. Would it be okay if I called you that?"**

The mere thought of changing her name to that made her shudder, but she didn't have the heart to say no to the cheerful man. So, with a blush, she gave him a soft nod. Nick smiled, his hand now sliding a bit further down on her back until it rested just above her gigantic behind.

"Good." Nick flashed her a smile that made Barbara's heart skip a beat as he said it, and she felt ashamed of how good he made her feel. One thing was sure, Barbara's former grandfather certainly knew how to make an old gal feel special.

The next few days were weird. Not bad, just strange and confusing.

There were numerous things Barbara found herself getting used to, one of which was her new name. It wasn't long before even her former parents and sister called her by that name, although Sarah mostly did that to tease her. After all, the fourteen-year-old girl seemed to enjoy tormenting her new granny as much as she could, and watching her former brother blush in embarrassment sent delightful tingles through her body.

However, each time Sarah started teasing Barbara or asking her questions that made her ashamed, Nick always swooped in to save her. Sarah knew better than to argue with Santa Claus himself, and she found herself unable to tease the rotund Mrs. Claus whenever he was around her. That meant that Barbara found herself clinging to Nick almost every waking moment, and Nick certainly didn't seem to mind that.

It wasn't hard to see just how attracted Nick was to his womanly counterpart, and Barbara found him staring at her body on more than a few occasions. The cheerful man was respectful, though, and he would keep his distance and not do anything that made her uncomfortable. However, she knew that Nick was testing the waters. Over the next few days, he would be more friendly with her. Nick would often compliment her looks or help her whenever she had trouble with anything. Barbara also noticed that he was getting more touchy-feely, with his hands caressing her backside or brushing up against her breasts. She never once complained about it, and Barbara figured that he would stop if she just told him that.

However, as shameful as it was, she kind of liked it. Whenever she was near Nick, she could feel her heart beating faster than before, and she saw the bearded man in a new light compared to before. Barbara couldn't believe how handsome he looked, and she would find herself imagining far too shameful things from time to time. It wasn't easy having the libido and sexual lust of a guy in her late teens and having the heterosexual body of a plump older woman. Barbara didn't want to feel like this, but she couldn't help it. Her massive and sensitive breasts didn't help at all, nor did her sensitive and engorged nipples.

Barbara's father only made things worse. The pervert spent most of his time avoiding his former son, but he found himself unable to stare at her whenever they were in the same room. Harold's lecherous gaze made Barbara both uncomfortable and somewhat turned on, which in turn only made her more ashamed and embarrassed.

At least his mother was helpful, but Barbara could do without the tips she gave her on being a woman. After all, the former teen wanted to go back to normal again and not learn to be a woman! Still, she felt grateful that Melissa tried to help.

One of the few upsides about all of this was that her body wasn't sore anymore. She felt a bit more tired than she did when she was a guy, but at least her joints never ached. However, Barbara often found herself sitting down to rest her legs from moving her heavy body around, and her back would often ache from carrying the boulders on her chest.

Another weird thing was that her taste buds seemed to have changed completely. She could only eat things stuffed with sugar, which meant that her entire diet would consist of caramel, fudge, chocolates, and baked sweets from now on. An upside was that her taste buds were a lot stronger than before, and that meant that even a simple jelly bean would taste almost euphoric to her. Barbara also found herself with a newfound love and knowledge of baking, especially when it came to sweets, and she fought the urge to go into the kitchen at night to bake loads of cookies and baked goods.

Barbara's body was a bit of a pain to carry around as well, and she had lost count on the number of times she had bumped her butt, belly, or breasts into a shelf or knocked out a lamp. Even some of the more narrow doorways in the house were a pain to go through since her backside would often get stuck in it.

And yet, the teen formerly known as Ben was adapting to it with a remarkable pace. Barbara could even put on her clothes by herself after a few days, which was a feat considering how hard it was for her to reach most parts of her body.

New years eve was approaching fast, and his parents and sisters were going to spend the evening with some relatives. That meant that Barbara and Nick were left alone in the house, celebrating the new year together. After that, Nick would head back home to the North Pole to prepare for next year's Christmas. He didn't say it, but Barbara knew that she would need to come with him when he left. After all, it would be her home as well from now on.

Barbara was worried. She could feel how her will was straining under the kind compliments from the handsome bearded fellow, and she didn't know how long she could keep him away from her. Hell, Barbara wasn't even sure if she wanted to hold on to her old self anymore.

After all, no one seemed to remember her old self. Friends. Acquaintances. Even family. The only ones that knew that Ben had ever existed was her close family, so what was the reason to cling to her old life for any longer?

"You look lovely tonight." Nick's deep voice echoed through the quiet room. A tingle of pure pleasure passed down Barbara's spine when she heard it, and she couldn't help but smile. He ran his hand over her exposed bosom, the dress showing off a copious amount of cleavage and leaving little to the imagination.

"Thanks." She answered demurely, fat cheeks blushing red and her plump face beaming with joy from the compliment. Barbara took another sip from the eggnog, letting the alcoholic beverage soothe her nerves and fill her belly up with a warm glow. It wasn't the first glass she had tonight, and she knew that she was getting a little tipsy. Barbara didn't care. She just wanted something to take the edge away and ease her confusion and worries.

As midnight approached and the end of the year was getting near, Nick got more and more handsy. His thick and powerful hands moved over her body, destroying what little resistance her tipsy mind still put up, and Barbara felt ashamed at how good it all felt. The way he squeezed her tits, groped her massive behind, and how he ran his hand up and down her fat thighs. It was all too much for her, and the former teen was soon letting out womanly gasps and moans of pure lust-filled delight.

Nick kissed her, his plump belly pressing up against hers and his beard rubbing against her chin. She could stop this at any moment, and all she needed to do was to say no. And yet, she didn't. Instead, Barbara kissed him back and ran her fat fingers over his pudgy yet undeniably muscular arms. Barbara knew she shouldn't want this, but she didn't care. It all felt too good, and she felt so safe in his arms, and her raging libido was now in control.

Before long, Barbara found herself on her back on the bed. Her silvery locks framed her face and spread out over the sheets under her, Barbara's bright blue eyes now flickering with shameful lust. Mrs. Claus bit down on her fat lips, smearing some red lipstick on her teeth as she did, as Nick moved in towards her. His thick hands gripped her plump thighs, spreading her legs apart, and she muffled a moan as she knew what was going to happen next. She stared at his large, fat, and hairy body as he loomed over her, and the woman felt ashamed at how attracted she was to him right now. It was wrong, so very wrong. And yet, she wanted it so bad.

It wasn't long before his fat gut pressed up against hers and his huge cock pressed against her folds. Nick didn't even need to ask her if she wanted this since the look on her face was answer enough for him. It wasn't long before he thrust deep into her body, and a lustful moan echoed through the bedroom.

"Goodness gracious!" Barbara cried out, sounding like a grandmother on her anniversary night, as Nick gave her body what it wanted. Their bellies jiggled like bowls full of jelly against each other with each thrust, the bed creaking loudly from their immense weight. Barbara played with her breasts and tugged at her nipples as the man claimed her as his wife, her moans only getting louder.

Barbara didn't know if she would ever get used to this. To be so old, so womanly, so plump. She wasn't sure if the holiday spirit that had filled her body was a blessing or a curse, but right now,

she didn't care. All Barbara cared about now was for Nick to fill her body up with **his** holiday cheer and love.

Fireworks filled the night sky as they consummated their marriage. It was a holiday season and a New Years' eve that neither one of them would forget in their long, long lives.