

The Scent of Christmas (MtF, AP, WG, MILF, Gas)

"Almost there, Mrs. Claus! Just another hundred miles or so to go!"

Merry's cheerful tone pierced through the whistling of the wind and the joyous jingling of the bells on the sleigh. The cold gusts kissed their skin as they flew through the clouds at speeds only a magical chariot meant for Saint Nick could achieve, the reindeer bouncing on the clouds as the elf steered them onward. The elf and the hefty passenger in the back remained warm and toasty from the holiday magic in the sleigh despite the chilly winds and cold weather. They left a trail of sparkles and glitter as they hurried away from the frozen north toward civilization, the unforgiving wasteland of the North Pole soon replaced with the twinkling lights of cities below them. The only thing missing from the scene was the signature *'ho-ho-ho'* from Saint Nick as the sleigh flew through the air. Instead, the only sound the passenger in the back made was strained groans and gentle huffs as she rubbed her bloated belly.

"Thank you, Merry," Mrs. Claus said, her body jiggling and shaking with every turbulent wind.

Barbra sighed as she felt the wind caressing her fat cheeks and blowing through her snowy white hair that rested on her head in a tight matronly bun. She leaned her hefty body to stare down the side of the sleigh, soon seeing the twinkling lights from the cities they were speeding over across the sky. It wasn't the first time Barbra had seen something like this, and the former man was astonished at how mundane this was to her now. A few years ago, she was an eighteen-year-old man enjoying her life to the fullest. Then, one fateful Christmas, the former man got 'blessed' as the blood of the first Saint Nick awakened in her body. From that day on, she was no longer Ben but the plump wife of the current Santa Claus, which, coincidentally, was her grandfather. She went from a slim teen to a plus-sized grandma with a belly that rivaled her husband's gut and fat curves that truly only belonged to Mrs. Claus. Her youth was taken and replaced with a near-immortal body of a woman in her seventies, and she could look forward to spending centuries staying like this.

Yet, as weird as it all was, Barbra couldn't help but feel oddly happy. Her transition from man to grandmother went smoothly, and she suspected that the holiday magic behind the transformation was partially behind it. It also helped that Nick was a true gentleman and knew how to please a woman her size and age. Also, it always astonished her how rowdy the man was in bed, considering who they were, and Barbra could easily count on both hands the number of nights this year they hadn't spent lovingly embracing each other in bed at night. There were still times when she looked into the mirror and saw her wizened yet still beautiful

face, staring at those fat cheeks, thick lips, and joyous eyes, and felt how odd it felt that it belonged to her. Barbra sighed as the fat woman ran a chubby hand across her wrinkled face, feeling the softness of her form against her sausage-like fingers before checking that her long, silvery hair still stayed neatly in a bun on her head. She stared down at the sagging bosom on her chest, the soft boulders stretching the red holiday dress to the limit, and wondered once again how she could even walk around when she was this plump. They obscured the view of her belly, but she could feel the massive pouch resting heavily on her equally fat lap. Every turbulent bump of the sleigh made her body jiggle and shake like crazy, creating ripples in her fat hide. The cushioned seat she sat on was extra comfy thanks to her padded ass, a rear that stuck so far out behind her that she often bumped it into things whenever she turned around without looking. But, despite how bloatedly big her body was, she couldn't help but feel oddly happy and at ease.

However, a few dark clouds still hung over Barbra as the sleigh rushed through the sky, and not even the cheerful jingling of the bells could cheer her up. It was soon Christmas time, which meant that the enchantments trapping her and Nick at the North Pole got lifted, and she could travel wherever she wanted. That by itself was something she enjoyed, and she was already looking forward to the days between Christmas and New Year's Eve when she and her husband would travel the world. However, Barbra didn't look forward to spending Christmas Day with her former parents and sister, now her daughter and her family. She loved them, but that didn't make things any less weird since she used to be their son and brother. She could already hear his former sister's teasing as she sat there, and she blushed as the words coursed through her mind. All of this was just a minor nuisance, though. At least compared to the other little problem she was dealing with now.

For the last few weeks, Nick had been busy. Not surprising considering Christmas was rapidly approaching, and he and his elves had to make sure that everything was ready for the big night. That meant that Nick had to work day and night, making it near impossible for them to spend time together. That led her to the first of two problems that this caused. She rubbed her fat thighs together, trying to douse the intense fire in her loins that had been burning for the last few days. Barbra was always astonished at how high her libido was, especially considering who she was and how old and big she had become. It didn't matter how much she tried to fix it herself, and it seemed that the Christmas Tree between Nick's legs was the only thing that could solve it. It was awkward enough to visit her family during Christmas, but going there as horny and flustered as she was only made it weirder. Unfortunately, this led to the second problem she had to deal with during the holidays.

"Dear lord," Barbra muttered as her belly rumbled and gurgled, the plump woman squirming in her seat as her bloated gut made more ominous sounds. She adjusted the glasses resting on her chubby nose as she stared down at her taut belly.

Then, without warning, a rush of gas surged up her throat. Her lips parted as she burped, her cheeks jiggling as the two-second belch erupted. There was nothing she could do to stop it, and she could see the Christmas glitter and sparkles that came with it before the wind blew it away.

A few moments later, her bloated backside rumbled as another bout of gas slipped out of her body. She groaned from the three-second fart, the sound muffled against the cushioned seat.

"Oh, fiddlesticks," Barbra muttered, still unable to curse or swear from the Christmas enchantment on her. "Why does this keep happening?"

It was a question she asked herself each year whenever this time came around, and she still didn't have an answer to it. Nick was confident that the gases were due to them not spending as much time together, in bed specifically, and he often made jokes about it whenever they started. He jokingly called it her 'love gas,' and Barbra couldn't say that it was a bad name for it. After all, they always did stop whenever they had time to fool around in bed again.

'You're just overflowing with holiday cheer!' he'd say before kissing her on her lips or groping her giant ass, often causing her to expel some of the gas.

Whatever it was, Barbra didn't like it. The gases at least smelled like cinnamon and freshly-baked gingerbread cookies, but that still didn't make her feel any better about it. It didn't help that the gases were clearly magical either, and they first discovered that last Christmas when his former sister Sarah stood behind him when one massive bout of gas blasted out his prominent backside. She accidentally breathed a lot of the magically-charged gas into her lungs, causing her to grow a pair of elf-like ears and her breasts to double in size within moments. It was only temporary, thankfully, but Nick had some theories that it would be permanent if exposed to too much of it. The changes seemed random, but Nick figured they had something to do with Christmas or fulfilling someone's wish. Considering how much Sarah complained about her flat chest, it sounded plausible due to the sudden growth in her bust from breathing it in. One thing was sure - it didn't make the holiday visit any less awkward.

"Almost there, Mrs. Claus!" Merry said, snapping Barbra out of her thoughts. "Only a few more minutes to go!"

"Alright, Merry. Thank you," Barbra said before burping again, sending a red-and-green sparkling cloud out from her mouth and into the air.

"Oh, it's so good to see you again!"

Melissa couldn't contain her joy at seeing her son-turned-mother in the hallway, and she hurried over to give the rotund woman a warm hug. Barbra could feel her former mother sinking into her body as they hugged, again making her feel like a living marshmallow, and she groaned from the pressure she put on her bloated belly. Barbra even had to clench her ass shut so she wouldn't fart as Melissa hugged her.

"It's good to see you too, mo-' Um, I mean, Melissa," Barbra said, still struggling with not calling the younger woman her mother. She had been here for less than a few seconds, and it was already getting awkward.

"So, how was your trip?" Melissa said as she heard the jingling bells disappear into the distance as the sleigh left the roof.

"Oh, it went well," she replied, ignoring the loud gurgling from her belly. "We had to avoid a few snowstorms up north, but it was otherwise uneventful."

"Oh, is grandma here?"

Barbra couldn't help but shudder as she heard her former sister's gleeful voice echo through the house. Sarah soon showed her smug face as she hurried downstairs to greet her 'grandmother.' It always astonished Barbra how much the girl changed each time she saw her. The years had flown by quickly, and neither Barbra nor her former parents had changed much in that time. On the other hand, Sarah had gone from a gawky teen to a young woman, and Barbra still couldn't believe she would be heading off to college soon. However, Sarah was still the same immature girl as always, especially when she saw an opportunity to mess with her former brother.

"Good to see you again, grandma!" she said with a teasing tone and a smug smile. "Have you put on weight since last time?"

"Sarah! You promised you'd behave this year," her mother said, reprimanding the eighteen-year-old girl. Barbra couldn't help but blush since she knew that she had gotten fatter since last year. After all, it was hard for her to maintain weight when her diet consisted strictly of sweets and pastries.

"Fine, I'll be nice," she said before turning her attention back to Barbra, giving the plump woman a wink. "I wouldn't want to get on Nick's naughty list, after all."

"Good to see you again, sweetie," Barbra said, unable to stop herself from talking like some coddling grandmother.

"So, I'm guessing Nick's busy as always, huh?" Sarah asked as she approached her former brother, a mischievous smile on her lips.

Barbra didn't have time to react when the girl suddenly poked her in her stomach, causing the rounded dome of fat to gurgle and rumble ominously. A cloud of sparkly glitter and holiday cheer rushed out of her mouth before she knew what was happening, her cheeks jiggling like jelly as they turned even redder with shame.

"He must be if you're this gassy," Sarah said with a snicker as she took a step backward, only narrowly avoiding the sweet-smelling glittery cloud lingering in the air in front of Barbra.

"Sarah, stop that! You know how your br-' um, I mean, your grandmother is this time of year," Melissa said as she snapped at the girl before shooting a concerned look at Barbra.

The glittery green and red cloud quickly disappeared when Barbra waved her hand through it, her skin tingling as soon as she touched it. Thankfully, she was immune to the strange

magically-charged gas, but it didn't stop her from getting goosebumps whenever she came in contact with it. Barbra glared annoyingly at her former sister, but it only caused the mischievous to snicker even more.

"Alright, I'll stop," she said as she stepped to the side to let the wide-hipped grandmother pass her in the hallway. "I was leaving anyway."

"Oh, where are you going?" Barbra asked, and she felt hopeful that she might get a few hours without the girl following her around. She took a few steps forward, her rotund figure forcing her into a heavy waddle, and

"Haven't mom told you yet? I'm spending Christmas with my boyfriend," she said.

"No, I didn't know that," Barbra said, her happy smile easily mistaken for grandmotherly pride when she heard she'd get to spend Christmas without her annoying sister. "I'm happy to hear that."

"Yeah, he's coming over here to pick me up at any moment," she said as she watched Barbra walk past her, the giant backside swaying from side to side with every step. The red Christmas dress stretched over her prominent rump, wide enough to be a tent yet still hugging her body so tight that it left little to the imagination. "So, it'll just be you, mom, dad, uncle Arthur and your favorite cousin, Mike."

"Wait, what?" Barbra said, now stopping when she heard the name of someone she hoped she'd never meet again.

However, before she could get her answer, she felt a firm and sudden slap to her ass. It sent her ass-cheeks wobbling, and another cloud of sparkly green and red glitter gushed out of her body. Sarah snickered again as she stepped away from her 'grandmother' after smacking her ass, narrowly avoiding the magically-charged gas again. She made a disarming gesture to her mother before she could reprimand her again and did her best to look apologetic.

"I know, I know! Last time, I swear," Sarah said, still snickering as she watched her former brother wave away the glittery cloud behind her.

"Wait, what did you say about Mike?" Barbra said as she turned around to face her sister, nearly knocking over a lamp with her massive rear as she did.

"What, mom didn't tell you about that either?" Sarah said, giving her mom a surprised look.

"Melissa?" Barbra said, turning her attention to the woman.

"Well, I was going to tell you this earlier, but I kind of forgot," she said, looking a bit embarrassed. "But, I'm sure you remember your uncle Arthur, right? He and his stepson is spending Christmas with us this year."

It was hard not to groan when she heard what her former mother said. Barbra had a hard time spending Christmas with her family without it getting awkward, and the thought of enduring the holidays with her cousin sent shivers down her spine. Out of the people she didn't want to meet in her current condition, Mike was probably near the top of her list. Her cousin was a few years younger than Barbra's former male self, and she figured he was around her sister's age by now. He was a mean and selfish prick, and the two had never gotten along. Even though Barbra was a few years older than him back when she was a man, Mike still acted like he could boss her around. It didn't help that he was as big as a house back in his early teens, and Barbra could only imagine how massive he was at this point. At least his stepdad, Harold's brother Arthur, was a decent fellow. That didn't make her feel any better about spending any amount of time with that asshole, though.

"Oh, how... joyous," Barbra eventually said, and it was hard not to hear the disappointment in her voice.

"I know this isn't ideal, but let's try to make the most of it. Neither Mike nor Arthur knows about what happened to you, at least," Melissa said, trying to cheer her 'mother' up a bit.

"Well," Sarah said as a guilty look spread across her face. "About that."

"What is it?" Barbra said, giving her former sister a stern look that only a disappointed grandmother could make.

"There is a chance that someone might have told Mike about what happened to Ben," she said, slowly taking a few steps back towards the door. "And there's a possibility that Mike's seen some pictures of the new you as well."

"Sarah!" Barbra said, stomping her fat foot against the floor that sent ripples through her rotund figure. Her sagging breasts continued to wobble and shake in her dress for several moments afterward, and so did her belly and butt.

"Sorry! But, in my defense, I didn't think you'd ever see him again," Sarah said without any remorse or guilt written on her face. She quickly turned her head towards the door when she heard a car pulling up the driveway, and a smile spread across her face. "Anyway, I hope you'll have fun spending Christmas with your cousin. Try not to stink up the place while I'm gone, granny!"

Sarah gave her former brother one last teasing wink before slipping out the door, the slim girl practically bouncing down to the car to greet her boyfriend. Barbra was left standing in the hallway, stomach gurgling and with a disappointed look on her face.

"Oh, fiddlesticks..." Barbra muttered as she rubbed her sausage-like fingers over her tired eyes. "Well, not much we can do about it now."

"I know this isn't ideal, but we'll make the most of it," Melissa said, rubbing Barbra's back to comfort her. "They'll only stay for dinner, okay? So, you'll need to smile and pretend to enjoy it for a few hours tomorrow."

"Alright," she said, stifling another burp that tried to slip out her fat mouth. "I guess I endure that."

"That's the spirit," Melissa said, patting Barbra on the back. A soft gurgle came from her belly a few moments later, and the fat woman's ass-cheeks clapped together loudly as a sudden bout of gas shot out from her bloated rear. Barbra blushed and waved her hand behind her, dissipating her 'love gas' as quickly as she could. "Also, we'll need to figure out a way to hide that from Arthur since he doesn't know about your condition."

"Yeah, I guess," Barbra said, her former mother's words reminding her that Mike knew who she was and what had happened to her. God, she wasn't looking forward to this at all.

"Come on. I'll show you to the guest room," Melissa said, showing her former son upstairs to her room.

It didn't take long before Barbra finally had some privacy, and she placed her giant ass on the bed. She could hear the springs creaking as she put her immense weight on it, her ass flattening against the sheets, and she felt relieved as her sore joints finally got to rest. She heard her mother walking downstairs, and she only decided to relax when she knew her mother was out of earreach. Barbra placed her hands on her taut and firm belly, the rounded dome looking nine-months pregnant from the sheer volume of gas inside it, and pressed gently down on it. The moment she did, she erupted from both ends. A wave of euphoria washed over her as the gases came out, and the pressure inside her gut finally went away. Barbra hadn't even realized she had her eyes during the ordeal and soon saw the glittery red-and-green cloud lingering in the air around her when she opened them again. The sweet aroma of freshly-baked cookies and Christmas joy spread through the room as her cheeks burned red with shame.

"Well, this is going to be a weird Christmas," Barbra muttered as she rubbed her softer belly that no longer felt as swollen or bloated. "I just hope Mike isn't the same immature and insensitive brat he used to be."

"Dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum da-dum..."

Barbra's wizened yet melodic voice echoed through the kitchen as she hummed and sang along with the Christmas tunes from the radio, only stopping to release some pent-up gas inside her belly. The thought of spending any time with Mike today had put her in a sullen mood, but it wasn't something a little bit of baking couldn't fix. She moved her fat frame through the kitchen with remarkable grace, mixing batter and baking cookies simultaneously without missing a beat. Any fear or worry melted away as she smelled the sweets baking in the oven, and her taste buds danced as she took a bite from the freshly-baked gingerbread delights. It seemed

impossible for her to be upset or angry when she wore an apron and was baking, a smile on her full bright-red lips as she began mixing another batch of cookies. Soft toots and gentle bouts of gas slipped effortlessly out of her body now that she was relaxing, and she was grateful that no one was home to hear it. The house was empty, and she enjoyed some time alone baking Christmas treats for the family before Arthur and Mike got there.

When she first became Mrs. Claus, she hadn't just inherited her body. Barbra had inherited her very spirit and what it meant to be her, which caused her to develop an unbridled interest in cooking, baking, and everything the jovial Christmas matron should be doing. She had tried to resist the urges that came with it, but it was no use. Now, Barbra felt no shame or regret of giving in, and the womanly embodiment of winter smiled as her melodic voice echoed through the kitchen. The apron hugged her rotund figure perfectly, the whisk feeling right at home in her fat hand as she moved through the kitchen without bumping her massive ass into everything. Her belly rumbled as the woman devoured some cookies without regret or shame, uncaring about the calories her Christmas-imbued body took in. She enjoyed herself to the fullest, knowing fully well that she had to keep her gases in and force a smile on her face once her parents came home. They wouldn't be home for another few hours, and Mike and his stepdad would take even longer, so she savored the time she was alone.

"What fun it is to laugh and sing a sleighing song tonight~!"

Barbra's singing abruptly stopped when she heard a car driving up the driveway to the house. She sighed as she realized Melissa and Harold were home again from their errands, and she couldn't be as relaxed anymore. She tensed her body and stifled her gases, waving a hand through the air to get the glittery cloud that followed her to disappear. Barbra adjusted her apron over her body as she glanced out the window, her heart skipping a beat as she realized it wasn't her parents' car that stopped outside the house. For a few moments, she hoped it was someone that had gone to the wrong address, but that hope quickly disappeared when she saw a familiar figure stepping out of the passenger side.

"Oh, fudge..." Barbra muttered when she saw Mike getting out of the car, the woman unable to say the exact word she thought due to being Mrs. Claus.

She was genuinely surprised by how similar he looked despite the years it's been since she last saw him. Mike had always been tall, and it hadn't changed as he got older. Barbra saw that he was over six feet tall and sturdily built, and she didn't doubt for a second that most of his impressive mass came from muscles, not fat. Mike rubbed his cleanly-shaved chin and ran a hand through his short dark hair as he stared at the house. She caught a glimpse of the sports jacket underneath his open winter coat and the colors of the local high school football team on it. It didn't surprise the woman that the inconsiderate asshole turned out to be a meatheaded jock, especially since he never seemed that bright. Barbra had some less-than-pleasant flashbacks to her time in high school and her troubles with jocks back then, her rotund figure shaking as she shuddered. She thought her time fending off bullies was over when she became Mrs. Claus, but the sight of Mike standing in the driveway as his stepfather drove off again gave her second thoughts. It was surprising to see Arthur leaving and his stepson staying, but Barbra

wasn't complaining. It would be awkward enough just dealing with Mike, so she was thankful for it.

For a few moments, Barbra wondered if Sarah was lying. Had she really told their cousin about what happened to her brother? Did Sarah show her pictures of his less-than-elegant transition into a plump grandmother to him? But, as she stared at Mike through the window and their eyes met, she could see the shit-eating smirk that spread across his face. At that moment, she knew the truth. He **knew**. Barbra's heart skipped a beat, her round cheeks flushed red with shame, and she quickly closed the curtains in embarrassment.

"Oh, fiddlestick... I'm going to make sure that Nick gives Sarah nothing but lumps of coal this Christmas," Barbra huffed, unable to say the foul words that flashed through her mind. She let out a combined bout of gas from both ends before Mike walked in, the woman hoping she could hold herself and hide it while her former cousin was here.

Heavy footsteps approached the front door, and Mike opened it without even knocking, and Barbra's heart skipped another beat as he heard a familiar voice echo through the house.

"*Ho-ho-ho*," Mike mockingly said as he walked into the house. "Anyone home?"

Barbra knew he had seen her and that Mike was merely messing with her. For a moment, she almost wanted to stay quiet in hopes of him leaving her alone, but she knew that would never work. So, after putting away some trays of cookies and taking a deep breath, he opened her mouth.

"In here, sweetie," she said, unable to turn off the overly sweet and grandmotherly way she talked. It wasn't usually something that bothered her nowadays, but speaking that way to Mike made her cheeks rosy red.

Barbra could hear Mike chuckling out in the hallway, obviously finding all of this quite amusing. She could feel her belly gurgling and swelling with gas already, the woman rubbing her distended and rounded dome with a sigh as she began to feel bloated. It didn't take long before Barbra saw Mike leaning against the doorway to the kitchen with a smirk still on his lips. He stood there silently for a few moments, arms crossed as his eyes moved over her incredibly round and fat figure. She was only thankful that the music from the nearby radio drowned out the loud gurgling from her belly in the otherwise silent room.

"Holy shit," Mike said with a chuckle, finally breaking the silence. "It's actually true."

Barbra didn't say anything. She just forced a smile and continued to clean the kitchen, her belly gurgling and swelling as the gases continued to build in her body.

"At first, I didn't believe Sarah when she showed us the pictures," Mike said, walking into the room and grabbing a cookie from a nearby tray. He took a bite, savoring the chocolaty flavor for a few moments before throwing the half-eaten cookie back on the tray. "But seeing you now pretty much confirms it."

"Wait, us? Who else did she show it to?" Barbra said, her heart racing as she wondered who else she had told.

"She showed them to me and some other cousins last year during a family reunion," he said, circling the room without ever moving his gaze away from her. "Man, we all had a good laugh about it."

"Sarah..." Barbra said, her wrinkly face scrunching together as she frowned at what her former sister did. She certainly hadn't made things easier for the new Mrs. Claus, and she made a mental note about getting back at her for this.

"So, how're things going for Benny?" Mike said, clearly enjoying seeing his former cousin like this. "Enjoy being an old hag?"

"I'm sorry, Mike, but I'm a little busy at the moment," she said, ignoring the insult and trying to get him to leave. She could feel her belly gurgling, and she groaned as the pressure continued to build inside her.

"What's the matter, Benny? Aren't you happy to see your little cousin again?" Mike said, chuckling and taking a few steps closer to Barbra. "Then again, I can understand if you don't want people to know you're an obese blob."

It only dawned on Barbra now just how much taller Mike was than her when he stood next to her. She had to tilt her head back as he approached her, the man staring down at her as he stood more than a foot taller than her. Then again, Mike still probably weighed less than her. He might have a foot on her in height, but she had at least a foot in width on him. He was nothing but chiseled curves and masculine firmness, and she was little more than an oddly perky stack of feminine yet obese curves. Barbra got reminded of how far her breasts and belly stuck out from her when Mike stood near her. The man almost touched her bloated belly despite not standing that close to her, his hard abs only inches away from her protruding gut. The red dress hugged every padded inch of her body tightly, leaving very little to the imagination as Mike continued to examine her figure. She blushed when she saw him staring down into her exposed and wrinkly bosom, causing her to pull her dress a bit to cover herself up. The radio still drowned out the ominous gurgling from her belly, and Barbra could almost swear that she felt the dress tightening over her gut as it swelled with gas.

'Darn it, Nick,' she thought, her cheeks burning a rosy red hue as she averted her gaze from the man. *'Why do you always insist on me wearing dresses like this? You're not even here to appreciate it!'*

"Man, you're really fucking fat," Mike said with a chuckle as he examined her figure. "So, do you enjoy fucking the fat old man? Or are you so big that he can't even find your pussy?"

Barbra felt her blood boil. Mike had always been an asshole, but he had never been this rude or mean. She'd hoped that Mike would have matured with age and gotten nice, but the opposite seemed to have happened. Barbra might have forgiven him if he had been a little inconsiderate,

but it seemed like he was actually out to hurt and provoke her with his words. Barbra felt her grandmotherly impulses getting shoved to the side as her anger rose, an emotion she had barely felt since she became Mrs. Claus.

"Hey!" Barbra snapped, her patience for the inconsiderate and rude teen rapidly fading. "I don't appreciate your tone or words, young man!"

"Young man? Seriously? God, you even sound like a lame grandma," he said, letting out a roaring chuckle. "Man, you used to be such a pussy. Good to see that you finally look the part as well!"

"You listen to me," Barbra said, raising her sausage-like finger and doing her best to sound authoritative and stern. It wasn't easy, considering she was the feminine embodiment of Christmas joy. "You better watch your tone, young man, or else!"

"Or else, what? What are you going to do, granny? Tell my lame stepdad what I did to you? Please! That guy's an even bigger pussy than you, which says a lot since you probably have a pretty fat cunt right now."

"Hey, don't you take that tone with me!" Barbra said, stamping her fat foot on the ground and causing her butt to shake and jiggle like crazy. She immediately regretted it and had to close her mouth to stop the burp that tried to slip out.

"Or what, Benny? What are you going to do to me?" he said as he poked her hard in her stomach.

Barbra's heart skipped a beat as she felt her taut and swollen belly gurgle from the sudden poke, and she couldn't stop the gas that came rushing up her throat. She barely had time to tilt her head back to look Mike in the eyes when she belched, letting out a three-second burp that engulfed the eighteen-year-old's entire head in a red-and-green cloud. He closed his eyes and coughed, accidentally swallowing some of the cinnamon-scented gas as he took a few wobbly steps backward. Mike didn't seem mad or upset, though. He was laughing, and Barbra knew it was at her expense.

"Holy shit," Mike said, waving away the sparkly green glitter from his face as he looked at her with an amused look. "Fucking gross! What the hell was that?"

"Oh dear," Barbra said, holding her belly as it gurgled again. This time, it came out of her backside, and Mike saw the colorful cloud erupting from her rear. That only made him laugh even more.

"That's fucking hilarious! It's funny enough to see someone like you as a fat old hag, but being gross and gassy on top of that?" he said, making a pretend chef's kiss. "That's just perfect! God, you're just so fucking pathetic."

Barbra's cheeks were red with shame and anger. She was angry at herself for allowing her to get into this situation, and she was mad at him for doing that. She glared at him with as much anger as her round maternal face could muster, which wasn't much, but it quickly faded as she saw something odd. Barbra had nearly forgotten why she didn't want to go around spewing her 'love gas' in all directions when there were people around her, and it wasn't just to save her the shame of being so gassy. It wasn't until now that she remembered what could happen if someone breathed it in, and she watched as the lungful of her glittery gas wreaked mayhem on Mike's body.

The first lungful someone took of her gas was usually mild, often barely causing any change whatsoever. Mike had unfortunately taken quite a whiff of it, and it was already starting to affect his body. She watched as his hair began to pale, the dark strands losing their natural hue and taking on a much more vibrant tone. His hair shifted from a dark brown to a much lighter color, and the strands seemed to grow and thicken. Mike's hair lengthened until a few strands tickled his earlobes, enough to give his mane enough length and volume to style it. He didn't even notice it despite running his hand through his hair and brushing a few locks away from his brow. The man chuckled and wiped a tear from his eye from laughter, unaware that his eyes were also changing. His rich brown orbs paled in color, his iris becoming colder and slightly more feminine with each passing moment. It wasn't long before he stared at Barbra with piercing blue eyes that looked large and expressive, the oddly cute eyes standing out on his face. However, what shocked Barbra the most about this was his sudden loss in height. She figured he must've lost at least an inch or two in less than a few seconds, and it was a miracle that he hadn't noticed it. Mike stood tall despite his diminished height, easily towering over almost everything else in the room, even after losing a couple of inches.

Barbra stared at him in awe, knowing fully well that it was her fault that he had changed like that. Her gas had triggered it, infusing his body with holiday magic and transforming Mike's body according to someone's wish or want. It didn't seem like he had noticed it yet, but it was only a matter of time before he saw his shorter stature or longer hair. It was all temporary, at least after such short exposure to it, so it would all disappear within the next few hours. She knew that Nick could undo it if it became permanent, but she hoped it wouldn't come to that. Right now, she wasn't sure if she should apologize for doing that to him or reprimand him for being so foul-mouthed and mean to her.

However, before she could say anything, she heard her bowels gurgle before she felt another bout of gas slip out from her rear. They both heard as her ass clapped together loudly from the glittery cloud rushing out her backside, leaving her with rosy cheeks and making Mike laugh again.

"Oh man, you really can't help yourself, can you?" he said, chuckling and shaking his head. "Holy shit, this is just too fucking funny. I have to say, Benny, but it feels like you've really become the true you. It suits you being a gassy old hag."

Mike snickering and laughing were really getting on Barbra's nerves, and no amount of Christmas magic could make her stay jolly. She felt her blood boil and her anger rise as she stared at the man, the rotund woman again stomping her foot to assert herself.

"Listen here, y-" Barbra said, cut off mid-sentence by a belch-and-fart combo that made her cheeks jiggle and her ass clap loudly again. Mike's roaring laugh echoed through the house as she shamefully waved away the glittery cloud so it wouldn't risk changing him again.

"Holy shit, that's just too damn funny," he said, unaware of his slightly longer hair as he brushed a lock behind his ear. Suddenly, his eyes went wide as he realized something, and he pulled out his phone with a snicker. "Oh, I bet Haley would get a kick out of seeing this. Come on, do it again!"

Barbra fumed as she saw Mike filming her with his phone, the asshole eagerly waiting for her to erupt just like she did a few moments ago. Her bloated belly groaned and gurgled, and she fought the urge to let out yet another belch for the guy's amusement. Barbra wanted to tell him off, to get him to stop, but everything the woman did only seemed to encourage his behavior. Then, in a moment of weakness, she had an idea that went against everything her role as Mrs. Claus stood for. Barbra could see what was happening to Mike, what her gases were doing to him, and the woman felt this was too good of an opportunity to pass up. A faint smile spread over her plump lips as she pushed aside the grandmotherly guilt she felt just by thinking of what she was about to do, showing off the adorable dimples on her wrinkled face.

She took a step forward, hips swaying and ass bouncing with every step she took. The amused look on the man's face faded a bit as he watched Barbra approach him, the guy finding himself backing up slightly as she got closer.

"Um, what are you doing?" Mike said, taking another step back as he watched the fat woman approaching him. He suddenly found himself with his back against the wall and Barbra standing only inches away, the woman smiling as they both heard the sickening gurgles from her belly.

"Young man," Barbra said, her usually sweet tone filled with an almost fiendish glee as she pinned the man against the wall using only the threat of burping him in the face. They both knew that she only needed a light tap on her bloated gut to release a cloud of glittery Christmas cheer from both ends. "You've been a naughty boy this year. Now, I think it's time you learned a lesson in humility and kindness."

Mike tried to squirm away without touching her belly, but it was already too late. Barbra took a step forward and pressed her belly against his abs, the light pressure more than enough to make it rumble. She erupted and shot a massive belch right in his face, engulfing his entire head in the glittery cloud. He waved his hand and coughed to get the cinnamon-flavored gas out of his face, his lungs quickly filling up with it despite his efforts.

"T-That's fucking disgusting," he said, his nostrils tingling from inhaling the large amounts of the gas. "What the hell is wrong with you?!"

Mike pushed her away gently since he was worried she might break her hips if he was too rough. He coughed and took a few steps away, accidentally dropping his phone on the floor as he did. Barbra merely smiled as she watched his hair lengthen and grow as he stumbled off, slowly but surely trickling down the side of his head and tickling the back of his neck. The locks thickened and paled in color, his mane gaining lushness and volume as the strands got longer. It didn't take long before his hair reached the bottom of his chin, nearly brushing against his shoulders, and it shifted color until it was a dirty blonde hue. Mike didn't even seem to notice it in his anger, nor did he see the world around him growing once more. He lost yet another few inches as his body popped and snapped from the shrinking process, pushing his height finally below six feet. He still towered over the short and rotund woman, but he was no longer as impressively tall.

It wasn't just his height that shrank. Mike's impressive physique started to wilt, the hours he'd spent playing football and working soon wasted as he lost some of his strength. The man's arms were thick, with defined biceps and firm muscles that any guy would love to have. However, they seemed to soften slightly as some of the strength turned to fat, leaving him about as heavy as before but weaker in the process. In fact, he hadn't lost much weight at all despite losing inches in height. He hadn't lost a single pound as his previously taller stature condensed into a smaller package. All the lost inches and muscles translated into extra fat that added thickness and width to his hips and thighs, but even his face, arms, and chest all looked a little bigger. It was hard to see a difference, but his clothes did look a bit ill-fitting over his shorter body. Mike's shirt seemed too long but hugged his chest and belly somewhat tighter than before. Even his sports jacket seemed too big for him.

Yet, Mike didn't seem to notice any of this. He was far too shocked and disgusted by what Barbra did to see it, and he was still staring at her with anger after she had burped right into his face.

"Dearie, there's nothing wrong with me," Barbra said, her matronly tone and sugary-sweet words oozing with malicious intent. "You, on the other hand, need to learn a lesson."

"What the hell does that mean? And how the hell would burping into my face help with any of that?" he said. Mike still didn't notice his longer hair tickling the side of his face and the back of his neck, the dirty blonde locks looking far more at home on his girlfriend than him.

"Well, dearie," Barbra said, once again cornering the man and pinning him against the wall with her belly. They both could feel the taut thing rumbling and gurgling loudly, her rounded dome brimming with gas again. "How about I show you?"

Mike tried pushing her away before the inevitable happened, but that only sealed his fate. He could feel Barbra's entire tummy gurgling the moment his masculine hands pressed against her belly, and he got blinded by yet another intense glittery cloud of Christmas gas that erupted from her lips. The scent of pine needles and hot cocoa bombarded his nostrils, and he could feel his lungs filling up with it as he tried to escape the woman. Mike coughed and stumbled away from Barbra, a smile on her lips as she watched his impressive physique shrink and waste away. She

followed after him as he tried to escape into the living room, her chubby hands making sure her silvery hair was still neatly tucked into a tight bun on her head.

The poor man didn't seem to notice that his steps got shorter as his legs shrank, his body condensing down into a smaller and less masculine shape with each lungful of Barbra's Christmas scent he breathed in. Soft pops and gentle snaps went unheard as he coughed, the man losing another few inches in height. He was below six feet tall now, close to five foot nine, and he seemed to shrink at a steady and constant rate each time he breathed in the red-and-green glittery gas. His weight finally changed, but not for the better. He might be getting shorter, but he wasn't losing weight. In fact, he seemed to be gaining it. Mike's athletic body was rapidly softening as he got shorter, muscles turning to soft and pliant fat that spread evenly over his frame. His shirt started to hug his torso tighter, his hard pecs softening and turning into small, unflattering man boobs. Mike's jeans stretched over his rounder rear, the previously taut and sculpted backside now looking somewhat bloated and padded. The gap between his legs had been steadily shrinking as his thighs thickened with added fat, and his firm abs slowly wilted and got hidden by his swelling belly. Mike was far from fat, but he no longer looked like the ripped and athletic jock he was a few before he got here.

The hair trickled down his head, growing longer and thicker with each passing moment. The shoulder-length mane cascaded down Mike's head, soon reaching the middle of his back and becoming quite voluminous. The luscious dirty blonde locks thickened and curled, his hair soon turning wavy and lush. The color changed again, soon paling in hue and turning a vibrant golden blonde that would make any woman jealous. Unlike the hair on his head, the rest of his body looked smoother and more hairless with each passing moment. The short stubble on his cheek was gone since before, leaving his chin smooth and soft, and his eyebrows soon looked plucked and pampered. Even the bush between Mike's legs thinned down, and his unshaven armpits were soon as hairless as the rest of his body.

However, the most significant change he went through happened between his legs. Mike's proud manhood had gone erect in the last few moments of this weird encounter, and it was gently throbbing inside his boxer briefs. His balls ached with need and felt swollen, both gonads pulsating with each heartbeat. They looked swollen, each testicle having swollen by a quarter of its size, and his sac stretched to contain his growing balls. Unlike his balls, his cock had done the opposite. Mike's above-average dick had shrunk by several inches, leaving it barely half its former size. It throbbed between his legs, aching with need and almost screaming for release. It was almost as if his cock knew that it wouldn't stick around for long.

It wasn't until he brushed a few voluminous golden locks from his face, feeling the thickness and lushness of his hair, that he seemed to realize that something was wrong. Mike stared in awe at the unfamiliar hair in his hands, holding it up in front of his eyes in shock.

"W-What the fuck?" Mike said, pulling at it thinking it was a wig. He quickly stopped when the pain in his scalp reminded him that it was indeed his hair. "What the fuck is going on here?!"

"Language, young man. Language!" Barbra said, unable to smile as she reprimanded the man as he was freaking out. "There's no need to be so foul-mouthed. It is Christmas, after all. You should be joyous and happy this time of year."

"Y-You! You fat cow! Did you do this to me?" Mike said, his voice sounding far softer and less masculine than he remembered it being.

Mike watched as Barbra approached him again, and he could feel how weird his entire body felt as he backed away. He felt heavier and slower than before, and he couldn't believe how snug his clothes felt over his frame. Even his sports jacket felt simultaneously too large and too small for him. He brushed a few luscious locks from his face, tugging them behind his ear in an effeminate gesture without even realizing it. Before he knew it, he found himself pressed against the wall, and Mike could see how much taller the plump grandmother looked compared to before. His heart skipped a beat when he realized why.

"I haven't done anything, dear," Barbra said, the woman smiling as she kept her cheerful demeanor up. "I'm just sharing some of my Christmas cheer with you."

Mike stood with his back against a wall in the living room, yet again pinned between it and Barbra's taut and gas-swollen belly. Unlike before, this time, it was Barbra that pressed down on her belly. She gently pushed her fat fingers against her rounded dome, feeling how the taut thing rumbled as she coaxed the gas out of both ends. Mike barely had time to react before his face got engulfed by the glittery cloud yet again, causing his nostrils to tingle from the intense smell of mulled wine and gingerbread.

Barbra took a step back to let Mike cough and stumble on the floor, and the man soon felt his entire body tingling like crazy. However, he soon found himself slipping on his longer pant legs, thanks to his diminished height, and it didn't take long before he fell to the floor. He landed hard on his slightly rounded rear, causing him to groan, and he barely had time to recover before he heard bones pop and snap from the changes that rippled through him. Mike's jeans stretched as his hips suddenly widened by more than a few inches, causing the man to groan as they dug into his increasingly womanly hips. He could feel the bones in his body shrinking and changing, steadily taking on a far more delicate shape, and that feeling caused his heart to race. There was no pain, just sheer discomfort as his body contorted and snapped against his wishes. His masculine groans and gasps softened as Mike's Adam's apple shrank and his vocal cords twisted, and the sounds that came from his lips didn't sound at all manly. He ran his hands over his neck as it got slender and thin, leaving him increasingly confused and afraid. A pop from Mike's jaw made him gasp, and it didn't take long before his entire head shrank in size. His jawline softened, his nose shrank, and his lips seemed to swell and plump up. Mike's vision faded slightly as his eyes changed and grew somewhat, causing him to look increasingly clueless with his expressive eyes staring at his softening and shrinking body. His iris shifted to a baby-blue hue, turning pale and bright, which paired well with his hair.

However, Mike was too concerned with the sensation between his legs to notice or care about his feminized face. He pressed a hand against his groin as he felt his rock-hard member

shrink in size, the thing twitching so much that it seemed like it knew it wasn't going to stick around for long. The pressure in his balls grew as his testicles turned lumpy and swollen in his sack, the man unaware that they were turning into ovaries. Then, one by one, they pulled into his body with a sudden yank that sent a shamefully effeminate sound out from his pretty mouth. Mike could feel his insides shifting and changing as his organs made room for something new, his abdomen gurgling as his prostate changed into his new womb. His skin tingled as his ovaries connected to his new reproductive organs and started to pump estrogen into his body, leaving him emotional from the sudden influx of hormones. The cock finally stopped shrinking when it was a mere two inches long when erect, and his sack hung empty and sad underneath his previously proud member. To add insult to injury, he could feel his muscles wasting away and turning to fat. His formerly strong and muscular body was a distant memory now, and he could feel his chest swelling along with the rest of his increasingly shorter yet heavier figure.

Barbara stared at the scared man as the Christmas gas rippled through his body, changing it against his will. She didn't see a tall jock when she looked at him but an effeminate teen that seemed to have eaten a bit too much in recent years. He wasn't fat, but he wasn't thin or strong either. His belly was gently padded, causing his shirt to stretch outward a little, and his man boobs were hard to ignore. He had wide hips for someone his age and gender, and his thighs and ass looked far more padded and rounded than anything you'd find on a man. The long blonde hair framed his surprisingly pretty face, and his blue, expressive eyes were wide with shock. Suddenly, and with anger, Mike looked up at the person that had done this to him.

"What the hell do you thin-" Mike shouted, but he stopped mid-sentence at what he saw. It took a few moments for his groggy and stimulated brain to realize that the giant red mass that descended on him was, in fact, Barbra's ass. "W-Wait! Stop!"

It was already too late. Barbra planted her rear right over his waist, burying most of his torso underneath the padded wave of grandmotherly curves. She covered most of his hips, crotch, and parts of his thighs, leaving him pinned against the floor as her entire weight pressed down on him. Mike found himself stuck between her ass-cheeks and the ground, her butt so immense that more than half of it pressed against the floor when she sat on his waist.

"What the hell?! G-Get off!" Mike said, but he went silent when he heard a loud gurgle from the massive woman sitting on him. His heart sank into his chest as he watched her move her fat hands to the bloated belly resting on her fat lap and his legs.

Then, without warning, Mike got engulfed by the colorful gas that erupted from her backside, her entire rear shaking and jiggling as it gushed out. His lungs filled with the sickeningly sweet scent of Christmas, his head tingling from the intense smell of cinnamon and candy canes. He coughed as he breathed it in, his hands pressing against her soft rear in a futile effort to push her off him. Mike only ended up making it worse for himself as all the pushing only caused her to fart even more over his body. Barbra just smiled as she sat there and relieved herself of the pressure in her bowels, her guilt of doing this to him fading with every bout of gas that slipped out her rear.

It didn't take long before Mike's entire body started to change from the holiday cheer filling his lungs, and an intense tingling sensation spread through his frame. Barbra could feel the firm and hard abs hidden underneath the padding around his belly that her ass pressed against, but they wouldn't remain like that for long. The years that Mike had spent sculpting his body got undone, and she could feel his abs turning into feminine fat that settled nicely around his waist. Every inch of his body was softening up, and Mike could feel his body weakening as his muscles atrophied and turned into more padding that spread across his shorter frame. It became harder to push Barbra off him, but that didn't mean he would stop trying. Then again, Mike wasn't even aware that pushing, punching, and smacking the fat woman's ass caused more gas to slip out her backside, which only accelerated and fueled his transformation. The woman continued to blast the holiday-scented gas over his face, forcing him to breathe it in and making his mind tingle from the Christmasy scents.

"G-Get off me!" Mike said in between the coughs, his voice now airy and soft from breathing in so much of it. He sounded more like an upset mother than an angry teen jock, the realization of which made his heart skip a beat.

"No, not yet, dearie," Barbra said with a content sigh and belch as she pressed down on her belly, finally letting out more of the gas and relieving herself of the pressure in her gut. "I think you need a few more minutes down there."

Mike could feel his clothes stretching and pulling over his body as his frame expanded, his curves blossoming with feminine fat that swept over his shrinking stature. He finally stopped losing height when he was around five foot six, leaving him about as tall as the fat grandmother sitting on his belly. He could feel his belly pushing against her ass, now soft and chubby, and he felt his now long nails digging into Barbra's rear as he tried to push her off. Every gasp sounded airier and more womanly than the last, and Mike felt his lips occasionally smack together as they grew plump and pouty. His cheekbones rose, his chin grew chubbier, and his head became rounder as his body changed.

Barbra glanced over her shoulder and watched as the feminized and overweight man continued to change, a smile spreading across her lips as she watched his face grow more mature and womanly. It wasn't just his weight that increased, but also his age. The former teen was becoming more mature, and it wasn't long before his face showed faint signs of it. She noticed small crow's feet and laugh lines form near his mouth as he got older, Mike soon looking like he had doubled in age. All his expanding curves started to sag as the youthful perkiness left his frame, and the feminizing man soon sounded more like the mature woman he was becoming. The clothes were on the verge of giving up as his hips grew to childbearing proportions, but they started to change just when they were about to tear. His jeans softened, and the fabric changed as they turned into a pair of comfortable black slacks that tightly hugged his growing posterior and chunky thighs. The shirt morphed into a comfortable top that fit him perfectly, and his sports jacket became a knitted Christmas sweater.

Mike didn't really notice or care about any of that. He was too busy trying to get Barbra off him and dealing with the strange and intrusive thoughts that crawled into his mind. He felt lazier with each passing moment, and his hunger for sweets seemed to spiral almost out of control. Mike could almost feel his love for exercise change into a passion for cooking, and his competitive spirit dulled to make room for the invasive housewifely urges and cravings. He shook his head, feeling his new earrings tickling the side of his fat cheeks as he tried pushing these strange thoughts away. Soon, Mike felt a tingle in his chest that drew all of his attention. His eyes went wide as his small man boobs suddenly started to blossom and swell in size through the haze of the Christmas gases, filling the cups of the bra that had appeared on his chest.

"N-No! S-Stop!" Mike said, putting his fat manicured fingers on his bosom as it grew with every breath he took of Barbra's gas.

Mike bit down on his now plump lip to stop himself from moaning like a mother in the throes of passion when he felt how sensitive his chest had gotten. He could feel his nipples and areolas tripling in size, becoming erect and ready to feed a child. It didn't take long before the Christmas sweater pushed out to make room for his new head-sized tits, the heavy orbs filling out the bra perfectly and obscuring his view of his now fat belly. His cheeks turned a rosy red hue as his arousal spiked, and he suddenly knew why. Mike could feel what remained of his cock finally giving up, and he moaned when a new feminine slit opened up between his legs. He pressed his fat thighs together in a futile attempt to stop it, but it only caused his libido to spike even more. The man's cock shrank in size and became his new clitoris, and a puffy and wet snatch took over. The feeling of **her** underwear turning into a tight pair of panties that hugged Mike's tingling pussy made him squirm and moan.

Barbra glanced over her shoulder again and smiled at what she saw. She let out one last blast of gas from her backside before getting up on her feet again, lifting her heavy ass from the new woman's plump belly and lap. Mike remained on the floor as Barbra got up, the new woman too stimulated and confused to move even an inch. She lay there, staring with half-closed eyes at her heaving bosom that rose and fell with every breath.

"I have to say, dear," Barbra said, snapping Mike out of her trance. "You look ready to celebrate Christmas."

Barbra stared at the woman through her glasses, a smile on her lips at what she saw. Mike had gone from teenage jock to plump housewife in a matter of moments, the new woman looking far more ready to tend to a house than to score touchdowns. She looked like she had been a prom queen in her youth, but that was over twenty years, three kids, and two hundred pounds ago. Mike was undeniably fat, but she looked thin compared to Barbra. Her breasts were the size of her head, and her gut was round and flabby but without being massive. The gap between her legs was gone, erased by her fat thighs pressing together, and she had a pair of jutting hips to match. Her face was undeniably fat, and she had a sizable double chin as proof of that. Pouty lips, long flowing blonde hair, and pretty blue eyes that looked motherly and kind. However, the most impressive feature on her body had to be her ass, the backside close to rivaling the

immense size of Barbra's bloated butt. Even now, Barbra could see Mike's rear spreading out and pancaking underneath her as she sat upright on the floor.

"Oh my lord," Mike said, the former man not even noticing that her vocabulary had softened along with his mind and body. "W-What did you do to me?"

"Nothing that can't be reverted later, dearie," Barbra said, giving the motherly woman a warm smile as she stared down at her confused face. "But, if you want to go back to courting girls and playing football again, then I suggest you do what I say."

Mike still struggled with her new body and the strange sensations that came with it, which included the strange itch between her legs. But, before she could say anything to Barbra, she heard a car driving up to the house. Suddenly, her heart skipped a beat as she recognized the sound of the heavy truck.

"Oh god, that's my hus-' um, uh... I mean, that's Arthur!" Mike said, blushing at nearly calling her stepdad her husband and from the strange tingling sensation she felt when she imagined the tall and somewhat chubby man. "He can't see me like this!"

"Actually," Barbra said, the smile on her lips widening as she stared with a mischievous look at his former cousin. "I have something planned for both of you, and I need him to go along with my plan if this is going to work."

"W-What do you mean?" Mike asked, but she knew she wouldn't like the answer from the glint in the older woman's eyes.

"It's too bad Mike couldn't make it this year," Melissa said to Arthur at the dining table, the room filled with idle munching and the faint sounds of Barbra's gurgling belly.

"Yes, it's a shame, but he decided to spend the holidays with his girlfriend," Arthur said before taking a bite from the delicious Christmas meal Barbra had cooked for them. "But at least you got to meet my new girlfriend! She's been so excited to meet all of you. Isn't that right, Margaret?"

"Y-Yes, of course," Margaret said, the former jock trying her best to keep the facade up and pretend to be his stepdad's new girlfriend. It didn't help that Arthur's hand often found itself on her lap, stroking her fat thighs and sending tingling sensations straight to her loins. "I'm so thrilled being here."

"Well, it's a pleasure meeting you, Maggie," Melissa said, giving Barbra's former cousin a wide smile as she and Harold remained unaware of what had happened to Mike. "Is it alright if I call you Maggie?"

"Of course it is!" Arthur said with a chuckle. "She goes by that name all the time!"

"Yup, that's right," Maggie said, forcing yet another smile as she felt trapped between the shame of acting like his stepdad's woman and her new body's urges. Her hunger was insatiable, her belly growling loudly, and her loins never stopped itching with need. "P-Please, call me Maggie."

"We're delighted to have you here, Maggie," Harold said before turning his gaze to his brother. "And it's good to see you dating again after your wife died, Arthur."

"Well, she's been gone a long time now, and I figured it was time to start dating again," the chubby man said, giving his new girlfriend's thigh another squeeze and rub. "I'm just so happy I found Maggie here. She really completes me, you know. Isn't that right, honey?"

"T-That's right," Maggie said as she squirmed in her seat, her prominent ass hanging over the sides of the wide chair as her pants struggled to contain it. "I'm so happy we found each other."

Maggie glanced at Barbra, and the grandmotherly woman gave her an encouraging nod. Honestly, she had been somewhat surprised at how easy it had been to convince Arthur to go along with her little scheme. He had naturally been confused when he first saw them, but he looked strangely excited as Barbra explained what she had in mind for him and his former stepson. It was hard not to chuckle at how loving and handsy he was to his new girlfriend, and it was even harder not to smile at how flustered and ashamed it made Maggie. The initial plan was to ask Nick to help return her to normal again after the holidays, but seeing his former father's brother so happy made him wonder if Maggie didn't deserve to stay like that for a year or two. After all, that would teach the former jock a lesson in humility and give her a new perspective on life. For now, she wasn't going to decide anything as she enjoyed the peaceful Christmas eve dinner without her annoying sister or asshole cousin.

"Well, everyone," Barbra eventually said as she grabbed her glass from the table and raised it. "I wish you all a Merry Christmas. May all your lives be blessed with pleasure and happiness."

Mrs. Claus knew Nick probably wouldn't be happy when he heard what she had done, but it was worth it. She couldn't stop smiling at the sight of Maggie blushing as the new woman struggled with her new urges and feelings for her former stepdad as Arthur's hand moved closer to her crotch. Judging by the look on both their faces, she would be surprised if the guest room stayed quiet tonight. For now, they all raised their glasses into the air as their cheerful voices echoed through the room, only slightly marred by the loud gurgling from Barbra's belly.

"Merry Christmas!" They all said, smiles on most of their faces.

As for Maggie, she bit her lip as she tried to push the image of lying on her back on the bed with Arthur sating her strange urge for something long and hard buried inside her. She told herself that this was only for a few days, the woman unaware that it might be even longer than that. Maggie hoped to make it through the holidays without fucking the chubby man next to her, her heart skipping a beat whenever the man looked at her with loving eyes. But, judging by how she kept leaning towards Arthur and that she hadn't moved his hand from her lap, it seemed unlikely she'd make it through all this without getting fucked.

