

Grow, Grow, Grow; Happy Holidays!

By Skullossal

Kayla's head tilted back, eyes closed and mouth open wide; eggnog dripped from the near-empty mug she held suspended above her. You watched as she swallowed, savoring the last of the creamy, off-white liquid. A look of content spread across your girlfriend's freckled face. With a soft *'clink,'* she set her mug on the counter. Empty.

"Ah," Kayla sighed, satisfied. "Now *that's* some good eggnog."

She wiped the corners of her lips with a sleeve. "I can't get enough of this stuff! Why don't stores sell eggnog year-round?"

"Maybe 'cause you're the only one drinking it..." you mumbled, eyeing the new clutter of recently acquired eggnog cartons. A bemused expression danced across your girlfriend's freckled face.

"'Tis the season!" She winked, glancing over at you. Kayla crossed her legs, tucking a few curls of shoulder-length red hair behind her ear. "You might not like it, but don't worry; that just means more for me!"

You rolled your eyes. You knew how festive your girlfriend became around the holidays: The decorations; the gift-wrapping. Endless holiday songs. Even now she dressed for the season: the red-and-green stripes of her knee-high socks drew the eye upwards; Her shorts depicted cartoon elves, their cute faces flanking both sides of her slim behind. "*Devout Eggnostic*" bedazzled the front of her long-sleeve shirt, completing her outfit; the plastic gems glittered with a purposeful tackiness known only to the most pious advocates of ugly Winter attire.

Yet, among all Kayla's quirks, one reigned above the rest. You shuddered, remembering the taste. Eggnog. How she enjoyed that foul beverage escaped you; not even your house remained safe from its presence. If Kayla got her way, she'd stock the fridge full of it. You needed to intervene.

"Uh, Babe?"

Your girlfriend managed to look up from her hoard of liquid treasure.

"*Exactly* how much eggnog did you get this year?"

“Hmm...” She pondered. “Good question.” Kayla moved an emptied quart of eggnog aside, tallying her recent purchases.

“Sixteen cartons?” She ventured.

“*Sixteen?*” You fought the urge to massage your temples. “Are you planning on drinking this all by yourself?”

“Hmph.” Kayla huffed in annoyance. “You never know; maybe I will.”

She reached for another carton of eggnog, unscrewing the cap. The creamy beverage sloshed out, filling her mug once more. Your nose wrinkled in distaste.

“Oh, and these were free, I’ll have you know,” she continued. “The store was throwing them out, so don’t be such a Scrooge, babe.”

You frowned. “Throwing eggnog out? What for?”

“Contamination, I guess; something about dairy regulations and unapproved hormones.” Kayla rolled her eyes. “Honestly, I checked the dates and seals; this stuff smells and tastes fine. Heck, it tastes even better than normal; Maybe they were onto something.”

Your girlfriend took a long series of gulps, then sighed, refreshed. The mug clacked down on the counter. Empty.

“You... sure do like this stuff, hun.”

“The holidays come ‘round only once a year, boo.”

“It’s a year’s worth of calories if you drink all that.”

Kayla drew her face into a pout, flashing big, sad eyes your way. “Shaming your girlfriend on her diet? How rude.”

“Don’t give me that look; you know that’s not what I-”

“I’m sure you would be absolutely devastated if I ended up with a little extra junk in the trunk.” She interrupted, shifting to pat her elf-clad rear.

“Well, no. I mean, you’d look good, but I’d like how you look regardless of-”

“Oh? So you *want* a thicker girlfriend?”

“*What?* I only said-”

“Well then; consider *this* your present then this year, babe!”

Kayla reached for the carton, going for thirds. Eggnog again sloshed out; the heavy liquid refilled her mug to the brim. An exasperated sigh escaped your lips. Kayla’s love for the holidays rivaled only her passion for mind games. She made a habit of topping your naughty list on more than one occasion.

Your girlfriend leaned back in her seat, drinking more of the eggy concoction. Kayla’s last comment echoed in your head. She’d been joking, of course-- yet the idea of seeing her with extra curves remained appealing. You could almost see it now.

You blinked. Odd. You *could* see it now.

Perhaps it was a trick of the light, but Kayla’s outfit looked... tight. You tilted your head, examining the graphic decorating her shorts: The fabric stretched, adding distance between the two cartoon characters. Were those naughty elves on her behind always that far apart?

The ‘*Devout Eggnostic*’ shirt hugged Kayla’s skin, clinging tighter than before. Even the bedazzled lettering on her chest appeared distorted.

Kayla sighed, then refilled her mug once more. She shook the last few drops from the emptied carton of eggnog before tossing it aside, grabbing another.

“Isn’t that eggnog carton number three, babe?” You ventured.

“I’m not counting how much eggnog you drink!”

“I haven’t had any.”

“Good. Don’t think about drinking any either; it’s all mine.”

“Are you... ok, Kayla?”

“Ok? I feel great!” She giggled. “I’m just in the holiday spirit! Can’t you feel it? There’s a tingling feeling all around; something’s buzzing in the air!”

You tried feeling the holiday spirit. There was a notable absence of any tingling or buzzing sensations. Perhaps this would be a good time to intervene. Drinking that much eggnog in one sitting might have side effects. Kayla knocked another round back, her loud gulps audible even from a distance.

Gulp... Gulp...

Wobble.

Something caught your eye, interrupting your thoughts; Was Kayla... rising? You stared in disbelief. Kayla grew before your eyes, her proportions larger with each swallow. The barstool creaked, reacting to the heavier occupant seated above.

Shorts crept up your girlfriend's thighs, exposing increasingly pale skin hidden underneath. Kayla's behind expanded outwards, fighting off the surrounding fabric as her booty padded out further with each gulp. Undaunted, Kayla continued drinking.

Gulp...

Wobble. Her thighs widened; hips flared outwards, accommodating their proportions to the wide load of Kayla's sizable booty.

Gulp...

Wobble. Her waist tightened; Kayla's svelte midriff thickened with additional padding. She somehow retained a sleek and toned figure, contradicting the steady influx of mass to her ever-curvier assets.

She sat higher in the seat now, her padded posterior adding a layer of cushion beneath her. A resounding **crack** rang out; the mug clattered against the counter, devoid of all liquid.

"This just isn't doing it for me," Kayla grumbled, more Venus-like than ever. "Babe, can you get me a bigger mug?" She asked, fluttering her long lashes once more.

"Er- I think that's our biggest one, but there's something you need to-."

"Really?" She peered into the ceramic cup. "I could've sworn it used to be bigger-"

"Babe, there's something you might not have noti-"

"-I remember buying these too; Did our mugs shrink or something? What a-"

"-You really need to take a look at yourself before-"

"-waste of money! Oh! Maybe we could buy new mugs as a holiday pre-"

“**BABE!**” You shouted, finally getting through. “That eggnog is going straight to your hips. And your butt. And your chest. And-- well everywhere, really.”

Your girlfriend blinked, looking down at herself.

“What?” She frowned. “I don’t know what you’re-” Kayla pressed her hands against her hips. A brief pause followed. The barstool slid back as she stood up; her chest bounced heavier, packed inside a now-constraining top. Kayla twisted in place; her butt wobbled as she examined her voluminous rear. You watched as she gave a cautious squeeze: Fingers sank into the jiggling, stocking-filling stockpile of her thickened booty and thighs.

“Well,” Kayla broke the silence. “They weren’t kidding about those hormones, huh?” She giggled, shifting her stance and getting a feel for her new, curvaceous proportions.

“Er, guess not,” You muttered. Your girlfriend didn’t seem bothered by the changes. She wasn’t alone in that, you had to admit. Kayla always knew how to look good; even while wearing tacky holiday attire, she did so in a cute, impish manner.

‘Cute’ or ‘Impish’ no longer remained accurate. She dominated her outfit, stretching the fabric to the shape of her body. The naughty elves decorating her shorts looked bloated and distorted; the cartoonish figures clearly suffered from the growth spurt; a heftier rear now stretched their sad, abstract blobs across a double-hemisphere of expansive derriere.

Kayla rotated, this time facing you. “So,” she smiled, sliding hands down thick, ample thighs, “Do you like your present this year?”

You gulped and nodded. Kayla clearly enjoyed her ‘present’ as well.

“Hmm.” Kayla’s eyes grew mischievous. “You wouldn’t be upset if I drink more eggnog?” Her hands moved away from her thighs and slid upwards an athletic midriff. Her fingers reached the base of her breasts, vanishing beneath their plush, wobbling weight. She gave her boobs a series of experimental jiggles, each quake lewder than the last. “I want some really **big** gifts this year.” Kayla breathed.

You shook away the horny fog clouding your thoughts. “Well, it is the giving season...” You croaked, clearing your throat.

Kayla faked a pout. “Maybe I shouldn’t; you do hate all this eggnog, after all. I mean, I don’t want my poor lover upset-”

“I want you to drink more!” you interrupted, louder than intended.

Kayla paused, cocking her head. “Say that again, darling?”

“I mean, uh, please drink as much as you like, hun.” you coughed, a blush reddening your cheeks.

Your girlfriend’s smug expression returned. Kayla snagged another sloshing carton of eggnog, uncapped the top, and drank.

Glug...

Glug...

Glug...

Kayla smacked her lips and sighed, dropping a hollow carton to the floor. A small burp escaped your girlfriend’s lips. Kayla blushed, one hand hovering over her mouth and the other pressing against her midriff.

“Scuse me.” She giggled. Kayla plucked another full carton from the shrinking pile of eggnog, then made her way in your direction.

You watched Kayla’s waspish hips brush against the countertop as she approached. Taught clothes snuggled her torso, accentuating the figure of her midriff. A stray memory of Kayla’s once c-cup breasts flitted through your mind, then disintegrated, impacting onto the surface of an approaching chest three times as large.

Her prominent bust filled the front of her shirt, billboarding the jeweled plastic lettering of her attire into a 3D display: ‘*Devout Eggnostic*’ now curved into an arc of letters, stretching wide along the soft crest of Kayla’s enlarged assets, mere inches away from your face.

“Eyes up here, babe.”

Kayla’s voice snapped your attention away from the mesmerizing rise and fall of her chest. Your eyes rose to where you expected to see hers, then continued rising several inches higher. Your girlfriend’s smug wink met your gaze as it arrived.

“Hi there, shortie.” Kayla teased.

“Wait. You’re... taller.”

“Surprised?”

“This can’t be from the eggnog... I mean, hormones from cows? That’s stupid! There has to be a scientifi-”

Wobble.

Kayla’s significant chest increased in prominence, ignoring your pathetic efforts to rationalize the situation. Her back arched; bedazzled gems skittered outwards across the room, launched by the force of another eggnog-fueled growth. Extra cleavage asserted itself, bulging past small tears in her top.

The room felt warmer, heated by the roaring furnace of power radiating outward from Kayla’s body. She quivered; her teeth bit down on her lip; her eyes rolled back in a throe of ecstasy. Each exaggerated swell of Kayla’s voluptuous physique exposed additional inches of cream-colored skin: the hem of her shirt now inched upwards, revealing the glint of full-figured, sweat-sheened abs. You stepped back as your girlfriend moaned; A monumental spurt of growth rocked Kayla’s jiggling frame, shooting her head past yours as she reached a lofty 6’7”.

“Ah!” came a gasp from above. You craned your neck back, only to find your girlfriend’s face obscured from view, hidden by heaving slopes of underboob. She rotated away, struggling within her undersized shorts and shirt. An over-laden apple-bottom swung by with the force of a wrecking ball, brushing past your chest. Her shorts appeared thin and translucent, stretching across a colossal, torso-smothering rear. The faint remnants of two elfin blobs reappeared in view, now holding on for dear life. “I think,” Kayla grunted, “that last carton is finally kicking in!”

Snap.

Elastic split in a burst of tattered nylon; Kayla’s elf shorts perished, falling to the floor in pieces. A substantial booty wobbled outward, accompanied by double-wide hips and thick, thunderous thighs. Kayla sighed, her rear freed from its festive bonds. She gave her glutes an experimental flex; rolling mounds quaked in a twerking motion, moving the mass of her curves with a deceptive bounciness. Only the sheer volume and weight of Kayla’s physique betrayed the immense power behind her movements.

“So,” Kayla panted, pantless, turning again towards you. Mischievous eyes twinkled out from above the mountainous overhang of her chest. “Am I gonna be on the naughty list this year?”

“I’m about to put us both on the naughty list.”

Kayla grinned, crossing her forearms below her bust. She corralled her overflowing endowments outwards; boobs jutted out of her top in sporadic holes; a

collage of tits and tattered fabric smooshed against your face, overwhelming your vision.

The sound of sloshing liquid reached your ears, followed by the crack of a cap opening; more eggnog for Kayla.

“Babe,” you mumbled through muffling mounds of cleavage. “Think you might be going overboard with the, uh, *presents* this year?”

“Don’t worry, short-stuff,” Kayla responded, patting your head and taking a step back. “Consider *this* your Happy New Year.”

The glugging of eggnog resumed, accompanied by long, dragging gulps. Each swallow sent a hypnotic jiggle through Kayla’s powerful frame.

Kayla squeezed. The cardboard container crumpled, its last remnants spraying outwards into plump, thirsting lips. The thick bounty of liquid dribbled down the sides of her chin. A wall of cleavage halted the escaping eggnog; the excess drops splattered atop a soft cushion of boobs, then rolled downwards, fading into her equally creamy skin.

The lattice of Kayla’s torn shirt-strings quivered, working in vain to restrain jiggling armfuls of boob. Bulbous nipples poked askew; their twin points now rested atop flush mounds of areola. Heat rushed outwards, steaming as it escaped the interior of Kayla’s outfit; goosebumps rose across her skin, intermingled with freckles and the occasional trail of sweat.

Wobble.

A series of pressurized snaps fired off as Kayla’s bust doubled in size, obliterating the few remaining threads constraining her growth. You attempted to estimate her new cup-size and failed: Her chest now far-surpassed natural limits of any woman you’d seen.

“D-damn.” you approached your growing girlfriend.

Kayla quivered, riding the wave of hormones flooding her system. Her hyper-curvaceous figure hit another spurt of growth, rocketing up in height even further. Eight feet.... Nine feet... You felt smaller by the second as your girlfriend filled more of the room, hands stretching towards the ceiling. Her hips and thighs dominated your field of view, padding thicker by second. At ten feet, the growth spurt ceased. You gulped, taking in the size of the amazon before you.

Kayla's red locks of hair brushed the ceiling as she teased her crotch against your face, now perfectly level with her waist. "Hi, cutie." She giggled, bumping you backward with a lewd hump. "You're the perfect height... I'll have to take advantage of that later."

Kayla moved past you, covering half the room in a few quaking strides. She reclined upon the couch, her arms encompassing the length of the groaning furniture beneath her. Your girlfriend crossed her long, luxurious legs, even sexier despite the disturbing size and power behind her new physique. She flashed a confident smile and patted her knee, inviting you over.

"What are you waiting for? Come sit on your big girlfriend's lap."

You didn't need to be asked twice. Kayla reached out as you approached, pulling you towards her with gentle, undeniable force. You relaxed, caught in the dominant embrace between Kayla's smooth, powerful thighs and the endless waterbed of her plush, creamy tits.

Liquid, leaking from her nipple, pattered onto your torso. Kayla sighed as your lips brushed up her perfect chest, knocking droplets of perspiration from her soft skin.

"Careful; they're sensitive." She moaned. You felt the flexing of her thighs upon your back, shifting the total weight of your body as a mere afterthought. You shuddered, imagining the limits of your girlfriend's newfound strength.

"I'll be gentle," You promised.

Your kissing continued, soon meeting the sensitive fountain at its source. The liquid hit your tongue: It tasted like eggnog, but sweeter, with a greater depth of flavor. You blinked. Did this eggnog taste... good?

Teasing her nipples accelerated the flow. Your girlfriend leaned into your touch, exhaling in pleasure as her chest perked up. "So babe," your giantess girlfriend inquired. "Still hate eggnog?"

"I'm coming around."

Kayla's hands gripped around your thighs, pulling your body deeper into her lap. Your legs stretched wide around her midriff, trapped in place against your girlfriend's far wider torso.

"Oh," Kayla murmured. "I'm sure you'll do a lot of *coming* around soon, *especially* around these..." Her breasts pressed downwards, imprisoning you in place under a

smothering avalanche of pleasure. Darkness enveloped the world as your consciousness faded. "Imagine," her faint voice continued, sounding distant, "How big I'll get once I finish *the rest* of my eggnog!"