

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,662 words.

<Secret Santa>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Five

I would have to get used to it; two days had passed since I had woken up curvy. As sudden as the growth was, it didn't disappear. I was left squeezing into old trousers and struggling to not turn heads when I was out and about. In part because of my perfect curves but in part because of my ill-fitting clothes. Due to the time of the year, shopping was a nightmare. I had placed an order online to get new clothes delivered but "Due to demand, the delivery has been delayed".

I decided to suck it up. It was very quickly Christmas eve and I had plans to meet some family, namely, my mother. My mum wouldn't allow me to get away with wearing the clothes I was struggling to deal with. Not only that, but it would also draw attention to my growing rear and the shaming she would likely give me would be too much to bear.

I tried on a number of jeans, leggings and shorts but they were all too tight. I sunk my hands into my fleshy thighs and felt a sense of excitement. I was getting used to my thicker form and I must admit, I was starting to enjoy it. Too frustrated to stop and do something about my growing appreciation for my form, I continued to dive through my wardrobe until I found something that fit.

The blue leggings.

Despite the fact that I had grown, the blue fabric had stretched well over my curves.

*Couldn't hurt, I know they draw attention but maybe that is better than not being able to fit into my clothes.*

I decided to roll the dice and wear them. I stared at my figure in the mirror and placed a hand on my hips.

“Fuck... I do look good...” I said aloud to nobody, my voice quivering.

I changed my top and made my way to my family home. It wasn't too far of a drive but thanks to how hectic the roads were, it was just as infuriating to make the trip.

*Everyone is driving home for Christmas, I guess...*

I arrived at the same time as my sister, Emily. Emily was older than me, she had a more stable life than me, husband, homeowner and we were all just waiting on the announcement for pregnancy to drop.

*Maybe this year.*

She waved at me frantically, she was so excited to see me. Emily had moved much farther away than I had from Mum and Dad's so seeing here was a bit of a rare event. She ran over to my car; her frame was slight, and she was small. She could've been a gymnast with her frame, and it looked like she was keeping up with the gym because she still looked great. I always idolised her figure as she looked far more toned than I, not covered in muscle but it was clear she was fit.

I got out of the car to greet her, and her face turned to shock.

*Shit... Is it **that** noticeable?*

Her eyes darting between my hips and my face seemed to suggest it was that noticeable. Before I could even open my mouth, she yelled.

“Holy shit Belle! What happened!”

“I ca-”

“You look fucking hot!” Despite her slight frame and her small demeanour, when she was around me, she was rather boisterous and maybe a bit vulgar.

“What?” Her husband Richard walked from the other side of the car, not fully aware of what was going on, even his eyes noticed my new curves.

“Don't look!” Emily slapped Richard's arm. “In the house, now”

He did as he was told, taking one last glance at my wide hips. Emily closed the gap between us and stopped short of a hug. Her voice lowered to a whisper. “What happened... You’ve never had curves.”

“You’ve not even seen the best part yet...” I turned and stuck my ass out.

My large cheeks were highlighted by the leggings, as advertised.

“Fucking hell...” Emily said under her breath.

“I know...” I added.

“What... How... We don’t have genes like that... What is mum going to say!” Emily’s mind was working a mile a minute.

“I know. I hope she says nothing, I don’t want her judgmental gaze over me at all, you know what she will say.”

“Something about getting fat or being a slag, no doubt.” Emily said, as if reading my mind. “But how? Injections or something?”

“You won’t believe me.”

“Try me.”

“I woke up like this.”

“Bullshit!” She exclaimed.

“I am serious. I woke up like this. I didn’t think it was too noticeable.”

“You thought wrong. You’ve always been so small, to see you with some meat on you, it is rather drastic actually. Especially with those leggings.”

*Shit.*

“Right, let’s get inside... I’ll go first, distract mum and then you just sit at the table, she won’t be able to see anything then.” She pointed at my rear. “That is going to be hard to hide, Belle...”

“I know...”

Emily burst through the door, made quite the entrance, grabbing all the attention from our

mum. She wrapped her arms around her and gave her a big hug, being sure to turn her away from the door. I quickly bolted into the house and to the table. My ass jiggling behind me, each rushed step causing my ass cheeks to clap together. It wasn't audible enough for anyone to hear from that far away, but it was enough that I knew.

I zipped past everyone, Richard stared again, and I quickly jumped into my seat. I looked up and saw Emily and Mum were still embraced.

*Safe. Thank fuck.*

I looked to my left and saw my dad with wide eyes in the doorway.

*Shit.*

“What happened to you sweetheart?” His voice was loud enough to get my mum's attention.

I saw her practically discard Emily and walk towards me with a concerned look on her face.

“What's wrong honey?” Her voice was kind and caring but I knew what sharp words would likely come after.

“Nothing, I'm fine.”

Mum turned to Dad and looked inquisitively.

“She looks different.” My dad was a lot kinder with his words.

My mum looked at him with a raised eyebrow, my dad then gestured downward. Her eyes were quickly back on me.

“Stand up.”

*Guess the jig is up.*

I stood up and saw my mum's face drop. She was awestruck, with all the attention on me, I blushed profusely. My dad turned away thankfully. Emily and Richard did not, however. I had six eyes on me, rather, my ass. I looked down and saw how even from my point of view I looked much different, I could see my legs were plumper and juxtaposed to my thin frame. I turned to look behind and I could see my butt sticking out. It was rather embarrassing, but it wasn't hard to see why they were making a fuss. I was a slim woman and now I had suddenly changed.

My mum seemed genuinely concerned though, which was new for her. I had expected the judgement but thankfully her first thought was my safety. It was nice. For a bit. The topic of conversation was my sudden weight gain for far too long. Hormones, glands, cancer, everything was discussed until my Mum finally went down the route of “Maybe I did this to myself.” That is when things got a bit more annoying.

“You didn’t get surgery, did you?”

“No mum. Of course not. When would I have gone for surgery without you knowing?”

“I don’t know, but you better have gone to somewhere safe, not one of those back-alley places you read about online.”

My eyes rolled for the millionth time. Emily could see my mounting frustration and decided to throw me a lifeline.

“Mum... I think we should move on...” She started timidly.

“How can we? Your sister is mutilating herself for... For what?”

“Mum... Please.”

Mum still didn’t follow, she continued to try to talk about my new assets before Emily flipped.

“Mum! I’m late.”

The implication that she was pregnant was there, Emily wasn’t above oversharing but there was a nervousness about her voice. Not the way I imagine she would want to have broken that news, but I was more than grateful for the topic to move off of my butt. Thankfully the “potential pregnancy” topic kept my mother entertained until she heard the pan on the hob boiling over. Cooking was her passion, so she quickly ignored us for the sake of providing great food. The whole time I could see Richard squirming in his chair as his wife got bombarded by questions.

I turned to Emily and whispered. “You didn’t have to do that...”

“I know. It wasn’t exactly true though...”

I smirked.

“I mean, we are trying, and I *am* late, but only by a day.”

I giggled under my breath.

“Shush, she will know. Just keep your head down, bubble butt.” She teased.

I did as I was told, I enjoyed the wonderful feast Mum had made and accepted the remarks about me eating too much and it “going to my ass”.

All said and done, it was a good time with my family, despite the rocky start. I hadn’t seen them all together for quite some time, far too long, but at last it was time to leave. Everyone was excusing themselves from the table, my mum and dad went to do the dishes, my sister needed the toilet and Richard was going to vape outside. I shifted slightly in my chair and felt the leg of the table dig into my thigh. I felt dread run through my body.

*My leg shouldn't be touching the table.*

My hand timidly went under the table, and I gasped when I made contact with my thigh, much quicker than I was expecting.



\* \* \*