

SUMMARY: Haley is visited by her family spirit of Christmas. Possession, stuffing, lactation, stuffing, and some curvy, hourglass waisted weight gain ensues.

Contains: *breast expansion, lactation, pregnancy, pregnancy expansion, belly expansion, hourglass expansion, ass expansion, butt expansion, hip expansion, weight gain, belly expansion, belly growth, romance.*

"No thanks, Nate, you know I prefer nights to myself." Haley said, her tone made it evident she couldn't be swayed. Nate looked a bit saddened, he'd always had a **huge** crush on her– and for a brief moment, he thought Haley felt the same. Haley stepped towards the door and held it open for Nate to take his exit, noticing his clear glum look as he passed.

"Thanks for the help though, because of you I might actually get some sleep tonight!" Haley happily said, trying to make him feel a bit better. Nate stepped out with a wave, trying hard to mask his sadness. It wasn't the first time Haley had rejected him, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. He'd been trying for **ages**, to most he'd seem obsessive, but to friends and family, the two were **always** made for each other. The duo had been inseparable since childhood, so much so that Nate had just helped Haley cook for her family Christmas feast, which Nate would inevitably attend. Haley always showed love– but she pulled back every time she caught herself in the act. They both knew, but Nate was **really** hoping tonight would be the night she'd relent and finally open up to him, he wasn't even sure if she liked him anymore. At the end of the day, at least they managed to prepare the feast...

Which would have taken literal **days** for Haley to do it all alone, especially considering her family was absolutely **massive**. Thanks to Nate, it

was done in "only" three nights. Haley had to cook for her six siblings, her father, her three uncles, *and* each of those uncles had at **least** seven children each. That wasn't even mentioning her aunties **or** her grandparents! The male genes were extremely dominant as well; despite their massive groups of children, the four brothers had just one girl each. Due to the sheer size of their family, each of the four female members catered for one holiday a year while all of the men cobbled together funding to pay for it all– with a hefty tip. It was a tradition passed down from the mothers, who all "retired" so to speak, once the new generation of cooking women were ready to step up to the insanely large plate.

While Nate had always questioned the large workload, Haley didn't see anything wrong with it. Haley and her three female cousins had always loved cooking, maybe because they had to do it so often, or maybe because their mothers taught them how. It was something that connected the female family members deeply, aside from being the small feminine minority of the massive group. Haley genuinely enjoyed the activity and didn't have to pay a dime, unlike everyone else. It was a win-win, good food, happy family, relaxing yet frenetic kitchen time, **and** she got paid for it.

Haley heard Nate's car pull off and swiftly finished putting all of the food away, but something felt... Odd. Haley couldn't put her finger on it, but she could feel *something* lurking nearby. She wasn't sure exactly what and had no choice but to brush it off as being awake for far too long. But as she finished tidying up and set off to bed, one thing stuck out to Haley like a sore thumb. It was cold! Far colder than it was just a few minutes ago.

A cold air whistled through her long blonde hair, sending a shiver down her spine. Haley suddenly felt the strange presence intensify,

surprising certainly, scary most definitely, but it didn't feel exactly sinister or unwelcoming. Contrary to what people would **assume** based on her pretty face, Haley was very smart and much more perceptive than most. She could immediately tell something was amiss even without any history with the paranormal. Haley searched the home in an attempt to find the source but to no avail. No matter where she looked Haley felt a *warm* and *nostalgic* presence, like meeting up with an old relative, particularly a grandma or grandpa. Haley rubbed her chin, her mind narrowing down exactly what the feeling was, she swore she had felt it recently. It felt almost exactly like...

**Thanksgiving with her cousin May!** May catered the halloween family gathering, she'd had a **very** obvious growth spurt **and** got pregnant with what doctors believed was identical **sextuplets** soon after. Curves naturally ran in the family, Haley herself had big tits, a slim waist, and a decently big butt, but May had entered the next level that only their mothers had been in. May was stuffed with an insane amount of babies accompanied by huge, swollen, clearly milky tits and hips that were designed for a true breeder. On first sight, Haley had mentally equivalized her new body with a fertility idol, only briefly thinking about how she'd likely end up the same way. When Haley had seen May, not only did hers and everyone else's jaw drop, they felt that same nostalgic energy she was feeling now.

Haley pushed her glasses up and put her hair into a bun. The presence was surprisingly comforting, but her mind was far too analytical to stay around it long. She hadn't ever believed in ghosts, she was simply too paranoid at the moment to doubt their existence. Haley vowed to think about science and the supernatural later, for right now, she'd run and call an exorcist or a priest or even just a friend to sleep over, **anything** that could give her a bit more comfort in her own home. As soon as Haley was about to

grab her coat and leave, all the lights in the home flickered and the coat was pulled far out of reach, suspended in the air as if by magic.

Her mouth hung open and her eyes went wider than her own glasses. Haley stood frozen and her eyes slowly tracked their way towards the exit, an escape plan hatching in her mind almost immediately. She gently stepped towards it, only to see the lights flicker again as soon as her socks touched the ground. She didn't care, if she was in a room with a ghost, this was the best time to escape! Haley stepped forward as quickly as she could and grabbed the doorknob, but it just wouldn't budge. Haley began to panic, **she was in a real ghost story!** Why did she live alone at a time like this!?

Haley's mind raced, searching for all possible solutions. Maybe she could call Nate back? He couldn't have gone far! As soon as she took her phone out, a cold shiver coursed through her body from head to toe– it was **freezing** in here! Haley carefully trailed through her apartment, never leaving the wall for a moment until she reached her kitchen. It was clear whatever was present wasn't going to let her grab a jacket, though it seemed safe everywhere that wasn't the entryway– did it just want her to stay here? Haley thought of every possible reason a ghost would want her to stay, but her thoughts were quickly derailed by the memory of her Christmas dinner.

Her flat stomach rumbled, hunger hitting her body harder than it would any other day. Haley normally wouldn't dare touch a holiday meal before the day of, but something in her mind craved a bite of macaroni and cheese to settle her nerves. Plus, it was so cold that maintenance must have turned the AC off, some hot coco couldn't hurt either. Haley quickly brewed a cup of hot chocolate and popped some of the Christmas mac into the microwave– one nibble wouldn't kill her.

Haley sat, idly eating and sipping on hot chocolate without a care in the world. She was usually a smart girl, the type to never fall victim to a silly horror movie cliché like eating during paranormal activity... but it seemed Haley had been a bit more influenced by the presence than she imagined. A gentle fog settled into her mind, helping her completely forget about it all. The young lady idly texted Nate to come back and help her out, though her main focus was on eating that sweet, cheesy macaroni accompanied by even sweeter, creamier hot chocolate. Just how she liked it.

Another cold gust of wind pushed Haley's hair right back out of the bun, then another unbuttoned and pulled her sweater off with extreme ease. As her sweater flew away, the gust pulled her glasses off as well, leaving the large busted woman with only a bra, pajama pants, and a fork of macaroni in her hand. Haley nearly fell out of her chair— she suddenly remembered there was a ghost in her house! Haley threw the fork of mac and backed up until she was square in the kitchen's corner, taking the hot chocolate with her as if by instinct. As Haley frantically looked around the kitchen, she heard a whisper from right below her.

"Young lady," an elderly, feminine voice said, "How can you bare young with a skinny body like that?" Haley jumped back with a scared yelp, her vision meeting the spectral, ghostly form rising from the cup of chocolate. She had encountered a real live ghost! In her hot chocolate! As Haley's heart raced, she noticed the small ghostly avatar looked very similar to herself, albeit much older and **much** more curvaceous.

"**My descendants are gettin' skinnier every year!**" the ghost matron sighed, "Let's put some **meat** on those bones, can't have your young goin'

hungry!" and before Haley could react or protest, the hot chocolate in her hand came to life, glowing a bright brown and forcing Haley's eyes to shut in response. The buxom ghost lady smiled before sinking back into the coco, the bright brown light managing to glow brighter from within.

"Oldest trick in the book, turn the heat down and they always go for the coco!" the voice laughed from inside the cup, "How'd ya fall for that one, kiddo?" the cup swirled wildly with her every word, but not a drop spilled.

Haley grimaced, trying to tear herself away from the hot chocolate glow. **"How was I supposed to know ghost magic came from hot chocolate!? That doesn't even make any sense!"** Haley threw her hands to the floor in an attempt to get the hot chocolate away, only to find it was stuck to her hands! Another laugh from the elderly spirit echoed through the apartment and the glow subsided, allowing Haley to open her eyes again. Of course, it was just so she'd see what would happen next.

The spirit infused hot chocolate jumped from the cup and directly down Haley's throat, lucky her, it had cooled down. Haley tried to stop it, she gritted her teeth and shut her lips as tight as possible, but the chocolate just wouldn't stop coming. The coco flowed into her along with every bit of cream she put into it and the ghost went right along for the ride. Her spirit continued to fill Haley's body, more willpower and strength being lost every moment. Haley couldn't even widen her eyes, she wasn't even in control of her face anymore. As Haley tried to frown all her body could muster was a happy smile, forcing her to look pleased with the possession. Haley's heart raced as she realized— her body was being taken over by a curvy grandma! She couldn't scream or cry out, before Haley knew it, her own voice had become that of the spirits.

"**Ah!**" Haley said, poking at her own belly. "Too flat," she said, groping one of her already large breasts, "And how do ya think these flatties feed even one of your chillen'?" Haley laughed, though her laugh was far more hearty and loud than it ever had been. The true Haley was forced to watch, captive in her own body like she was watching a movie from behind her eyes. She could feel everything, even the slap of her own ass the ghoul forced her to give. Even her already quite round bottom was too small for the ghost.

"Ya' hips definitely need ta' be wider, girl," Haley said with a clear condescending tone, "You know how fertile you ladies get."

It was true. Haley was curvy for certain, but in more traditional views, her curves weren't entirely made to support the many children she'd likely end up with. Her family all had **extremely** high fertility, so Haley had assumed she'd get bigger after falling pregnant, like her mom and all her aunties had. Even the women who married into the family inevitably grew curvy and had a ridiculous amount of children each, and now Haley was starting to understand why. Was her family cursed?

"No, kid, I ain't a curse," Haley said, the ghost could clearly read her thoughts. "I'm your great great grandma! And ya' know how grandma's love big families!" Haley rubbed her belly on command, "I cast a spell a long while ago to make sure you girls would always live up to your full potential, but holidays always got the most **magic** to em'."

Haley had so many questions. Her entire life she'd been the typical smart girl who didn't believe much in magic or the supernatural, aside from all the crazy stuff that reportedly happened in the rest of the world. She was

a skeptic, she'd never been there to see exorcists, super heroes or breast focused churches. She didn't believe **any** of it, until right now.

"Your curves are *alright* now, just imagine how you'll be when I make you like I made your mama!"

Any doubt Haley had was instantly gone, her own voice controlled by another told her everything she needed to know. Her mother and every other woman in the family was ridiculously curvaceous even *before* pregnancy and **even more** afterwards. She herself was always an hourglass steadily growing larger as she aged, but Haley was only in her twenties, she wasn't supposed to have a body like them yet and she **definitely** didn't want kids!

"Don't worry youngin', you ain't getting pregnant yet," Haley said to herself, "Just a bit healthier!" Haley's captor finished speaking, then forced her to helplessly watch her own body walk towards the refrigerator, taking all the food she'd prepared right back out without a second thought. The ghoul pressed a hand above her belly, then a blast of warm, lustful energy coursed through Haley's lower half.

"There you go! Now any time you get hungry or eat even a lil, you'll want to breed! Don't worry, you can eat lots more than before, Grandma made sure of it!" Haley spoke to herself happily.

As Haley looked at the massive meal before her, it seemed like the grandma ghost wasn't at all lying. Haley felt a warmth course through her pussy, feeling a sudden wave of wetness between her bare skin and panties. With the slight amount of control over herself, Haley only licked her lips at the sight of the food before her. She could feel her pussy supercharge itself with fertility fueled by a very obvious lust for food. It was an undeniable



craving that she wanted to desperately ignore, supernatural stuffing wasn't exactly her kink, she hadn't even *believed* in ghosts until today. Now all she could think of was why hadn't anyone told her? Cousin May didn't warn her about the stuffing loving ghosts at all!

She wanted to resist, though the ghost controlling her body had other plans. Haley wouldn't have a chance to not succumb to gluttonous desire, after her great great grandma was done, she'd be stuffing herself curvy on the regular. The oven was emptied along with a few condiments from the pantry; Haley's table had become what she expected it to look like on Christmas... **Utterly and totally covered in food.**

"Look kid, I know you ain't keen on it, but it's for the greater good," Haley's voice said to her, "Would *Grandma Clara* lie to you?"

Haley had no way to express her surprise, but she certainly felt it. Grandma Clara was a very highly regarded member of her family, though she had passed far, far before most of the current descendants could even meet her. Clara's love had impacted them so much she assured they'd have a huge, happy family forever. Haley didn't know what the happy version of a curse was, but this was certainly it.

Before Haley or Clara could react or discuss, the doorbell rang. Haley's heart skipped a beat and a ray of hope shined through, Nate was here to help her!

Clara laughed, "Silly girl! That just makes this better!" Clara stood up with a smile and strutted over to the door, "I know you love that boy, and I ain't got any intention of lettin' you hide it no more!" Clara opened the door with clear excitement. As expected, Nate stood before them and was greeted

with a bigger hug than he'd ever received– by Haley, who was still in only her bra. He'd definitely felt her chest in clothes before, but the softness of two big, almost entirely nude tits against his body was a first. It was awesome! Especially since Nate refused to romantically involve himself with anyone who wasn't the clear girl of his dreams; Haley. Nate couldn't help but smile, were his dreams finally coming true?

**"Hi Nate!"** Clara spoke happily, much more than usual.

"I'm **sooooo** sorry for kicking you out, wanna help me out inside? I could use a hand!" Clara beckoned him in, then turned around with an unseen, devilish grin. These young folk were so gullible! The increasingly giddy Nate asked no questions at all, meanwhile Haley helplessly tried to signal she was trapped within. No dice, if Nate wasn't asking questions, Clara's presence wouldn't be obvious. Nate was led back to the kitchen, his eyes wandering the bare skin of Haley's back all the way there, Clara even pulled her hair upfront to reveal it. When they reached the kitchen was the only point his eyes left her body, as they quickly met a surprising sight. Everything they'd cooked the past few days laid out across every kitchen surface– somehow, that was the only thing that Nate questioned so far.

Clara ushered Nate into a chair at the kitchen table before shuffling around the kitchen, grabbing quite a few miscellaneous tools and utensils. The woman was clearly on a mission, after apologizing she hadn't said anything at all and was completely focused, though Nate couldn't tell exactly what her focus was for just yet. Clara briefly returned and handed Nate a fork, a spoon, a knife, and a cup. For Haley, it was obvious what Clara was doing– gathering various tools to feed her with. Perhaps if Clara didn't have access to the entirety of her memories her collection would have been slowed down, but Haley doubted that anything could stop her at this point.

After finding everything she wanted, Clara walked around the table and unwrapped every dish. The smell of good food filled the room and the sight filled all three of their visions. Clara allowed a lustful look to slip across her face, a droplet of drool nearly falling from her lip. Even though he noticed the brief lapse, the ever agreeable Nate only raised an eyebrow at her. Clara plopped Haley's body down onto the chair, long, uncharacteristically deep breath filling the silence. Nate still questioned nothing while Clara stared at him through Haley's eyes expectantly. Haley loved Nate for certain, but she wished he wasn't so... sweet, just for this one moment. He liked spending time with Haley too much to question things like this, whereas a more confrontational person likely would have noticed at the very beginning.

**"What are you waiting for?"** Clara scolded, **"Feed me!"** she demanded, opening her mouth and leaning forward, her arms pushing Haley's large breasts into the perfect valley of cleavage. Nate gulped. Was this Haley finally admitting her feelings for him? Did she have a secret food fetish all this time? Was that why she was scared to be together?

Nate smiled nervously and jabbed a fork into the nearest thing he could find— an entire porkchop! Nate lifted the slab of meat up against Haley's plump, puckered lips and watched as she practically slurped it away. Clara had been eating in her descendants' bodies for literal generations and had gained a genuine talent for it. Clara swallowed the boneless porkchop in moments, hardly even chewing.

Haley had never felt so confused in her entire life. Her belly had visibly grown immediately, albeit by a small margin. Haley typically took at

least half an hour to eat that much! She already felt bloated and judging by her own smile, Clara had no intention of stopping there. The strangest part, eating that porkchop felt **good**. That heat between her legs, rubbing between her pajamas and her thighs, **it only grew more intense**.

Clara held her mouth open, her tongue idly waiting in the air for more. Nate supplied a hefty spoonful of macaroni and cheese, which Clara once again ate in no time at all. Following the macaroni, Nate fed Haley two spoonfuls of mashed potatoes, then another of gravy. Even then, Clara held her mouth open again and waited, her face painting a clear picture of desire, she didn't even want any water! Nate was starting to understand now– she had no limits. Was Haley hiding this from him all this time?

Meanwhile, Haley was sincerely hoping Nate wouldn't change his view of her after this. She had no control at all, only a growing feeling of discomfort in her already full stomach, though that was more from the new experience than any actual pain. Clara was absolutely loving it, controlling Haley's body with so much smiling, happy enjoyment that Nate was only encouraged to feed her more. It was becoming clear he needed to pick up the pace to give what he thought was Haley what she truly wanted.

Nate shovelled potatoes smothered in gravy straight into Haley's mouth, not waiting for her to even swallow before scooping up more. Haley swallowed every scoop after only a second, managing to somehow savor the taste and down it all like a true competitive eater. Clara cooed and smiled, not caring to wipe away the crumbs developing across her face. Haley would have groaned if she could, her belly had grown so much it was bulging past her pajama pants waist, pushing them below her hips.

Clara rubbed her belly, opening her mouth for another porkchop. Everything she ate forced Haley's tum to grow more, and both women could feel Haley's increasing lusts. Clara gave her belly a quick slap, allowing its tautness to jiggle before Nate's awe filled eyes. Clara grinned, *he hadn't seen anything* yet. Nate felt a growing hardon bulge against his pants, *maybe* he was more into this than he originally thought he'd be...

Magic suddenly poured throughout Haley's body, and in no time flat, her belly was completely gone, flat once more. Now, it was time for the **real** show. Clara opened Haley's mouth again and Nate fed her a heavy helping of yams, so much so her belly had begun showing its size again. Clara slumped back and rubbed her stomach again, a magical pulse coursing through the rest of her body. It was time!

It started in Haley's arms. Previously skinny, as Clara chomped onto another helping of gravy covered potatoes her arms grew to truly healthy proportions. Then pushed just a bit further until they were pleasantly plump, completely obscuring Haley's old stick arms. Haley could hardly think, all she could feel was her own libido skyrocketing at the sight of her own growing size, she couldn't help but enjoy the stuffing she was receiving.

Nate immediately fed her a piece of boneless chicken, then another, and another, and even more after that, until the same growth spread to Haley's already large chest. She didn't stop to savor a single piece, devouring every single piece Nate gave her without taking a single breath. Her belly spilled outwards and the valley of cleavage grew deeper, her tits bulging out of the bra until it nearly popped off. If Nate had to guess, Haley's tits were now about the size of her head, if not a bit larger. But he had no time to focus

on her increasingly fat tits, the woman before him was still eager for more food.

Clara opened her mouth wide and Nate stuffed it with two slices of apple pie, which were promptly swallowed whole. Haley could do nothing but watch as her body was piloted, forced to grow in every which way. The slices of apple pie filled her stomach even more than before, only adding to Clara's enjoyment and Haley's confused lust. Haley's arms were larger than they'd ever been, her tits were huge, and her belly was so full it felt like she was pregnant. **And it was only turning her on more!**

Haley wished she could take control and just fuck Nate right then and there, she didn't care about hiding her feelings anymore, being fed had turned her on so much she hardly cared about the ghost or the food anymore. Haley wanted **him!** Not only that, she wanted him to feed her **more!**

Her possessor knew this well, but she wasn't done just yet. Clara rubbed the upper half of Haley's taut midsection, then took another bite. The real Haley managed to let out a moan as she felt herself grow, only to let out another moan when her chest bumped up another size and her hips followed, ripping the seams of her pants. Haley's pajama pants were already falling off her hips before, now they were stretched insanely tight. Her previously baggy pajama pants hugged her ass like no tomorrow until ripping all over, turning into shreds below Haley's body as they revealed the entirety of her thighs.

Nate glanced beneath the table and was greeted with two gloriously thick thighs that seemed to be growing by the second, forcing Haley's body

to spread its legs until her bare pussy was revealed– Haley didn't wear underwear underneath her pajama pants, a fact all three individuals were happy about. Her full, stuffed belly hung above her spread legs, slightly hiding her eager, wet opening. It was the perfect sight of plush skin meeting hot wetness. Nate let a lovey dovey smile cross his face, this was certainly true love! Despite being harder than he'd ever been in his life, he forced himself to stand up.

He had just discovered his new fetish! Nate quickly ran to the fridge and grabbed a whole carton of milk, perfect for washing all of that down. As he was away, Clara laid a hand on her overstuffed belly and whispered, "Are you lovin' this or what, young lady?"

Haley could hardly think to respond, if she could moan in her own mind, she was doing exactly that. Clara caressed Haley's midsection and pushed it inwards, all of her belly's contents dispersing itself amongst the rest of her body in a second flat. Haley's sides bulged out, a large amount of softness adding itself to her hips, the rest landing itself in her ass, pushing her entire body upwards. Haley managed to keep her hourglass figure, though the pudgy added to her waist, her hips and her arms gave her more of a milfy look than anyone her age would have. Her belly retained a bit of fat, remaining perfectly pudgy, squeezable, kissable, and extremely huggable. Clara adjusted Haley's body, spreading her legs further beneath her new tummy and allowing her own wetness to spill out across the seat.

Nate returned with the milk and smelt only the aroma of sex, Haley's body was running wild with libido that seemed unquenchable. Perhaps the milk would do the job?

Haley opened her mouth eagerly, neither of the two noticing the spirit leaving through her mouth. Clara left a small note in the back of Haley's mind, "Don't try to work it off kiddo, your body is thick for life and can only get bigger! Be glad you'll look good forever! And if ya tell, I'll make both of ya two times the size! Love ya!" Happy at a job well done, Clara returned to the spirit world keen on giving Haley's next cousin a similar blessing next holiday. Of course, Haley wouldn't warn her– or she'd be swiftly reminded of the two times the size clause.

Despite Clara's absence, Haley's mouth remained open, eager to eat whatever Nate provided her with. Her body was permanently altered with immense fertility and an immense appetite– both of which would massively increase her sex drive. She was much larger than before, her entire curvy body dwarfed the chair her previous self was a bit too small for. Haley was truly chubby now, if not a bit more than that. All her curves remained in all the best places, every bit of extra fat only served to make the rest of Haley's body more appealing– she had an unnaturally milfy body without even being a milf yet.

Nate poured the milk directly into Haley's mouth and she eagerly swallowed every ounce, she'd learned how to eat like her ancestor! Her stomach inflated as it did before, though was quickly emptied as her head sized tits grew larger within her bra. Each swallow seemed to immediately flow back upwards into her chest, forcing Haley's nipples to grow just a bit harder as her tits filled with milky delight. Wet spots formed at the tips of Haley's bra, both of them growing to the size of thumbs only suppressed by her bra that was barely hanging on to her stuffed tits. Her chest far surpassed head size in seconds, growing more and more until they were the size of prize winning watermelons. Even that wasn't enough, as Haley



gulped down the last bit of milk, her tits slapped against her own chubby belly. They were absolutely massive, and they weren't even completely full of milk!

Nate fetched another gallon, though Haley only had chocolate milk left. As he returned, Haley looked completely unphased, her face was more expectant euphoria than any type of struggle. Her belly had returned to its new chubby proportions while her mostly untouched face just looked a little bit cuter than before. Nate removed the cap and Haley let her tongue loll out of her mouth, mixing her own lust with her own desire to stuff herself. It was a lewd show for sure, and Nate was more than happy to be a part of it.

He poured the chocolate milk straight into Haley's mouth and not for one second to Haley back down or stop drinking. It all flowed into her stomach and forced it to inflate, but at this point her belly's capacity was so much larger it barely made a dent. The dent that the milk did make was immediately converted into breast milk, pumping Haley's chest up further until the duo heard the sounds of rips. It didn't stop either of them, and as Haley drank more and more, her chest loudly gurgled, sloshing with an increasing payload that forced her cow tits to grow. By the moment they were perkier, defying gravity despite being akin to two overfull water balloons. The sound of milk from within was extremely loud, but not as loud as the sudden rip. Haley's bra was reduced to shreds all at once, her massively grown, couch cushion titties breaking free from the bra's confines. As the gallon was empty, Haley let out an uncharacteristic belch, rubbing and patting her belly as her nipples leaked pearly white milk all across her body.

Nate simply stared, his eyes scanning all over her new, chubby, insanely curvy body. He liked her before, but... damn she looked good! Her soft, thick body covered in specks of crumbs, milk of both her own making and some that spilled. Her pussy was flush with need, lubricant dripping from it so much it was spilling onto the ground below. Haley took a deep breath and returned to reality, looking over the tables before her. She'd eaten the entire dinner and her body certainly showed it. Nate looked on in awe, his hardon clearly visible to Haley through his pants. Any guilt Haley had for ruining her own family feast was wiped away instantly, she needed cock- **now!**

Haley pushed the table aside and forced Nate to face her, unnatural, curve-carrying strength allowing her to push the table onto the ground with just one arm. Nate was filled with happiness, glee, and his pants were filled with a raging erection that somehow managed to grow larger. Finally!

She quite literally ripped all of Nate's clothing off, it seemed Grandma Clara had left Haley with a few strength enhancements- it was the only way she could carry a brood and such buxom curves! Haley locked eyes with Nate's cock, surprisingly large for such a quiet man. But something told her it could be bigger. She made no noises other than breathing, milky sloshing, and an unending clapping of her own cheeks with every movement. Haley stood directly in front of the still sitting Nate and pushed a milky nipple into his mouth. He only drank a couple drops before his body surged with lust, his cock quite literally busting a hole through his pants. Her milk had made his cock grow! Luckily, it wouldn't do that **every** time, probably. Haley pulled him away from her tit and moved her body until her ass faced Nate, allowing him the sight of every ass lover's dreams. The breastfeeding felt

amazing, but Haley was so ravenous, foreplay wasn't at all on her mind. Just big cock and breeding!

Haley's pussy juices dripped from between her thick thighs, coating Nate's dick without even trying. Eating had supercharged her body and her lust was certainly no exception. Haley's opening felt wetter and hotter than ever before, it had even grown plumper along with the rest of her body. Haley wasted no time, she didn't care to check if Nate's cock was sufficiently lubed, she didn't even notice how much she was dripping– she simply slammed her pussy straight down into his lap without ever leaving her feet. The two both moaned, the feeling of the first entry, their first time having sex, it was all amazing.

She began to ride Nate like there was no tomorrow, not waiting to adjust to his newly grown size, not starting slow, nothing. Haley immediately slapped her fat ass against him over and over again with no rest or hesitation. Nate simply sat back and felt his body ascend– he was in heaven! Haley moaned with every jiggling movement, the fat in her ass audibly sloshing along with the milk in her tits. Everything made a ridiculous amount of noise, sloshing, gurgling, slapping, plapping, the whole nine yards. At this point, Haley's own feral grunts and moans could hardly be heard. Haley's body grew more hot by the stroke, her pussy squirting against Nate's thighs, her ass wetly slapping and plapping against the increasingly moist surface. It felt so good to be stuffed, so amazing to be so curvy and plump, it was as if Haley was having a mini orgasm with every slam. In no time at all, the newly made couple neared a joint orgasm.

Haley felt it all across her body. Her increased curves grew just a bit more, her tits squirted milk in anticipation, and her pussy tightened just

perfectly to bring Nate to climax. Nate never stood a chance, the girl of his dreams had grown to truly curvy proportions and started riding him like only a pornstar could. His lower body tightened as heat coursed through him, the two's moans conjoining in one big moment of euphoric climax. The chair was sent backwards as Haley's ass slapped against him one last time, milk splashing against the floor as Haley's huge tits squirted the remaining payload like two hoses. Even as they hit the ground Haley kept moving, milking Nate for all he was worth like a true breeder– just like her fertile body was designed for. Both slumped over, cuddling as they ignored all the sweat, milk and cum. Despite being thoroughly spent, Haley pulled Nate into a kiss just dripping with passion– a confession of love.

Thirty minutes later, the two finally recovered. Nate stood up and gently helped the overgrown Haley over to her couch, then his eyes met all the empty platters and dishes.

Nate questioned Haley, speaking for the first time all night. "Is this *why* you didn't want to be together? **Because you liked eating?**" Nate finished, his eyes displaying a mixture of confusion and empathy.

"If so, I had a good time actually." Nate admitted, his acceptance showing yet again. But if he were being honest, he was happy with whatever she wanted to do anyway.

"No... *that's not why*," Haley said with a sad tinge to her voice, "I just didn't want to force you into something you didn't want, Nate. The whole *eating thing* is more recent than you think, and I **love** it for sure, but..." Haley laid her head on his shoulder, pausing for a moment.

"You know how big the women in my family are. I didn't think you'd even **want** to be involved, especially now that I look like... **this**. I'm only

gonna get **bigger!**" Haley stopped and pushed a hand into her massively grown tit, her body had changed quite a lot in just one night.

"I'm just like them now, you know if we stay together what'll happen next, you already came inside me." Haley said with clear sadness in her voice. She always expected Nate to reject her, massive fertility was a big package deal. Birth control, condoms, surgery– none of it ever worked for any of her family. Nate knew this based on all the baby showers he had attended, though he didn't know it was all a magic spirits doing.

"Remember cousin May?" Haley asked, Nate nodded.

"After you left, my great grandma Clara came and **literally** possessed me," Haley said, her confusion had dissipated and became a more serious urge to inform Nate. Lucky Haley, she had a hunch of what Clara's paranormal magic really was.

"My theory is she activated some kind of code in my DNA passed down from my mother, which allowed me to grow before pregnancy and before fully maturing. All by eating!" Haley's smart girl energy slipped out for a second. A part of her thought it was all amazing, while another just wanted to explain it.

"And I can't help it, I **loved** eating, and I **want** to get pregnant, but we know how that will end up. Plus, I think my tits are gonna be milky **forever** now, thanks to you." Haley chuckled, Nate looked slightly guilty. Totally worth it.

He'd met her family and knew exactly what she meant by saying she was just like the rest of them. Her mother and her aunties were ridiculously curvy, much more so than Haley was now. If they stayed together, with that supernatural fertility, they'd end up having just as many kids as the rest of

her family did. And honestly... that sounded like a great life. Especially considering how **hot** Haley would end up being– but that was just a bonus to a man that already loved her. What Haley thought was a negative was the proposal he'd always wanted. To him, her body was amazing, and Nate would never turn Haley down for something he thought was beautiful, even if she didn't see that yet.

Nate planted a kiss on Haley's forehead.

"Come on, let's cook another Christmas dinner," Nate smiled, "I have no intention of leaving you to cook **alone** for the next thirty plus years." Nate chuckled, grabbing Haley's hand and guiding her back to the kitchen. Haley felt that same nostalgic warmth and could only smile back, Nate accepted her completely. She just couldn't see it before.

Nate laughed as soon as they reached the kitchen, then glanced at the clock. It was **very** late, but they just might be able to make it work...

THE END