

A very special Philmas

Phil finishes writing a text to Matt and looks up from his phone.

“Hope he is grateful for that lasagne I cooked for him.” Phil says under his breath. “Man, when I get back, we should hang out.”

Phil starts to walk towards his destination, his footsteps crunching the snow and ice beneath his feet. He looks up towards the big house before him, a stunning property, detached and has a sizable front garden. It’s Sarah’s house.

Sarah was Phil’s best friend back from his school days but unfortunately one thing led to another, and they hadn’t seen each other in a few years now. She text him unexpectedly and asked if he wanted to meet up for a Christmas catch up.

“Tis the season.” Phil said under his breath, the frigid wind not taking away from his happy demeanour.

Sarah in school was a thin girl with short hair, usually dyed an unusual colour, last time he saw her she was neon pink. She was an average built girl, nothing too eye catching but Phil didn’t like to think too much about that. She was very tall, taller than Phil, she would often like to tease him about it, giving him a sarcastic pat on the head whenever she could just to remind him.

“Shit!” Phil exclaims as he almost falls on his ass.

The path to her house is filled with great danger it seemed. *I wonder why now... why did she want to meet after all this time?* Phil was a good friend, so he was simply happy to have the time free to travel to meet her. He told her that he lived close but that was a lie, he just was happy to reconnect with her. They had been so close. *So, what if it was a 200-mile trip, a good friend would do that.* Phil thought, smiling to himself.

Cautiously Phil navigates the icy steps towards the front door. Just as his gloved knuckle is about to knock the door, he hears movement behind. The handle shifts and the door slowly swings open.

“Hey Sar-“ Phil stops.

The once average Sarah had changed. Massively. No longer a tall slim friend with a pixie cut but rather a now plump giant. Surveying her face, it is clear to Phil that it is Sarah, no trickery here. Her hair is still a pixie cut and the colour of the month is a split, half neon orange and the other a pale neon blue. Her cheeks are now chubby, and they lead to her thick lips, they part slightly, and he can see the hot breath leave her.

“Hey Phil...” her deep voice says, sultry almost in its delivery.

Phil is taken back, not wanting to appear rude he quickly composes himself.

“Sarah! Hi! How are you?” *Good recovery.*

“Not bad, it’s been a while, huh? Come in shorty, don’t want to freeze out here.”

Short jokes, she hasn’t changed at all. A smile crosses his face as he takes a step forward quickly. A big mistake. His foot slips from under him and in a slapstick-esque motion Phil falls right onto his ass before her. Luckily, his long thick padded coat protects him from impact but now as he looks up, he can see Sarah in all of her glory.

She towers before him, if he remembers rightly, she is 6’2, the rest of her body has undergone changes too. Her legs are covered by her slacks but still it is easy to see that her thighs are now thick trunks that support her body. They spread outward to her now wide hips, she never had any junk in the trunk but now Phil is willing to bet if she turned around there would be a sizable caboose. Her womanly hips, wide and alluring, support the bulk of her midsection. Her tummy, once flat, now bulges over the waistband of her slacks and stretches the shirt at its apex. The muffin top forming a big fat roll. Further up Sarah’s boobs come into view over the expanse of her belly by which they are supported. Her now sizable bust overflows her bra and it is very easy to see the growth they’ve gone under in the past few years. Sarah reaches out her hand to offer Phil assistance to get up, but he is still taken back by her appearance.

“Earth to Phil?” She tries to snap Phil out of his daze.

“Oh- Sorry!” Phil stammers as he takes her hand.

Rising quickly to his feet, too quickly, he stumbles into her. She wraps her arms around him to stop him falling again. Taken entirely into her soft embrace Phil tries to not blush, a fruitless endeavour as his chin is now planted in her cleavage. After both Phil and Sarah stop moving, ensuring their balance, Phil tilts his head up towards her face. She is looking down at him, lovingly? No, that's not quite it...

"Hey... Phil... you comfy there?" She says in a deep whisper.

Quickly Phil jumps backward, leaving the warm embrace of her soft body, nearly falling onto his ass once again.

"Oh, sorry Sarah... Maybe it's safer if I get off the porch." He chuckles. "The balance and grace of an elephant on ice my mum always used to say." Sarah lets out a laugh and walks backwards into the house.

Phil enters and takes in the surroundings. A large home with lots of expensive looking décor. Sarah's family were very well off. Her mum owned a local business that had 4 shops over a few towns and her dad was a lawyer who had his own firm. Sarah was a hard worker, but she was given a large amount of money when she turned 18, hence how she could afford such a large home.

"So, how have you been?" Sarah asks while leading Phil to the living room.

"Pretty good I'd say. College is going well, classes are fine, I have a nice roommate and just easy going at the moment." He replies.

"Any girls?"

Startled by the comment Phil stammers "Er- No, not yet" his face blushing once more.

"You are a nice guy, Phil; I am sure someone will come along." She winks, taking a seat on the sofa.

"What about you? How are you doing Sarah?"

She pats the cushion next to her. "Well, not too bad." She pauses waiting for Phil to sit next to her.

"Not too bad? That it?" Phil enquires as he sinks into the expensive sofa. He looks over to his host. Her long limbs are spread across the couch, her arm draped across the top cushion towards Phil.

"Well... There is something..." She trails off.

Phil looks concerned at her.

"Nothing serious, I am sure you've already noticed."

A puzzled look comes over Phil as he starts glancing around the room to see if there was something he missed.

"You dummy, not with the house. With me." She says, drawing his attention back to her.

"I have put on a few." She gestures downwards towards her body.

Phil looks dumbstruck, the blush in his cheeks only reddening more.

"C'mon Phil, it's ok, we are friends. I know I've put on a few, you can look, especially if I've drawn your attention towards it."

"Sorry- J-just don't want to be rude."

"Well, maybe this will help you be more comfortable." Without warning she lifts her top up to her boobs and reveals her belly to Phil.

"See, I've got a gut." She says, sounding almost proud.

"It's not that bad..." Phil tries to reassure her.

"Yeah... Not that bad... Pretty big though." Her hand prods the squishy gut. Her finger sinking in.

Phil just stares. He feels an odd stirring within.

"Earth to Phil?" Again, Sarah needing to snap Phil out of his daze.

He looks up from her gut and sees a smirk on her face. *Why is she smirking?*

"You seem distracted today." She rises to her feet, her body towering over Phil again, the view is quite breath taking. "I'll grab you a drink, Lemonade, right?"

Phil silently nods and just looks over her body. She had always been thin and fit. The change is staggering to say the least. *There is something else...* Phil can't quite put his finger on it.

A few moments later Sarah reappears with a lemonade. She leans down and places it on the side table next to Phil's seat. He sees her boobs close to his head, swaying and bulging over the cups as gravity pull them to the ground. He feels that stirring again. *What's wrong with me.*

Sarah seems to notice his gaze and smirks, quickly sitting back down on the sofa, closer to Phil this time. Her arm now almost touching his shoulder on the top cushion.

"So, you up to much?" Phil breaks the silence.

"Well, I've just taken a gap year and been traveling a bit. That is why I didn't message you sooner, I only just got back."

"Oh right, been anywhere nice?"

“I travelled across Europe, just wanted to see the culture.” She giggles and pats her belly.
“They have a strong culture for rich food over there, and beer!”

“Well, it does sound delicious” Phil awkwardly smiles.

“Are you ok Phil?”

“Yeah fine, why?”

“You seem to tense up when I mention my weight at all.” Sarah accuses.

“Oh... er-“ Phil stammers, as if he is a deer in the headlights.

“You don’t need to feel awkward.” She pauses and smiles. “Actually, to tell you the truth, I kind of like it.”

That unmistakable stirring once again. Phil shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

“Do... do you like it, Phil?” A sexy confidence in her voice.

Phil starts to panic; Sarah can see his reaction playing out. She gently takes his hand in hers and moves it towards her stomach. “Have a feel Phil... I am sure you will like it...”

Contact. Phil’s hand meets her bulging muffin top. Her grip now pushes his hand into her gut with some force. Phil’s hand sinking into the soft fat, his body stiffens. *What the fuck is going on...*

“You still seem so tense... Here.” Sarah lifts her shirt up once more revealing her soft bare flesh. Before Phil can even process what has happened, she grabs his other wrist and places his other hand onto her soft gut.

“It’s ok Phil... It feels good...” She whispers softly.

She takes her hands from his and lets them explore at their own pace. Phil is paying too much attention to her stomach to notice what she is doing. Phil feels a powerful impact reverberate through her fat belly which causes him to look up. Sarah is smirking devilishly, her right arm holding her now braless boobs under her shirt, her left holding the bra, dangling it over the floor. She lets go and Phil watches it drop. “Oops...” she says in an innocent tone.

She’s my friend... I shouldn’t be...

Sensing Phil’s reluctance she doesn’t let doubt creep into his mind for long. She grabs his hands and brings them straight to her boobs. “These have grown too...” She presses his hands firmly into her boobs. Phil can feel her erect nipples against his palms. “They feel so heavy, don’t they” she teases.

“Sarah... I- “

Her index finger raises to his mouth, and she presses it against his lips. “Hush... no words...”

Phil feels himself become erect. How could he not? Sarah is incredibly beautiful, and she is throwing herself at him. He gropes and massages her boobs; they were the biggest he has ever held. Sarah notices his stiffening situation.

“Oh, is that for me?” She seductively asks.

Phil’s blush deepens. He feels her hand trace his thigh and head towards his hard member. She softly traces its length and then suddenly grips it tightly through his trousers. Her hand freezes on his erection.

“Or is that because I got fat?”

Phil’s cock pulses against her hand, giving his answer without him needing to open his mouth. Sarah smirks back.

“You like that I got fat?”

Phil silently nods. She leans her face towards his and whispers.

“Me too.” Squeezing Phil’s dick before starting to stroke it lightly.

“I just loved my trip, Phil; I would go from town to town and just eat decadent meal after meal. Trying all of their food was amazing.” She slowly increases the pace of her stroking. “Every night I would go to bed with a huge stuffed belly. By the end of the first week, I needed to go get new Pyjamas to sleep in. My old one wasn’t able to contain *this*.” She slaps her stomach. “*Fat.*” Another slap. “*Belly.*”

Phil removes his hands from her breasts and starts to grope and massage her belly. He lets out an involuntary moan. Sarah smiles, knowing she has complete control of the situation. She speeds up her strokes.

“How do you think I’d look even bigger?”

Phil moans... Struggling to form sentences, he manages to blurt out. “Good...er...”

“I think so too... I want to gain more weight, I want to get so much bigger...” Sarah starts to moan, her left hand starting to rub at her crotch.

“*Fuck...*” Phil moans aloud.

“You aren’t close are you, Phil?” She smirks knowingly.

Phil looks at her wide eyed. “Close to blowing your load for my *fat fucking belly.*” Her hand rubbing his cock at lightning speed.

“Sar-AH” Phil grunts as he starts to orgasm.

Sarah slips her hand down her pants and starts to rub her clit at a feverish pace, reaching her own crescendo at a rapid pace.

Phil slumps backwards into the sofa, a wet patch down his thigh. Sarah panting trying to catch her breath, her body still spasming slightly from aftershocks.

“I’ve always wanted to do that for you...” Sarah admits. “Now that I know what you like, maybe I can do it more... But first, let’s eat, I’m famished.” She smirks.

“This is the best Christmas ever.” Phil says with glee.