


*The Christmas
Girlfriend*



By Bowci




“AAAGHHH!” Henry ran out of his room, screaming. Felix, his friend, who was dozing on the couch, woke up startled and yelled, “What?! What happened?!”

“There’s a white witch hovering over my bed!” Henry bawled. Felix was about to respond to Henry’s claim when he noticed something peculiar about him. Henry’s hair was much longer. And his frame looked much thinner, as if he had shed a lot of weight. “Um, Henry?” Felix murmured, looking down at Henry’s chest.

Henry followed Felix’s gaze and looked down to spot two growing buds atop his chest under his white vest top. “What the fuck?” Henry muttered, noticing the buds pulsating and growing under the fabric. His right index finger dared to poke one, causing him to fall back on the couch, hissing from the intense sensations. “Felix! She did something to me!” Henry groaned while his body spasmed, going through further changes.

Felix swiftly examined Henry’s bedroom but found it empty. The window was open, and the curtains were swaying, basking in the moonlight. “There’s nobody here! Did you say a white witch?!” Felix couldn’t wrap his head around what he was watching. His friend Henry looked nothing like a man anymore. Piles of fat had accumulated around his engorged nipples, shaping into round breasts. Long brunette locks adorned his head, cascading down past his shoulders. A sunken, flat belly replaced the hard abs that Henry had carved out over years of hard work. “No way, a white witch!” Felix remembered. He gasped as it dawned upon him that the legend of Lussi, the terrifying she-demon, was real.




Felix knew Lussi's folklore from childhood since he was born and raised in Sweden. Henry, who came to visit him from the US, was unaware of her. According to legend, she travels across the country before Christmas, blessing those who embrace the Christmas spirit and cursing those who do not. Felix never saw someone getting cursed by her, because nobody ever disbelieved Christmas in their culture. Henry, however, leaned more towards atheism. He boasted about saving his money, belittling those who spent on gifts and a dead tree.

Last night, while Felix was on his bed, he wished for a sexy, gorgeous girlfriend with whom he could spend Christmas. He reckoned Lussi had struck two birds with one stone. She fulfilled his wish, albeit with a cruel twist for Henry.

"Oooh!" Henry moaned in a higher voice, while his pelvis cracked and widened. The gaps in his jean shorts filled up with expanding hips and butt cheeks, straining the thick cloth to its brim. Brian gulped, realizing that his wishes were coming true. He had an iota of guilt poking his consciousness, but gazing at the lithe body of the girl he always desired was too much to deny.

"Damn it, Felix! Do something!" Henry yelled in a feminine tone. "I am, um, I know why it's happening," I murmured. "I should have told you earlier, but I never thought this could happen."

"What are you talking about?!" Henry clamoured. Felix stood amazed for a moment, looking at the gorgeous face of Henry that had a tint of resemblance to his former visage. Henry




kicked Felix in the shin and shouted, “Stop staring at me like that!”

Felix snapped back from his daydream and whispered, “Oh, sorry.” He told Henry the legend of Lussi. Henry was finding it difficult to believe what Felix was saying, but then he took a peek at his cleavage. Looking at his new body, he realized that anything could be possible. “I have one more thing to say,” Felix muttered, taking a deep breath.

Henry raised his eyebrows, listening with intent, waiting for Felix to spell out the solution to his problem. Streaks of sweat had accumulated over his forehead. He was gulping to ease the dryness in his throat. Seeing the fear in Henry’s eyes, Felix reassured him, “The curse will reverse itself if you celebrate Christmas with me. Inculcate that Christmas spirit within you. Now you have got nothing to not believe in Christmas.” Henry was speechless. He scoffed and pondered with his thoughts. After a while, he nodded in agreement, “Fine, if that lifts the curse, I will celebrate Christmas with you.”

Felix couldn’t confess that he played a role in Henry’s transformation into a girl. He didn’t want to upset Henry further and lose a friend, or worse, ruin his chances of being a boyfriend. Even if Felix knew the girl sitting before him was Henry, he couldn’t deny she was hot, causing a bulge in his pants.

“There is time before we celebrate Christmas. I would suggest you decorate the rooms and wrap gifts for our neighbors. Do it with all honesty, and it will work.” I muttered.



“Why should I do all of it? What are you going to do?” Henry asked.


“I will guide you, and when I’m not doing that, I will watch some sports,” Felix said, lying back on the couch.

“No way! You want me to do it by myself?!” Henry frowned. “Do you want to lift the curse or not?” Felix asked. “Ugh!” Henry growled as he stomped back to his bedroom.

After an hour, Henry walked back into the living room with boxes of Christmas balls, socks, and lights in his hands. “Don’t you ever bring this up after all of this is over,” Henry muttered. “Sure,” Felix replied, stifling a chuckle.

Henry did not know how to decorate the rooms. Felix stepped in and provided him with guidance, telling him where to place the candles and how to adorn the Christmas tree. It impressed Felix that Henry was not complaining at all and was, in fact, enjoying the process. “Yeah, that’s it. Don’t let go!” Henry warned Felix as he walked up the ladder to dress the upper portion of the tree. Felix was watching something much more interesting than sports to let go of the ladder. “Don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere!”

“Okay, I did it. Ooh! I did it!” Henry exclaimed with joy when he put the Star on top of the Christmas tree. “Help me with the wreaths and the light curtains!” Henry trotted to the hearth while Felix followed him. “Hold the ladder,” Henry said as he climbed up the rungs. Felix stood below, gawking at Henry’s shorts creasing along his pussy. He gulped, staring at the swaying ass cheeks as Henry moved further to the tip of



the ladder. A raging boner tented Felix's pants, making his intentions clear for Henry to see.


"Dammit!" Felix grunted in whispers as he struggled to lower his libido and push it down. "Hand me the stocking — Oh," Henry said as he turned around, catching his breath as he noticed the massive erection tenting Felix's pants. He turned back in haste, muttering, "Tell me I didn't see you with that boner!"

Felix sighed and responded, "You didn't see me with the boner?" Henry winced and sucked his teeth in embarrassment. "Oh, God, you have been staring up at my ass all this time! I forgot I have girl parts now, and you're a man!"

"C'mon, Henry, you can't blame me! You look hot!" Felix responded. Henry's cheeks flushed red, listening to his friend's remarks. "No way you said that! I'm a man!" Henry shouted.

"No, you're not! I can see it, you know!" Felix said with a smirk on his face. "Dude! Move! I am getting down!" Henry said, climbing down the ladder.

"No, put on the stockings on the wall!" Felix asserted. "Fuck that! I should've known better before listening to a pervert! Hey-Hey! Stop it!" Henry shouted, tightening his grip around the ladder as Felix shook it, saying, "I'm not letting you go until you take it back. I'm not a pervert! Getting a boner in the presence of a hot girl is a normal physiological response! It's not my fault she turned you into my girlfriend!"




“Girlfriend?! So, you wished for it?! Ah—Agghh!!” Henry screamed as his grip slipped and he fell down from the ladder, crashing down on Felix. “Oh!” Felix gasped, stumbling backwards onto the boxes of curtain lights. Henry groaned, feeling his breasts crushed against Felix’s chest. His expressions paled as he felt the poking and twitching penis against his camel toe.

“Damn, you are so heavy!” Felix grunted. His eyes gazed at the deep cleavage resting on him. Stuck in the mess of curtain lights, Henry frowned in disgust, unable to believe his current situation. To his shock, he felt a familiar pressure growing in his chest, which he had felt earlier when his body transformed for the first time. “Oh!” Henry gasped, feeling the nipples pucker up and chafe against Felix.

Felix’s eyes widened, gazing at the plumping cleavage. “Wh-What’s happening?!” Henry asked with muffled moans of glee. He tilted his head up, revelling in the sensations of the piles of fat rushing in to deposit in his breasts. “Oh, God!” he whimpered, swaying his hips in instinct. “Oh!” Felix gasped, feeling the wetness of Henry rubbing against his rod. “Stop it Henry, this is too much! Even for me!” Felix exclaimed.

“I-I Mmmm!” Henry’s eyes rolled up as his throbbing breasts pushed out one last time, bulging a few inches away from Felix’s face. Henry sighed in relief, only to realize a moment later what he had done. Heavy melons adorned his chest now, resting on Felix’s mouth, who had a blissful expression on his face. “Oh, God! What happened to me?! And I’m so sorry! I was calling you the pervert, and I did this to you!” Henry apologized. “Not complaining,” Felix whispered.




Henry lifted his legs up, unleashing the sticky mess they both were in together. Streaks of cum drew out from each of their wet pants like hardening glue. “Oh, gross!” Henry screamed. He sneaked out of the wires and ran into his washroom. Felix walked into his bedroom after relishing the moment for another minute.

Felix washed off and changed his clothes. Dawn broke, marked by the sun rising and spreading the warmth of Christmas over the thick snow spread till the horizon. Felix walked into the living room, watching Henry pack presents in boxes. He was still wearing his white vest, along with Brenda, his sister’s Christmas shorts, and a Santa hat.

“Oh, hey, Felix,” Henry waved with a smile, “Sorry, my old clothes didn’t fit at all. I looked around in other rooms and found this. Isn’t this appropriate for the occasion? Lucky me!”

Felix walked up to Henry and whispered, “Hey, um, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have tried to trip you from the ladder and, um, your growth spurt, I think that’s on me. When you tumbled over me, and I saw them resting on me, I kind of wished they were bigger. It was just a random thought. I didn’t know it would actually work, which means she probably gave me powers to change your body according to my wish. And I swear, I won’t do it again. I’ll stay in my room, and you can attend to our neighbours. Tell them you’re my cousin or something.”

“Wait,” Henry responded, “I know that nobody is perfect. And I get it. I was a man too, you know? You did that, and I did that. We all do wrong things, but that doesn’t mean we should punish ourselves into isolation. That’s not the




Christmas Spirit! Lussi cursed me for a reason, and I deserved it. Do you know how many times I have been an asshole during Christmas?! I came all the way from the US to enjoy the Christmas holidays with my friend. And I'm not letting some stupid curse ruin it! So, will you help me bake some cookies?" Henry gave a wide smile to cheer Felix up. Felix's gloomy expression vanished as he heard Henry didn't have any qualms about him. He smiled back and said, "Yes, I would love to!"

Felix and Henry packed all the gift boxes and went to the kitchen to bake cookies. "This is so much worse than I thought," Henry said as he took the first bite of his batch. Felix chuckled, plucking one out to taste himself. "Oh, that bad."

"Order it?" Henry suggested. "Yup," replied Felix, as they both walked out of the mess in the kitchen after three hours of trial and errors.

With all the decorations done and the delicious food delivered, Felix and Henry welcomed their neighbours for Christmas in the evening. Henry insisted on dressing up for the occasion, wearing a skimpy Santa costume Felix dug out from his sister's closet. When some asked who the gorgeous girl was, Henry replied before Felix could, "I am his girlfriend, Hannah."

Felix looked at Henry with an endearing smile. "What? Just letting a fellow bro get street cred!" whispered Henry, giggling. They celebrated Christmas, laughing and sharing stories with each other, eating delicious pies and cookies



besides the warm burning woods in the fireplace. Soon night fell and everybody returned to their homes.

“Christmas isn’t as bad as I thought. Actually, it was quite fun! I did it! I celebrated Christmas! Time to turn back to my old self anytime now!” Henry cheered.

Felix and Henry spent the last few hours of the day on the couch, waiting for something magical. Felix couldn’t help but dart now and then at Henry’s massive cleavage, which Henry had gotten used to by now. “Ugh!” Henry told Felix, “We’re missing something.”


“Are you sure? We still have an hour... Um, you know, I wished to spend Christmas with my girlfriend, and the way we spent it was awesome, but that’s not what I had in mind when I wished for it, you know what I mean?”

“Are you kidding me?!” Henry exclaimed, “Oh no, I’m so fucked! I can’t leave this country with my former passport if I get stuck in this body!”

“Hey, it’s up to you. Just don’t take too much time if you choose to do it,” Felix said.

Henry took a deep breath. He looked at the clock and cringed, feeling the time slip by. He contemplated his choices for five minutes and said, “Okay, let’s do it.”

“Great!” Felix cheered, getting too eager for a moment. He lowered his energy, saying, “Let’s go to my bedroom.” Henry responded, “Hmm.”



Henry walked up to the bed and whispered, “Ugh, this is super awkward,” He lowered the Santa blouse, revealing the enormous tits held together by the red bra. “Mind if I do it?” Felix asked.

Henry felt surprised by his friend’s request, but he replied with a snarky smile, “Do whatever you want for the next forty minutes. I’m not objecting. I’m officially your girlfriend, Hannah, for now.”

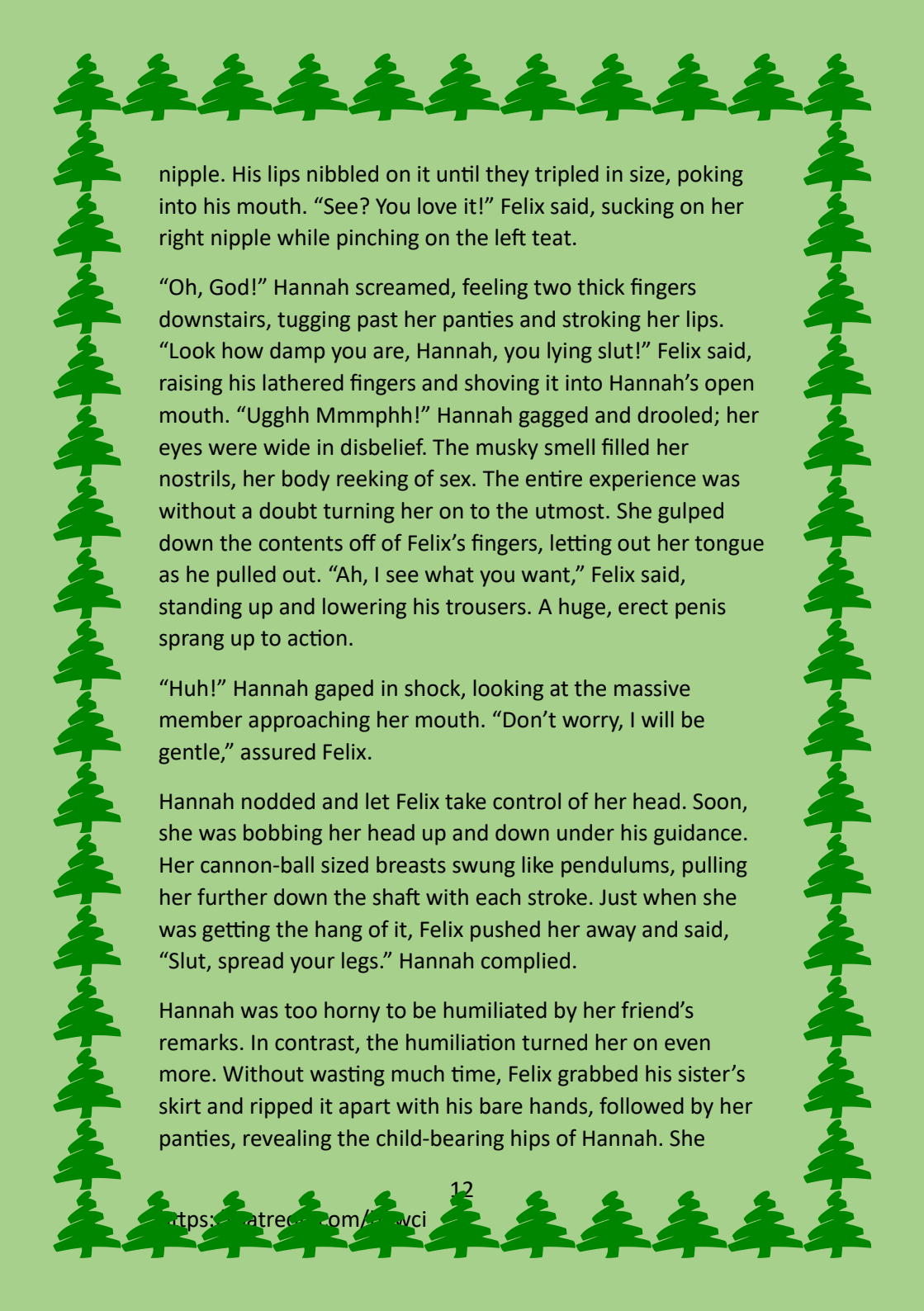
“Okay, Hannah,” said Felix, rushing towards Hannah and smacking his lips against hers while cupping her tender breasts with his big hands. Hannah’s eyes widened for a moment, as she didn’t expect the robust response from Felix. Hannah moaned, struggling to breathe from the overwhelming experience. She gasped as Felix withdrew his tongue from her mouth, letting her breath and speak, “Okay, this is too much for me. I’m not gay!”

Felix asked, “You’re saying you didn’t like that?”

“Well, um, no!” Hannah answered.

“Stop lying, Hannah. You liked it. It’s not gay, because you’re a girl,” Felix said, unhooking the red bra in a swish and letting it fall down. “Ah!” Hannah sighed, feeling the juggernauts sway free from the tight grip.

“I, uh, it’s confusing!” Hannah cried, sitting down on the bed. “Well, let me clear it up for you,” Felix said, lowering down his mouth and licking Hannah’s right breast. “What are you- Ohhh!” Hannah felt her heart skip a beat as a jolt of electricity ran down her spine. Felix’s tongue slid over her




nipple. His lips nibbled on it until they tripled in size, poking into his mouth. “See? You love it!” Felix said, sucking on her right nipple while pinching on the left teat.

“Oh, God!” Hannah screamed, feeling two thick fingers downstairs, tugging past her panties and stroking her lips. “Look how damp you are, Hannah, you lying slut!” Felix said, raising his lathered fingers and shoving it into Hannah’s open mouth. “Ugghh Mmmphh!” Hannah gagged and drooled; her eyes were wide in disbelief. The musky smell filled her nostrils, her body reeking of sex. The entire experience was without a doubt turning her on to the utmost. She gulped down the contents off of Felix’s fingers, letting out her tongue as he pulled out. “Ah, I see what you want,” Felix said, standing up and lowering his trousers. A huge, erect penis sprang up to action.

“Huh!” Hannah gaped in shock, looking at the massive member approaching her mouth. “Don’t worry, I will be gentle,” assured Felix.

Hannah nodded and let Felix take control of her head. Soon, she was bobbing her head up and down under his guidance. Her cannon-ball sized breasts swung like pendulums, pulling her further down the shaft with each stroke. Just when she was getting the hang of it, Felix pushed her away and said, “Slut, spread your legs.” Hannah complied.

Hannah was too horny to be humiliated by her friend’s remarks. In contrast, the humiliation turned her on even more. Without wasting much time, Felix grabbed his sister’s skirt and ripped it apart with his bare hands, followed by her panties, revealing the child-bearing hips of Hannah. She




gaped in anticipation watching the beast Felix had become. He aimed the veiny sleek rod and pierced it into Hannah's sore nether. The meaty cock slithered into the oozing void without much resistance. "Oh!" Hannah's lips let out a sharp moan. "Felix, I'm afraid. Is this going to work?" Hannah cooed in Felix's embrace. "Of course, my slut," Felix whispered, pulling half way out, only to shove it further in.

"Ahh!" Hannah moaned in a frenzy, fumbling out, "It has to work... Ahh... I can't resist this feeling much longer... Oh!"

Felix thrust into Hannah's vagina, fucking her faster and faster every few minutes. Her limbs turned limp; her mind was numb with pleasure. "Oh, yes, this feels so much better!" Hannah exclaimed.

"There's a reason, Hannah, why Lussi chose you. She knew you had the potential to be my perfect girlfriend, my perfect slut! I'm hitting the wall, Hannah. You know what does that mean?" Felix said, thrusting balls deep against Hannah's pussy, "We're built for each other!"

"Ohh!" Hannah let out a long shriek, feeling the tip of Felix's cock brushing against the wall of her cervix. Felix's hands were brushing the side of her hips that cracked and moved on its own. She looked down and saw her pelvis bones moving farther apart, her uterus ovulating, becoming more fertile. "You said... Ahhh... not use Oh fuck! Yesss!" Her hips spasmed, knees trembled, and her bladder relaxed, squirting out pee onto her lover's abs. Felix giggled and seized the moment, stroking the swollen clitoris as hard as he could. "Ohhh Yes!" Hannah screamed, lost in the waves of her longest climax she ever experienced.



“Do you really aspire to be a man again, Henry? Can you? After experiencing the wonders of being a woman?!” asked Felix.

Tears rolled down Hannah’s cheeks as she heard those words. She couldn’t resist the bliss that enveloped her soul. She had reached a point of no return. It dawned on her that she could never be the same person she was before. She could never be a man again. “Don’t worry, I will fix you,” Felix said.

“B-But.. Ohhh!” Hannah arched her back, feeling the warm spurts of thick cum coating her inner walls. Hannah’s instinct to breed took over, causing her uterine muscles to spasm and milk Felix further until the last drop ejaculated into her.

“Merry Christmas, Hannah. Enjoy the cream pie,” Felix whispered in her ears before walking away to his washroom. Hannah lay in the mess, craving for more, her gaping vagina not wasting one drop as it went straight into her potent womb.

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