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567 words.

<Secret Santa>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Three

Dean was a unique individual, I had never worked with, nor met, someone like him. Fixated on social media and everything was very sexual in nature. He was just so open and didn't mask anything. What you saw is what you got with him. Numerous times, we had joked about my ineptitude with social media and how far away I was from the internet zeitgeist. One such topic was leggings. A social media platform that Dean frequented made many fads famous, one such thing was leggings. Looking down to my lap, the blue fabric was unmistakably those leggings. The main draw was that the leggings were sculpting the wearer's butt so that it really popped, the elasticated fabric was tight until it arrived at her wearer's ass. I had seen a few photos and clips from Dean of women who wore the leggings, it made their ass really pop.

I didn't need to think why he got them for me, it was obviously a joke gift, an inside joke. I inspected the tag and saw that he actually got my size.

"Well... I might as well try them... What's the harm." I giggled to myself. "Maybe I could send him a photo." I burst out laughing and blushed, shaking my head. "No."

I was far too shy for that. I couldn't possibly do such a thing.

Could I?

I needed to distract myself and think of something else.

I threw the leggings on the passenger seat and started to drive home. Despite my moderate

drive home, I found that I couldn't stop thinking about the present. It was like my intrusive thoughts were winning today, because the second I got home I rushed upstairs to my room and changed into the leggings.

"Holy shit..." I gasped.

I gawked at myself. The leggings looked amazing on me. My ass looked great; my legs looked incredible. I was awestruck.

I can't show Dean this...

My long legs were perfectly showcased in these, the royal blue leggings were out of this world. I strutted across the room a few times and kept checking myself out in the mirror, absolutely astounded that I could look this good.

Shit. My ass looks good.

Despite my slim form, with these leggings I really did have some ass going on. It was quite empowering.

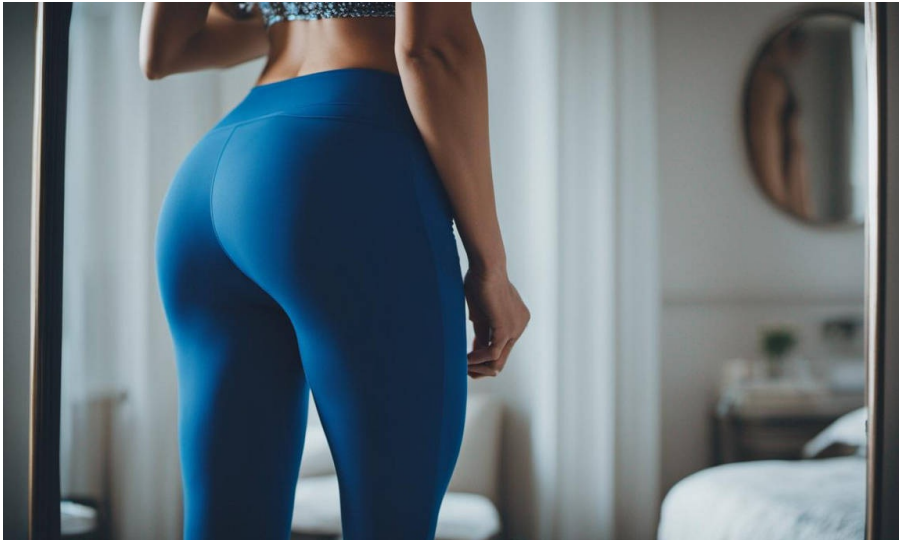
"Maybe I just send him a quick message to thank him..."

I stared for a few seconds longer before leaving the mirror.

"Food time..."

I kept the leggings on and carried about my evening, noticing every so often I was staring at myself in the mirror. I am not someone who is vain but seeing how good I looked, it was rather nice. I hadn't felt particularly good about my figure in a while, despite my goal of being fit, I just didn't look the part, or I didn't have any of the gains I wanted. The night sped along and before I knew it, I was asleep on the sofa.

I woke up after an hour or so needing a pee. I didn't fully come around, but when I pulled my bottoms down, it was then I noticed I was still wearing the leggings. My ass plopped on the toilet seat, something felt off, I was far too out of it to really think about it further, I stumbled to bed and fell back asleep with the leggings on.



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