

Milk 'N' Cookies: A Breast Expansion Holiday Tale

By Near N. Far

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Smashwords Edition

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“Christmas magic is very real. All you need to do is believe in it.”

Holly could practically hear old Gran’s words rattling around her brain as she looked out onto the bleak scene that was the Lawrence, Gilton & Prayger office holiday party. The overly neutral breakroom had been haphazardly assaulted by what had surely been a pack of dogs dragging tinsel and dollar-store garland. The glittery stuff hung limply from the drop ceiling tiles and corners of the aged appliances. Someone had used crude paper cutouts to turn the off-white refrigerator into a snowman, though some clever vandal had since upended the mouth to form a dismal frown. The many employees of the massive law firm stood or sat in their typical groupings of three or four people, chatting about kids and weather and holiday plans and whatever else they could think of to pass the time until the purgatory of the party finally ended.

Every year, from three to five o’clock on Christmas Eve or the nearest weekday, the partners would usher everyone into the breakroom to hand out gift baskets consisting of a handful of cheap candies and a five dollar gift card to some store that sold nothing for less than a hundred bucks. This year’s choice was a local furniture store run by Mr. Gilton’s sister.

It was remarkably difficult for Holly to believe in “Christmas magic” as she sat at the corner table alone as usual. As the firm’s receptionist, she was typically excluded from mingling with the legal folk; even the interns seemed to avoid speaking to her. So, she sat there, eavesdropping on the shallow chatter of her coworkers, waiting for the clock to release her.

The off-brand coffee pod hot chocolate she was drinking had an aftertaste of burnt peanut butter, causing her to grimace with each sip, but at least it gave her something to do.

“If I could have everyone’s attention, please!” the shrill, cigarette worn voice of Miss Elli Prayger suddenly cut through the room, causing all muttering to cease. The woman stood in the opposite corner from Holly, the designated “stage” for the party, where a lone microphone stand and cheap karaoke machine had been placed for the annual holiday sing-off.

“Now, before we get started with the singing, which I know you’re all dying to get to,” Miss Prayger continued, not actually bothering to speak into the mic which was less than a foot away from her, “I think we should take a moment to recognize one of our fellow team members who simply hasn’t gotten the recognition she deserves.”

Holly could immediately feel the general gaze of the middle-aged lawyer zero in on her. While it was admittedly nice to think that she was receiving some form of appreciation from one

of the firm's partners, she really wished that she was not about to be thrust into some sort of pity spotlight in front of everyone.

"She's been here for about three years now, and without her, we simply wouldn't be able to handle our meetings and faxes and copies and, oh, just everything we don't have time to do. Everyone, please give a hearty thanks to our receptionist, Miss Haley Trenton."

Haley?

HALEY?!

Elli Prayger had said "good morning" to Holly every morning for over three years, and now that she had decided to actually give some form of thanks, she couldn't even be bothered to get Holly's name right!

Half the room began to chuckle to themselves softly, including the other two partners, Todd Lawrence and Robert Gilton. They had all caught the mistake, though judging by Elli's confused reaction to the laughter, she had no clue that she'd just turned her honoree into the office laughing stock.

Unwilling to brave the gauntlet of judging gazes, Holly simply shrank down into her chair and let her lengthy curtains of straight, brunette hair fall from behind her ears to hide her face. The party had made a hard left turn from purgatory into full-blown hell.

Ignoring the laughter, Miss Prayger went on to thank the rest of the firm for their hard work and introduced the first sing-off act—two of the newer paralegals singing "White Christmas." As the lights were dimmed and the karaoke started, Holly threw her head down into her folded arms on the table and desperately wished that her Christmas would get better.

After what felt like an eternity of hiding her face and drowning out the awful renditions of mediocre Christmas songs, Holly heard the familiar start to "All I Want for Christmas is You," always Elli's favorite song to massacre with her paradoxical high, gravelly voice. Holly dug her face deeper into her arms and clenched her shoulders around her ears, hoping to block out as much of the impending auditory barrage as possible.

But the barrage never came. Instead, the opening line of "I don't want a lot for Christmas..." came in the deep, orotund voice of a man. In fact, it was a beautiful, smoky voice that rang out each familiar note a few octaves below Mariah's standard

Looking up to put a face with that attractive voice, Holly was met with the sight of a tall, sturdy fifty-something man with short, salt and pepper hair and an impeccably groomed beard of

silver. He wore a tight-fitting sweater which mimicked the classic look of Santa's coat and belt and showed off his muscular physique, tucked cleanly into a pair of straight black slacks that managed to draw attention to just how long his legs were before terminating at a well-shined pair of black dress boots. In Holly's opinion, he looked like an alternate universe's sexy version of Santa Claus.

Admiring both his looks and gorgeous voice, Holly got lost in the mystery man's song, which at times seemed to almost be directed toward her, a thought that gave her serious goosebumps. She truly had never noticed him around the office. It was certainly possible that he was a recent hire at the firm, but surely she would have noticed someone that attractive coming into the office at least once.

Once the mysterious gentleman's song had finally ended, the entire room erupted into applause and cheers, save for Miss Prayger, who sat with her arms crossed, a sour expression on her face. He gave a subtle bow and excused himself from the stage, walking through the crowd directly toward Holly's table in the back corner.

Noticing that he was heading directly toward her, Holly began to straighten her posture and brush her hair away from her face. She couldn't believe that this incredibly striking man was approaching her. She merely prayed that it was with the intention of actually speaking to her, rather than seeking an empty seat.

"I'm going to guess that it's not Haley..." the man teased playfully in an almost imperceptible German accent as he pulled out a chair for himself.

"Holly, actually," she replied. "It's Holly Trenton."

"Ah, Holly..." he mused. "If you'll pardon the comparison, I must say that I find Holly trees to be absolutely beautiful, much like yourself. It's a very fitting name."

Holly was floored. He was incredibly forward, but it absolutely worked for him.

"I don't mind the comparison at all," she blushed. "You're quite the flatterer, Mister..."

"Call me Klaus, please," his pronunciation of the name drew his accent more into the open.

"Okay," said Holly, "so that's where the Santa Claus getup comes in, huh? Santa *Klaus*?" she returned his earlier teasing just a bit.

"Who says it's a getup?" he replied bluntly. "What if I were to tell you that I'm actually the real Saint Nicholas?"

For the next several minutes, Holly and Klaus sat silently, staring awkwardly at one another as a half-okay cover of Silent Night was being belted out by one of the interns. Finally, Klaus gave a wry smile that spoke to his jest. Holly laughed.

“You had me for a minute. I was starting to think you believed you were Santa Claus.”

“Well, what can I say?” Klaus countered. “Tis the season.”

After another few laughs, Holly decided she wanted a straight answer out of the man.

“Alright, Klaus, care to fill me in on why I’ve never seen you around the office before tonight?” her manner had switched to that of an interrogator, eager to find answers.

“Well,” Klaus answered, pausing to arrange his words, “the truth is that I’m a new intern. I don’t actually start until after the holidays, but I was eager to come to the Christmas party.”

“Really?” Holly was incredulous. “You *had* to come to a crappy law firm’s Christmas party before you even started work? And you expect me to believe that someone in their fifties is just an intern? What’s the deal? You a partner with a rival firm scoping things out? Someone’s uncle out to crash the party?”

“First,” Klaus interrupted her accusations, “I’m flattered that you think I’m only in my fifties.”

Holly was curious just what that meant. How old could he have been?

“Second, I’m telling the truth. I’m just a new intern here to enjoy the Christmas party.”

“Alright, fine,” Holly conceded, though the shaking of her head indicated that she didn’t fully buy the story. “So you just really like showing off your singing voice at crappy office parties?”

“Now you’re catching on,” Klaus smirked.

“Besides,” he continued, “how else would I have met someone as beautiful as yourself?”

Holly could feel her cheeks turning red once more. He was quite adept at flirting.

“You’ve been incredibly forward tonight,” said Holly.

“I’m sorry,” Klaus said apologetically, “I was merely trying to be honest with you.”

“It’s fine, really,” she assured him, “I was just about to say that I’d like to be forward with you and say that you are a very attractive man, and I was wondering if you’d like to go out for dinner tonight after the party.”

“I would like nothing more, Miss Trenton,” Klaus answered quickly with a broad, handsome smile. “Shall I pick you up at your place?”

“Sounds great!” Holly beamed. She couldn’t believe she’d just scored a date with such a dazzling silver fox.

“Here’s my number,” Klaus said, sliding a business card across the table. “Text me your address, and I’ll pick you up around seven? I know a place that’ll be open.”

Holly took the card and immediately entered him into her contacts. She was grinning from ear to ear. Maybe her old Gran had been right about Christmas magic...

It was about twenty minutes until seven, and Holly was running around her small New York apartment trying to finish getting ready. She’d shaved her legs and done her hair and makeup already, but she was still trying to decide between two dresses. She had a tasteful, elegant black cocktail dress that was her typical choice for first dates, but the caliber of her date partner was driving her to consider wearing her low-cut red open back dress. It was definitely the more sultry of the two and normally something she would only wear on a third or fourth date when sex was definitely in consideration, but the sudden turn that the night had taken from abysmal into daring and exciting was making her think that sex should be in consideration, despite it being their first date.

Making up her mind, Holly settled on the hot red dress, with a matching red lace lingerie set underneath, consisting of a push-up bra and a barely-there thong. She knew she was wearing her “do me now” outfit, and she was perfectly okay with it. She was keenly aware that she had a modestly attractive body—perky breasts, a slim waist, and long, toned legs—and she planned to put it on full display for the man that she was not ashamed to say she wanted to bed that very night. She considered it an early Christmas present to herself. If he was going to flirt so brazenly with her, then she had zero intention of letting such a catch get away, even if he was at least twenty years her senior, maybe more, judging by his cryptic comments.

It was right on schedule at seven o’clock when a strong, concise knock came upon her door. When Holly opened it up, there she saw Klaus standing before her, wearing a full-length black wool coat over his outfit from the party, accessorized by a red and white scarf and black leather gloves, clutched in one of which was a bouquet of a dozen red roses.

Holly might have uttered a “wow,” but Klaus himself beat her to it.

“Wow,” he said in his smooth, deep voice, “you look positively breathtaking tonight, Holly.”

She’d purposefully answered the door before putting on her own coat so that he could get a good look at her daring outfit.

“Well, thank you, Klaus,” she replied, feigning embarrassment, “I have to say that you look quite handsome, yourself. And you brought me flowers?!”

Klaus extended his right hand outward, presenting the roses, and placed them in Holly’s grasp before closing his hands softly around own, letting them linger there just long enough to drive her wild. He really knew what he was doing.

“Ahem,” Holly cleared her throat after a notable pause, “why don’t I get my coat on?”

After bundling up and heading down to the waiting cab, Holly and Klaus were whisked away to a restaurant called Winterhaus. Holly was unfamiliar with it, but a quick glance around the interior revealed it to be a very upscale establishment with low mood lighting and wintry centerpieces on the crisp white tablecloths. The timing of late Christmas Eve meant that practically no one else was dining, giving the pair quite a lot of privacy.

“I hope this restaurant is okay with you, Holly” Klaus’s word choice seemed uncertain, but his ever-present air of confidence and sincerity said otherwise.

“Of course it is,” Holly was still glancing around furtively, attempting to gauge exactly *how* upscale of an establishment she had been brought to as Klaus took her brown wool coat and handed it and his own over at the coat check before allowing the host to seat them.

“Well, you can order anything you like,” Klaus told her once they had found a cozy table to one side of the main dining room. “It’s all on me, of course, and if I may make a suggestion, the Winterhaus Chocolate Cake is an absolutely worthwhile choice for dessert afterward.”

Holly read over the menu for some time before settling on a wonderful-sounding strawberry salad, and Klaus ordered the filet mignon. As the pair waited for their food to arrive, they passed the time with eager conversation, each firing off numerous probing questions about the other. They talked about Klaus’s love for the Christmas season, despite how busy he always was at that time of year. They talked about how Holly had intended to use the receptionist job as a stepping stone to becoming a lawyer, but seemed to find herself trapped in an unfulfilling dead end job.

They talked about how truly awful Elli Prayger was. They even talked about how excited they were to share another date in the very near future.

Before Holly realized, the meals had come and gone, followed by dessert—for which she had taken up Klaus’s recommendation of the positively divine Chocolate Cake. They spent the entire evening enraptured by each other’s company, dining on incredible food, and having a fantastic time.

After the conversation had slowed for a few moments, the two of them sat, simply admiring one another as they took in the lovely atmosphere. It was Klaus who finally spoke, breaking the quiet, romantic spell that had enshrouded them.

“Holly, I need to be honest with you,” for the first time, Holly sensed a bit of unease creep into Klaus’s voice.

“I would expect nothing less from someone as incredible as you are, Klaus,” she replied calmly, wondering what he was suddenly so concerned about.

“Back at the office party,” he said, “I told you that I was a new intern who wanted to come to the party...”

“See! I knew you were lying about that!” Holly was very pleased with herself for having deduced that from the beginning.

“Actually, that part is absolutely true,” Klaus deflated her celebration. “I absolutely love bad office Christmas parties. The dishonesty lies in the fact that I have no intention of working for Lawrence, Gilton & Prayger. I never did. I only took the internship so that I could come to that party... so that I could meet you.”

Holly had to concede that part had been unexpected. He’d taken the internship just to meet her at the party? Had he been stalking her? Was she playing right into the hands of some kind of horrible creep who was after her? She’d been ready to take him to bed almost immediately! She couldn’t believe it... The entire romantic scene around her seemed to distort into some kind of horrible facsimile of itself.

“I know that’s a bit on the creepy side,” Klaus continued softly.

“A bit?! It’s a LOT on the creepy side!” Holly exploded, heads in the restaurant turning to see what was happening. “You stalked me! You had me falling for you, and it was all some kind of sick game to you!”

“That’s not true,” Klaus replied, calm as ever. “I haven’t been spying on you. I already knew about you from the list.”

“Oh, now there’s some kind of fucked up list?!” Holly was growing desperate to flee from the table, but couldn’t seem to muster the courage to give up on the ideal evening she’d so certainly anticipated.

“Holly,” Klaus’s voice was more stern, but still immeasurably calm, “I joked with you earlier about me being Saint Nicholas—Santa Claus.”

“Okay, so you ARE insane!” Holly was finished. She stood up and began trotting toward the door of the restaurant.

As she grabbed her coat from the young woman at the coat check and bundled herself up, she felt the presence of Klaus approaching behind her. He stopped a few feet away with a hand outstretched as though to reassure her that he meant no harm.

“I’m not insane, Holly,” he nearly whispered, lowering his voice still further as the host and coat check girl looked on in confusion. “I really am Santa Claus, and I can prove everything to you if you’ll just give me a moment.”

With a huff, Holly rolled her eyes and, against her better judgment, turned around.

“You have until the cab gets me back to my apartment,” she told him. “And you’re not coming up when we get there.”

“That seems fair,” he said, putting on his own coat.

The first several minutes of the cab ride were filled with little more than stern silence as Holly and Klaus each stared silently out of their respective windows at the cold, quiet streets. It was getting to be well after 11 pm on Christmas Eve, so there wasn’t much foot traffic left out and about.

“Holly,” Klaus finally spoke up, glancing cautiously at the plexiglass partition between them and the driver, “I know this is all going to sound insane, but please just let me speak and then I’ll try to clear up any questions. Is that okay?”

Holly nodded without turning away from the window.

“I’ve lived on this earth since the earliest days of humanity. I don’t really remember where I came from or how I got here. I’ve just always sort of existed as far as my memory can tell me.

“A long, long time ago, I got involved with the early Christian church and the occasional public use of my abilities led to my being given sainthood and a lot more public recognition than I had ever wanted. Suddenly, poor old Nikolaos became Saint Nikolaos, became Saint Nick, became Santa Claus.”

Holly finally turned to face the man who was, by her estimation, the most jaw-droppingly handsome and well-spoken delusional psychopath in the world. He truly seemed to believe all of the nonsense he was saying. The look of sincerity in his eyes was almost heartbreaking. Why had she fallen so hard for someone who was so very, very unstable?

“That’s not proof,” she retorted.

“I’m sorry?” Klaus pried.

“You said at the restaurant that you could prove you were Santa Claus. I’m sorry, but a well-researched history of the legend isn’t exactly proof. I could find out all of that from Wikipedia.”

She could feel the cold giving way to a warm rush of blood to her cheeks. Holly was growing aggravated with Klaus’s bullshit and was really hoping the cab ride would be about half an hour shorter.

“Okay. You’ve forced my hand.”

A newfound determination had entered Klaus’s voice, which certainly had her curious what sort of proof he intended to offer.

“Holly,” he said, looking her directly in the eyes with a solemn expression displayed across his handsome features, “I want you to look outside at the street. Carefully take notice of the snow.”

With an exasperated sigh, Holly did as he asked. Turning to face out the cab’s window once more, she looked around. However, there was absolutely no snow to be seen. Unusual for the city on Christmas Eve, but not exactly earth-shattering.

“There isn’t any snow,” she said, turning back to face him. She had no idea where he was going with this, and she was once more rapidly losing interest.

“Look again,” he said, nodding toward the window she had just gazed through.

Holly turned back around to see that a thick flurry of white flakes was drifting silently down from the night sky. The pure powder was already beginning to coat the sidewalks and edges of the roads, small mounds building up on mailboxes and the awnings of the storefronts.

The timing was certainly convenient, as far as Holly was concerned.

“Being able to predict the weather doesn’t exactly make you a miracle worker,” she fired at him.

“I didn’t predict it,” he defended. “Todd Lawrence’s little girl wished for snow on Christmas, along with about a million other people.”

“So you grant Christmas wishes?” her tone spoke to her still-substantial doubts.

“More or less. That’s how my powers work,” he answered.

“Well, you’re going to have to do better than ‘snow in the winter,’” she said with a smug look directed his way.

“Fine. How’s this?”

As Klaus spoke, he outstretched his gloved hands, palms facing up, fingers spread wide. He took the time to carefully turn both hands over, one at a time, like a magician showing that he had no handkerchiefs up his sleeves.

After a moment of this showing, he reached out and gently took Holly’s left hand between his own. She briefly fought him, attempting to jerk free of his grasp. With the initial recoil, her hand came free easily, though he shot her a glance that said “trust me.” Following a brief instance of hesitation, she placed her hand back into his, her palm up.

Klaus closed his hands around hers loosely and held that position for a few breaths. As concerned as she was regarding the entire bizarre turn the evening had taken, Holly still had the slight sensation of butterflies in her stomach as he held her hand firmly. At last, he removed his hands to reveal a pair of frosted sugar cookies, shaped like Christmas trees and decorated thoughtfully, stacked neatly in the palm of her hand.

“How did you?” Holly was dumbstruck. She was beginning to wonder if there might be something to Klaus’s story after all, but she wasn’t going to roll over so easily.

“I told you. Christmas magic,” he said, smiling triumphantly.

“No. These are fake and compressible or something,” she argued, the whole time turning the cookies over in her hand, examining them for authenticity.

Before she could reach a verdict, Klaus shot out a hand and snatched one of the cookies from her and immediately took a hearty bite out of it, a few crumbs falling into his beard, which he immediately brushed clean with his other hand.

Following his lead, Holly cautiously held the other cookie up to her lips and gingerly nibbled the edge. It was warm and sweet and buttery—everything a perfect sugar cookie should be. The soft occasional crunch of the crystalline sprinkles and light crumbling of the cookie itself told her these were absolutely real, not some magician's props.

"Okay, that's a little harder to disprove," she conceded, still biting off tiny chunks of the cookie periodically.

"Because it's real," Klaus retorted, his face still showing an expression of victory.

"So who wished for sugar cookies?" she inquired.

"I did," Klaus answered. "That part of the folk stories is actually quite true-to-life. I do love milk and cookies."

After a while, Klaus spoke again, "We're getting close to your apartment, and it's almost midnight. That's when my powers are at their peak, when I grant all of the children's wishes. After that, my powers lie dormant for another year."

"Uh huh..." Holly was wondering how he was going to explain away his lack of powers once his parlor tricks ran out, and he'd finally offered the explanation.

"So, I just take it on faith that you granted all these other wishes and believe you're actually Santa?" she demanded of him.

"Not at all," he reassured. "I want you to make a secret wish right now, to yourself. When I grant all the children's wishes, I'll include yours, whatever it may be. Hopefully, that will convince you, at the very least, that I'm not insane and mean you no ill will."

Holly stared suspiciously at him for several seconds, before finally shaking her head and closing her eyes. She thought long and hard about something that he would be unable to guess, something he would not expect her to want.

"It's almost midnight," she heard him say. "Do you have your wish?"

She nodded.

"Well then," he said, his voice carrying his former tone of importance and confidence once more, "Merry Christmas to all!"

Holly opened her eyes to see Klaus sitting there, holding the palms of his hands up toward the roof of the car, a blissful smile on his face as he stared in her direction. Otherwise, however, nothing had changed.

“Hmm...” he mused, looking around the back seat of the vehicle in befuddlement.

“Ha! I knew it!” Holly threw in his face, feeling self-assured that she was the sane one of the two once again.

“I don’t get it,” Klaus muttered, confusion permeating his voice. “You wished for milk to go with the cookies, right?”

Holly’s eyes widened in a mixture of surprise and shock. How had he known?! She thought that something like milk to go with his cookies would be sure to stump him. There’s no way he would’ve expected her to wish for something for him, right? But he knew. He hadn’t managed to materialize the milk, so he was still full of shit, but she absolutely couldn’t deny that he was good at his trickery.

“I’m impressed you managed to guess my wish, but the fact that you couldn’t make it appear is enough to prove to me, beyond any doubt at all, that you, Mr. Klaus, are absolutely full of— Oh, god!” Holly cut her gloating short with a sharp cry and lurched forward violently, clutching her chest.

“Holly!” Klaus shouted frantically. “Are you okay?!”

“My chest...” Holly struggled to get the words out as her face was contorting in a pastiche of discomfort and confusion. “It feel like it’s on fire.”

Suddenly, the cab lurched to a stop, sending them both falling forward into the backs of the seats in front of them. The plexiglass slide in the partition between front and back sections of the cab slid open with great intensity as the aged, ragged cabbie whirled around to speak to them.

“What’s the screamin’ about?!” he blurted out. “Christ! Is she havin’ a heart attack?!” he bellowed through his scraggly beard and mustache.

“No...” Holly urged through huffing breaths, “It’s going away. Must have been reflux or something...”

Holly began to straighten out, sitting upright again, as her breathing slowed and her face returned to a less pained expression, but she knew it wasn’t reflux. Something strange was going on. She was overcome with a hot, burning sensation in her chest, like she’d just downed an

oversized mug of hot chocolate. As the sudden intensity of the sensation waned, she felt it spreading throughout her torso, warming her entire core.

“You sure?” the driver persisted. “I can get you to a hospital, ma’am. No fare. Honest.”

“Really,” Holly reassured. “I’m fine now.”

At least, Holly hoped she was fine. The heated feeling wasn’t exactly going away, and she had no good explanation for what had caused it. Still, with it no longer being painful, she felt it wise to just get home.

Still displaying a look of uncertainty on his face, the driver slowly closed the partition once more and turned back around before resuming the drive.

“Holly, are you sure you’re okay? I don’t know what could’ve happened…” Klaus was incredibly apologetic, a look of true concern in his eyes, but Holly was growing tired of watching her dream man fail to live up to her expectations. Deep inside her, she had really hoped he was the real deal, because it would mean he wasn’t crazy. It would mean that she could give him a chance.

“Look, Klaus,” she worked as much sincerity into her voice as she could manage, “I’m sorry, but you have to understand why I can’t believe you. Right? Even your own ‘proof’ failed.”

Klaus sighed exasperatedly.

“Holly,” he said, looking directly into her eyes, “I don’t actually *see* what everyone in the world is doing.”

She furled her brow at his persistence but was intrigued by what he was trying to say.

“My list is a book, created from the same Christmas magic that created these cookies,” he continued as he held up the cookie he’d earlier taken a bite from. “It tells me the highlights of a person’s life. Think of it like a universal, truthful profile page that updates in real time.”

Holly continued to listen to him as the warm sensation within her continued to spread and intensify subtly. She pressed a hand to her chest in an effort to quell the disturbance.

“I’ve been watching your profile with great interest for a few months now. I know that you volunteer your time for the homeless; I know that you donate toys to children every year; and I know that you took the job at the firm to get a foot in the door with becoming a public defender once you have the money for law school.”

Holly was both impressed and once more concerned with his detailed knowledge of her life. Either Klaus really was magical, or he was an incredibly dangerous stalker. Even she was beginning to wonder which would be more troubling.

“I’ve been alone in my work for about two hundred years now, Holly,” Klaus told her, a touch of sadness haunting his seaglass eyes. “My last wife passed in the 1800s, and working up the courage to let myself move on has been the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do. I’m not asking you to be fully okay with what I’m telling you, and I’m not expecting you to jump at the idea of giving me another chance. I just want you to know the truth about me.”

Holly felt a lump hang in her throat. She fought back a hint of tears as she grappled with the idea that this man—this magical, incredible, crazy man—might really be Saint Nicholas. But the sadness she felt was giving way to unease, not with his story, but with her own body.

The heat inside her was welling up to an uncomfortable amount, and she began to note that breathing had become a bit more difficult. She inhaled deeply, but couldn’t seem to fill her lungs enough to satisfy the need for air. Each struggling breath felt constricting, like her ribcage was being held in a tightening vice.

Her body was becoming so overheated that she was suddenly compelled to remove her coat and cool down. Ignoring Klaus for the moment, she struggled with the large mass of fabric as she tore free and felt the cooler air inside the cab touch her skin.

Immediately, she felt a sense of relief as the cool air combatted the rising heat within her, though breathing was still a labor. She was worried that she was feeling the sudden onset of a strong fever, but a hand to her forehead yielded the sensation of near-icy skin.

“Holly, are you alright?” Klaus asked as she continued to fight for a full breath.

“Yeah, just feeling really hot all of a sudden...” as her sentence trailed off, she noticed the look of shock and concern which Klaus displayed as his gaze was directed at her chest.

“Excuse you!” she cried, snapping her fingers to draw his attention away from her breasts.

“Sorry!” he exclaimed, snapping out of it. However, his gaze returned as he added, “please don’t scream, but I think I might know what’s going on.”

Klaus outstretched a solitary finger which pointed directly at her chest where he’d been staring. Curious why he had a sudden fixation with her tits, Holly let a yelp escape her mouth as she glanced down to find a worrisome sight.

From the low cut neckline of her sexy dress, she could see her breasts ballooning outward and straining at the fabric. What had once been a sexy wardrobe choice for a first date was now a racy spectacle of cleavage and exposed lingerie. Somehow, since the restaurant, her attractive C cup breasts had swollen into Ds, pulling at the cloth of her dress, yearning for freedom. The intense change of mass within had caused the neckline to bulge outward, revealing the lacy edges of her bra, where the confined mass of taught flesh was beginning to spill out from the undergarment.

The overall effect of the change was that she looked more than a little like a hooker trying to cram herself into whatever clothes she could find. Her cleavage had shot from tasteful to “whoa” in less than an hour, and Holly unexpectedly found herself on display.

Overwhelmed by the bizarre development, she scrambled to put her coat back on, despite still feeling overheated. It took far longer to finagle the thing on than it had to remove it, and the entire time, she could feel the newly increased weight of her breasts jiggle and sway with every agonizing motion. There was no preventing the pair from doing their own thing and wobbling to and fro.

“I think I may have an explanation for what’s going on,” Klaus offered her, keeping his voice down as he stole frequent glances in the direction of the driver.

“Did you do this?!” Holly demanded, following his lead by keeping her voice lowered.

“Look,” Klaus continued as the cab was beginning to round the corner to Holly’s apartment building, “I didn’t mean to do it. It’s just that I don’t have full control over how my magic manifests. You were wishing for milk, so that’s what I granted. It just seems like my infatuation with you may have caused a bit of a... misfire...”

“A MISFIRE?!” Holly blurted out before clasping a hand over her mouth. No part of her wanted to believe that Klaus had used his “Christmas magic” to give her bigger boobs, but the evidence was somewhat difficult to discount. It wasn’t like she had some minor swelling; her tits had grown at least a cup size almost instantly!

“Similar things have happened before,” Klaus explained, using his hands to signal her to stay calm. “I once granted a wish for blueberry pie and a lapse in focus sort of created a Willy Wonka type of situation.”

Klaus’s face contorted into a look of bewilderment as he seemed to call up a memory of the event.

Before he could add anymore to his explanation, the cab again ground to a halt, this time in front of Holly's apartment building.

The driver once more opened the partition and spoke, "Before you go, are you absolutely sure you're okay? You look a little flushed."

"Yeah," Holly stammered as she handed him several bills she'd extracted from her coat pocket.

"You," she said emphatically, glaring at Klaus, "are coming upstairs right now and fixing this."

As Klaus nodded and exited the vehicle, the driver cracked his window and whispered, "Lucky man," before giving a wink.

Klaus rolled his eyes and made his way around the vehicle to the entryway where Holly was already punching in the code to open the door.

Upstairs, in Holly's living room, Klaus sat quietly on her couch as Holly spoke through the open bathroom door.

"So you granted my wish for milk, and because you happened to be attracted to me, it somehow made my boobs grow?" her voice was a volatile mix of displeasure, disbelief, and irritation, which was a great summary of her feelings on the situation.

The intense heat inside her wasn't going away; if anything, it was continuing to intensify. Meanwhile, Holly found herself staring at her reflection, where her breasts were still managing to wage war against her efforts to remain clothed. She'd already ditched her coat and dress in order to get a better idea of the situation, and it wasn't looking great. Her tits continued to swell, pulling the shoulder straps of her lacy bra taut as it struggled to hoist the increasing weight.

She'd managed to pinpoint the restriction of her chest by her restrained mammaries as the source of her discomfort while breathing, and loosening the clasp by two hooks had temporarily added enough room for growing that she could breathe more or less normally, though given the fact that her chest continued to swell outward, she didn't know how long it would last.

After several moments of grabbing, squeezing, prodding, and jiggling, a thought occurred to Holly, and she called out to Klaus.

“Did you put something in those cookies?!” she screamed the question out into the rest of the apartment.

“They were just normal sugar cookies,” he cried back. “I know this is incredibly awkward, but I’m telling you that your wish got redirected.”

“Then undo it!” she replied.

“I can’t,” his voice grew apologetic. “After I grant the worldwide wishes at midnight, my magic has to recover until the following Christmas. I told you that earlier.”

“So what? I’m just going to be stuck with giant tits for a year?” Holly’s mind was racing as she attempted to reconcile the information. She’d need an entirely new wardrobe. She’d probably have to tell her coworkers that she got implants. She had no idea what to do.

“Holly,” Klaus said, softer. The sound of his voice told her that he was now standing just outside the bathroom door. “I’m truly sorry for what I’ve done to you. I promise I wasn’t thinking about your breasts or trying to be some sort of pervert. My thoughts were on you enough that your wish for milk just took a... different route. I promise I will fix everything the second my magic returns.”

Holly mulled his words around her mind for a few seconds, finally piecing together what he’d seemed to hint at.

“So you’re saying that my tits are filling up with milk?!”

“Ah...” Klaus paused, “I’m afraid that seems to be the case.”

“Well,” she pried, “is it ever going to stop?”

There was a lengthy pause from Klaus before he answered.

“Given that my magic is more ‘freeform’ than what most people assume, I can’t really say what’s going to happen.”

Holly looked at her reflection as she cupped her breasts in her hands. She could feel the gentle sensation of the skin and lace expanding outward, filling up and becoming more firm. She could truly feel her breasts growing, and the sensation was causing her to become slightly aroused. At least, she thought it was arousal. With the heat growing within her, it was hard to say whether anything she felt was her true emotions or simply a by-product of the magic.

Magic. The word stuck in her brain like a thorn. Was she really going to let herself believe Klaus? She certainly found it difficult to provide an alternative explanation for everything that had happened—that was still happening.

As she admired her still-deepening line of cleavage, perched perkily between her new grapefruit-sized tits, the idea that she was witnessing magic—albeit completely unwanted and unexpected magic—was a powerful and compelling thought. If she admitted to herself that the root cause of her... condition... was magic, she had to throw out all doubts she'd had about the man. She felt conflicted as she attempted to reconcile her attraction to Klaus with her misgivings over the bizarre circumstances of their date, and in the end, she felt compelled to admit to herself that she had just come back from a date with Santa Claus and that an accident of Christmas magic was causing her breasts to fill with... milk...

The death of her bra was nearly as sudden as the initial changes to her physique. The straps had been pulling tighter against the increasing mass of her breasts, while the band had been steadily straining more and more, again restricting her breathing. However, before it could cause too much difficulty, with a final snap, the underwear had given out, the metal clasp hooks bending straight to let the weight of their load fall freely forward as much as the still clinging piece would allow.

The sudden shift in weight against the tight fabric had created an electrifying sensation within Holly's nipples. She could feel them become immediately erect as a jolt of tormenting pleasure shot through her body, causing the heat inside her to pulsate in waves.

"Oh god..." she sighed aloud, unable to avoid the utterance.

Klaus came bolting around the corner as he shouted, "Are you okay?!"

He froze as he came face to face with Holly, propping her body against the bathroom vanity, covered only by her thong panties and a bra that was mostly just lying across her growing chest. Her face and chest were flush, and her breathing was heavy.

"What are you doing?!" Holly cried, panicked. "Get out!"

Klaus fumbled out an apology as he quickly backed out of the bathroom doorway.

Once he was gone, Holly slammed the door shut and returned to her reflection, still trying desperately to make sense of what was happening. She peeled away her bra to see a full view of her presumably now E or F cup breasts, complete with large, darkened areola and oversized, puffy, erect nipples, each of which was tipped with a miniscule speck of pure white.

"Is that..." Holly muttered to herself.

She brought her thumb and index finger of each hand to her nipples and gave a gentle squeeze. Instantly, each one issued forth several hair-thin streams of white liquid. The sensation of this release was enough to buckle Holly's knees, dropping her to a kneeling position.

"Oh..." the sound escaped her lips without her intention, the single syllable dripping with the pure ecstasy which she felt as she again squeezed and pulled on her nipples, expressing another rain of the white milk that was still building up within her breasts.

No matter how many times she performed the pleasurable milking motion on herself, Holly could both see and feel her breasts continuing to grow at a steady and apparently increasing pace. The pale, milky skin was continually growing and puffing outward as her chest became perkier, fuller, and heavier. The combination of sensations—the blissful release of pressure from milking herself, the intense growing heat within her body, and the mounting sensation of her tits swelling and filling—was nearly more than poor Holly could bear. Everything was swirling around inside her and begging for some greater form of release.

She couldn't believe it, but she needed an orgasm desperately. Holly hadn't dated seriously for many months, but she still managed to handle her needs on her own fairly well. She just needed to get to her bedroom.

Throwing her bath robe around herself and doing her best to hold the front closed over her ever-growing tits, Holly darted out of the bathroom and nearly knocked Klaus down in her sprint to the bedroom across the hall.

"Sorry," she called back through door she had just slammed behind her. "Emergency!"

"Is everything okay?" Klaus asked, but Holly was already far too preoccupied with her situation to respond.

She hurriedly dug through the topmost drawer of her small wooden nightstand to find her discrete vibrator. She'd bought it during a particularly brutal dry spell in her dating life a few years back and now needed it desperately.

Plopping down on the edge of the bed, Holly immediately shoved the small pink wand down the front of her thong panties and twisted the control dial on the back of the device. With a low hum it roared to life and Holly let out a cry of both pleasure and astonishment as she rubbed the device against her yearning clitoris.

In the throes of wonder at the sensation, Holly found herself rubbing, stroking, vibrating, milking, teasing, and fingering her pussy and nipples alike, though no matter how much pleasure

she gave herself, she could not bring her body to the edge of climax. It seemed just barely unreachable.

Pausing in frustration, Holly sat back up and took stock of her changes. Her chest still swelled at a now slower pace, each immense breast nearly the size of a cantaloupe and dribbling a constant stream of milk that ran down her stomach and dampened the sheets of her bed. The heat within her was likewise growing to an unbearable level, causing her to feel ravenous and crazed. She positively had to have a release and, though she hated to admit it, she knew there was a convenient solution to the problem just outside her bedroom door.

Springing to her feet, Holly stamped to the door and threw it wide. A flabbergasted Klaus stood outside, leaning against the wall. His eyes grew wide before he quickly averted his gaze.

“You can look,” Holly told him, annoyance weighing heavily in her voice.

Klaus seemed reluctant and instead stared at the floor between the two of them.

Holly crossed her arms across her chest, a feat which was much more difficult than it once had been, given the expanding set of twin globes protruding from her torso.

“Look,” she said firmly, “I don’t know what the fuck you did to me, but right now my tits are getting bigger by the second, I’m lactating *A TON*, and I’m so hot and bothered that I feel like a thirteen year old boy who just had his first kiss.”

“I’m... I’m so...” Klaus tripped over what seemed like an apology, but he was unable to spit the words out.

“I know. It was a mistake. You’re going to fix it eventually. Whatever,” Holly was speaking with an intense fury, her words coming fast and strong.

“If you want to actually help me, here’s what you’re going to do,” she continued barking. “You’re going to go in my bedroom, take off your clothes, and you’re going to let me fuck you until I’m done. Got that?”

Klaus looked up to meet her eyes, utter confusion playing across his face.

“You already said you can’t undo this until next Christmas. I’m pissed about that. But you *can* help me with whatever this shit did to my libido. I feel like I’m on fire inside and I have since you did your juju bullshit. Now get in there, and FUCK ME!”

Klaus nodded sheepishly and trotted into the bedroom, hesitantly removing his sweater and unbuckling his belt. Holly bolted in behind him, slamming the door again. The instant his pants had been removed, Holly lunged out and ripped down his red plaid boxers.

“Hey!” he exclaimed as Holly ogled his naked body hungrily. Beneath those layers, he had an impressively fit physique, with a virile look to him—a modest covering of greying chest hair and noticeable musculature just visible beneath the surface. His cock—the real endgame for Holly—was already becoming erect, projecting an imposing eight inches or so outward and noticeably throbbing.

“So you like me with bigger tits?” Holly teased, extending a finger to caress the head of his own growing asset.

“It’s... not a bad look for you,” Klaus replied coyly, his eyes fluttering with pleasure as Holly continued to touch and tease him.

“Well, GOOD!” she shouted the word as she raised both hands to his shoulders and shoved him backward onto the bed. As he flopped down, Holly licked her lips, her eyes locked onto his cock.

“Before we begin,” she asserted, “I want to make sure you realize I still have no intention of dating a centuries old magician who happens to have fucked up my body for at least a year. Capiche?”

Klaus nodded as he stared back at her still expanding breasts.

Noting his fixation, Holly chose to tease him and took each massive breast into a hand and gave them a jiggle, the motion sending fresh droplets of milk spattering around the room. She then raised a single, weighty breast up so that she could circle the enlarged nipple with her tongue seductively. The whole time, she could feel the same intoxicating sensation of her flesh growing and spilling outward, adding more and more mass to her tits.

Seeing that Klaus’s cock had grown to a fully rock hard nine inches, Holly decided the time for teasing was over and she leapt onto the bed, straddling his waist. As his eyes widened, he made to speak, but Holly dropped her form forward so that her developing ravine of cleavage encompassed the majority of his head.

“You’ve done enough talking for the evening,” she said as she reached behind her and pulled her thong to the side and let her dripping pussy slide down over the immensity of the erect dick beneath her.

Holly gave a slight yelp of pleasure as she felt the entire member slide almost effortlessly into her. She let gravity take hold as the weight of her body pulled her down, down onto it. The girth was easily the most she’d ever taken, but the feeling of being filled up was exactly what she’d

needed as she could feel the heat within her beginning to quell with each thrusting motion she made to take the cock into and out of her.

As she continued to buck her hips, Holly leaned forward fully so that the entire weight of Klaus's "gifts" to her weighed down on his face, smothering him in a pile of wobbling flesh and trickling milk.

Klaus, though apprehensive at first, was beginning to go along with Holly's frustrated advance, placing his left hand on her thick buttock and squeezing steadfastly as his right did the same with her left breast. With each squeeze, still more of her warm milk came issuing forth in a geyser of lactation, spraying his face, the headboard, and the sheets alike.

As the pair kept up their furious fucking, they both began to throw more and more vigor into the session. Holly pulled her legs beneath her and began to bounce herself still more energetically than before, causing her always-increasing tits to sway to and fro as Klaus raised up enough to begin suckling at her nipples, draining a mouthful of milk from each before switching to the other jiggling mass. They carried on for what felt to Holly like an eternity before she could at last feel the sensation she'd been after.

Klaus adjusted his position just enough to begin thrusting himself upward in time with Holly's downward drops, and the hard slamming of his pelvis into her clitoris combined with the feeling of fullness she had from his dick inside her was drawing an ever-cresting wave of pleasure from within her fiery core. Each shockwave was more electrifying and intense than the one which preceded it, quenching the heat inside her and bringing her ever closer to climax.

At long last, Klaus clenched the sheets of the bed as he threw his head backward and shut his eyes. He began to thrash frantically, ramming himself into Holly's pussy again and again and again as she could feel the heat of his cock begin to throb greatly, then with each pulse, the feeling of his hot, thick cum blasting forth into her cavity, filling up what little room was left inside her.

The sensation of Klaus cumming inside her and thrusting wildly was the final push Holly needed. She could feel the heated sensation break in a sudden moment of bliss. She felt every muscle in her body involuntarily tighten as she let out a long, loud cry.

Holly was certain she'd never felt an orgasm that intense in her life. Her eyes rolled back and her tongue lapped at the air as she was overcome by the quake of pleasure. Then right at the peak of her arrival, she felt something stir inside her engorged breasts as each nipple gave way and a

torrent of milk gushed from each, coating every surface before her, Klaus's upper body included. The letdown continued for nearly a full minute as the skin of her tits grew marginally less firm and the overall mass of the pair shrank considerably, while remaining significantly larger than her former size.

Finally, both Holly and Klaus had ceased with their orgasms, and she flopped beside him, the heat within her fading away and her breasts no longer swelling. They both lay there for a long while, relaxing.

Several minutes later, it was Klaus who broke the tense silence, "That was am—"

"Don't even think about finishing that sentence," Holly cut him off.

"Like I said before," she went on, propping upper body up onto an elbow, "I've got no intention of a second round. I expect you to be gone within the hour, and you can forget about coming by again until next year when you're going to use your Christmas magic to undo all of this shit, got it?"

Klaus sighed wearily and answered, "Understood."

Within her mind, Holly still had a few reservations about not keeping Klaus around in case the heat came back, but she was sure that she wouldn't have too much trouble finding a replacement, given the sizeable upgrade she'd received to her chest.

It had been a hell of a Christmas night, she thought to herself, eventually letting her mind wander back to her Gran's words as she welcomed the relaxation washing over her.

"Christmas magic is very real. All you need to do is believe in it."

What a crock of shit, Holly thought.

Acknowledgements

Thank you, dear reader, for purchasing this ebook. I truly hope that you enjoyed it.

It is my heartfelt belief that the world needs more erotic stories with actual character development and plot, so I take the time and effort to create stories like this one for people to read and enjoy. It is through the support of my readers that I am able to continue writing, so you should know that you are a big part of the reason this book exists. Thank you.

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