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Happy Holidays 2020

Chapter 5
Santa Claus has Come to Town
Word Count: 6782

The two busiest women Olena knew walked into a church—Janie and herself.

It was an Easter Orthodox church, made of stone that had gone off-white, with towers topped by bowled domes and crosses that pierced up into the air. Olena had seen it as she and her family travelled; had attended a few services before her parents stopped putting priority on it. That was back when she was younger, though.

Plus, the art of saints everywhere sort of creeped her out.

She and Janie stepped through the narthex into the main nave. Seated in the dark wood pews, conversing on red cushions, were what appeared to be homeless people—by the hundreds. They lined the walls; were all but stacked two high in the available furnishing. Many had clothes that didn't fit. A few animals laid quietly nearby their owners; dogs, mostly. Pocketed here and there were families—or people huddled close enough to seem like families. Women stroking the hair of younger children, fathers throwing babies into the air to catch them again, occasional crying.

As Janie and Olena walked down the center aisle, the people all stopped to regard them. Olena felt their eyes but oddly couldn't detect their judgement. Walking among these people—she was tempted to think 'normal' people until she realized that the people on both sides of her were just as normal as anyone else—she couldn't feel the heat of sexual stares or jealous arrows being fired her way.

Here, in this church, she felt a sort of peace.

Peace was stark. She was very used to people wanting to fuck or marry her.

They walked without interruption till Janie reached a door to a hallway where a man wearing patchy gloves reached out and shook her hand. His eyes glowed with gratitude at her, then he

reached toward Olena and did the same, thanking her. Olena looked back as they parted; found him going back to his family.

“One of our regulars,” Janie informed when Olena’s expression formed an obvious question.

Regular at church or regular on Christmas? Both answers were likely.

At last they came to a vast gym-like facility. Long, portable tables were set up with plastic tablecloths and centerpieces that looked like wrapped presents. The ceiling was high. Chandeliers lit the tremendous space. It sort of reminded Olena of that scene from the first Parry Hotter movie—the only one she ever got to see in its entirety because her father wouldn’t spare her the money to go see the rest of them in theaters. “It is just same movie over and over. They make you pay again for same movie!” he had said.

Thinking about him was a bad idea. Olena felt her face heating with tears.

“Olena, this is Margo. She’s one of our coordinators who helps me run events like this. As you can see, this is the Line of Benevolence where we distribute our dinners to those in need. People hang out in the church up there till there’s a place made for them, then we call them by group. In the back, there’s a kitchen where the bulk of this food is prepared. Then, there’s people behind them who have to fetch more food from trucks and truck drivers who have to go pick up more of it from our warehouses.”

Olena welcomed the newness. She shook Margo’s hand but was pulled in for a hug instead. Margo was a little taller, looked German, and was probably in her forties. “It’s Christmas. You deserve a hug, huh?” When the embrace broke, the woman looked Olena up and down. “You look like you’d be great on the line, but I won’t shove you anywhere you don’t wanna go. If you can drive a truck, by all means drive the trucks.”

“I-I didn’t know it would be this fast,” Olena answered. “Me helping. Is there some training I should get first?”

“It isn’t hard to smile and scoop mashed potatoes. And we trust you.” Janie gave Olena a reassuring look then sent someone away to fetch an apron.

Once dressed for food dispensary—apron, gloves, hair net (optional but appreciated), sticker with a name tag placed over her right boob—Janie showed Olena the line. The ginger woman demonstrated proper technique with a ladle as people from the room they’d just left came through the line. One scoop, ask if they wanted gravy, smile, next customer. Easy.

“Olena. . .”

Well, it had been easy.

When Olena turned to the voice, she found the girl one spot down was also wearing see-through gloves. She'd finished shovelling green beans on one of the plastic cafeteria trays when she looked up and noticed Olena.

It was Clarissa; the cutie from the Crafty Shack on Black Friday. She had always been a little frizzy like her mom, but she at least cared enough to keep her hair from turning into a bush. She had it restrained cutely in a hair net, pulled away from her round face. Her apron also cinched her waist, showing off the perky bum that Olena had remembered her for in the first place.

Were those the jeans she wore on Black Friday? Couldn't be. . . they're even tighter on her now.

"Good! You have someone you know here? Then I'll be back. I need to check on the rest of the staff; make sure everything is running smoothly. Keep her busy, Clarie." Janie helped tie Olena's apron without even asking. The tight single knot made her tits look so much bigger than they already were—which shouldn't have been possible, but was a glorious sight to behold regardless. Clarissa certainly had her eyes set; shocked and amazed. They were now opposing twins: Clarissa rear and Olena's breasts, both accentuated by the lacing of an apron. "Just have fun. You can't go wrong. You're doing a service to those in your community today, so try to focus on that."

Then, Janie left and Olena was stuck in line next to her crush; one she'd abandoned and hadn't contacted much since.

For a dozen or so trays, they simply did as they'd been instructed: one scoop, ask if they wanted any more, smile. Clarissa threw in an extra bit at the tail end. "Have a Happy Holiday."

Just the words on her sweet, smooth voice had Olena's body awakening into itself. The warm wishes of a 'Happy Holiday', though, were the ones that forced Olena's body into true reaction.

Not speedy, but imminent. Olena knew she would grow if she was stuck in the line for too long.

It's not too fast. It can wait. Just maybe. . . distract her?

"We haven't gotten to see each other since that night," Olena led off, as if she were talking to the elderly man beyond the plexiglass. "I'm, uh, sorry for running away on you like that."

"It's fine. I came on too strong anyway," Clarissa answered. "Way too strong. Like, stalking you into your staff lounge, strong. That was not okay and I'm sorry."

"Nonsense. I was on the verge of fainting. I'm glad you could see there was something wrong and came to help me. Thank you."

“Yea, you were acting a little strange. I didn’t feel right just letting you run off like that.” Clarissa scooped more food, wished another person the same way she had the others. “Happy Holidays!”

“Mph!” Olena tensed, feeling the movement in her giants. Still slow, she thought. And yet, her nerves were snappy like electricity running through a wire and every word was causing a jolt to run jagged tracks along her size. “A-anyway, I’m sorry for running away. I think I had an anxiety attack and I just needed the air.”

“Oh, I wasn’t worried about that,” said Clarissa in a way that sounded like she was worried about exactly that. “Sorry to hear about the anxiety, though. Hope it gets better—is that something anxiety can get? Better? Happy Holidays!”

“N-no— j-just gets easier to manage.”

“Ahh, okay. Got’cha.”

Their latest hiccup now taken care of, the two talked a little more casually. They went over what they’d wanted to discuss about each other: Clarissa’s jobs, both their families, shared interests. They became fast friends, easily able to connect.

Once the groundwork was established, though, and the food line ebbed for a few seconds, Clarissa brought something more important to Olena’s attention.

“When I met you, there was something about you; I don’t know what it was. Usually, it takes me a while to, well, kinda, start liking someone, you know? Acquaintances, friends, a lot of time spent just figuring out what a relationship would be like.” Clarissa pushed food around with her ladle. “And with you, there was a very obvious physical attraction right away—you could probably tell. I was pretty bad with where I was looking. But somehow, things—feelings, trust—they just jumped to lightspeed and right away I just knew I was meant for you.”

Olena looked at Clarissa; found her so cute in that moment that her heart melted.

And yet, the tone of her voice had been matter-of-fact. It wasn’t meant to sound romantic at all. She was only describing a phenomena, one that Olena knew because she had experienced the same thing.

“That’s been happening to me too. I’m very slow to warm up to people, but in the past few weeks it’s like something has opened me up. I’ve been hopelessly romantic with people in no time at all.”

“Right? It’s like something blew in with Christmas this year.”

“Something. . . or someone.”

It seemed far fetched, but could this also be Nicole’s doing? Winter made everything a little romantic and the holidays could make a person lonely. But had it inspired such an amount of love that it moved Olena and those women around her into fervent, lusty passion? Lana on the dance floor, Olena seducing Nicole at the hotel, the new fire with Jersey.

She and Clarissa could have hooked up somewhere in the kitchen and it would have seemed normal.

What Clarissa described had been Olena’s past few weeks. Because she was submerged by it, she hadn’t noticed, but falling in love and caving to lust had been easy recently.

When she awakened again into the present Clarissa was closer, analyzing the vapid expression on her face; concerned.

“I’m alright,” Olena assured. “You’re exactly right, though. I fell for you the moment I saw you.”

“It’s weird, right? Like, it usually takes a while to know stuff like that. I don’t think I’ve ever been so certain, though. I think we might be. . . Nah, I won’t go that far—. . .”

“Soulmates?” Olena finished the thought. It reminded her of what Nicole had said; how she was always good at determining who was going to be part of her life. “That isn’t the weirdest of it. I feel like I’ve met a few women like that, lately. Other, uh, soulmates.”

The line picked up, but they continued their conversation between bursts of service. Their hands moved fast, mouths faster. “Huh. I’ve only met you. I’ve never heard of a person having multiple soulmates.”

“I’ve never believed in them to begin with. So much this year has changed what I thought I knew about, well, everything.”

“Are you referring to. . .” Clarissa let her eyes fall to Olena’s planetary rack, the lengthy shelf of womanhood that earned her politely-surprised looks from the people in line in front of her.

“Not very tongue-in-cheek, are they?” Olena rolled her eyes, then her shoulders. Damn, if they weren’t stiff. “They’ve caused all sorts of troubles.”

“They suit you.”

“How could anything this size suit anyone?”

"I don't know. You just seem like the only girl I know who can pull off being beautiful with boobs that size. Anyone else would look like, well, plastic, I guess."

It was so stupid to blush—to blush again after hearing the same line from yet another female—but Olena did anyway. "And what do I look like, then? If not plastic."

"Hmm," Clarissa leaned closer, bumping Olena's hip with her own twice. "Like I could do a five-hundred piece puzzle on both your boobs."

"I'm not that huge," said Olena, knowing she was precisely that size if not larger. "But I'm willing to be proven wrong."

"I'm so happy you like me. Gosh, I swore I did something to make you hate me, but this—just being with you like this is so great." The admittance came out of nowhere; just came rushing out of the thick, frumpy girl.

Still, Olena couldn't disagree.

"You ladies doing well out here?" Janie's voice came from behind.

As far as not being turned on for one day in her new life, no. But in other regards, "Yes," Olena answered.

"Feel like taking a break?"

"I definitely can." Clarissa tossed her ladle down to stretch out her arms and back. The curve her body made was every type of alluring and it hadn't even been aimed at Olena. What was more intentional, though, was Clarissa's eyes growing bigger as she goaded Olena to join her. "C'mon. We can have our breaks together."

"But I just got here. I— . . ."

"To-ge-ther," Clarissa bopped her hips against Olena's; thrice this time. "You've worked hard, I think."

"You didn't even expect yourself to work today, so it's fine if you'd like an early break. I can fill in," Janie obliged.

"Oh, thanks. Then we'll just. . ." Olena turned, leaving her scooper in the food. She paid no attention to her width, nor the fullness of her swing. The side of her soft beanbag spun and ricocheted off another soft surface. For once, the motion of her ocean of titty didn't phase her so much as what she had collided with—*who* she had collided with ". . . Take. O-our break. Nicole?"

There, with Janie on her arm, was the woman who had started it all.

Nicole looked as gorgeous as ever.

A stylish, green and red outfit barely holding her body in; more casual business than business casual. She wore a blouse with Christmas lights printed on the front that buttoned up, but her candy cane leggings wouldn't jive in any managerial meeting. The mini blazer over her shoulders was green but formal while the way her silver hair was braided and pulled into a ponytail screamed 'commoner'.

Then, there were her curves, mashed charmingly into the outfit.

Blouse undone by three buttons, slits of see-through in the leggings, hair pulled back to expose her long, slender neck. Olena smelled peppermint just being so close to her, eyes drawn in by her cleavage which was still sloshing from when her boobs had ping-ponged off her crush's pair.

They seemed. . . bigger. Nicole had always been stacked, but it was a normal kind of 'busty'. Nicole's size now was definitely on par with Janie's; still smaller than Olena but in that range where people will double take for the tits themselves instead of for the full package of woman.

In that thought, though, came Olena's realization. "Janie. . ." she mouthed.

"Yes? Is everything alright?" Janie leaned forward, partly leaving Nicole behind her.

"Your name isn't Janie. It's Jane. Y-you're Nicole's Jane?"

Janie blinked slowly, turned to look at Nicole for a moment. "My name is 'Janie'. It's a nickname. And yea, I guess I'm hers. She's my partner. Why? Have the two of you met?"

Nicole held Olena's eyes. To Olena's surprise, it was like she was asking for permission. "She's, uh, the one I told you about, remember? From the hotel."

"Hmm. The lactating one?" Janie said, as if that wasn't as bizarre a thing to characterize a person as, say, a hair color.

"Lactating?" Clarissa asked.

"The one from Crafty Shack. The puzzle girl. The one I spent a night with."

Janie snapped her fingers and pointed toward Olena. “Makes complete sense now. Wow, yea. Okay. She must have grown since you last saw her—man, this town really is small, that she would just be wandering around nearby.”

Nicole shrugged. “It’s home.”

Janie hugged Nicole’s bicep, a frown forming on her face. “Well, I found her out on her own on Christmas Eve alone. Alone! It was so sad! Gosh, had I known who you were, Olena, I would have stopped you after one lap. Nobody that Nicole holds in such high regard should be alone on the Holidays.”

Olena winced. “What sort of ‘high regard’.”

Nicole glared down at Janie, but the ginger blabbered on as if she couldn’t feel the knives stabbing her in the back of her head. “This woman has not stopped thinking about you since that night you two had. I swear! It’s the cutest thing. She looked so sad at breakfast and when I asked why, she just opened the floodgates on me—Olena is mad, Olena is gorgeous, Olena wants bigger boobs but won’t get them because you two will never meet again.” Janie looked up, saw how vexed Nicole was, then swooped up onto her toes for a swift peck on the lips. With the wealth and power Nicole had, it almost seemed like Janie was teasing a mountain lioness—and was getting away with it. “I’ve tried to get her to go back to the Crafty Shack but she’s too shy to confront you. Then she heard from that girl Hedda at the hotel desk that her sister and you are back together—gosh, Nicole wouldn’t get out of bed all morning after that news.”

“You two were just about to go on break, is that right?” Nicole said, grumpy and low. “You look tired. Take all the time in the world. Take the car for a spin if you want—I’ve got the keys here. Go. Now. Please. . .”

“Oh and last night—. . .”

“Babe!” Nicole complained.

Janie giggled at the benefactor’s embarrassment. “We’d just had dinner and were about to pay when I looked at her phone—. . .”

“Jane! Enough!”

“She was looking up puzzles online. Puzzles. She was going to buy you one for Christmas and leave it with your manager. Can you believe how dopey she is?”

No. Olena really couldn’t. “I guess you really meant that stuff you said, huh?” Olena asked. It was strange, but now that there was another side to Nicole’s coin—crumbly romantic brat and

savvy business woman together—it made it much easier to be around her. “About being able to tell when you need someone in your life. You really believe that we’re supposed to be together.”

Nicole’s sigh could have blown the building down. “I do feel very strongly about that, yes.”

Clarissa, quickly realizing that she was being pushed out of the conversation, gave Olena a pat on the back. “Olena. . .”

“Oh! Sorry. Guys, you already know Clarissa. I met her at the Crafty Shack during the big sale. Clarissa, I met Nicole the same night but we met again about a week later.”

“Yes,” Nicole said. “Met.”

“And she’s in love with you?” Clarissa asked. It sounded so bald without Janie giving any context.

Olena looked to Nicole. Janie looked to Nicole. Clarissa looked to Nicole.

Nicole looked at the ground. Finally, she said, “Let’s discuss this over lunch, shall we?”

Outside the back of the church were a small fleet of sleek, black limousines. Nicole put Olena and Clarissa in one and gave instructions secretly to the driver, then promised that she would be behind them in yet another lengthy vehicle. The look on her face held trepidation. Even as she gave succinct orders and looked confident with the directions, she didn’t look Olena’s way when she walked past the window.

What was going on?

Clarissa grilled Olena sufficiently to be caught up, though Olena felt compelled to speak anyway. “Sorry for getting you involved in this. It’s been, uh, a slowly unfolding catastrophe for me. The more I try to keep people out, the more they seem to tumble in.”

“It’s the instant love thing I was talking about, I bet,” Clarissa shrugged. “Something in the air. It’s that time of year.” Her hair was mostly black but turned to a rusty red at the roots. Without the hairnet, it magically morphed back into a freshly layered style; looked fabulous, especially in a gentle side sweep. “Or maybe, based on how you described Nicole, there could be magic afoot.”

“I think it’s magic. It just has to be,” said Olena, adjusting herself in her seat for what seemed like the millionth time. She suddenly realized how weird it was to discuss magic as the cause to

her roaring sex drive and instant attraction. “Or, um, I-I. . . I don’t mean it *has* to be magic. Just that. . .”

“Tough getting comfortable?” asked Olena’s travelling partner. “You’re been adjusting yourself quite a bit; your boobs.”

“They’re at that awkward size now,” Olena answered, then began a demonstration. Her plush walls of lovely flesh ran down her thighs and over her knees like flowing water. The pastel yellow sweater had held on all this time and Olena felt all the luckier that she and Jersey had managed to find something so flexible and flattering. “There’s just enough of me hanging off my lap that they slip over and pull toward the ground. So, I have to lean back extra far and pull them back, only to have them slip and fall again.”

“One of those ridiculously busty girl problems, I guess. If you don’t mind my asking, what size are you?”

“Sure. R cup.”

Clarissa tilted her head like she really hadn’t heard Olena clearly. “Say what?”

Olena turned to her and repeated it. “R cup. . .”

Clarissa shook her head like a puppy drying herself. “I, uh. Okay, I knew they were big but I wasn’t expecting an actual letter to exist—one that measures boobs of that size, I mean. Wow. R cup. R. . . R? Impressive—that you measured. Holy mother of—. . . I’m sitting next to R cups. . .”

It had to have been the cutest reaction to her boobs she’d gotten yet. Olena couldn’t help laughing, a wide smile curled her lips. She hadn’t felt so good all day. She’d even forgotten that she was about to have another confrontation with Nicole at an unknown location; that her family gathering ended in ruin and that her tits tingled with growth every time anything festive went on around her.

“What?!” Clarissa shouted, shoving Olena’s shoulder. “Stop laughing!”

“You’re too cute! Oh god, I needed that. Nobody has reacted like that before.” It was actually how Olena had expected people to react at first, back when her growing had just begun. It was what she’d been so afraid of every time she grew—that just hearing her cup size would bring shock. It’s how her family had reacted when she showed them today.

And yet this moment was so, so different. Sure, the reaction was the same, but the impression of it was not. Her family had been stunned into what felt like rejection. Clarissa was frozen in wonder, confusion, and, frankly, lust.

“Nobody?! Are you, like, surrounded by people who see huge chests everyday? If so, I’m never leaving your side. I’ve got to meet those people—sounds incredible! And stop laughing! Jeez.”

A tear came to Olena’s eye and she was uncertain if it was one of happiness or sadness; happy for this moment, sad that it had taken so long to feel this way. “I’m sorry! So sorry. Here, can I make it up to you?”

“Yes! You’d better.” Clarissa wiggled her neck in a gesture of sass that was comically unlike her.

Olena took Clarissa’s hand, marvelled at the softness of her fingers, and pulled the paw over to her left breast. Since Clarissa was seated on her right side, the pull put their faces close together and Clarissa’s body leaning against Olena’s impressive pillow. “Have a feel.”

“Oh. . . Oh, wow—that’s so soft! Like, I knew they were soft but this soft? My mind is blown right now—dang, Olena. I-I. . . Can I—. . .” Clarissa blabbered.

Olena cut her off. “Do whatever you want. You can’t hurt them.”

But to Olena’s surprise, Clarissa didn’t go for groping, rubbing, or bouncing. Instead, her face transformed the same way it did in the staff lounge on the day they met—eyes lidded, lips inviting, breasts pressed against Olena’s globes.

And they kissed.

Olena tasted the sweetness Clarissa had wanted to share for days as they took each other with their mouths. The sighs of relief and commitment to the kiss filled the small space, a heated gesture of care to insulate them from the world wizzing past them at forty miles an hour. Clarissa, despite her less-than-sexual demeanor had to have been the best kisser among those who Olena had kissed. Jersey and Nicole had knowledge and talent, but Clarissa’s mouth shape just won out by merit of it’s warm invitation.

Just as the kiss grew moist and their moans more frequent, Clarissa’s hands began to explore the silky mountain she halfway laid upon. Her hand scooped in entire tufts, forming gentle rolls and bends in Olena’s impressive flesh. It not only felt amazing to be played with, but Olena felt the warm wholesomeness from realizing that Clarissa had become so affixed to her huge titties that her kissing slowed to a frozen, moaning purr.

“They’re good, are they?” Olena whispered, abandoning their makeout to just enjoy the feel of a tiny hand scrubbing her tops and sides adamantly. “Fun to play with.” She found herself enjoying Clarissa’s neck with travelling smooches.

"I think I'm complete. I didn't know it would take so little to make me happy—and it's probably the magic love or whatever, but I could be content with life if all it had in it was your phenomenal body." Clarissa curled her neck up, fell into a rushed, horny kiss before departing again for more exploration.

"Wow, yea," Olena bobbed her head. "Yup, my nipples are hard. Man, you know how to use that mouth."

"Do I kiss well?"

"You kiss like a chilly pool in hundred degree weather, Clarissa." Olena admitted. "I've kissed a good handful of girls and nobody has done it quite like you."

She was already blushing, but her lips did a puckered sort of smile as she crawled onto the floor of the cabin. It didn't take much searching to find Olena's nipple as the sweater was pulled to its limits by the engorged, throbbing mound. "You're actually the first girl I've kissed. And I know this is a stretch, what with Nicole and everything, but I'm really not looking forward to kissing any other girls. . ."

"I'm that bad?" Olena's brow furrowed.

"No." Clarissa answered simply, pulling her hair away from her face as she leaned toward the front of Olena's attention-grabbing knob. "I only ever want to kiss you."

Then she pressed herself into Olena's fronts, losing herself in the near-gooey quality of her bulbousness. Her fingers worked, squeezing all that she could beneath her tiny hands so even more flesh bubbled up and overloaded her sense of touch. The sweater was skin tight at that point, pulled to a thinness that approached nudity so all Clarissa would have been able to feel was warmth radiating off of Olena's twin ovens.

What Olena felt was the heat of a mouth surrounding her. In all her grandiose size and eye-turning vastness, her nipple felt like a tiny piece of chocolate; just melting away with Clarissa's mouth around it. The working of a tongue sent her into throes, reaching for whatever swath of her own size she could fist and clamping a heap of her own titties just to contain the richness. Moan floated out of her—some by choice, others pulled from her like Clarissa had fished them from her desirous soul. She felt the moisture oozing from sloppy kissing lips, the cute puffs of breath, the occasional grind of teeth. Pleasure masked the air around them with a sweetness. It felt so stunningly good!

"Holy hell. Mmm, damn Clarissa. Clarissa!" Olena's voice climbed the ladder of satisfaction.

Knowing her efforts weren't in vain, Clarissa doubled them. She pushed her whole weight into Olena's right udder. As if the sweater protection wasn't there, the girl stuffed her mouth and

cheeks with flesh like she was attempting to swallow. Lovely bulges of Olena's titty bent over Clarissa's forehead and below her chin. Her face felt so fiery with sexual blushing that Olena could feel it on her sensitive skin.

"Mmm! Mmhmm," Clarissa groaned. Then, "Ahhmmn!" she would say as she pulled away with a giggle and remounted, going for even more softness.

Olena shivered, enraptured by it all. Her tits had always seemed impossible to control. The limousine ride itself made them bounce erratically; traversing potholes or accelerating to make it under a changing light. But Clarissa had a talent for making Olena feel whopping without being out of control. She felt just right inside Clarissa's warm, moist mouth. The flicks from her tongue and the deep, sucking inhales had a way of making Olena feel manageable.

Olena's thoughts were consumed by this image when the blinding spread of white light took her. Orgasm blasted over her. Before she could even prepare herself she went heavenward; eyes rolling, body tense then lax. She caringly sent her fingers forward, dragging them through the dark, frizzled hair she knew to be before her. Instead of soothing, it seemed to rile Clarissa further, as she ground her nose into Olena's still-sensitive front and clenched her jaw; firm, strong.

"Ah! A-ahhnn, yea," Olena moaned, still reeling from one climax and already working toward the next. It only occurred to her then that Clarissa had found her own rapture just by sucking Olena through her sweater. "God, you're so good. Such a good friend, Clarissa. I . . . I don't know what to say."

Olena was as patient as she needed to be. Clarissa seemed thoroughly taken by her own peak. It was at least a minute before her jaw finally stopped squeezing and her body lazed back onto her haunches. Leaning, Olena could see the paleness of her face juxtaposed against candy red cheeks and swollen lips. Clarissa easily took cuteness to another level.

"Y-you even taste good. People don't taste good—you taste good, though," she babbled, incoherent. The hoarseness in her voice was a dead turn on. "How can a person taste good? So sweet and yet salty and. . . I need some water."

Olena burst into titters. "Come here, babe. I've got you. There's a button to call the driver."

Clarissa crawled back into the spot next to Olena—crawled because, at her own admission, "I can't use my legs. They're jello."

Olena helped her up and scooped her close, then paged for the driver with the big red button she'd been instructed to press in case there was a request.

Of course, the driver was female. Given Nicole's taste, she was likely also gorgeous. "How may I help you?"

"Is there any water available?" asked Olena.

"There is a cooler in the side panel toward the back of the cabin. You should see a double-red line. Press into the wall and the drink tray will be available to you."

Sure enough, the area to press was just in reach. Olena pressed on the two lines. When she released, a hydraulic system let out a vat of an ice chest with glasses—actual glass bottles—of spring water, as well as their choice of alcohol. Neither of them were old enough for that, so she settled on water freshly retrieved from the top of some important mountain somewhere. Clarissa loved the taste so much she offered Olena a drink after just tasting it.

Perfect quality, obviously. Everything Nicole's money could afford.

"I do suggest you refrain from much of the alcohol though, as we are nearing our destination. Miss Nicole informed me that there would be ample opportunities for food and beverage where we are going."

Olena looked at Clarissa. She looked curious but content.

"Where might there be opportunities for food and drink on Christmas Eve?" Olena wondered out loud.

"Restaurants are closed. We just left the church where they were feeding the homeless. Another church, maybe?"

"Who knows."

"Nervous?" Clarissa's lips caressed Olena's cheek, then shifted further and further south.

"Because I'm hydrated and ready for another round."

"She said we'll be at our destination shortly," Olena kissed Clarissa's forehead, seeing it already retreat down toward the floor.

"I'll make it quick. It's not fair that only one boob gets love."

Apparently, there was a festival.

Nicole's foundation had put the event together to celebrate Christmas and to bring a community still recovering from fires together for one night of all-expenses-paid fun. There were bounce houses on corners, carollers walking up and down the streets, and streetlights outfitted with flashing winter designs; snowflakes, reindeer, nutcrackers. On both sides of Wilmont—the central street of downtown Bristlebank—were stalls selling food and drink and wares.

Most important, people seemed happy. In the wake of the fires, a local zeitgeist of fear and distrust had filled the city. Nobody wanted to mention it. Still, it was in the gait of those that came in contact with one another, how they looked or didn't look. No smiles were exchanged. Phones and watches suddenly became the most important things to look at. Doors to cars and homes were locked at all times, as were the hearts of many Bristlebankers—or, uh, whatever they called themselves.

Olena stepped out of the luxury vehicle and immediately lost her words. The lightness of the air and the spirit of the people around made her breathless. It was how she imagined an amusement park would feel if her father had been less tight fisted with their money and taken them to one.

Clarissa said it best. "I haven't seen people this happy since the Bristlebank Centennial Celebration—and I was ten years old for that."

They began to walk, arms naturally lacing as they went. The games and conversation happening around her were all Christmas related, so she tried to keep toward the center of the road. It helped. She didn't feel like she would spontaneously inflate for once in the whole damned month of December. Instead, she felt warm for other reasons.

Here she was, cutie by her side, the body of her dreams, walking through a town restored by the holidays that she'd always loved as a kid. Even if the day started out rocky—or apocalyptic—they were looking up significantly for the moment.

"What are you thinking about?" Clarissa asked.

"Am I making a thinking face?" countered Olena.

"Yes. A happy thinking face."

"I'm thinking that things aren't so bad right now."

"Why would you think that? Ooo, cotton candy. I wonder if it'll make my tongue blue!"

Olena felt the pull on her arm and sighed as she was towed to the side; body first, then voluptuous melon titties. They reached the stall and found that all of the sweets being given out were free of charge. The seller was a man that Olena recognized as the Candy Man who sold

homemade treats for a few coins. She could normally find a spare dime or two between the couch cushions and sneak off to rot her teeth on some taffy, so he recognized her dorky face.

“You disappeared! I used to see you once a week, but I always knew you’d turn into your dad and start saving your pennies instead of blowing it on cavity starters. Looks like you’ve gone and grown up on me after all these years—in financial smarts as well as beauty,” said Mr. Winston. He had a full head of black hair even though he had to be in his late fifties. He didn’t seem the type obsessed with appearances enough to dye it, either. Olena shot the breeze; couldn’t help but be amazed at how he seemed so comfortable to see the customer he knew at the age of ten now that she was twenty, and a woman, and sporting S cup, gummy-bear-soft breasts. “And found yourself a beautiful girlfriend, too? Good for you. I say, this winter really has turned Bristlebank around. Couldn’t possibly have done it without that Nicole lady. She sponsored and catered everything here.”

“Whoa. She’s, like, mega rich,” said Clarissa. She took a wand of cotton candy the size of a watermelon; electric blue with little shards of crystallized sugar. She not-so-subtly held it up next to Olena’s chest and tsked as she compared the two while Mr. Winston had his back turned. “Not even close. Poor candy. Can be as big as my head and still not as soft or sweet as my *girlfriend’s* sweet treats.”

Olena gave Clarissa a bump of the shoulder which Clarissa returned by angling her chest so that their boobs padded one another instead. It was like a bathtub toy coming across an iceberg, which did strike Olena as funny.

She couldn’t let the candy and her clear advantage in the chesticle department distract her, though. She spoke on after she thanked Mr. Winston for serving them. “Do you have any idea where she is? She was supposed to be right behind us and we’re supposed to meet her.”

“Well, she was supposed to be hosting the Bristlebank First Annual Puzzlepalooza, but I think that got started about fifteen minutes ago. Likely gone from there by now,” he said.

Clarissa and Olena locked eyes. “Bristlebank First Annual Puzzlepalooza?” they said at the same time.

“Why yes! She sponsored that too. And the winner gets a massive prize—some vacation somewhere fancy. We hit the lottery with her, yes we did. I love puzzles! And if business wasn’t bopping so, I’d close down shop and win that trip to who-knows-where-ville. My wife is always asking for a vacation. Oh well. At the rate I’m selling, I’ll be able to buy her a ticket anywhere she wants.”

That tore it. Olena thanked Mr. Winston again—he seemed happier to discuss sending his wife off for a week so he could have the home to himself—and swiftly turned to leave. This time, she

was the one to pull Clarissa along as she plowed her way toward the opposite end of the Christmas Day Festival.

When the crowd thickened, she heard bouncy electronic music being pumped through large, black speakers. A stage stretched over the ground like a black shield, miles of the park elevated off the dead grass turf below. On stage were about two dozen tables, covered by a huge tarp to keep the weather out. Stepping onto the stage and under the tarp felt like walking into the big top of a circus. The food smells made the air feel like butter to move through, so thick and sweet and pleasant to breathe.

But sweeter on Olena's nose was the trademark hint of cardstock and expensive paints. A guy with a bald head had creases in his brow, then he clapped a whooped when he finally found the place for the piece he'd been looking to place. At another table, a pair of young girls poured over a bag of pieces, sorting them by color and pattern.

Puzzlepaloosa.

"Whoa! This is puzzle heaven. Look, they even have arcade machines over there."

Olena turned. Projected onto one of the walls, about thirty feet tall, was an arcade puzzle game she recognized. If she listened close, over the dull drone of voices and shuffling, she could make out the catchy tune that played on repeat at her house for hours.

She found herself getting emotional.

"Olena? Hey, don't cry. This is great—this is totally you."

Olena sniffled, not yet teary but quickly approaching. "This is amazing. H-how did—how could *anyone*."

Then their eyes met.

Just when she wanted to see her most, Nicole turned and found her eyes. The thoughtful, wealthy mogul was shaking hands with some guy in a blazer and pressed pants. Clearly, an important person. But she broke away with a pleasant grin and paced across the stage to Olena's side.

Olena couldn't breathe. Not only was she overwhelmed by Puzzlepaloosa, but by Nicole actually wearing a figure-hugging laticed turtleneck; putting her pleasant curves on full display.

"Jane told me about how your holiday has been. I had planned to hold this whole festival thing the week leading up to New Years—which is why the live entertainment hasn't arrived and the fireworks aren't set—but I hated that what I did made your Christmas so difficult." Nicole had

been looking far off; at the tables, the arcade, the concession stand selling carnival food in the corner. But she faced Olena with a coy smile when she said, "So, uh, Merry Christmas. Hope you like your gift."

Chapter 6
Santa. . . Baby
Word Count: 6242

Olena couldn't believe it. A woman had thrown a party the size of all of downtown just for her.

"B-but the streets are decorated. And there's people here—where did you get all the people on Christmas? And there's food and puzzles, and—a-and. . ." Olena blinked to keep her eyes from bugging. "You spent so much money. How much money?"

"It doesn't matter. . ." Nicole began, but when she saw how she was behaving, she immediately flipped her script. Her fingers combed through her beautiful silver hair, which had been styled into a ribbon of sparkling mercury. "Sorry. I had my people make a bunch of phone calls. The food is being catered by locals, mostly, so with the right incentive they came out. Then I had some muscle flown in from a construction company a few towns over. The COO owed me a favor. And most of the people came when I made a post about the free food, entertainment, and chances to win even more prizes. I gained a following with all the appearances I've been making for the past month."

"That's insane," Olena muttered. Her mouth was dry, nerves had stolen her ability to put more than a few syllables together without stammering.

"That's super-rich," Clarissa commented. Her cotton candy looked like a waning moon with how much of it she'd worked through, and her teeth were like blue icicles from her voracity.

Nicole stood up a little straighter and her mouth formed an 'O' like she'd forgotten something. "Right. And I also used some magic. I'm, uh, a little powerful right now. It's sort of that time for me. . ."

"That time? Magic?" Olena's chin locked and unlocked as the urge to speak came and went. "I need to sit down. I can't tell if I'm tired or delusional."

Nicole offered her one of many folding chairs strewn throughout the circus tent. Olena took it without rebuttal, just happy to be off her feet. She hadn't realized how much her size had taxed her body; how S cup breasts made muscles she didn't know she had clench and cramp when she was stressed.

"Do you need anything?" Nicole asked.

"I-I could use something to drink," answered Olena, teeth grinding against her will. She added something to the end, wrapping her sigh around the words to hide them. "And a reason to believe this whole stunt wasn't done just for me. . ."

Clarissa stepped in. "I'll get it. She needs her rest. I'm Clarissa. I'm Olena's girlfriend," she blurted, holding out a hand to Nicole who she had met earlier but never while wearing the 'girlfriend' badge.

The businesswoman shook it; squinted with befuddlement. "Pleasure's mine."

"Be back in a second. Don't go anywhere," Clarissa told Olena, then kissed her on the cheek and skipped off, eyes on all the lights and sounds and smells and motions.

Nicole waited for her to get out of earshot before sighing. "Your girlfriend is going to be in that line for a while. Even with the help, it's pretty long. Here." She fished a phone out of her cleavage and began swiping and tapping with her thumb. "Help is on the way."

"Nicole," Olena said.

She'd said it with an urgency that pulled Nicole close. "Yes, Olena? Are you uncomfortable? Here." The silver-haired woman waved her hand even as she leaned over to inspect Olena's body.

"No, no. I'm fine, I just. . ." Olena began, but she instantly felt the crinkle of her body as it unwound. She suddenly felt relief flooding cool and easy into her. It was like a massage, but the painful grinding and jabbing of a stranger's thumbs and elbows were all skipped over. She felt limber and loose without a single touch. Best of all, her S cup breasts didn't feel so damned heavy. "M-my body. It's so light."

"I made you a little stronger, actually—good job on your wishing, by the way. Some people wish they weren't so damned heavy or big, which forces me into doing boob reductions; not my preferred method of spreading Christmas cheer. You wished you were stronger. That's always a pleasant wish to grant."

"Wishes? Now you're a genie, then?"

"When did people start thinking that genies were the only people that granted wishes?" Nicole rolled her eyes as if she knew a genie back in high school that she hated for being the popular girl in class. "And yea, I can. Really, I can sort of do what I want with people, but it makes things infinitely easier if the people openly make the wish for themselves. Much easier to just sprinkle a bit of power into the words to make them real, that way. Words are already plenty powerful on their own."

"But I never wished anything out loud."

"I just took your desire to grow even larger and combined it with your desire to not be so strained. Creative liberties."

Olena stood—no, she bounded up out of her seat. She hadn't felt so energized ever in her entire life. Even when she was flat, she didn't feel so in control of her own body. Maybe she didn't see the muscles anywhere, but she felt them at work by how easy it was to move about.

"And the buzzing in my tits has gone done. Oh thank goodness, I just feel normal."

Nicole didn't say much at that admission. "Yup. Happy for you, beloved."

"I-I think I could do a cartwheel," Olena said as she rose onto her toes. She stuck out a leg experimentally and found that she could balance much easier. "I feel as good as I did when I was a kid."

"Trust me, beautiful, there is nothing 'kiddish' about you."

Olena realized that the newfound spring in her step was translating to springs in other parts of her body. Her titties were trouncing happily, pulled along by her exuberance. It beat the hell out of being dragged around by momentum. That was for sure. And Olena would choose her current state above anything else as far as ease of movement—combining bustiness with coordination was the perfect recipe:

For her bodily joy, yes, but also for accidentally turning her body into a performance.

Now that her titties followed her, she couldn't stop them from moving. At least when they were heavy they managed to find a point and settle into surface-level jiggles. When she turned with her new strength, her S cup breasts behaved like perky little D cups—every little thing set them off. Her body was the vehicle for the lewdest breast fetish dreams imaginable; tits that could overflow her lap but acted like they lived in a bouncy house.

People were watching her; heads up from their tasks of locking in the puzzle perimeter first or organizing pieces by color. Their varied reactions to her—impressed, humored, judgemental, repulsed—stressed her further. Of course, her defensive mind only recorded the negative looks; women who were beautiful themselves cursing her for being that much bigger than everyone

else, conservatively-minded others that probably thought she'd gone to extreme lengths to get such an extreme body.

That she's too busty, too arousing, too much.

Olena went still and commanded herself not to move an inch. That stopped most of the 'fun' being had by the onlookers. Her breathing still animated her fronts, turning them into beanbags rising and falling in a hypnotic, lilting drift.

"You really are magic," Olena said, blushing. "You took my pain away—you created Puzzlepalooza. And you made so many women in Bristlebank a lot prettier. . ."

"Just giving people what they want. It's crazy how many women are insecure about their bodies. I just gave them more of what they wanted—even your 'girlfriend', Clarissa, asked for a few changes." Nicole had sounded sardonic when talking about Clarissa. But then she played with her hair and looked to the distance; a nervous tick from what Olena could see. "And yes. I made Puzzlepalooza. I couldn't let someone like you have a bad Holiday. You're too precious to me. "

Olena soured. "But you don't even know me."

"I. . ." Nicole paused to sigh; tucked her arms under her breasts, hands clutching her sides. "I just know. I just do, okay?"

"How? Is that magic too—that you can be so sure about me? Because I don't know you. I'm not magical." It wasn't that she wasn't happy to have her mobility restored to her. It wasn't even that she didn't fantasize, in that singular moment, of how Nicole's cinched arms pushed her bosom up so delightfully. It was that she didn't know. She faced the void when she faced Nicole.

She feared that void; what it was doing to her and her life. Too much this month had changed; more than she was comfortable with. Working hard and being patient were the only things she trusted—it was part of her upbringing. No matter how much she appreciated, loved, and valued every little improvement on her life—the recent acquisition of multiple sexual partners, giant boobs that stuffed any imaginable top, giant boobs that destroyed any top they didn't stretch, giant boobs, giant boobs, giant boobs—she couldn't resist how she was raised or what she'd grown to believe was important: working diligently and waiting patiently were the way forward in life. It's why she loved puzzles so much.

But it was also why she couldn't truly trust Nicole.

Then, in the tense silence, came a voice.

"You're not magical? Perfect! I was getting kind of tired of Nicky bringing home supernatural being after supernatural being. It's like she never outgrew her boy band phase—except replace boy bands with guitar-playing genies. . ."

Nicole's last relationship was with a genie?

Olena was surprised to turn and see someone so close; a person she didn't recognize. That fact didn't mean much since there were plenty of people she didn't exactly know. Her town wasn't that small. Still, she would have recognized a woman like the one that came up to her now.

Nicole was turned slightly away but faced the approaching woman with a familiarity. "Sup. You bring what I asked?"

"Apple Pie Cider without alcohol for the lovely lady." She extended a heavy-duty plastic cup to Olena, who froze. "C'mon, cutie, it isn't poison. I just look mean, but I'm actually nice once you get to know me."

"Don't trust her," Nicole huffed. "I can smell the booze in that from here. What is with you? Trying to get all my dates drunk?"

The woman gave her drink a sniff and swooned in appreciation. "Ah, yea. That one's my Apple Pie Cider. Extra alcohol. Whoops." The woman tilted her chin back for a long drink of the steaming beverage. The fluid bulged her long, lithe neck as she chugged what was meant to be sipped—throughout a whole night, by the smell of it.

Olena's eyes trailed over her as she drank; didn't find her lacking in any regard. Her hair was a sweet orange-blonde, styled into a spiky waterfall on her left side. It complimented the piercings in her nose and ears and the dark, goth tank she wore under a layer of fish netting. Her jeans were so tight, it looked like the only way to get into them would have been to start three sizes smaller and grow into them. And, of course, they matched the theme of being edgy by being acid-washed and distressed. Gashes and holes littered the denim showing off a wealth of her huge, curvy thighs.

Olena didn't skip over her breasts for any reason other than they were exactly of the quality she would expect of a person associated with Nicole: firm, round, and huge. While Nicole beat this mystery woman by a few sizes up top, the goth rocker sported a waist that was somehow even skinnier and hips that flared more delightfully.

In short, Nicole's body doubled down in its busty strength while Nicole's cohort sported an enigmatic, moody hourglass. Both had their appeal.

"Olena," Nicole said, snapping Olena out of what was, unfortunately, an immediate erotic attraction. "This is my sister Peach. She's second to youngest and very prone to making such 'mistakes'." Her politeness vanished as she addressed her sister. "You know she's underaged, right? Getting alcohol for a minor is against the law."

Peach regarded Olena. Her face went hard and angry for a moment as if disgusted by the idea that Olena couldn't legally drink. In fact, Olena began to think she'd done something wrong and had to remind herself that she had done nothing but sit and be waited upon by two crazy sisters.

"First off, fuck the law. I do what I want." Peach did exactly what she wanted by isolating a middle finger; not at anyone present but at the general presence of 'the law'. "And not drinking makes you sound like a miserably shitty person, Olena. Good thing you're cute, though—I'll overlook the fact that you're law-abiding," Peach answered. "Even if I didn't, I couldn't stay mad

at you. You sweet girls drive me nuts—like, split me in two and show me what your mouth does. Nuts! Seriously, it's so dumb how adorable women just fall into Nicole's lap."

"Quite the contrary. I scout year-round, and keep notes, and am very well-organized. It's literally all I do. I stay busy, Peachy, unlike you."

Olena tightened at that comment, a shiver racing over her. Nicole had scouted and researched for her. How long had it been going on? Was their meeting at the Crafty Shack luck or scripted? Either way, the thought of being sought out rang as both heroic and creepy. Olena didn't know which sentiment would win out.

"Blah blah blah, you aren't my mom and I'm not your kid—thank god. I think I'd die of boredom." Peach kneeled next to Olena, switch flipped from mockery to delight. "Tell me, darling. Does boring, vanilla lesbian romance ever bore you? Have you ever thought about what it would be like to do something a little dangerous? That's what I'm about; weird, fun, wild danger. I'd like to show you sometime. . ."

Olena's tension hadn't left so her response clipped. "Dangerous how?"

"You know. Dangerous. Or maybe you don't—maybe you're that innocent. Okay, so imagine a hot chick, right? Now, imagine a hot chick, but with a—. . ."

"Peach. Drop it. Go get that cider I asked for. Now," Nicole commanded.

A visible flash of goosebumps broke out over Peach's beautifully tanned skin. Her body knotted like she'd had to stop an impulse to move when commanded to. "For fuck's sake, Nicky. Jeez. Somebody's not exactly coy about using her powers on the holidays. Save some for the reindeer and sleigh, will ya?"

"Peach!" Nicole scolded, somehow managing to up the aggression by lowering the volume of her voice.

Peach hissed with pleasure. Her hand squeezed the closest, softest thing it could find as she rolled over what appeared to be near-climax. That soft, close thing just happened to be Olena's S cup breast, causing the girl on the sidelines of this familial conflict to wince before melting into her carnal fulfillment. The titty tingles came back with a vengeance. After just having disappeared, Peachy's touch awakened them at an alarming speed.

Just one touch from her. . . I feel like I'm melting.

"Mmm! Mhhh, Nicole! Quit it. Limey, get over here with that drink! For the love of all that's twisted, give this girl her drink!"

On command, yet another gorgeous woman approached. Olena spied through the hooded lids of her eyes, still loving how Peachy was using the moment to grope her.

For no other reason than body type, she assumed that this third woman was related to the two sisters.

Nicole and Peach sported tall, proud builds which the third girl contrasted with a stalkier frame. Youth defied their maturity, too; a gentle peace that exuded from her five feet of height. The third relative sported a third hairstyle: lavender purple sheets spread down over her neck, around her shoulders like a cape, and down to the backs of her thighs in a single flag. Juxtaposed were emerald green eyes, giving the name 'Limey' its appropriate context.

Then, of course, were the curves. Had Olena hastefully sipped any of Peach's drink, her alcohol-slacked inhibitions would have sent her tripping all over herself to get into the new girl's arms. Never had she encountered anything with remotely the same cuddle appeal as the new woman. Her thighs were juicy and full from what could be seen of her leggings. They were partially covered by an oversized, hooded black sweater that read 'hashtag prayer life' across the front.

Well, as best as Olena could read. The newest girl trounced the other two in size. She even eclipsed Olena. A fun-sized, cuddlesome stuffed animal of a girl had boobs that guarded her thighs and jiggled nearly two feet in front of her.

Fuck, I need to touch those. I need to just feel her against me—those huge titties squishing into mine. I want to spend a cold winter night with this angel.

"And you didn't relieve yourself before coming out? Limey, you're the responsible one," Nicole whined.

The purple-haired girl's shoulders folded forward and down, aware of her mistake but not completely subjective to her sister's forces. "I was on my way to do just that when I saw Peach getting a drink. She said you were sending her on an errand and I decided to help. It's rare that you ask us for help on Christmas; it sounded important." Limey's hands appeared from behind her back. In her mitten hands was a steamy beverage. "So I made sure to get exactly what you asked for."

The only drink Olena wanted at that moment was a long, delicious swallow of Limey's entirety.

She did so, but accepted the cider as well; sort of a consolation prize. Crazy, sure, but just looking at the girl made her even warmer than the drink in her hand—than any drink ever could. The mood was so potent that she could feel how fast her arms were moving to reach for her drink and purposefully slowed them down. She wanted to savor the moments; time she spent getting closer and closer to sweet, little Limey.

Closer. Closer. Olena couldn't help it—she was being drawn in. Even if she could help it, she couldn't convince herself why she would. Her fingers reached—careful, tentative—and danced not-so-subtly over Limey's tiny hands. It had to have been a solid ten seconds before she realized that the two of them had been holding hands, suspending the beverage in the air between them. Limey was kindly smiling at her, eyes focused and sparkling; impressed, even flattered.

Olena jerked back and apologized.

"Wow. My heart, gosh," Limey pressed her palms together and pulled her laced fingers toward her chest. It was easy to imagine that it meant she was smitten—or just surprised—but with her

little hands sinking into the cushiony barge of flesh, the gesture could only read as sexual. A tinkling sound chimed, cueing Olena into a golden chain around Limey's neck and a cross that she held tight between her fingers. "She's so sweet! Nicole, you're so lucky. I bet she snuggles well. . . Hey! You should come visit my church this Sunday. We have a really nice service with great singing and a coffee bar and—. . ."

Nicole closed in and squeezed Limey from behind. The smaller girl squealed. Having her shoulders hugged from above must have felt great.

"There are reasons that you're my favorite, Lime. But Olena's mine, got it? Don't start any of that girlfriend stealing stuff like Peach," said Nicole.

Peach jumped to her feet. When she turned, a cart of full, rotund backside entered Olena's space. A tear in the jeans exposed an enticing left cheek. "Like me? Hell, I learned it from her! She's got a harem at her command, Nicole. Ha-rem. If one of us needs to be lectured on staying in our court, it's your 'favorite'."

"They're not a harem," Limey's lips puckered as she spoke defensively. "They're the sisterhood. We help one another and serve the community. Just this holiday season, we donated milk to orphanages to feed infants and toddlers without parents; it helped so many people. I think we stocked up eight or nine cities worth of orphanages, too." Limey puffed out her chest. It was like raising a sunken ship from the ocean as her boobs breached upward and sloshed melodically with the sound of, well, something. "And we do regular visits, too. The babies love the sisterhood. It's hard for foster parents to spend that quality skin-to-skin contact that kids need, and we're the best at it."

"Well isn't that nice. Nice and wholesome. How kind of you and your 'sisterhood'." Peach's eyes rolled like coins spilled from a purse. Sarcasm was painful and plain. "And Nicole spreads Christmas cheer because she just loves to help the helpless. . . right?" Peach placed a hand on a jutting hip.

"Exactly right," Nicole answered back, her tits serving as a lovely neck rest for Limey.

"Get a load of these two," Peachy turned back to Olena and pointed with a thumb toward her sisters. "They're so straight-laced. And I get it if that's what you're into. But you always have to be careful with girls like them. Always. They'll break your heart—I'm sure Nicole's already taken you farther than you wanted to go."

"Wh-what do you—. . ." Olena stammered. She didn't like how her situation was made to sound so predictable, but she listened anyhow because her feelings had never been given voice in this way. "What do you mean?"

"You shouldn't trust, understand? Make sure you do a gut check with everything. Nobody can be that jolly and perfect all the time."

Olena studied the drink in her hands. "S-so you think I shouldn't trust them?"

"I'm their sister. I know their good sides and their bad. The difference between them and me is that I'll just come out and say how I feel—no facades, no filters, no secrets. If I want to fuck you,

I'll say 'Olena, I want to fuck you'. But with them, and most people, it's different. What you ought to do is figure out if what you're getting is who they really are instead of who they want you to think they are. Got it, sweetie?"

"Yea. I think you're right," Olena admitted, finally listening to her sense of unease when it came to Nicole.

But before she could do much else about it, Peach pulled her in by the back of her head and kissed her square on the lips. The collection of mouths she enjoyed ticked up by one, as the scorching flames of passion rolled into her wanting maw with just a simple sliver of intention from the rockstar sister. When it was done, the lingering taste of alcohol bit at Olena's lips. She was intoxicated for a completely different reason, however.

"Olena. I want to fuck you," Peach admitted, as simple as commenting on the weather. "If Nicole ever starts to bore you, just wish really hard and I'll come running."

"Goodbye, Peach!" Nicole barked.

The punk girl erected herself and threw her palms into the air innocently. She took a step away but winked as she left. "As long as you keep her entertained you have nothing to worry about from me," she said and spun on her heel. "C'mon little Lime. I'll help get some of the extra juice out of you."

"Thanks!" Limey snuggled into Nicole's arm one more time before she left the sisterly touch for good. She went straight to Olena and tipped her head in a small bow. Even such a tiny gesture had her tits slapping at her knees. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Olena."

"Y-you too, L-Li—. . ."

"Liiiiimey."

"Limey."

The younger girl's eyebrows rose and a startling sense that she knew way more than she'd been letting on chilled Olena's blood. "If you ever want to have a talk about life with boobs that seem larger than life, let me know. You aren't alone, not by a long shot, okay? The Sisterhood would be happy to help you."

"L-Limey. . ."

Nicole butted in, ushering her youngest sister away by her shoulders. "Great job, missy. You went and broke her. Go on, get out of here. Take care of yourself."

"Enjoy the festivities!" Limey waved over her shoulder. As she walked away, there came a whole crowd of women that had done an amazing job of blending into the crowd. A shady entourage—one, then two, then suddenly half a dozen—surrounded the tiny girl; get led and followed and flanked on both sides by figures of taller, broader women in the cloth. Nuns? Priestesses?

This should feel way weirder than it is.

"Is she really so big because she's full of— . . ." Olena started.

Nicole turned back and answered quickly. "Yes. It's kind of her thing."

"That's an interesting thing she's got," Olena muttered.

"We all have interesting things. If there's anything you should have learned from all of that, it's that you too have an interesting 'thing' about you."

Nicole came around and started pushing the pads of her fingers into Olena's shoulder muscles. Her hands were practiced and knew exactly where to go with how much pressure to coax out the satisfying building of relaxation in Olena.

Had she still felt the pressure and pull of her size affecting her, Olena knew that the relaxation and appreciation would have taken her over completely. That, and the ease with which Nicole had come behind her and started her public affections, were so utterly romantic. Every temptation was to sit quietly and sip the drink she'd just received.

But Olena had done enough sitting and letting herself be subject to Nicole's vices.

She stood and turned to face Nicole, whose hands were still cupped for a while after Olena retreated from beneath them.

"Did I do something wrong?" Nicole asked.

"Your sister Peach was right. I need to trust my gut," Olena answered, flatly. "And my gut says that I feel so amazing when I'm with you. It also says that I shouldn't trust you. So far, I've ignored the second part, but not anymore, okay?" Olena's hands were in fists, confrontational. A quick self-inventory and a long breath unrolled her fingers and brought a calm to her as she faced down this challenge. "You don't get my trust because you're great in bed. You have to earn it. I'm done giving it away for free, no matter how amazing Puzzlepalooza is."

Olena's speech ended and she spilled into the awkward silence that followed. Here she was with a festival being held in her honor, facing down the woman—goddess, magician, demon—who had made it possible, and she was making even more demands.

She can't be of any harm. Look at her. Look at all she's done. You're crazy to distrust her.

No. Jersey was right. Olena had been acting weirdly sexual. And Peach was right as well in her advice to trust her gut. Even Clarissa had some merit, as she posited the idea that maybe there was something off about how women who Olena was interested in also happened to be smitten by her, irrevocably.

"Do you even want to trust me?" Nicole asked. She reached a hand across her chest and squeezed her opposite arm.

"Yes. What kind of question is that—I'm infatuated by you," Olena confirmed. "Can we walk outside? Let's go."

"Your girlfriend is waiting in line for you, though."

Olena took a step toward the slit in the tent anyway. "I'll text her, let her know where I am. And, according to your sisters, you're my girlfriend too."

Olena took the lead for a while but found that many of the roads she had some familiarity with had been blockaded or otherwise obscured by traffic. When it was clear that her good faith efforts were getting her nowhere, Nicole took the lead again and found a quiet place in an open park off a side alley. Again, easily, like they'd done so a million times, Nicole took Olena's hand when the crowds grew thick and didn't let go when they arrived at what could only be described as half of a fifty-foot Christmas Tree.

Nobody was allowed to be around. The construction crews were still at work assembling and decorating the tree for a lighting ceremony later on that evening. The park itself was empty except for the occasional worker who recognized Nicole and offered a quick wave. The rest didn't even look in their direction, occupied by work, just out of earshot.

Two bombshell beauties in their midst and the most the workers did was wave and nod in introduction? Just went to show how used the laborers had to have been with people that looked like Nicole—of people whose chests were as obtusely sized as Olena's. The tits these employees had seen while working for Nicole; the combined cup sizes had to have set some sort of record if added up.

Nicole stood in a sunny spot near the tree. As she began to speak, a new section was added onto the large, pined tree and her face was swallowed up in a shadow. "How do I make you trust me?"

Straight to the point.

"I don't know. The normal way?"

Nicole shrank some at that. There was some vulnerable corner of herself that she kept guarded. This conversation threatened it. "I don't mean to sound like that 'perfect girl' that never has to try in life—and saying so instantly makes me that girl." Nicole pinched her brow. A bumpy, shallow inhale hissed through her lips. "But I've never really had to earn people's trust. People tend to think that I'm a trustworthy person."

Olena had to suppress the urge to be dejected by such a sentiment. The feeling wasn't tenacious, so she knew not to trust it. "It makes sense. Look at all you do for people. You came back to your home town and gave it a Christmas like we haven't had—ever. And even though I haven't been the happiest with what you've done to my body, I'm pretty sure there are a few women out there who are appreciating the, uh, augmentations."

"But it's not enough for you?" Nicole raised her chin. "It's not enough. I have to do more to earn your trust."

"I guess."

"You guess?" Something ticked under Nicole's eye; a barely-there twitch. "As in, you don't know."

"I know. I just can't put it into words well. I'm sorry."

"So I don't know what else to do and you don't know what to tell me to do. Productive."

Olena's face scrunched up. "So is this the dark side Peach was talking about? All grumpy?"

"I can be a grinch sometimes, yea. But only when things aren't clear. Like this. It's unclear."

They both dissolved into another brief silence. Guys shouted back and forth, from crane to crane, from crane carriage to the groups on the ground with rope, pulling the ornaments and branches into place. They were hard at work, sweating to finish up what they would have likely planned to do over several days.

"Are those your employees?" Olena asked. "I assumed they were."

"By extension, yes. I didn't hire them all. I have people for that."

"How rich are you, anyway? And can money buy magical powers? Is there a black magic shop or something?"

Titters cracked Nicole's frustration and she smiled. "Less rich than you think, for starters. Just well-connected."

"To a bank vault?"

"To very resourceful people."

Olena felt a pang and spoke on it instead of covering it for the sake of convenience or lust or awkwardness. "I really dislike when you aren't completely honest with me. It would have been so easy to give a straight answer. The only time I've heard anything about you is when I forced it out of you by the threat of leaving your hotel suite. I don't think it's fair that you know all about me but I know so little about you."

"It would be," Nicole started, unfolding her arms as she took a step into a beam of light, cracking through pine straw in the tree from behind. "Very difficult to be completely honest with you. For me, at least. I keep my personal life very close to my chest. The inner workings of my life are something to be protected."

"So you want me to take a step into your personal life, a life that you guard from me—like I might, I don't know, harm it. But I don't get to know what your personal life is about? I have to

take it on faith and step into the abyss for you? I don't care how much you've done for me and Bristlebank, that just isn't fair."

"Well. . ." Nicole kicked at some gravel in a way that would absolutely leave dust or mark on her low-top boots. "Okay, I'll play by your rules. I've never had to do this before—like I said, people are usually really easy for me—but if I must, then I will."

It was Olena's time to cross her arms. It meant fighting an overflowing amount of her own soft flesh just to complete the motion, but she didn't let that deter her. "Don't make it sound like you have to answer my questions to sleep with me. I'm already trying way too hard just to stand my ground right now. Wait. Is that you? That yearning that keeps calling to me?" By the end of the sentence, Olena was breathless.

"Yes and no." Nicole seemed perfectly content to leave it at that. Olena growled, so she went on. "Magic makes it so that we both get what we want. You want me to answer your questions, which is why I'm bending my normal rules for you. I want you to love me, but love is a tricky thing anyway. Magic can't exactly make a person love someone, but it can encourage the next best thing."

"Sex."

Nicole's head dipped; half a nod.

"Who makes these rules for magic? They sound like a sex addict."

"They aren't rules. Nobody made them. All I know is how things work. That's all I can tell you: what I know about what works. I didn't study from a spellbook or anything." Nicole stood tall, ready to face the brunt of her questioning as she faced the rest of her life: with confidence and tact. "I'll tell you what works. I'll do it because you mean the world to me. So ask away, beloved."

"How rich are you—how do you get so rich?"

Nicole nodded like the act would pull the words from her locked jaw so she wouldn't have to do so herself. "Most of my early money came from quid pro quo arrangements. Using magic, I was able to give people the things they wanted: money, love, sex, power. Once we both figured out that I was the 'good luck charm', as some crudely put it, they started reciprocating with favors of their own. I ended up running into all sorts of people that helped me manage and fund my life. I do all I can with those resources and pay others to accomplish things that I can't on my own; larger projects that take several managers, someone to handle hiring, someone to coordinate. They do the rough stuff, mostly. I stick to what I'm best at."

Olena tried rephrasing with the first thing to come to mind. "Like Santa. He has his elves that make the toys and tend to the workshop and he just does the important stuff every so often."

"Yes. He does."

Olena blinked. "Am I missing something?"

"Ask your next question."

"That was a question, wasn't it? What have I been missing? Tell me exactly what you're hiding right now, Nicole."

Nicole recoiled. Her body language read 'cornered', like a cold cat in an alley, like a child being scolded one time too many by an oppressive parent. It was enough to make Olena regret asking the question at all, and yet she knew there could never be anything between them if she didn't get this one answer. Somehow, everything seemed to ride on it.

"Olena. . ."

"Please?" Olena chirped. "I won't use what you give me to hurt you. I haven't yet, have I?"

"My sisters and I all have our special domains. It's the areas within which we can use our magic. I'm sure you noticed Limey's powers—actually, I'm certain you did. Your heart was, well, honest about how much you liked the idea of milky breasts—. . ."

"Answer the damned question."

"Santa. He's the guy that gives gifts on Christmas, right? What's another name for Santa? Saint Nicolas, yea?" Nicole nodded, like everything she said made perfect sense. "Saint Nicholas. Saint Nick. Peach called me 'Nicky'."

It didn't click for Olena right away. The claim being made was so absurd, her mind had trouble connecting the logic as it was being presented. It wasn't until Nicole finished—that she ran her fingers through her hair with utter embarrassment—that Olena realized that the woman who had seemed so mythical and magical had a reason to be.

Olena breathed in deep, then said in a loud voice, "You're Santa!"

Chapter 7
Jolly Ole Saint Nicole
Word Count: 6675

All the workers froze.

After mostly ignoring the couple's conversation, it seemed that anyone in reasonable range of Olena's declaration were now attending to nothing else; not the Christmas Tree, the ornaments, or any other decorations.

Time froze. The way dolls might jerk their heads in a horror movie toward a haunted intruder was how every person in the park now regarded Olena. She shrivelled in response; made small under countless eyes—the crane workers, the decorators, the truck drivers, the people reviewing a spreadsheet on a tablet, the men using dollies to move heavy boxes.

Nicole spoke as if unbothered by the imminent inquisition. "Um, so I am and I'm not the Santa you know. I *am* Saint Nicky, like, Saint Nick. But I'm not a fat guy that breaks into your house once a year."

Olena's voice shrank along with everything else. "B-But you have unlimited resources. And you give people wh-what they want. That's Santa stuff—y-you're Santa!" Olena squeezed her entire forehead with her right hand, struck with a realization. "God, I had sex with Santa. But can I have sex with a fictional character? I don't believe in Santa. Nobody does. That's just silly—and why is everyone watching us. Nicole. . ." The words all sped up till they came out mousy. Olena's chin sank into her neck; defensive, fearful.

She noticed Nicole had a hand on her hip, pouting. She asked what was the matter. "I'm not a fictional character. I'm right here. And it isn't *silly* to believe in me." She cleared her throat with a single, polite cough and constructed her impervious persona all over again. Had she just taken offense at Olena's words? "And they're watching us because disclosing Santa's actual identity in a public and *loud* way isn't the best idea."

"Oh. Sorry. I, just. . ."

Nicole waved a hand; looked to her left and right at all the people now gawking at them. "We're good here. She can be trusted. Back to work with you all."

Just like that, the workers resumed their tasks with shrugs of disregard.

Nicole approached Olena, seeing that her mind was boggled into raw, hazy emotion.

Olena realized vaguely that the sanity she'd sought to preserve all along was being threatened by Nicole's intimacy, but just couldn't bring herself to do anything about it. Bombs went off in her emotions. Utter chaos and war in her limbs. Her stomach seemed to twist like her utter bafflement with her life were two hands wringing it out.

And yet, she froze. Her stand for herself wavered. She had resolved herself against many deep, dark secrets and nothing in her strength had prepared her to hear that Nicole was actually Santa.

Who could ever be prepared for that?!

Nicole spoke once her arms were around Olena. Olena's yellow sweater stuck out like a flimsy plastic grocery bag filled with overripe melons meaning Nicole had to approach from the side and hold Olena's shoulders. "If it makes you feel better to think of everyone here as my 'elves', you're welcome to. It tends to help people. Most just simplify things to match the mythology anyway. Doesn't bother me."

"Help people? So I'm not the only one who knows?"

"You, Jane, Peachy, Limey, my other sisters; a few others, like these workers."

"Wh-what else about the myth is true? Like, what Santa stuff." It did feel good to at least have a reference for everything. Nicole had thrown her a life ring. She didn't even have to ask for it.

"I keep a list of the things people want, but it's mostly for organization. After you grant a few thousand people's deepest desires, some of them start to blend in together. Money, power, acceptance, love; universal stuff. I also like milk and cookies." She paused to see if Olena would react. It was small and hesitant given her emotional state, but a smile presented itself. "Oh, and I have an awesome red coat that I had taylor-made—it's really cute. I'll have to show it to you sometime."

"How about reindeer? And a sleigh?" Olena was almost fanatical when she said it due to the immense amount of cognitive dissonance wreaking havoc on her mind. "And seeing people when they're sleeping. And when they're awake, too."

"I'm actually not an animal person. No reindeer. I do have a sleigh, but it's not what you think at all; exclusively for recreational activities. I have a house up north where it snows."

"The north pole?!"

"Someone's excited."

Olena was way beyond excited—there was something shamefully exciting about what she was learning. It had burst out of her, shattering the dark, icy shadows of disbelief. Sure, her girthy discomforts floated around inside her like gloomy glaciers, but the kid in her—that which treasured Christmas more than anything—was a formidable, sunny lance. It started to carve through as she heard about Nicole's being a real-life sort of Santa Clause.

"For the record, I do not believe you. I absolutely don't. It's insulting that you would think that you could convince me to trust you with something as dumb as claiming to be Santa Claus. I'd have to be a child to believe you. I'd have to be crazy. I'd have to be delusional and gullible and

wrong. . .” Olena bobbed her head back and forth, trying to sort herself out without letting her emotions overwhelm her. “And yet, I just can’t help but believe you. . .”

“Why?”

Olena checked her feelings; her heart, her gut, and any other internal organs that felt like chiming in. “Because I think you’re being honest. I don’t think you’re hiding anything—you really love cookies and have a sleigh and keep your life organized. I think that red coat of yours really exists and that you have a house at the north pole.”

“It’s an Alaskan Resort Home. I spend a few months there to unwind. It isn’t at the north pole. Nothing is at the north pole except water.” Nicole explained, nodding along because what she described was her reality.

“A few months like. . . December?”

“Hell. No. Alaska’s cold in the winter—I’d have to be crazy.”

Olena thought about it and concurred. It had to be oppressively cold that far north in the winter time. “There’s another reason I think I believe you: there just isn’t any other way to explain where my body came from.” She tasted the words; decided they were important enough to speak again. “Maybe that’s it—that question. Nicole, did you change my body?”

Nicole sought out comfier and comfier parts of Olena, becoming even touchier since her desire to be physical wasn’t being denied. “I did.” Her touch drifted lower, not quite on Olena’s breasts but just above them. She flirted with the idea, pretended like the thin strip of sweater just south of the collarbone was the sexiest thing in the world.

“Does the spell work the way I think it works?”

“The more time you spend around holiday things—trees, sweaters, reindeer—the bigger you get. It’s also worse when you’re horny, by the way. I don’t know if you noticed.”

“Oh, I noticed,” Olena said, weakly shrugging to adjust Nicole’s arms around her. “I also noticed that part of the magic is actually *making* me horny. And it’s making all these girls fall in love with me. That’s not so bad. . . but it’s still weird. And impossible. Like the rest of this.”

Nicole was all but sliding her palm over Olena’s swollen, sweater-held breasts. She took a step back at her question, though, and really looked the Russian girl over. “Your wish was complex. I couldn’t sum it up with one easy word—you didn’t just wish for, say, money. But from the very start of the holidays, you were wishing for an open, nonmonogamous relationship and to have plenty of super satisfying sex. So when I used my powers on you, that’s what you got; taking the forms you just mentioned.” Nicole’s stepping away involved her pulling Olena toward the street

by the hand. “Aren’t you tired of asking questions? You know everything about me. You can trust me. Please, I’ve waited so long. I need you.”

Olena heard the pang of raw exposure in the plea. Worse, she felt her own nethers beginning to weep. Standing in the shade of a giant balsam fir had a way of making her want to strip naked—worse than tingles with no context or arousal with no object. The urge coursing within her now had direction and intention. She was ready to go at it. That couldn’t be denied.

“I need you too,” said Olena. “I need you like I’ve never needed anybody else.”

“Then let’s go. I’m reserving a conference room in the old city hall building—. . .”

Nicole had Olena nearly to the street Olena stopped them. She walked on her heels, showing a final resistance. “There’s one last thing.” One last important thing.

“Love. . .”

“I do want you. And you want me. But since I’m being affected by your magic, how am I supposed to know how much of any of this is real?” Olena’s hand dropped to her side; notably, not her breasts. “How do I know if you love me for me? Or if by this time in—I don’t know—July, when your Christmas powers are weaker, we’ll fall out of love and you’ll just toss me to the side. Don’t get me wrong, I think you’re hot and all. Just. . .”

The question she hadn’t known she wanted an answer to was in the air, hanging between them like a giant, lead ornament.

Nicole sucked on her teeth till her lip curled up and into her mouth. Hurt dragged her countenance down. It made Olena question herself; wonder if all her questions really needed answers—wonder if the way she’d worded things was exactly right.

“I’m sorry. I made you sound really evil, then. I didn’t mean—. . .”

Nicole didn’t run. Olena knew that. She’d never seen her in a hurry for anything. A determined strutt, maybe, but never had Nicole been hard pressed to sprint. It just wasn’t who she was.

But Nicole lost all her airs, then. She fled away from the street and into Olena’s arms for a sweeping, romantic kiss. Olena’s body lit up at once. Her womanhood gripped at nothing, her stomach flipped itself into a knot. Her tongue slithered up and out of her mouth, building a nest in the dark, seductive lands just beyond Nicole’s lips. Something just seemed to connect inside the both of them that hadn’t until then.

Olena's breasts bustled with newness and she felt her body's trademark shifting. "Bigger—I-I'm growing again. Nicole." It took her everything to break their kiss to talk, but her tits just seemed more pressing.

Nicole whispered as she pressed their bodies closer together; more so surrounding herself with Olena's overflowing body. "No, it's something else that you wished for."

"Something else? But what else did I—. . ."

"Olena?"

"Yea?"

Nicole pulled back, her silver hair whipping around on a speedy gust of air. Her skin was flushed with hot desire; lips looked so full and juicy like they just might be growing as well. It was enough of an image for Olena to remember their first meeting nearly a month ago. When they first met, it seemed impossible to have such a hot woman that was so open about talking to her. Now, here they were, smooching at the mouth of an alley just before Christmas.

So much had changed. So much of the impossible was happening.

Nicole closed her eyes. Tension rose over her face. She squeezed their bodies tighter, the wind swirling all the faster. It didn't feel like a normal winter breeze.

"What's going on—. . ." Olena began, but in the twinkling of an eye, the two disappeared without a trace.

In their wake, the swirl of wind slowed till it disappeared.

She was warm. She felt no more wind. She smelled some sweet thing brewing and felt that the ground had a give to it. Concrete wasn't supposed to have give to it. What street was she on that was warm and soft? Her eyes were slow to adjust. They hadn't kept up. It was, oddly, the smell of Nicole and the sense that her silver-haired crush was nearby that snapped her into her new present.

"Holy! The hell, Nicole!?" Olena jumped back but not enough to break away. "We just showed up in your hotel suite."

Nicole bopped her head to the side as if to say 'Guess we did' with just a gesture. "The stories say Santa comes down chimneys. That isn't exactly true. People just know he doesn't come through the front door, and the chimney thing just happened to catch on. Really, I can appear

wherever I'm wanted. And since most kids want to see Santa, it makes my job a little easier." The silver-haired being of myth made a sound of exasperation and fell backward. A bed was there to catch her, recently made, with a chocolate on one of the many pillows from the hotel staff that bounced off and rolled across the. "This one kind of took it out of me. I had to find a desire in you to be somewhere private with me."

Olena touched her chin, thinking. "I'm sure I've been wanting to get to a private place with you for a while."

"For different reasons: to ask more questions or to get away from my 'elves'. I didn't want to use those. I wanted you to want to be here with me because you trusted me. You do, a little bit, right?"

Olena found nothing wrong with trusting a 'little bit' and nodded.

"And us doing the tongue tango makes finding your desires way harder than it sounds. Everything rational about you basically melted away. It's like finding which scoop of ice cream is mine in a tub of melted ice cream."

Olena scowled. "And whose fault is that, exactly? I didn't ask to be kissed until my mind went blank."

Nicole huffed, sighing happily. "Mine. Sorry, sweetie. You're irresistible to me."

Olena looked around some. She still couldn't quite believe herself to be across town, about half an hour away by car. It had happened in the space of time it took to blink. Remembrance of any transition—she didn't know what she expected, but maybe some psychedelic, wormhole oddness would have been justifiable—came up empty. And yet she saw the vast master bedroom with modern, wooden vanity and the stretch of gray sky beyond a sliding glass window. The door to the bathroom was ajar and she recalled vaguely that it was there the last time she was in the room.

The last time you were here, you had the time of your life. . .

"Are we here to, well, y'know?" Olena whispered. Her insides were so conflicted that she was almost fine with just letting Nicole decide what they did. Her moment of serious resolve was over. It had exhausted her. The most she gained from it was knowledge that Santa Claus was real and that she still wanted to smother Nicole under her massive size.

That size continued enlarging by the second, too. In fact, it really began when Olena started to accept that she had met Santa and that Nicole was the embodiment of all things Christmas.

Nicole, weary from warping several miles away with Olena *and* her twin yoga balls—transporting across space and time had to be burdensome with extra baggage, didn't it?—slouched further back, ready to recline. She extended her hand to Olena. "We're here to do what we've needed to since the day we met."

Olena took the hand and fell; conforming to Nicole's grasp. She felt herself spreading atop her lover. Her body opened and yielded, going warm as it melted atop Nicole's voluptuous swells. It impressed Olena how her tits transmitted the slightest bulges in Nicole, how she was able to tell with startling clarity the size of her lover's breasts and the pinch of her waist. It was almost as good as using her hands; some new booby sense that wasn't even blurred by her clothing.

The sensitivity of her tits had been a curse to her in the past. In this moment, though, they added a new layer to how she wanted to use them.

They did, for a while. She let Nicole catch her breath and used what she had to bring the wilting woman to her energetic peak. Her lips caressed, mining muscles of their tension with her tongue and getting to taste Nicole's skin; down her neck, behind her ear. Best of all was the use of her growing bust. At their size now, she could tell that growth was slower and harder to measure. And yet, every time she would push off or lay down or squeeze herself tighter against Nicole, the sensation of her softest skin going over and around such a beautiful woman called to a familiar, subconscious part of her that was so, so happy to have so much titty to offer. She was a blanket. Her chest could massage. Fitting Nicole between her mammaries satisfied a nurturing part of her she always knew she had.

And when she did, she felt herself getting that little big bigger. It was a self-fulfilled loop: she grew larger, felt amazing about being huge, indulged in how good it felt to use her giant boobies, and grew as a result of those good feelings.

Quickly, Nicole bounced back. The tiredness had been shallow—her entire reason for warping them to a hotel in the first place was much stronger than any kind of weakness.

But she surprised Olena with one, final question. "Olena," Nicole said, low enough to be a croak.

Their closeness allowed Olena to hear the quiet tune of a whisper. "Yes?"

"One more thing."

"Sure, Nicole."

"You asked how you could know if it was really love or magic? Well, that's the hardest thing you've asked thus far. I don't have a way of knowing that." Nicole's arms wrapped protective around Olena like she could somehow shield her partner from the blow of her words. "That's the

scary part about magic. It just works. I'm not any better at determining its impact than anyone else. Is what we have unique? Would it have happened eventually?

"Then how can you be so certain? You always know who should be in your life—that's what you told me before when we were here. So, how can you know that? Not think it—*know* it?" Olena hadn't realized it but a part of her was screaming. Her voice rose and rose despite remaining quiet and low. It wasn't until Nicole squeezed her into a hug and dug her forehead into Olena's neck that the young Russian knew how badly she needed the certainty. "This has moved so fast, Nicole. It's too much for anyone. And you're asking it of *me*. . ."

Me: with every reason to turn it down, with every reason not to trust, and with every reason to be suspicious. Why can't Nicole see how hard it is?

After trailing off, the two held one another through the emotional turmoil—which seemed so far gone, but had lingered, unaddressed, long enough for them to retreat into the comfort of sex. Minutes later, clarity came. And since grief and confusion had left a wake behind it, the two could converse without imminent fear of bursting into tears.

"This is how I look at it," Nicole started again, at last. "Imagine two people who are perfect for one another. They meet on any given day. All sorts of things could get in the way of their meeting, right? One or both of them are busy. Maybe they're too nervous to speak to one another so they pretend to be busier than they are. Or maybe they think 'If it's meant to be, then we'll see each other again'. They could be sitting in the same room as the person who will complete their life, but never act on their feelings for any of these reasons. Then they leave, and whatever relationship they could have had is lost. They never see each other again. Or, even if they do cross paths at another time, they'll be different people with even more in the way. That's a waste, right?"

Olena nodded, nose digging into Nicole's silky hair.

"Well, what if they happened to meet on Christmas instead of 'any given day'? The mood is right, their hearts are open, and it's the perfect time to make their relationship happen. The extra nudge they needed is there and they meet and it's all gooey and perfect." Nicole twiddled her fingers like sparks were about to appear on her finger tips. "The two are together because they just so happened to cross paths on the right day."

"That's very lucky for them, then," Olena answered.

"Not lucky, Olena. It's not luck—Christmas doesn't just happen. People put up lights and buy presents. Companies make the choice to close their doors and give their employees time off. It's a societal effort—bunches of people pull together to make that magical moment—the perfect environment for feeling closer to people than any other time of year. And that's magic, Olena.

The holidays are magic. And you know it—it's why you love the holidays. I've felt that from you before."

Olena did love the holidays, so much so that she had pushed herself to go see her family even when she knew it would end catastrophically. She didn't mind the busy lines at the Crafty Shack. She loved the peppermint mochas and the warm sweaters. All of it was special to her.

Most recently, she loved her new body. When they didn't feel like lecherous sacks of girlish weight, they did seem to flatter her. It was the best Christmas present she knew she wanted, but not in the way she expected.

"But they still can't know, can they?" Olena asked. Her voice had gone raw; airy, light as fresh snow.

"They can't know if it was Christmas or magic or anybody else that brought them together, Olena. Neither can we—that's the point. We could have met on a bus or on vacation in another country or in the bathroom. Maybe, without magic, we wouldn't be as close as we are. Maybe we'd be closer without it. Maybe, maybe, maybe. All I know is this," Nicole pushed up and kissed Olena with so much fire it threatened to singe their eyelashes. "That silly day in November, I walked into the Crafty Shack to show my face and see what one of my sponsored businesses looked like. I saw you. We chatted. And when I walked away, I knew that I didn't want us to end up like the perfect couple on 'any given day'. I couldn't live with the regret—I had to try and make Black Friday like the holidays in whatever way I could. I would never forgive myself if I never tried for you, Olena. That's magic, that's luck. That's. . . love."

"Nicole. . ."

"Olena."

I don't want to let this chance go by either.

Time fled the room to watch from afar while the two became one among fresh sheets.

Olena sank and sank, amused and aroused when Nicole could accept her all. The totality of her body just seemed like so much to her, but she loved how Nicole made her feel tamed, small, and cute.

"Clothes off. Let's see our handiwork," Nicole said, panting from the shortness of breath.

Olena's mind went flowy. Her eyes were dreary as if she'd just been asleep. The opposite was the case, though, as she rolled and pushed onto her knees. Just kissing had invigorated her. In fact, her body felt like it was glowing with energy. Her core felt molten and each breast moved with an impossible sense of swirling.

She was so unbelievably horny! Energy that had been partitioned off was now being tapped into as the prospect of sex presented itself.

"I'll need help," Olena said, hands in fists at the hem of her sweater. "This won't come off without a fight. And I think I'm still getting bigger. . ."

"I could just wiggle my nose and poof it off of you," Nicole raised an eyebrow. "I'd enjoy seeing that."

"But then you wouldn't get to enjoy the effort of taking my top off," answered Olena. "Wait, wiggling your nose strips people? I don't remember that from any Christmas stories."

"True. It only strips people bigger than a P cup. Very exclusive power." Nicole came across the bed on all fours, hips gyrating as she went. "But you're right again. I'd much rather go mano a mano with that awful booby prison."

"Some things just do better with hands and determination," Olena bobbed her head back and forth as she spoke. A groan crackled in her throat just after. "My dad used to say that to us—the Russian equivalent of it. I can't believe I'm using his lines while I'm taking my clothes off." She couldn't believe that she'd somehow overcome the emotion that came with her father, too. Her Christmas Eve disaster had been just a few hours ago. Now, she was boldly forging this new path with Nicole, trusting her with her body and heart.

"I'd like to meet him in person on day," Nicole said. "He seems like a nice guy. Little conservative, but not impossible to change. And funny at times, too, with that accent. Now, off with that shirt—"

"Whoa, whoa whoa. . . You know my dad? How would you know my dad?"

Nicole started sliding her own boobs up and down against Olena's colossal funbags. If the sight wasn't enough to raise her heart rate, the sensation loving softness traipsing up Olena's nipples instantly jolted her tender folds. "Are we still asking questions? I mean, I'll answer but I'd prefer to see your full, curvy, unparalleled body instead of talking about how I, Saint Nicole, happen to have some very generic information about your immigrant father."

As bad as she took compliments, they were Olena's weakness here. "Good point. On the 'I'd rather show you my boobies' part, not the 'I use my Santa powers to learn about your family' part."

"It's out of love. I promise I'm not a creep."

"Hmm. . ."

"I creep out of love."

They laughed, cutting through the awkwardness with ease.

Olena and Nicole fought with the sweater. They managed to bunch it up just below the lower swells so that thick bulbs of mammary jutted free. Nicole commented on how pretty Olena's skin was; smooth to the touch and lightly scented. The start of disrobing her, all on its own, was plenty a reason for them to pause and make out again, during which Nicole filled and overfilled her hands and arms with Olena's generous shelf of breast.

They resumed again and, through a joined effort, struggled to force the sweater any higher than a third of the way up her inflated jugs. At their size, they easily filled the space of Nicole's arms. It was as if she was carrying a pair of water-filled, forty-ounce garbage bags, but instead of being made of black, shiny plastic, they were wrapped in Olena's incomparably clear skin and radiant with her body's warmth.

"You're such a tease," Nicole said, huffing from exertion. "And this sweater should be used to patch holes in the hulls of ships—it's so damned strong."

Olena craned her neck back, as Nicole had taken position behind her for leverage, and licked—actually licked—Nicole's cheek. The move had no forethought and no plan. She meant nothing and everything by it. Her body had acted as it pleased, swept up in the moment because she now happily allowed herself to be. It just felt so awesome to have spent five or so minutes on getting her clothes off and not making any process because, well, she was a giant in the realm of feminine qualities now. It made her courageous and wild to realize this about herself. Olena giggled at the open-mouthed awe on Nicole's face.

"Sorry. You were just making the cutest face, all focused on trying to get this sweater off of me."

"God. . . I knew I wanted you. Top-heavy little vixen—I'll tear this damned sweater right off, if you don't behave," Nicole growled, daring.

"No you won't. It's too fun exposing my slowly," Olena said.

"I'm not above sacrificing one good time for another. Now, come here."

Nicole cocked Olena back, her strong arms under Olena's armpits; hands folded back like a wrestling lock. The act thrust Olena's half moons up into the air, suspended pendulously by the belt of a sweater; that, and their own perkiness. The sweater nearly cut her tits in half. A top bulge and a bottom bulge escaped and her nipples—forever hard, attention seeking—were only barely covered. She was curled into the doggystyle, and Olena gasped at Nicole's forceful command of the situation.

Then, the older, silver-haired goddess ground her pelvis hard into Olena's backside. With little in the way of a barrier, Olena's pussy was wide open from behind and received a steady, rough pressure as Nicole slapped into her with her powerful hips.

Olena groaned along. *Fwap! Fwap! Fwap!* She felt her booty jiggling pleasantly while Nicole humped her. It was the most carnal thing she could imagine feeling. She felt so free in Nicole's vice. There was nothing for her to do—nothing she could even imagine wanting to do—as her tender womanhood was slapped into again and again.

Nicole peeled away Olena's heavy, wool leggings. The pounding improved. The R cup—really, S or even T cup—breasts launched into the air. They all but danced, carrying the ripple of the thrust with truth and brilliance. It was like Nicole slammed away for no other reason but to see Olena's body react; to see the shockwaves barrelling through in rippling, yummy titty flesh.

Meanwhile, Olena groaned. She had never heard such sounds come from herself before. Then again, nobody had fucked her like Nicole was doing—especially not men, who seemed to favor the doggy-styled position. Jersey hadn't taken her from behind either. They never questioned whether or not the sex they had could be varied or altered to meet another, baser wanting. Then again, they had no reason to—sex between them was as fulfilling and passionate as any lesbian could ever want.

Which was what Olena knew was so special; the reason she knew she couldn't have just one woman. Each one brought something new to the table.

Nicole kissed her as she went bottomless and groped the luscious pair of titties jiggling before her. For that brief break, Olena knew as true and real as anything else that she wanted Nicole and Jersey the same way. The two were so different and yet so perfect for her. Why should they be made to choose? Clarissa too—why should any woman have to choose to cut herself off when they could all be happy and joyous and loving and so, so, so sexually sated.

"D-don't stop," Olena pleaded. "I'm close." It was the view of her titties, which approached two feet of fluffy, bouncy distance from her petite frame, and the constant physical stimulation of her womanhood, that was driving her ever higher.

"N-Never, beautiful. . ."

Olena's sweater pulled tighter against her. Nicole used the fabric like reins, letting Olena's weight take her forward before pulling hard for a mighty whip. Nicole only paused so that she could go bottomless too, then restarted with doubled effort, the goal of a climax now in sight.

Once they were both bottomless, Olena felt the rapid fire jolts as her pussy took full-forced spanks from Nicole's hips and thighs. Her hands had nothing to do, so she pulled them behind Nicole's head so she could be pulled into a kiss while she was driven higher and higher.

Her tits felt like they were about to erupt. With each hard yank of Nicole's fists, she heard terrifying and exhilarating rips and tears; stitching being popped all over. It was like she was wearing a sweater made of bubble wrap. Being fucked popped those bubbles; five or ten at a time. Olena cried out. She felt coolness kissing where more of her breasts were being exposed. Trickle of sweat peeled down her body, escaping in tiny rivers around her huge knockers. The tearing, the fucking, the sweat. None of it was conducive to being clothed.

And when her orgasm gushed from her trembling being, at that exact moment, Nicole tore the sweater clean off Olena's buxom body from behind. Her pale moons rushed into the air, given levity by the carnal, heated acts that had set them free.

The beautifully busty girl tumbled forward into the pillows of her own nude chest, panting erratically. They happened to all but swallow her. It was a great place to seek respite after a climax, as it turned out. And the thought of her act didn't elude her: she just had a great orgasm and was now recuperating in the soft, welcoming embrace of her T cup titties. What an indulgent thought—just a month ago it couldn't have been a reality.

Olena was so lucky to be where she was—who she was. And she'd never felt lucky to be anywhere or anybody.

When the stars of rapture hid themselves and the rest of the world came into clarity, she still felt the zing of her own pleasure in her bones. Nicole was dutifully taking advantage of her face-down-ass-up position to make out with her pulsing, flushed pussy.

"L-Let's change," Olena purred, more out of obligation.

Nicole's tongue flourished again, definitely. "You taste even better than I imagined, though. . . And eating pussy is the reason for the season."

"Change, you devil. I-I need you somewhere else." Olena rolled her eyes (intentionally, since they'd already rolled back into her head for another reason entirely only moments earlier).

"Oh?"

Olena flipped over onto her back. No small feat, considering the size of her tits constituted the majority of her body weight. And despite not really considering if she would look sexy while doing it, she couldn't help but see her breasts for what they are when she moved them: sloshing mattresses rolling over her body, crashing into one another, and settling into an inviting, fleshy

wobble. They threw shreds of yellow sweater to both sides of her, remnants of how she'd been fucked senseless and blown the outfit to bits with her growing planets. She giggled.

But she also noted that the flesh that had seemed to ripple like liquid earlier had also gained a kind of form. In fact, it was odd to witness; what were once yielding boulders were now taking on a tautness.

"Here. Come and feel. Don't they seem like they've changed?" Olena asked, but her hands were already searching. Her skin felt latent with something. Still, her boobs were pliable, just changed in texture. She noticed it when she was in her throes, legs gone to jello after cumming—her face and shoulders didn't sink as deep into her plushy boobies. "Yea, something's definitely up. I noticed when I, well, face-planted into them."

Nicole sat back on her haunches. Waited.

"Well?" Olena said.

"I'm just admiring you playing with yourself. Cutest thing, really."

Olena blushed. She blurted exactly what she was thinking. "Are you going to suck on my tits or not?"

Nicole giggled—it sounded like a field of butterflies taking flight and felt like warm sunbeams—and rumped over. "Your nipples are like soda cans. You're asking a lot of me."

Olena rolled her eyes. "Nothing I know you aren't capable of handling." Once her lover was near, she felt those nipples straightening. They weren't quite soda cans in girth but their length, when truly excited by the prospect of being sucked, did reach quite a ways. It was about as long as a hand was from heel to the second bend of a middle finger. This fact was made clear once Nicole pressed her palm into the risen peak to test its straightness. "See? They feel different. Th-they feel a little full. . ."

"Oh?" Nicole shot Olena a devilish look. She was mounted on top of the younger woman, straddling her at the hips—as close as the walls of yummy flesh would allow. "You don't say. I think they look perfect. Unless you're referring to how I can feel your heartbeat in your tips here."

The sensation of her left nipple being squeezed in Nicole's soft hand made the Russian girl sigh in pleasure. "Do that again." Olena was surprised before and didn't get to feel the fullness of the motion. This time when her nipple was squeezed and gently twisted, she felt her whole body letting go of something. It felt amazing. "Mmm, that feels so good."

"I figured it did. Your breasts are absolutely raging right now."

With a little apprehension causing her to frown, Olena asked, “Is everything going to be alright? Do you know what’s wrong with me?”

“Maybe I do. It’s just, uh, just another wish of yours that I may be granting. . .”

Olena could have sworn she heard a deep swishing sound, like liquid being pushed through a funnel or the agitator working in a washing machine down the hall. Because of the grasp on her nipple sending pleasure coursing through her body, though, she didn’t pay it much attention. Still, a warmth was building in her huge titties. It made her skin light up in sensitivity, especially in her areola. Really, they were the part that felt the best—comparable to her nipples, even. She felt them plumping, puffing up. On her back, she saw them become distinct from the rest of her pale fleshy balloons, becoming true caps. They were pink and slim and beautiful—becoming even more so the more Nicole gave her firm, fun squeezes.

“Mmm,” Olena purred.

“It’s good, yea? Not as explosive, I must admit. I sort of had in mind more of what we just finished doing,” Nicole said.

Olena shook her head back and forth, hair flipping playfully. “We’ve got forever to do it that way. Just keep on with what you’re doing. They feel so good when you add a little twist to it.”

“You mean like this?”

“Mmm! Mmm, yea. Y-yea, that kind of twist. Damn, being so full feels so great. Why didn’t they feel like this before—feel like. . .” Olena’s voice failed her. The pleasure had mounted higher, distancing herself from articulate thought. And yet she felt something purposely coming toward her. It neared the surface of her thoughts, slow and ready. “N-no way. Nicole, tell me it isn’t like that—why would it ever be like that?”

The platinum silver woman braced herself against one of Olena’s stacky buoys. Her body spread itself over the boob, the opposite of before when Olena’s tits had swallowed her up. Now, they were taut like a trampoline’s skin. Given their size, they were supportive to lean on and warm like a sauna to the touch. “You know that song? The twelve days of Christmas?”

“Y-yes. Of course. What does that have to do with. . . O-oh, good grief. Mmm, it’s coming.”

Nicole, flippantly, teasingly, began to hum the tune to the song. Her voice wasn’t perfect—a shocker, since the rest of her was—but she could carry the tune while her whole arms went into pumping Olena’s thick, juicy nipples. To keep from chafing, she incorporated her silky tongue and the lube let her squeeze just that extra bit harder; glide the erotic rods with a quickened rated.

“God. O-oh god. Nicole, th-that’s it—do it. Harder, faster. W-wait—*wait* do *not* do it. This is too much—. . .”

Nicole broke in with the lyrics to her song. “Ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing,” she sang. The notes slowed and turned to powdery, soft snow and at last she whispered the verse she’d been leading to: “Eight maids a-milking.”

Chapter 8
Eight Maids Still Milking
Word Count: 4774

Sparkling in the lights above went stream after stream of white liquid. Olena’s tits violently ejected their stored contents, throwing their rivers of cream high enough to reach the luxury fifteen-foot ceiling. Her areola were a gorgeous shade of rose red and inflamed all the more as her sweet milk at last found a place to go.

Olena gawked. Her body had rendered her with nothing left to say—which was the norm, now, instead of the exception. She simply laid there and wrestled with the bumper-to-bumper style orgasms she was experiencing. And not just singular, full-body climaxes. No, that wouldn’t have been nearly as exciting or novel to her.

Her thighs crossed from the energy shooting through them, slamming into the soles of her feet. Her heels rose and fell, legs straight at the knees with a clench before tumbling into the sheets. Her abs became a solid wall like she was preparing for a punch to the gut from a mixed martial artist, then went featureless as it relaxed. Every whisper of a wrinkle on her face came out at the expressions she portrayed: joy, bliss, rage, passion, confusion, bewilderment, and utter surrender. And when she finally reached a respite in a sexual trough, she could do little more than pant like the animal in heat she had become.

Better than all of it, though, were the rolls and rolls of orgasms smacking her inside her tits. People would think her crazy for describing the sensation she felt in her chest to be orgasmic, yet it was nothing short of it. She blew, erupted, belched, and exploded. Milk went flying. She made the room rain around her—on her, around her.

And there was something about being captive to her body in this way that was just on the right side of a dangerous balancing act.

Soon, she found herself in a dazzling state of clarity. Olena observed her body at work—in a sort of glory.

“Would you cool it? You’re making a mess. I’m never getting my security deposit back,” Nicole chided.

Olena sucked in a deep breath, something to bring in her jittery nerves. “It’s amazing. My body—you made my body do this?”

The patter of her milk on furniture made for rhythmic accompanying sounds. She had to be putting out ounces and ounces at a time; an unseen, impossible rate of expression.

Nicole answered. “We made your body do this. Together. You wanted it and I made it happen. I couldn’t do this stuff without you—Ooo! Ooo, Olena, baby. . .”

The Russian winked at what she’d done. “I learn quick, when I want to.” She had been laying on her back and watching Nicole’s gorgeous face sitting on top of her breast. There was a swell of intimate energy in her head at the sight, and instead of pushing down, she let it consume her. Olena sort of suspected that it was the type of urge that Nicole wouldn’t be able to ignore.

It was kind of cool to know that whenever she wanted Nicole to just focus on sucking her stiffened peaks, all she needed to do was imagine it and let the most sexual corner of her mind do the rest.

Olena moaned, knocked back when the basest desires of her soul were met. Saint Nicole descended onto her firing nipple with jaw spread wide. The force of her cream splattered back at first, but the silver-haired woman adopted a vacuum suction with her lips and began hiding away what had to have been gallons of breast milk. The copious amount of warm milk had slicked her hair down and white streaks trickled into the dips of her eyes, hooking at her nose.

Nicole stuck out her tongue after swallowing a several seconds of nonstop cream and simply licked at Olena’s rod. She seemed romanced by it, like sucking and drinking from a nipple was the peak of sexual experience. Nothing meant more than how she rolled the blasting nexus of milk across her face; felt its power in her hand, kept it clean with her full lips. “I was wrong. Your milk tastes *way* better than your pussy. Milk might just be the new reason for the season. . .”

“Oddly,” Olena said, shrugging. “My pussy isn’t offended.”

Nicole. . . keep sucking. Don’t talk—suck my nipples. Please. They’re gushing just for you.

“Ooo! Fuck. . . Yes ma’am—I can *feel* you loud and clear.” Nicole bit her lip in raw ecstasy. “Your sex drive is beastly, babe.”

“I wanted to make sure you understood how much I *really* want it,” Olena answered. “That’s just how I feel.”

“I had no idea how raw and huge it was. . . I guess the milk brought it out.”

It had seemed natural after seeing her milk. Olena didn’t know where it came from—something about Nicole already being so close to her nipple, maybe. But having her milk get sucked out of her engorged breasts had taken up every sexual priority in her mind. Usually, she could keep herself in check. Gaining the ability to lactate, though, multiplied and uncovered what was there all along.

This. This is what I’ve wanted all along. Don’t waste it.

Nicole spoke no more. Gorging herself on Olena’s production was of first importance.

Olena lactated longer and harder, still. There was nothing else she could’ve wanted. It was bizarrely and completely fulfilling to her, feeling herself grow to such a size only to share that size fully, entirely, with a woman she felt connected to by fate and love and in body.

Olena’s milky streams only intensified for two straight minutes. They reacted to Nicole’s mouth, surging with a force and viscosity that made Olena’s skin feel tight enough to rupture. Watching, the owner of the storm in the bedroom could see the difference as one breast rumbled and chirped with quickly changing volumes and the other continued to do so but without the cap of a mouth and throat. Milk from her right breast crossed the whole of the room. It made puddles on the floors; ran down dressers like a spilled glass of steamy froth. A curtain that was drawn back had its color darkened as it absorbed all the heavy cream and slumped in its holders, made heavy by the absorption. It was almost as if the roof was leaking, but no amount of buckets or kitchen pans would ever be enough to catch all the liquid pouring from above.

Then there was the other breast—just as full and powerful and lively. It thrummed with living nectar as well but was contained by Nicole. The level of grace on her face belied what her body was being battered with. Every so often, she would look up with big eyes and shoot a wink Olena’s way. Cocky, somehow. Amazing. She knew where she wanted to be—was skilled in a task that she couldn’t have practiced to become so proficient.

She’s not missing a single drop.

The room quickly filled with a sugary scent, like walking into Paper Cuts when their sweet, warm brews were in high demand on a cold day. Olena’s milky scent rose from the ground and fell from the air, claiming the room, filling it with a damp, dewey feel. The hotel staff were going to freak. The feel of mist in the air would take hours to go away. And the perfumed scent of Olena’s natural ambrosia might never come out. Olena worried about it momentarily but found

herself floating away in the sensation of suction on her left breast. It was steadier than the worry, noisier than her greatest anxieties.

Then, fifteen minutes later, she realized that her rain had stopped. The assault she'd made against the suite of a room ended. Her titties were pacified to the point of a steady drip and the sense that she would remain a human sprinkler for the rest of her life ended.

A slow, beautiful stretch of time began, where Olena could lay and give back to Nicole for everything the woman had done this holiday season.

She closed her eyes and let herself be milked till the sensation of it lulled her into an afternoon nap.

Olena crawled out of a different bed. One that was dry and warm. It had been cold before, wherever she was, but here it was like she was under a weighted blanket.

Then, she went to move and realized that no, there wasn't a blanket, but that her boobs were responsible for the warmth and softness and weight.

She flung herself to the left; feet hit the ground. Different material on the floors. Different lighting. Different layout. Dry, wood floors. Lamp light instead of natural lighting. The ceiling—her milking position had been on her back, so she felt she knew the ceiling pretty well; like an old friend, almost—was different. Different color and height. It even had a fan.

Where am I? Asked an inner voice.

But when anxiety tried answering, it spoke timidly. It lacked the impact that was usually a consuming force.

There were none of the usual questions:

Where are my clothes? Did watch me fall asleep? Will they think I'm a freak for having tits like these? What if I get so embarrassed that my heart rate goes up, I have a heart attack, then die? I'll always be known as the weirdo immigrant girl who died of embarrassment in a bed under her giant boobs.

None of it was there. Her mind was at peace.

She did have the desire to scout her new surroundings, though—.

“Hey babe.”

Olena rolled her head over. Just that one move informed her that her hair was an absolute mess. Normal girls had bed head. She had ‘just got out of a fight with a bed and lost’ head.

Amazing sex does that to a girl, as does falling asleep to the suckling of a sexy woman.

That woman was on the threshold of the door now, her hip braced against it. She was in a clean red tee and candy cane striped panties.

“Hey,” Olena croaked and heard utter happiness in her voice.

“You want help standing up?”

“Please.” Olena hadn’t wanted to try. Her body still felt languid and loose from sleep.

Nicole had to have felt the tracest want from Olena and come running. It was so sexy to have someone know everything she wanted without having to confess or suppress it.

Together, they hefted Olena’s body up and away from the bed. Olena didn’t have the protection of clothing like Nicole had, so when she was on her feet she felt her skin awakening where her breasts hung down.

They were still unwieldy things, so she was happy that Nicole’s magic that helped her manage them was still in tact. In her euphoria it had been hard to tell, but at some point during her milk-induced haziness she’d taken note of how much titty she had acquired. While there was no way to measure, Olena would have sworn that she hadn’t stopped growing until her sweet globes reached both sides of the bed, squishy segments of her flanks dangling over the floor. She had to have crested above a Z cup. At such a size, cup sizes seemed irrelevant, sure, but there was a pride in being so large that the alphabet itself couldn’t even contain her.

For now, she was about where she was that morning. She was beginning to be able to tell how her P cups felt; to treat that as her ‘normal’ cup size.

“You were a sight to behold, sweetheart,” Nicole said, speaking low. “You have every right to be proud.”

“I’m that proud?” Olena asked. “That you can feel it in me?”

“I can feel it, sure, but it’s also written all over your face. You’re so cute—you like your boobies so much that you smile whenever you think about how big they are. You were definitely the biggest and milkiest I’ve seen anyone.”

“Even Limey?”

Nicole scrunched up her nose. “Okay. Second biggest—still the biggest out of everyone I’ve made love with.”

A blush came to her nose, but the embarrassment had little to do with it. Olena’s heart fluttered, elevated, eager. “Where are my clothes?” Olena asked. “And where am I?”

“We ruined the other room so I had them put us in a new, clean suite. Don’t worry, I had the foresight to wait until you stopped the fireworks,” Nicole smiled.

“Wait, you moved me the way I was? With no clothes on? Through a hotel. . .”

Nicole simply winked.

Hand in hand, they exited the master suite and came into a dipping living space. Even bigger than the one in the other suite, this space featured its own coffee bar and two televisions that were the size of a wall in Olena’s family home. Currently, the image of a fireplace was on both wall screens and crackling noise emitted from a speaker hidden in a corner. It was built in to complete the sleekness of the room’s aesthetic.

Nicole didn’t ask—didn’t even have to. She wrapped a large blanket around Olena and made her a coffee in a large ceramic mug. Olena barely even thought about the things she wanted in her coffee and Nicole picked up on each one. It was like how Jersey knew just the right way to make drinks for her, except where Jersey had employed trial and error, Nicole just stumbled into new knowledge as she worked.

It didn’t take much waiting for Olena to start getting antsy again. The cool air made her nipples beg. “Hmm,” she said, barely making a sound. When she looked down, the sight of herself drew her hands to her marshmallow-like projections. They were dough in her hands again, but only to a point. With a careful feel, she could sense the fluid still inside of her; dormant now, but there. And as her gentle rubbing turned into a more meaningful caress, the liquid heat collected, gathering in a pool just behind her nipples.

Nicole turned, a mug in her hand, a pleasant expression on her face. “Working yourself up again?”

“You don’t understand,” Olena replied. “It’s like they only feel right if someone’s touching them.”

Nicole shook her head. “Looks like I’ve gone and spoiled your plump, milky titties. Great. Now I’m never going to hear the end of it.” The silver-haired woman placed a flat palm on Olena’s

back to pull them close together. Then, she bent at the waist and used her free hand to lift one of Olena's immaculate globes to her mouth.

The contact of a mouth sent a jolt through Olena. She felt the sensation of warm release; the firing of a million firecrackers under the attended areola. Nicole made the cutest sounds as she sucked and swallowed; just the right balance of drink and suction. Her plump lips hid, slipped, and carressed soft skin. Meanwhile, parcels of body-warmed cream made her throat work to get it down. They were a unit together, made complete by this activity.

The fifteen or so seconds they shared felt like heaven.

"Ahh," Nicole sighed, stretching after she released Olena's teat. "Yup, I'll have to deal with you wanting me to suck you for as long as we're together. Wonder how long till I get tired of it?"

Olena pouted. "You'd better not get tired of it—you're the reason they started leaking in the first place." It seemed a harsh thing of Nicole to say, given Olena's suspicions and fears today. But it had served to illuminate something important: that the fear of abandonment, when it came to mind, didn't have rule over her feelings anymore. Her greatest fear used to be that Nicole would leave just as miraculously as she had popped up into her life. She'd been taught not to trust blessings from the universe; not to take handouts. It created a sense of impermanence about their relationship, and that used to evoke real fear for Olena.

But Nicole's serenity as she drank; the care she took over Olena's body when she was amid a storm of confusion. The words they had exchanged and the experience of a lifetime Olena had just awakened from.

Olena just couldn't feel that fear anymore.

Nicole kissed Olena's nose. "I'm not going anywhere. Never. You're stuck with me."

"I know," Olena replied, cute and short.

The two sat on the plush couches. Unlike the rest of the room, the couches did seem a little old fashioned. They were made with leather. The seat Olena took squeaked as her body sank into it. Her breasts patted gently onto her thighs and she took a sip of her coffee to make sure it would be okay for her while they had their conversation. A hand lit on her breast—by now it was as much impulse as intention that she touch herself.

In response to a question Olena had only thought about asking, Nicole answered. "I know what you were thinking when you met Limey. Is it really milk? Can a girl be full of that much milk? I want that much milk. It seemed like an easy thing to give you with it being the holidays." Nicole looked thoughtful for a moment. "You'd need to ask her about that if it were June or something,

though. I can only make a girl produce like that once or twice a year. Limey, as you can see, has no trouble having a cream filling year round.”

“So I’m going to stop lactating?”

“Nah. You’ll stay milky. You just won’t be short circuiting anymore lamps or televisions.” Nicole paused and rethought her statement. “Easily. You won’t ruin electronics without trying. If you are feeling particularly anti-tech, you’ll still have the firepower available.”

“I didn’t mean to. . .”

“Hmm?”

Olena stopped, sighed, and squeezed her boobs just enough to remind herself of how awesome her night had been.

“That’s shame,” Nicole answered the silent plea in Olena’s head. “But you have nothing to be ashamed of. We couldn’t have known how much you’d produce. And don’t worry, I’ll cover everything. Neither of us knew how much we would enjoy ourselves with huge, milky jugs. I personally didn’t think I could love you anymore than I already do. . . It was a fun learning experience. ”

“You’re right,” Olena nodded. She broke for a moment to sip her drink. “About everything. I shouldn’t be ashamed and I’ll ask Limey to help with them. She offered, after all. And her breasts are pretty dang hot, all full and stuff.”

“I wouldn’t use ‘hot’ to describe her.”

“Are you two really sisters?”

Nicole nodded. “Not the same parents, but I wouldn’t call us anything else. Why—. . . Yuck! Olena, no!”

Olena lips tightened into a frustrated line. “You said I had nothing to be ashamed of. I’m not going to be ashamed of my body *or* my feelings, okay?”

Nicole flashed with a blush. “I’m not shaming you. But having any of my sisters in our relationship? Nu-uh, sorry. The line is drawn.”

Dammit! It was only in my head for two seconds. Can’t I at least fantasize?!

“Not when I can *feel* your fantasies,” Nicole gave Olena’s boob a gentle shove. It wobbled, clapping into its twin.

“Limey’s cute! And Peachy’s got some serious curve on her, too—isn’t Santa’s job to give people what they want for Christmas?”

“Only if they haven’t been naughty. And you, missy, are nau-au-ghty.”

They both laughed and kissed at that—the urge to be physical had built all they could stand in just a few minutes of being awake; sitting right next to each other. Olena asked to have her breasts pleased which Nicole obliged for a few minutes. Her nipples remained hard, testy as trip wire. The rapture she got from letting down her excess milk had her toes curling and her arousal multiplying.

“So you’re okay with the idea of a group, then?” asked Olena when Nicole slowed her suckling and proceeded to kiss her up and down. The time for nursing had only lit a fire under them both. Their coffees were relegated to go cold on the end table. “Of partners, I mean. Of being polyamorous with me. . .”

“I was fine with that from the beginning. It actually works out better for me like that, what with all the travelling I do.” Nicole spoke to Olena’s enormous breasts, transfixed by them all over again. “But there’s no way I’m leaving these with strangers. I like you having sexual freedom, but some people are obviously off limits—gosh, stop it!” Nicole grumbled, pinching Olena where she could and getting a cute ‘eep’ in response. “Limey and Peach are banned. You can’t sleep with them! That goes for when I’m around and when I’m not. They’re off the negotiation table, got it?”

Olena giggled. The lust for them had sprung up so casually, but it was easily redirected to the singular sister whose body was connected with Olena’s by hand and mouth. “Fine. You’re the hotter sister anyway. I think I can settle for just one weird, magical sister as long as it’s you.”

“Thanks.”

“Wouldn’t want Santa getting jealous. . .”

Nicole pinched Olena’s nipple again. Olena yelped and her natural blend shot far enough to splatter in a dripping line on one of the two televisions.

The spectacle was so impressive that it silenced their lover’s spat and submerged the two in this new breastfeeding love they shared.

Christmas Day arrived with Nicole and Olena officially coupled.

They'd spent the remainder of their night summoning food to their room, watching movies, talking, and milking. Olena phoned her parents, her sister, Clarissa and anyone else she thought might be worried about her so they knew that she was safe and warm. After that, without the burden of a heavy conscience for letting her business remain unfinished for so long, she was able to let loose and explore her body and relationship till about ten.

It had taken hours for the two to tire out completely. If boobs could have headaches, she believed hers had them from all the throbbing they had done.

Around nine the next morning, Nicole stumbled back into bed looking exhausted. Olena pondered exactly how far the Santa Claus moniker went—as in, had Nicole been up all night after putting Olena to bed? If the world had presents they couldn't explain the origins of, Olena now knew where they came from. And maybe Nicole just had an overnight business meeting, making her have to travel by private plane overnight. Whatever it was, it didn't seem like much of an emergency based on how easily she stumbled back into the sheets, so Olena didn't press her on it.

With Nicole, she couldn't always know, but Olena found herself trusting even more with each new hour.

She comforted the jolly old elf with her body. Olena spooned for a while, then served as a deluxe pillow for as long as it took Nicole to relax. It was two in the afternoon and Nicole was making a meal out of Olena's engorged bosom before they both decided it was time to be up for the day.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart," Nicole said, and even though it was the middle of the afternoon, they were the first words the two had verbally exchanged.

"Merry Christmas, Nicole."

"We should probably give the bed a break. We've probably worn out our welcome with her."

Olena smiled. "True. Let's get up for a while."

They readied like newlyweds. They chatted and praised each other's bodies. Nicole was indecisive on what to wear exclusively so they both could enjoy the process of her getting naked over and over again. Olena, having nothing in the line of clothing, stood around in nothing and happily enjoyed Nicole slipping in and out of the tightest, sexiest, and most revealing clothes she'd ever seen. All the while, they were shamelessly flirty and took regular breaks against dressers, on carpeted floors, and on stools to make love.

"I think this dress makes your boobs look good," Nicole commented as she looked in an oval-shaped, full body mirror. Somehow, the micro dress she'd squeezed into managed to be worse than nudity itself; it showed everything while pretending to conceal.

"How could *your* dress make *my* body look good?"

"Because it shows off my boobs. People will see me and say, 'wow, she has nice boobs'. Then, they'll look over at the woman whose arm I'm hanging from and realize how tiny I am in comparison. I should wear this dress whenever I want people to know you have the best jugs in the world and that I get them as much as I want."

Olena smirked. "You could be bigger if you wanted to. The same magic you used to make me this size could be used on yourself too, right?"

Saint Nicole bobbed her head approvingly as she modelled. From the side, her ass looked so round and plump that a fire rose in Olena to give it a swat. In that split second, Nicole shimmied over close and bent in half so Olena could reach, hearing the mental pleas.

Olena politely smooched the top of Nicole's cheek and gave it a high-five through the scant amounts of fabric.

"I'm not the type to be busty. Too many business meetings, too many people that already don't take me seriously as a woman. If I was any bigger, people would discredit me immediately. I'd much rather surround myself with powerful women with boobies to their hips—especially ones that carry four or five delicious meals in their P cups."

Olena absently stroked her boobs which, despite regular milkings, hadn't changed in size. "Keep drinking and you'll start gaining weight. Just watch. The sugar content in me is bound to fatten you up."

Nicole's smirk reached all the way to her eyes. "And who says you haven't pumped me up already?" When Olena made a puzzled face, Nicole simply said, "Watch closely". She then placed a finger beside her nose—with no nearby chimney, so she wasn't going anywhere—and magic made her body change. Her plump ass cheeks pushed away from her hips. Her thighs thickened. The breasts that were already spilling out of her top started running away toward her chin. But by far, the biggest change was the appearance of a bulbous dome at Nicole's abdomen. Her tummy bloated, gaining volume like it was connected to an air pump. Inflating, expanding, swelling. She grew larger and larger till it looked like she'd swallowed a basketball.

Then, it pressed further than that.

Olena all but drooled. When the change was complete—as complete as she could fathom, anyway—Nicole's dress had hiked up over her rotund ass and slunk down to show off a pair of

breasts three cup sizes bigger than before. Yet, what grabbed Olena's attention were the whiskering lines of tension making a hasty getaway from her taut, pregnant belly.

"How did—. . ." Olena asked. Her eyelashes turned into fans, she was blinking so fast.

"This is how I would look with no magic alterations. This is what your milk actually does to me," Nicole answered. Her posture sank low and leaned back, a hand appearing below her bloated belly to keep it steady. "Just wanted you to know how right you were, that all your milk does have to go somewhere."

"Oh gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't know—I was just joking. Now, you have to use magic just to look professional, and—. . ."

Nicole closed the distance between them and claimed another long draw of milk from Olena's nipple. Whenever Olena was nursing, the mind-numbing pleasure made the rest of her body freeze and thaw a thousand times. She said nothing and simply enjoyed the feel of her cream being extracted by a gentle, soft mouth.

"I helped you transform into a version of yourself that you like, and you helped me transform into a version of me that I like," Nicole said plainly when she'd broken away. "I think I look sexy, don't you? This body can certainly handle all these curves."

The tight skin of Nicole's tummy pressed into Olena, feeling so huge and full and amazing. That sensation, of Nicole's swollen tummy, was all Olena's doing. She'd made it possible—had given Nicole even more of an hourglass, but tacked on a midsection that was pregnant with her breast milk.

Olena shuddered with sexual need, renewed all over again. "You definitely look sexy."

Sex. Again, I need it—with that new, sexy body. . .

"You're insatiable. . ." Nicole growled, and took Olena for yet another round.

Clothes arrived for Olena. They were a perfect fit for the busty, lactating beauty. The jeans were normal, albeit a snug fit for her. Imagine, she thought, with all the weight she had gained she hadn't once thought that some might have settled in her bum. Nat had been the one to bring that up on Black Friday and she hadn't given it a second thought since. Now, her jeans felt like vices around her thighs and was thin as paper on her ass.

She was an hourglass and she wished someone had told her how it wouldn't be comfy at all from the waist down.

It was her top that was the comfiest thing she wore; made of a few layers of linen and patterned along the seams. Buttons on the front made for easy access—mostly for Nicole since it was hard for Olena to even reach the front of her new bust. The rest hanged snug toward her tummy so that the shirt fit perfectly, showing off her size first and foremost, then bringing attention to how tiny the girl attached to the Q cups were.

Yes, Q cups. When she had a decent amount of milk, she was a full cup size bigger.

Once they were both dressed—and sworn to sexual truce—Nicole took them both for a ride. The driver let them out in front of the Crafty Shack. The parking lot was empty but the lights inside were on, making Olena wonder if the store was getting ready to open for the day.

When she went inside, though, she didn't find workers scrambling, cleaning, or being debriefed on new sales. She found her coworkers dressed semi-formal, all beautiful, talking as they drank cider and ate finger foods. Among them were a few other familiar faces:

Clarissa, Jersey, and Nat. Others too, like Hedda and Raine and a few of her aunts.

Her mother was sitting with a flute of alcohol. She admired the glassware by twisting her drink so it glittered as she showed Olena's father.

They all seemed to turn at once toward the automatic door when Olena and Nicole entered. Those that were seating stood. Standing people all came forward and formed a semi-circle. Jane appeared in a sexy cocktail dress and took Nicole's other side.

Together, they all screamed, "Merry Christmas, Olena!" as if they'd been waiting for the moment all year long.

Olena burst into tears.

Together, they ate and drank. The Crafty Shack became their Christmas party venue. The girls sang and danced between the aisles, accompanying the happier, contemporary Christmas selection. With alcohol in their systems it took almost zero time for them to turn a fun, family event into a strip club. Olena sort of liked it, though.

Eventually, Nat came over. She apologized profusely and became twice the supportive sister she'd always been. "I don't want you to ever be afraid to tell me anything. I know I blew it. Please forgive me, Olena." Olena did, swearing to never have any secrets between them. She then immediately blurted that she and Nicole were an item to which Nat cocked an eyebrow and let out a prideful, "Damn, girl," in an operatic voice. It made Olena's self-image swell—her confidence, this time, and not her actual body.

She was a very stable Q cup for the moment. Nicole had, fortunately, put a hold on the expanding magic because, quote, "I'm not paying for a whole store's worth of damage. These craft places have some expensive stuff and you having twenty foot titties is like being a bull in a china shop."

Following came a parade of her aunts who all also apologized in their broken English. Olena didn't speak much of her mother tongue but knew remorse and repentance when she saw it. They each hugged her and tucked their stomachs and hips back to make clearance for Olena's mammoth boobies. They were sorry for having upset her, but not quite ready to accept her humongous swath of soft, pillowy size, especially when a hug all but swallowed them.

In time, thought Olena, maybe, they would treat her like normal. And maybe they never would. It didn't bother her much either way, though, which she considered a massive victory.

Her father gave the most awkward apology of all. No hug, of course. The man was stoic. He asked her the only question that seemed pertinent: "So, you don't pay for the expensive American boob surgery, yea?"

Olena remained expressionless, surprised that she didn't see what her father had really been concerned about all along. It was also weird to hear a vodka-chugging Russian man say the word 'boob' with a straight face. "No. I didn't have surgery. This happened naturally, daddy."

He regarded her sternly, then broke into a smile as he gripped his chest. "Thank goodness! That size would have cost small fortune—big fortune too. Very big, yes. Sorry, Olena. I no trust you as good father should." And then he turned and explained to Olena's mother that all was well in the universe. Of course, mother poked her head out with a questioning nod to which Olena replied with a quick bob of her chin. All that needed saying was in those micro-gestures. What mattered most was that he was focused on the money again, which meant he was back to normal.

When everyone was stuffed with snacks and wine, Jane led the group to the Christmas Tree aisle and distracted them all with the decorations. They'd been done in the proper spirit; the trees leaned with the amount of ornaments and lights. There were also wrapped goodies under the tree.

"There's one for everyone. Please, one at a time—and show us what *Santa* brought you," Jane announced.

The redhead made a sultry look in Nicole's direction. Olena shouldered Nicole too now that she was in on the inside joke. Nicole happened to yawn precisely at that moment, too tired to fight it, like her whole body was just screaming in response to the subtext. "Yes! That's me. I'm Santa. I bought the stuff. Hardy har har." Cute and funny. She got a well-earned hug for her efforts.

Then, after a few staff members and family had unwrapped their exorbitant gifts—expensive wines, tickets to amusement parks, a week long vacation to Fiji for Olena's parents since neither of them had gotten any time away in decades—Nicole pulled Olena away from the excited crowd. It was just when she began to wonder if Nicole's capacity for charity could ever reach an end. If Olena's parents got a tropical week-long getaway, what were the other people going to get?

What am I going to get?

Nicole locked her lips. They walked in silence even as Olena's mind buzzed with curiosity and Nicole bolstered her heart against her lover's sincerest pleas, which she no doubt sensed like tickles up and down her spine.

The door to the break room stood before them. Nicole opened it with a flourish and Olena struggled through the door because of her size. It had seemed so still inside that she thought it empty; that maybe her present was just sex in an empty room with Nicole, which would've been amazing in Olena's opinion. Instead, the sound of chatter and giggling sent a twitch through her body. She froze. Nicole had to help dislodge and calm her.

Everyone was there—the ones Olena had cared so much about lately. Somehow, each of them had disappeared during the gift exchange and made their way here, to giggle at how her boobies had had to get intimate with the threshold of entryways just to get the rest of her inside.

In one of those flimsy, gray plastic chairs with cutouts in the back was Jersey. Nearby, in a similar chair, was Raine. Clarissa was reading the inspirational quotes on the bulletin board when Olena's entrance snagged her attention. Jackie, the runner up in the sales contest, leaned stylishly against the drink machine, a hand in her pocket, the other holding her phone.

It wasn't until they were all in a room with her, watching her, smiling at her. . .

. . . These girls were absolute *babes*.

“Uh, did I miss something?” Olena said. She turned and looked at Nicole.

Nicole bobbed her shoulders noncommittally. “Yes and No. We’re still waiting on one person to get here—. . .”

“Here. Just barely managed to break away,” Jane said, pushing past and taking a spot at the center of the room. “What’s the announcement, babe?”

“Announcement?” Olena looked again at Nicole; harder this time, with depth and threat.

“I’ve gathered you all here today—. . .” Nicole started.

Jane clapped her hands. “Cut to the chase? They’re expecting me at the gift exchange. I’m the host of everything.”

“Olena’s present isn’t under that tree,” Nicole started again, taking Jane’s insistence to heart. “Olena, your present is in this room. I did a little probing behind the scenes. As it turns out, the women in your life are more open than you initially thought.”

“More open?” Olena asked.

Jersey, unashamed, bold, spoke up first. “Nicole contacted all of us, kind of figuring out what our feelings were about being in open relationships with you. It was a secret thing. I can’t speak for the others, but I’ve personally been talking to her for a few weeks now.”

“You’ve what? Jersey!”

Jersey threw up her hands. “Relax, relax. It wasn’t meant to be a secret. It was more like research—a survey. She somehow already knew that you were polyamorous and was genuine about what she thought would be a good gift for you.”

“So my gift is. . . All the pretty girls I know?” Olena pondered out loud.

The girls giggled again, making Olena blush.

“Your gift is a little simulation. I told you I have a home where I go when I’m not doing business? Well, I’ve invited all of these girls to go and spend a few days out there, all expenses paid, to see if being in a corporate relationship would be right for them. That seemed like the best compromise.” Nicole’s hand fell where it always did; gracing Olena’s lower back in a perfect blend of seductive touch and emotional support. “And there’s a few rules. To make this more realistic—. . .”

Jackie spoke up. "Sex. With whoever we want, whenever we want. Consent, of course, but otherwise it's orgy city."

"And alone time, too," Clarissa butted in. "For when we want intimacy w-with just two people."

"Date nights as groups and couples," Raine spoke. "So we can get to know each other better, like, in groups of two or three."

"And plenty of fun activities to help bond and forge friendships," said Jersey.

"Most important," said Jane. "Is that we do whatever is necessary to make this work. We're all committed to trying out non-monogamy. We're all each other's partners. Every one of us is for the rest of us."

"Unless we really start to couple off. Then, we can start having primary and secondary couplings," Nicole topped off the conversation, which was frothy with light, bubbly amazement as it was. "We'll be flexible, and keep to everyone's comfort zones. If you want out, you're free to leave. But based on the responses from our correspondence, it would seem that everyone is more than committed to at least trying."

"But how? Why? Everyone. . . Why is everyone trying this? You didn't force it on them—. . ." Olena managed a shriek in a whisper, working herself into worry.

But Nicole soothed her with a look. "For you, of course. We all think you deserve it. We love you, so of course we'd give this a try."

The girls in the room made a corporate sound of approval.

"Guys. . ." Olena blubbered, amazed by the way all the women in her life were so committed to her. They all, in their own ways, for their own reasons, had come to the idea that this could work—that they ought to try and make it work for a person that was special to them. "This is all so. . . I-I didn't expect—. . ."

Before a tear ever fell, everyone was on their feet. They fit themselves as best they could around Olena's giant shapes; found a space to hold or touch or hug her. Olena sensed each and every touch on her breasts. Every kiss on her neck and shoulders sizzled in her ears. Their words of encouragement opened wide and enveloped her heart, safeguarding it from worry. Their beauty bolstered her gratitude—she was so damned lucky to be alive and loved.

And wrapped up in their huddle, Olena's tears waned and made room for stronger, more visceral tendencies.

“Are those your nipples getting hard?” Jackie blurted first. “Holy shit, that feels like a dick—not even going to lie. Their fucking huge.”

“Their proportional to my body!” Olena yelled in her own defense.

The room burst into laughter.

And soon, if Jackie continued to stroke up and down their lengths, those nipples would burst into a milky fit of unstoppable flow.

Something told Olena that every girl in the room was counting on it. And that was what had been on her Christmas List all along.

“Happy Holidays, Olena,” Nicole seized a smooch amid the laughter.

“I love you—love you all. So much. Thank you, Nicole. Thank you.”

Just then, a mighty swirl of wind threw the nest of women against the wall; not strong enough to hurt, but violent enough to get their attention and send the jumpy ones (Clarissa and Raine) running toward the door.

Through squinted eyes, two forms could be made out amid spiralling plastic cups and old napkins pulled from their dispensers. A plastic chair rolled along the ground like a tumbleweed. Women screamed in Olena’s ear, worried. She looked to Nicole, like the mascot for Christmas and giving could give her some sort of reassurance.

Nicole’s expression deadpanned. “Dammit,” she mouthed.

“So I heard someone say ‘orgy city’? Why wasn’t I included in this discussion?”

With a sudden *pop*, the wind broke from its spiral in a burst. The shady figures gained contour and size and color.

Peach and Limey stood in the wake of it.

Limey browsed the space around them, seeing the mess they’d made. She bounced over and righted the chair their appearance had sent flying, then bowed her head to the gaggle of ladies in the corner. “Sorry. That’s just how we get around—all wind and stuff. I’ll get somebody to help clean up.”

“Limey, Limey, Limey,” Peach knelt down to her sister’s side and scooped her in under her left arm. With her right she presented an open palm. “You’re worried about the breakroom when there’s a ton of sexy girls fresh for the picking? Look around. Feast your eyes.”

Limey's eyes went straight to Olena's. The purple-haired milk factory of a girl winked. When Olena's nerves struck and her face shifted to show her nerves, Limey started to giggle with excitement.

"So cute," Limey said.

Peach patted her shoulder. "Exactly."

Nicole roared to life, barking over the crowd. "They're mine, okay? Mine! And you can't have them!"

The room was silent for a spell, then nearly burst with laughter.