

Milk and Cookies

"Mommy, look!"

A child's voice. High-pitched and excited.

"Look! It's Santa!"

Ah, so he was looking at *me*. In that case, I figured I might as well sit up, give the brat a smile. Play the part 'n' all that.

"Why's he sleeping on that bench for?" The kid asked, voice cutting through the chilly air. "Is he napping?"

"Y- Yeah," a woman's voice spoke up – quieter than the brat's, but audible all the same. "He's taking a nap, Billy. Hush now, you don't want to wake up up do you? Santa needs all the rest he can get before tonight."

I opened my eyes, looked over at the two of them.

A mother and her son, walking through the park. The brat was what one would expect – some snot-nosed sprog with a wool hat and a thick coat. Young enough to believe that 'Santa Claus' existed and to call his mother 'Mommy'. The mother though? She was a *looker*.

Probably one of those girls who got knocked up right outta school. Early twenties at most, with all the looks and appeal of a former Prom Queen. Big round eyes, long dark hair, a killer figure visible even *with* the fur jacket she wore. Big jigglies and a slim waist, with a lovely back-end to boot. Red lips, cheeks pink from the snow, enough make-up to show the world she was a woman without needing to go overboard with it all. A real hottie, this one.

"Santa!" The brat called out excitedly, waving his hand at me.

I lifted my hand, waved back. Plastered a smile on my face.

Ladies loved a guy who was good with kids. Or, at least, that was the *theory*. Judging from the glare *this* particular female shot at me, she was none-too keen on me waving at her son.

"Come on Billy," the mother snapped, looking down her nose at me. She turned away, tugged on her son's arm – leading him away. "*Santa* is trying to sleep. Leave him be. You don't want to be put on the Naughty List, do you?"

"But Mommy-" The kid began to say. But, as the pair walked away, the rest of his words were snatched away by a cold breeze.

I watched the mother go, her ass bouncing beautifully with each step. What I wouldn't give to give those buns a spank or two, ride that ass all the way to New Years.

But, alas, that wasn't gonna happen.

A homeless man dressed as Santa? Lets just say there weren't exactly a whole lot of ladies lining up for their turn. Forget banging a hottie like that, or *anyone* at all. I'd be lucky if I didn't have to sleep under this bench tonight.

"On the bright side," I sighed, brushing my ragged, white beard – all naturally grown. "At least it's not raining."

Snow wasn't much better.

It was cold, and it melted. But it didn't soak a guy through like cold, unrelenting rain did. I'd take snow over rain any day.

"My, my," A deep voice said beside me.

I jumped, shot up, head swivelling to look at whoever had just spoken.

A man in a black suit – white snowflakes on his shoulders and in his black hair. Pale skin, no flushed cheeks from the cold, golden eyes, a cocky smile. The rich-looking type. Arrogant. The type best avoided by people in my situation.

Most wealthy shits were more than happy to pretend the homeless didn't exist. Those that didn't... Well, they always turned out to be sadistic fuckers.

How had I not heard him approaching?

"If *that's* the best 'bright side' you can come up with, you must really not have a lot going for you, ey 'Santa'?"

I grunted, forced myself to lay back down.

Better to not give shits like this the time of day. Any interactions would just fuel their sadism all the more.

"Relax, friend," the man chuckled. "I come bearing gifts. Or, I should say, a gift. Just the one, I'm afraid."

Ignore, close eyes, wait for him to leave...

"A man shouldn't have to spend Christmas Eve alone," the rich cunt said. "Nor should a beautiful young woman have to spend hers the same way. That lady you saw? Her name is Tiffany Beck. She lives just a few roads down the way; Potter's Street, fifth door on the right – the one with a sad snowman out front."

I felt it then. A strange heat inside me. A glowing warmth that spread through my body.

"Consider her your Christmas present," the man chuckled. "For tonight, in that home, you are God."

"Look," I grunted, sitting up at turning to the man. "I don't know what your deal is, but-"

He was gone.

The man that'd been standing there, in his stupid suit with his stupid smirk, had vanished.

I glanced around, searched the snow-coated, empty park for him. But there was no sign of him. Not a hint of where he'd gone. Not even footprints in the snow where he'd been standing.

It was like he'd never been there at all.

I gulped, pushed myself off the bench and hurried away.

Fucking haunted park.

That, without a doubt, had to be the saddest snowman I'd ever seen.

It wasn't just that the snowman's mouth was turned down. Nor was it the way those button-eyes looked downcast and sunken. The snowman had a depressive, dark *aura* about it. I couldn't describe it, but the thing didn't just look sad. It *felt* sad.

My eyes moved from the sad snowman to the door, my guts twisting as I stared at it.

The sun had gone down before I'd decided to come here.

In my defence, I hadn't thought *here* would exist. That golden-eyed ghost? I told myself it was in my head. That I'd finally lost my marbles. And yet here I was, standing besides a sad snowman looking up at that door.

Tonight, in that home, I was God.

Apparently.

It was nonsense. Stupid fucking ghost playing tricks on me. I shouldn't have come. Yet, here I was.

I took a step toward that door, then another.

When I stood before it, I looked down at myself, quickly brushed the snow and dirt off my cheap Santa costume as best I could. I should at least look presentable, what with how the woman inside this home was going to call the cops on me for being a stalker. Spending Christmas Eve and Day in a cell, I supposed, would be better than spending that time out in the snow.

Bright side. There was always a bright side. Had to be.

I raised my knuckle, knocked on the door, waited.

When it slid open to reveal the woman I saw earlier, I braced myself for the worst. But, to my surprise, she didn't immediately scream at me and call the police.

"Santa!" She said happily. "You're here!"

"Yes," I gulped. "Yes, I am."

"Come in!" She said, stepping aside. "Billy went to bed an hour ago. He should be fast asleep by now."

As I stepped into the house, I felt it. *Everything*.

I felt the furniture and the walls, the air and the dust. I felt the woman standing next to me – Tiffany – and her son who was, sure enough, upstairs in bed, fast asleep.

"This way," Tiffany said, grinning wide. "Billy left some cookies out for you to eat. I was going to have them myself because I didn't think you'd *actually* come. But here you are! No milk for the reindeers, I'm afraid. We ran out earlier."

"Uh-huh," I mumbled, following after the hottie.

I could feel the power coursing through me. The near-infinite potential. The abilities I somehow knew I now possessed.

We stepped into the house's living room, walked over to the fireplace. Sure enough, set on the mantelpiece above it, was a small plate with three large cookies.

Not knowing what else to do, I reached out and took one.

"Did you have a nice flight?" Tiffany asked as I ate it. "The weather recently has been dreadful."

"No milk, huh?" I found myself saying.

My eyes drifted down to the beauty's chest. No longer wearing a fur jacket, instead she had on a tight jumper that hugged her tits and slender frame beautifully. A green Christmas jumper with a brown reindeer on the front.

"You sure about that?"

She stared at me, confused. Then she looked down at herself.

Feeling the power inside me, I reached forward – cupped one of the woman's big tits and lifted it up. Fuck, the thing was *heavy*.

"I think," I smiled – the power flowing from me into Tiffany's body, "that you might have more milk hanging around here than you thought."

At my words, both her melons began to lactate.

It happened fast; dark patches growing, showing through her sweater. Tiffany's eyes shot wide open. She covered her mouth blushed.

"Might wanna take that sweater and bra off, dear. Or else they'll get soaked."

"Yes!" Tiffany hopped backwards.

She grabbed the sides of her jumper, pulled it quickly over her head. Underneath, all she had on was a plain, white bra. And, a few seconds later, after she'd reached around her back to unhook it, that was removed and tossed aside too.

She stood, back straight, presenting her topless body to me.

Huge knockers leaking with milk, small pink nipples and pale, smooth skin. A mouth-watering sight for any man, much less one who'd spent the last God-knows how long drinking nothing but water and the occasional bottle of booze.

"No glass to fill up," I grinned, watching beads of white dribble down the woman's tits and onto the floor. "Looks like we'll have to do this the old fashioned way."

Laying back with two ridiculously massive tits in my face – I might've 'encouraged' even more growth in Tiffany's mammaries – was a wonderful, amazing experience. Two nipples in my mouth, providing me with a never-ending flow of milk. My hands gripping a tit each – squeezing both and spraying their lovely milk down my throat.

Tiffany herself moaned and gasped, panted heavily. Her body, I'd made sure, was *beyond* sensitive. The slightest touch would set her off orgasming.

I only stopped drinking when my belly was so full that I felt the urge to vomit. And, even then, I had the woman get on hands and knees – chest over a big, wide bowl. As she milked herself for me, pinching her nipples and moaning like a woman possessed, I circled around behind her.

Her ass bounced when I slapped it, jiggling beautifully.

And, when I began lowering her trousers and panties, I was met with the most wonderful sight of all. A lovely, leaking mound. Thin, pink lips peaking through – shivering and shuddering along with the rest of Tiffany's body. A pussy hungry for cock.

The sight of it was all I needed.

I dropped my pants, grabbed my rock-hard cock.

"I've thought of a wonderful present for you," I told her – pressing myself to her. "A perfect gift."

"Yes?" Tiffany breathed, looking back at me. "What... What is it?"

"Something that'll take a lil' while before it's ready," I grinned, pushing forward. "Give it nine months or so. You're gonna love it, I promise."

As I thrust into her, spread her open around my cock, Tiffany let out a loud, hungry scream.

Luckily, I'd already made it so no sound could escape the room.

"That's it, baby," I smiled. "Scream for me."

"I can't..." Tiffany panted. "I... I can't..."

"Your pussy," I grunted, planting my hands firmly on her hips, "Is, by far, the best I've had in years."

The woman's only response was to moan.

"What do you say when someone gives you a compliment, baby?"

"Th-" She gasped as I hit her deepest part, her entire body tensing. "Thank you... Santa..."

"Ho, ho, ho," I chuckled, pulling back before ramming into her again. "You know what comes next, don't you baby?"

She nodded her head, tits swinging beneath her – spraying milk all over the place.

"Say it, Tiffany."

She moaned, turned her head to look back at me.

"Mer..." She gasped, eyes rolling back as my wave of pleasure stuck her. "Merry Christmas!"