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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing, Christmas Magic, Rapid Breast Expansion*

Preface

I forgot that I already teased this story at the end of Thanksgiving, over a year ago. This *does not*, in fact, happen right after the Thanksgiving story, because this series is non-sequential.

Catherine Saves Christmas

On December 1st, the trio of girls were startled by the faint sound of bells, followed by a crumbling of dust in their fireplace, culminating in the arrival of a very large man in a red suit.

The first to notice their visitor was Ruby, the diminutive brunette hard at work at her sewing station, affixing white fringe to green velvet.

“Santa!?”

Ruby’s sister appeared in the room a split-second later, wearing a blue apron with silver snowflakes, and had clearly been mid-batch of Christmas cookies. She stood just inside the doorway in stunned silence, mouth agape.

Before Catherine arrived in the room, Ruby had taken a few steps toward their visitor. The proverbial “jolly old elf” was massive, towering over the sisters, Ruby’s shoulders were just level with his wide black belt.

“Santa, you’re so... big” Ruby said, speaking as usual without thinking.

“Ho ho ho!” Santa boomed, and Ruby took a sudden start back as the belly contained within the aforementioned belt shook with laughter. Santa was so fat that Ruby doubted she and Julie together could encircle his middle with their outstretched arms. The belt was on its last hole, and above and below it the red velvet clad stomach bulged outward.

“Do, do you want some cookies, Santa?” Julie asked timidly from across the room. For her part, Ruby doubted Santa’s belt could hold any more cookies.

“Ho ho, no, no, dear Julie, I have a much bigger request. Ah, there’s the nice little girl I came to see.”

Catherine finally entered the room as he spoke. She was clad only in loose red shorts and a tank top, and draped in a red silk robe with white fringe. Santa had clearly interrupted a cookie testing session, as Catherine’s middle was bloated like an expectant mother at 30 weeks. One would be forgiven for not noticing this however, as her stomach was more than overshadowed by a pair of breasts like watermelons.

“Well, maybe not so *little*, ho ho...” Santa said, eyeing up the blonde’s form, then collecting himself. “Catherine, I need your help to save Christmas!”

For a beat nothing could be heard except the ticking of a wall clock, back in the kitchen.

“So, you want to take Catherine with you on Christmas Eve, to deliver presents, so she can eat the cookies and milk left for you?” Ruby asked, somewhat skeptically.

“That’s right Ruby. You see, the Magic of Christmas only works when all the pieces are in place, and the milk and cookies are part of that. Unfortunately,” he paused, laying both hands on his enormous middle, “there are more and more cookies every year, and it’s gotten to be a lot to keep up with. I work out and diet all year, and you can see it will be a close call for me to get to my normal size before Christmas. Eleven months ago I could barely fit in the sleigh.”

“But, how can Catherine eat them for you?” Julie asked.

“Well, the rules allow for helpers on Christmas Night, but I’ve not been able to find anyone suitable before now. We have to all ride in the sleigh you see, so I could only take two or three elves at most, and of course they’re much too small to eat more than a tiny fraction of the cookies and milk left by Earth’s children.”

At this point Catherine interjected, “why me though?”

"I've been looking for a suitable human child for some time now, and while you are pushing the limits of child age, I suspect that both your... *unique* physiology and... *obvious* appetite, make you the perfect choice for my Helper." Santa accompanied the words "unique" and "obvious" with slight pokes to Catherine's bosom and stomach, and there was a silent pause while everyone waited for the girl's chest to stop wobbling.

"So basically you're saying that, because she loves eating," Ruby said, earning a scowl from the older blonde, "and because all the weight will just make her boobs even huger instead of making her fat, you want her to ride along with you and eat millions of cookies?"

Santa merely nodded, and there was another brief silence before Catherine put one fist into the other hand, setting her breasts wobbling again, and said "okay, I'll do it!"

"Ho ho, wonderful. My magic will retrieve you at midnight, December 24th, that gives us a few hours before the first regions start to hit midnight. You three make sure to be nice until then, farewell!"

Santa stepped back toward the fireplace as he spoke, and with the last word put a finger to his nose and dissolved into glittering snow, flowing back up the chimney and away.

The three girls sat stunned for several moments until, at last, Julie stood. "Ruby, you'd better add a couple extra inches to Catherine's elf outfit."

"What, why?"

"Well we need to train, obviously. If Catherine is going to eat millions of cookies less than a month from now, she's going to need a lot more stomach capacity."

"I guess that's true" Catherine replied, slowly.

"Alright, let's get to it. Come finish your plate of cookies, the next batch should be nearly done."

Julie led Catherine back to the kitchen, as Ruby sat back at her station and began pulling seams to start the outfit over.

Cut to a montage, set to “Trepak,” the Russian Dance from Tchaikovsky’s Nutcracker.

Julie mixes and bakes, setting plate after plate of cookies in front of Catherine.

Catherine eats cookies in rapid succession, washing them down with a tall glass of milk.

Ruby attempts to button the blouse of a green velvet with white fur elf costume around Catherine, who has already outgrown it.

Julie cuts sugar cookies, and decorates them intricately.

Catherine shoves an entire cookie in her mouth before chewing and swallowing, pausing to breathe heavily before grabbing another.

Ruby steps back to admire her handiwork, Catherine is dressed as a very “blessed” Santa’s Elf. Both girls sigh in relief and a button pops off of the blouse, Ruby just barely avoiding getting hit in the face.

Julie pulls a tray of cookies from the oven, Catherine chugs a glass of milk, Ruby adjusts the straps on an inadequate bra.

Catherine pops cookies in her mouth two at a time, Julie sets down a plate piled high, Ruby sews a new button.

The three girls are standing in the living room as Ruby buttons up the latest version of Catherine’s blouse. Julie is brushing invisible dust off of the skirt, and the sisters step back.

“Well, I guess that’ll just have to do, we’re all out of...” Just then there was a flash of glittering snow and an empty space where their friend had been standing. “... time.”

“Ho, ho, ho” a booming voice laughed heartily. “I guess I left out a few details about the Magic of Christmas, though I suspect little Julie would have overfed you either way.”

Catherine stood in a large room at the North Pole, dressed as a sexy elf. She wore white heels and green striped stockings, a knee length skirt with elastic waist, and a long sleeved blouse. The skirt and blouse were green velvet trimmed with white faux fur. The skirt had layers of lace to make it voluminous, and it was a perfect fit, if a little loose at the waist to allow for growth. The blouse however was another story. Clearly it was supposed to reach from a low neckline to her waist, but Julie’s training had made Catherine’s breasts nearly double in size. Buttons and stitching in her top could almost be heard creaking and straining as she stood before Old Saint Nick. The neckline displayed cleavage over a foot long, and below the bottom hem was even a slice of “under boob.” Catherine’s soft midriff was on display because her breasts were taking up so much space there was no material left to spare.

As the large man approached her, Catherine could see that he had indeed succeeded in losing his *extra extra* weight, and his belt fit perfectly, if just slightly snug.

“You see my dear, the same Christmas Magic that lets me travel the whole world in a single night, also makes my body, and that of my Helper, digest and process the Christmas Cookies much faster than normal. Ho ho, I would have a pretty hard time getting around if I was in a food coma after the first timezone.”

“Oh.” Catherine blushed and put both hands on the upper curve of her swollen chest.

“Never mind, never mind. We both knew you were going to do some growing when you agreed to help me. Here, let me help you.”

Santa laid a finger to his nose, and in a swirl of glitter Catherine’s outfit transformed, the material of her top and bra remade to suit her size. In fact, the blouse now looked almost baggy, draped over the two large orbs instead of being strained by them.

“Isn’t it a little big now?” Catherine asked, plucking at the material.

“Just giving you a little room to grow. I’d hate to have to adjust it again in less than an hour.”

The sleigh was somewhat larger than she’d imagined, nearly 10 feet wide, and Catherine settled into her seat next to big elf. Just like in the old tales he called to the reindeer by name, and they were off.

Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!

At the first house they landed, and she climbed out onto the snow covered rooftop. Santa lifted a toy-filled sack, touched his nose, and they were whisked into the chimney. Inside the house Santa set to work filling stockings and placing the gifts under the tree just so.

While Santa was working, Catherine spotted the plate of cookies and picked one up, taking a bite. Her eyes sparkled and her face lit up, this was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted! (This is saying a lot considering she spent most of her time taste-testing for an aspiring chef.) In short order Catherine had wolfed down the entire plate, and drained the glass of milk, which was to her sweeter than any milkshake.

“Wow,” she said with a sigh, “that was amazing.”

Santa turned to her, having finished his work. “Oh, ho ho, that’s something else I forgot to mention. The Magic of Christmas also makes my cookies especially delicious. That’s to, er, make up for any difference of taste, or baking skill, of the families I visit.”

“Well it certainly works.” Catherine said.

Santa only chuckled agreement, and they were back in the sleigh and on to the next house.

After about a dozen more houses, Santa noticed that Catherine was clearing every platter and draining every glass, and fairly quickly for a non-magical human.

“My dear,” he began, “something else you should know.”

“Oh?”

“The Magic requires me or my helper to eat the cookies and drink the milk, but it is satisfied by a single bite. Now it’s completely up to you how much you want to eat, but keep in mind we have many many houses ahead of us.”

“Okay, Santa.” Catherine replied with a cheery smile. Santa observed that the girl’s blouse, while still loose, was not *quite* so loose as it had been when they left the North Pole.

The night wore on, and they visited house after house, and Catherine continued cleaning plate after plate, emptying glass upon glass. By the time they finished the first timezone and continued West, Catherine’s modified blouse was tighter than it had been before Santa fixed it.

At one house Santa watched Catherine gulp down the entire glass of milk, as always, and saw the buttons on her blouse quiver with the tension of holding back their monumental load. “Is it time for a new top yet, my dear?”

Catherine brought the empty glass back down to the table with a sigh, and the seams running under her arms simultaneously split open, plump breast flesh bulging out.

“Heh, I guess so” she replied sheepishly.

Hour after hour, house after house, plate after plate, Santa delivered presents, and Catherine ate cookies. She ate chocolate peanut clusters, coconut macaroons, chewy molasses cookies, chocolate chip snickerdoodles, shortbread, double chocolate mint cookies, peanut butter cup cookies, gingerbread cookie sticks, basic sugar cookies, a myriad of sugar free and vegan cookies, even some store bought cookies. No matter what they were, they all tasted delicious, and she ate them all. Every plate washed down with milk, almond milk, chocolate milk, goats milk, and the occasional strawberry milk.

By the time they reached Eastern Europe, Santa had repaired and “upgraded” Catherine’s blouse six times. He had reminded her several times that she didn’t have to eat **all** the cookies, but she still did. All of Julie’s “training” had turned the young blonde into a cookie eating machine, and without the feeling of fullness to slow her down, she could just eat, and eat, and eat.

As they crossed Europe Catherine began to outgrow her side of the sleigh, Santa had to contend with the slopes of her pale, swollen, velvet-clad orbs as he drove his team. During one of their last houses in Europe, Catherine turned too quickly and slammed into a grandfather clock. Each of her breasts was now large enough that Ruby could have curled up in one of her bra cups as a hammock, and the face of the clock was shattered, its wood thoroughly crushed. Santa's magic was able to repair the clock, but he decided Catherine should stay in the sleigh after that, and he would bring the cookies to her.

Even though all of Catherine's eating was supercharging his Christmas Magic, Santa was beginning to think it was a mistake tempting a mere human in this way. The girl was already enormous, and they hadn't even *gotten* to America yet...

The last few hours of Christmas night were a blur to Santa. Before they finished the East Coast he had replaced her blouse three times and made her move to the back of the sleigh, she was too wide for them both to sit in the front. He brought up tray after tray, many American families having set out entire platters of a dozen or more cookies instead of the handful they'd seen before. Nevertheless Catherine was up to the challenge and continued to eat them all.

She grew until sitting all the way back, she made a backrest for Santa, and kept eating the cookies.

She grew until the curves of her bosom extended beyond the width of the sleigh, and kept eating the cookies.

The reindeer started to grunt and strain with the effort of getting their load into the air, and she kept eating the cookies.

Ruby and Julie were jolted awake by a sudden blast of cold air, having fallen asleep snuggled on the couch watching cheesy Netflix Christmas movies. They sat up straight as the living room filled with glittering snow. Christmas cards and holiday letters came flying off the wall, along with tinsel and pine needles pulled off the tree. The two girls jumped up and backed away toward the kitchen to avoid what seemed like a tornado of Christmas magic.

Suddenly a large shape emerged in the center of the maelstrom, two large green blobs, expanding and filling the space. As the shape materialized, furniture was pushed back, some of it crushed to splinters. Green velvet and pale flesh pressed against one wall, then the other, cracking picture frames and narrowly missing the TV. Plaster rained down and the walls began to bulge and it seemed like, maybe, just maybe, the shape was going to outgrow the room.

The wind and snow faded away, and the sisters stood with windswept hair, and covered in dust. They suddenly noticed the form of a blonde female at the base of the enormous shape, wearing striped stockings and a green skirt. Slowly their brains began to process what their eyes were seeing, and they realized it was not one shape but two, two absolutely enormous breasts.

“C-C-Catherine?” Ruby called out, still in a daze.

The head and body near the floor turned to see the sisters. “Hey guys!” Catherine stretched her arms behind her back and let out a huge yawn, a few more streams of plaster dust sliding down her slopes. “I’m back.”

Ruby and Julie slowly approached the literal wall of skin and velvet filling their living room. “Wha... what happened?” Ruby asked.

“I saved Christmas!” Catherine said with a self-satisfied smile. She reached up and ran her hands across the expanse of her bosom, the mere fraction of them she could reach anyway, then gave them a few good pats. “Technically I didn’t have to eat **all** the cookies, only a few bites at each house, but I couldn’t let all that practice go to waste.” Her actions sent ripples out through her mass, and one wall let out another faint cracking sound.

Ruby let out a “wow” as she reached up place a hand on the green velvet of a blouse large enough to cover a yacht. Julie was speechless.

Catherine let out another large yawn. “Well girls, I think I’m going to get some sleep. Would one of you grab me a pillow? I should probably just sleep down here.”

Ruby fetched Catherine’s pillow from her room, and the blonde girl slid herself down into her own cleavage until she could lie flat on the floor. One last chunk of plaster broke free of the ceiling.

Julie was still in a trance, one hand inches away from her friend’s swollen mass.

“Hey, Julie?” Catherine began, blushing, “do you want to, um, snuggle in here with me?”

This brought Julie’s mind back and she silently nodded, smiling down at her beautiful blonde taste-tester.

“Ooo, me too?” Ruby asked, giddily.

“Of course,” Catherine said “it’s nice and warm in here, and I don’t want to sleep out in this big living room all alone.

“Apparently it’s not quite big enough” Ruby joked, and they all laughed.

The sisters fetched their own pillows and the three girls cuddled together under the warmth of a few billion Christmas cookies.

“Best Christmas ever...”