Snow Day - by Homewreck

\*BEEP\* \*BEEP\* \*BEEP\*

James woke up groggily, slapping without success at the blaring alarm clock beside his bed. Wednesday night bar trivia had gone a lot better than he’d anticipated, and his team had used their $50 first-place winnings to buy a couple extra rounds of PBR. Now, James realized with a grimace, he was paying the headaching price for his success.

The lanky twentysomething finally managed to hit the snooze button and allowed himself a few more minutes before getting out from underneath the sheets. Steeling himself, he swung out his legs and winced as his feet touched the frigid floor. He’d told his landlady a thousand times to upgrade the heater before winter hit, but somehow she never seemed to find the time during the summer or fall.

Like a frozen zombie, James trudged into the bathroom and got into the medicine cabinet for some aspirin. He popped the pills and swigged some water as he idly glanced out the window: classic Ohio winter, he grumbled. Grey skies, poor visibility, constant snow… wait, snow?

James looked down to find the ground covered in an unbroken sheet of what must have been six inches of white. He couldn’t tell where his yard ended and the road began; was the rest of the city like this? Intrigued, he moved to back his bedroom and grabbed his phone from the nightstand. “Come on, come on…” he said anxiously as he waited for the screen to illuminate. And sure enough, after a few seconds, he felt the buzzing in his hands that announced a text message from work: “Dynacorp closed Thursday 1/6 due to inclement weather.”

“Oh yeah!” he whooped with a fist pump, his headache now forgotten. James couldn’t remember the last time he’d had a snow day, but he knew it’d been far too long. The whole day to get rid of the hangover, drink hot chocolate, and waste hours on video games? It almost seemed too good to be true.

After a couple hours of irresponsible gaming, James begrudgingly acknowledged that he should probably shovel his driveway in preparation for the next day. “Better to do it now, while the sun’s at least pretending to shine,” he muttered to himself as he pulled on his coat and boots. Grabbing a shovel from his front porch, he got to work on the mess around his Toyota. James started to work up a sweat as he pitched mounds of snow to the side; this was wet, heavy stuff, not the light powder he’d skied on a couple of weeks back. Good for packing, he thought as he cleared the last of it from the drive and chucked an experimental snowball at the side of the house.

James smiled at that thought and figured he might as well have some fun while still outside. He started to roll up a larger ball around his front yard, getting it a couple of feet across before creating a couple of smaller balls. Putting one on top of the other, James assembled a basic snowman in a manner of minutes, then stepped back to admire his handiwork. Good, he thought… and with a wicked grin, he realized it could be much better. Why make a snowman when he could make a snowwoman?

Running his gloved finger along the bottom ball of the figure, James defined a bit of butt cleavage, and then laughing out loud, he roughly outlined the lips and folds of a tight pussy. He cleared some snow from either side of the middle portion, giving it a vaguely hourglass shape, then reached down and made two more snowballs. With one in each hand, he stuck them onto the figure where he figured chest level would be; a proper snowwoman had to have nice snow boobs, after all.

James dashed inside to get the finishing touches for his masterpiece. A couple olives for eyes, a carrot for a nose, a yellow mop head for hair; now, all he needed was a hat. Luckily, James remembered a floppy red Santa cap he’d bought at a thrift store before his company Christmas party. He bit his lower lip as he reminisced about that party; for whatever reason, all of his female coworkers hadn’t seemed able to keep their hands to themselves that night. James’s goofy manner and trim body usually attracted a bit of flirting from the girls in the office, but never before had they been so open about it. He felt himself getting a little hard as he remembered how Catherine, the gorgeous blonde from marketing, had asked to “sit on Santa’s lap” and whispered in his ear that she’d been a naughty girl all year long. He’d made out hard with her under the mistletoe, running his hands all over her tight curves with his tongue deep in her mouth as his coworkers shouted their encouragement…

He shook himself out of his sexy reverie and headed back outside to stick the accoutrements to his frigid female. James dressed out her face and grabbed a couple sticks to use as arms, then took the cap off his own head and shook it out. For a thrift store pickup, he admitted, it was really pretty nice: thick crimson velvet, clean white faux fur, and surprisingly intricate gold detailing that spelled out “May all your Christmas dreams come true.” Well, he reflected as he set the hat on the snowwoman’s head, those wishes certainly worked around Catherine.

Pulling out his phone from his coat, James fumbled with his cold hands to take a picture of his creation. Adjusting the zoom in this weather was difficult, and it took him a few seconds to achieve the proper focus on her snowy cleavage. “Say cheese!” he said to no one in particular, and moved to press the shutter. But as he did, James noticed that the snowwoman was becoming a lot less snowy.

James stared in disbelief as the whiteness of the snow started to smooth from grainy ice crystals into smooth, pale… skin? Yes, it looked as if the surface of the sculpture was taking on an unnatural suppleness and sense of vitality. Looking up to her face, he saw the strands of the mop start to become thinner and more tightly packed under the Santa hat, almost like a blonde wig and then like a natural head of long, voluminous hair. Her olive eyes gained a new depth and clarity, seeming to smile from above her rapidly shortening nose. As he followed the hair downward, James’s eyes were drawn to the pert points of her nipples, poking out proudly in the cold from amply protruding breasts. And even further downward, past the reshaped curvature of her taut stomach, he couldn’t avoid the tiny button of her clit, slick and shining from the juices that were now coating her deliciously pink pussy.

“Happy Birthday,” she said with a seductive smirk in a voice as low as the surrounding temperature.

“Wh— What?” James stammered as he looked around to see if anyone else was on the street; save for the newly transformed snowwoman, he was alone.

She rolled her shoulders and neck, loosening her tight muscles and bringing forward her bountiful breasts. The woman slowly sauntered up to James, who was entranced by the subtle bouncing of her luscious curves. Placing her arms around his coat, she leaned forward and stroked his ear with her cheek. “Happy birthday to me, lover. Call me Daisy. I’m so pleased you built me to be with you,” she whispered.

James’s body softened as her unbelievable words started to register. He’d somehow brought his sculpture to life, and drop-dead sexy life at that? Impossible. But there was no denying the warmth of the gently yielding flesh now pressed up against him, nor the insistence of the tongue that now pried open his lips and found its way into his mouth.

After a few seconds of passionate kissing, Daisy withdrew her mouth and put on a pretend pout. “But if you were going to build me, you could have done it even better. These tits,” she said playfully as she lifted them up in her cupped hands, “are nowhere near big enough. And this ass,” she punctuated with a quick slap to her now-jiggling rear, “could stand to pop a whole lot more. You’ve got the stuff,” indicating the ground around her, “so don’t let it go to waste.”

Dazed, James reached into the snow and grabbed a handful, bringing it up to her breasts. “Like… this?” he asked, and she nodded assent. He slowly began to reach out and touch Daisy’s tits with the snow, and her ruby nipples hardened even tighter in reaction. She gasped softly as James started to rub, and before his eyes, he saw the white stuff start to melt into her flesh. Her boobs began to swell, at first almost imperceptibly. But as James kept applying more volume, her already generous curves became nothing short of voluptuous. He could feel his hands start to spread as Daisy’s naked chest expanded by one cup size, then two, then three. By the time he’d rubbed all of the snow into her, she’d become a ponderous but still perky JJ.

“Mmm… keep going, baby,” she purred into his ear.

James, now hard as granite himself, couldn’t help but obey, grabbing more snow as she writhed her body around and presented her full butt to his waiting hands. Daisy bent forward to give James even better access to her ass, and he went to work on plumping it up in the same manner as with her breasts. The way her butt waved invitingly before his stiffened (and, he now realized, still clothed) cock drove him absolutely wild. Bigger, and in his opinion better, grew her bottom under his fervent touch. Soon, her expanding flesh had closed the distance between her butt and his crotch, and she threw him a lusty glance over her shoulder as she began to grind him.

“God, that feels so good. And I know I look incredible, because it’s all your work, lover.” Daisy bit the corner of her lip and raised a hand to stroke through her hair. “I feel amazing, but I was born to be here. You seem like you’re a little cold… why don’t you take me inside, and I’ll help you warm yourself up?”

Awestruck by the perfect creature now beckoning him onward, James reached out to take her hand and guide her back into his house. Her firm grasp on his fingers gave him a moment of clarity for the first time in a while: the hat must have been magical! Like in the old Christmas song, when he’d placed it on her head, she began to dance (or in this case grind) around. This woman was his avatar of lust, cast in snow and brought to life.

As soon as the pair crossed the threshold of his house, Daisy started to rip James’s winter clothes off of his body. His gloves, coat, and shirt went flying over her shoulders and down his hallway, just as he had managed to unbuckle his belt and kick off his boots. The two stumbled up a flight of stairs to reach James’s bedroom, and his pants came sliding down a moment later.

James ended up seated on his bed, Daisy kneeling before him with her face upturned and desperate. “Please… please let me suck your dick,” she said with the wildest, darkest eyes he’d ever seen. He nodded and placed his hand at the back of her head, taking grip of her golden hair and the fur of the Santa hat.

Her mouth enveloped his straining penis in welcome warmth and wetness. James saw Daisy’s eyes roll back and close in utter satisfaction, as if she could imagine nothing better in all the world but to worship his iron erection. She moved her head up and down, up and further down, working his penis deep into her throat. James’s own eyes went wide as her unflagging attention sent waves of pleasure tingling from his cock throughout his entire body. He knew he wasn’t going to cum yet, but the thought of what indescribable climaxes the two of them would soon achieve was almost unbearable. Involuntarily he bucked his hips against her head, driving himself even deeper than before, and he was further aroused by the short gasp she couldn’t suppress.

After another minute of her ministrations, Daisy pulled her lips away from James’s penis, lightly kissing the very tip on its way out. She began to straighten her legs and placed her hands on his torso, then pushed him down onto the tangled sheets. “Now you do me, eat me out and make my first cum the best anyone’s ever had,” she growled as she straddled above him on the bed. Lowering her thighs, she brought her silken pussy to his tongue.

James lapped greedily at her warm folds, enthusiasm driving his mouth to taste deeply of her sex. To his surprise, she tasted sweet, almost sugary, vaguely like… a candy cane? Licking her clit was the best way for him to confirm his impressions. He dived in, barely nibbling her pussy with his teeth as his tongue made tight circles atop her quivering button. She moaned as she grabbed her breasts with both hands, tweaking her nipples and teasing herself to even greater heights of desire. And with a sudden shudder, she flung her head back and let out a strangled cry. “Oh my God, I’m cumming for you baby!” Daisy’s cunt shook in ecstasy, her stunning body vibrated on a wavelength of distilled pleasure. After a few seconds of these incredible feelings, she froze, her mouth in a perfect “O,” then crashed down and let her massive breasts press themselves against James’s body.

“Holy shit, that was amazing!” she let out after a minute of catching her breath. Raising her head to seek his eyes, she continued, “And you know I can give twice as good as I get. Come here and fuck me, cum deep in my pussy and make me yours!”

James swiftly obliged, moving himself up as he turned her torso to face away from him. Again she brought her ass, now even fuller than before, into his greedy hands. But this time, there were no obstructions separating his diamond-like member from the depths of her cunt. James pulled her body backward, finding her slit and sliding in with no resistance from the unbelievable slickness of her walls. She let loose a long sigh of satisfaction as he guided his dick inside, giving all seven inches a place within her body.

Bent over and rocking back and forth, the pair fucked with unceasing energy. James reached his arms around to embrace her mammoth tits and placed their nipples between his fingers. Every other thrust he paired with a quick rub or tug of these sensitive points, the combination bringing her to a state of almost constant orgasm. Soon, James felt his own climax approaching and moved his hands to her hips, grasping to bury himself in even greater depth.

“Yes… yes… oh God, YES!” she screamed as her orgasm surpassed tenfold what’d she’d previously thought possible. James felt his penis clench as her body tensed around the shaft, and then a torrent of cum came blasting out of its end. Her back arched upward as his seed filled her to the utmost. The two shuddered together, and before James’s eyes, a bright green light seemed to blaze its way from their connection at his cock throughout her entire person. She sighed, as if with relief, and rolled onto the bed for him to hold her face-to-face.

The two looked at each other in breathless, giddy exhaustion. “Baby, you are absolutely incredible. And now I’m yours to have for as long as you want me.” Sensing the confusion that arose on James’s face, she said quickly, “The light. When we came together, we created a bond stronger than the one keeping me tied to the hat. Watch.”

Daisy confidently swept her hand over her head, and her fingers pulled the Santa hat from her hair. She shook out the long blonde locks and cleared them from her eyes, then smiled widely. “I’m not like the song now. You can play with me inside, take me outside, do anything to me and I won’t ever melt… well, except when you fuck me really hard,” she murmured. “Do you want that?”

James had only one response. Placing his finger to her mouth, he smiled and nodded, then quickly darted from the bed and down the stairs. When he returned, he held aloft two full trays of ice cubes. “Absolutely. And pretty soon, you and your body had better be ready for round two.”