

# Snowgirls

The outside world was chilled under her ten inch blanket of soft beautiful snow. The neighborhood kids were taking their time building forts and banks and figures. Men and women and cats and dogs and one little girl had formed a clown pig. Edna stared out her window. Cocoa in hand and sweater baggy around her. She was snowed in just as the grade school was snowed out. A teacher of 3 years Edna Lorne was twenty-seven going on seventy. Or that's what it felt like. Her mind felt sluggish. Her bones ached in the chill. The worst was the loneliness. School marm. She grew up to be a school marm. How did this happen?

Back in highschool she had been popular. Certain circles? Yes. But popular. She had her pick of guys for every dance. In college she had been a fun girl. A party girl. She was Eddie then. Psychology then Art History then Marine Biology. Then her daddy told her the gravy train was coming to an end and she needed to get out or go home. She took the liberal arts degree and when daddy said get a job she got her teaching credentials to sub. Before she knew it she was a teacher. Summers off. Apples on the desk. Parent conferences. Her life halted and her libido lay untouched by the hands of mortal man.

She took a double take. Out the window. What the hell was the Sandern kid doing. Edna took it in. This curvaceous smiling bitch of a sculpture. The kid was what? Twelve. God. Were kids in her day aware of that? Kids her day? God damn she felt old. She watched the world grow dark. The street lamps flick on. The stars fight over the lights of nearby metropoli for dominance of the night sky. As she got up from her chair and placed her mug in the sink she was turning out the kitchen light when she saw it. Movement out in the backyard. A sound like

whimpering. Someone sobbing in the night. Eddie looked out the kitchen door. There. Right on the concrete pad she called a patio. A slumping figure in white. Eddie stepped back but it was too late. The figure had turned.

There was something wrong. So very wrong. There was no face. There was a face but there was no face. There was...snow. It was living snow. Just snow. A gorgeous flawless lifeless living goddess of curves and soft slopes in chilled snow and ice. Eddie was not so much scared. She was angry. How did the crude form of tits and ass she spied out the window early this afternoon get blessed when she was a slowly flabbing deb wannabe and party girl washout. Because it was the same figure. The dragged markings in the snow went in a wobbling line from across the way at the Sandern house to her parkway. Somehow. Someway. This was some winter wonderland bullshit.

Cold. That was the first feeling. The first thought. Then help. Then lonely. So lonely. Need. Please. Help. Help. Please help. Need help. Need. Lonely. Wrong. So...wrong. She tried to breathe. Tried to try. Khione was scared. So scared. She was alone. The world felt wrong. Too old. Not full. Empty now. Overfilled but underfilled. Too much and never enough. The ground ached. The sky wept. Why was this plane so sad? Where were the sisters? The priests. The magic. The faith. She felt hollow. She felt lost. She finally opened her eyes and saw foreign land. Gone were the stone and thatch of her memory. Now there were strange rectangles filled with buzzing and loneliness. Filled with distraction from the ache. The ache they made. The empty space when the Old Ones were forgotten. Distraction was key. So many now. Never thinking on why. Just how bad it hurt. Not how it could end.

Khione walked to the source of greatest hurt. Disappointment. Resentment. Pain. So much pain. She was in there. Someone who could end the pain. Someone who could help. The lost one needed to gain entry. Needed to win her favor. Needed adherents. She could adhere. She could help. Please help.

Eddie went to her bedroom and locked the door then crawled under the covers. Certain she must have been wrong. Taken her bitterness and an overtired mind and created a ghost. She couldn't have seen some frosted snowbitch. Long hair. Small waist. Wide hips. Large tits. Plump cupid's-bow lips. A figure of symmetry and classically accepted feminine sexuality. Glorious and praised and so far from what Eddie herself had ever been. She was always thin. Petite. The boys liked her because they could tower over her while the other girls had grown gangly. The men had enjoyed how girlish her form appeared in contrast to their stature. But that doesn't get you far. Those boys quickly left to the overgrown girls with their womanly figures. Those men had cast her off for the ugg toting pink frosted bimbitches that popped up in earnest in her second year at uni. Now here she was. Putting on weight in all the wrong places and growing more into a sour wrinkled old apple by the day. Here she lay feeling jealous of a child's caricature of a woman. It could not truly have walked itself to her back porch.

The storm kept coming in. Snowing Eddie in. It seemed to howl. To scream. To pound its fist against her windows and doors. To attempt a forced entry. An imposition. Eddie thought she heard a woman's soft cry more than once. Certain cabin fever was setting in, she set about busying herself. Cleaning her kitchen and avoiding the windows in there was good. It was difficult to say it was tiredness when full nights of sleep were met with the snow woman staring at her as Eddie washed dishes or boiled eggs. It got worse when the pipes froze. No water. No

cocoa. The answer would have been to gather snow from outside and melt it down on the stove but Eddie refused to risk it. The thing didn't really exist but...

Khione couldn't move. She was stuck. She was lost and needed the stubborn woman. Needed to be inside her. To win her devotion. To gain her trust and love. To gain entry within her home would be to gain entry to her heart. To become an object of adoration. Of ritualized loyalty. Only one option lay before her. She let go. She gave her form freedom. She expanded and morphed and ballooned out into unhuman proportions then shrank to simple crystals of ice and frost.

Eddie was thirsty. Eddie was dirty. Eddie wanted a drink and a wash. Eddie needed. Eddie opened her kitchen door when the thing was not seen. But to be safe, took the closest pile of cleanish snow in her pasta pot. Placing it on her stove she melted it down and boiled it up. Once it was clear and smelled fresh Eddie poured it into a large pitcher and stowed it in the fridge. Once cooled she sipped it and felt a comforting gurgle inside. Slaked. Her thirst was gone for now. The snow had tasted sweet. Though no longer thirsty, Eddie drank more. She felt a lovely warmth along the length of her body. From head to toe with every glass of melted snow Eddie felt better than she had in a long time.

She sat in the living room, the pitcher on the side table. Glass after glass as the daylight flickered away. Her chest was so pleasantly warm. The heaviness of sleep settling there. Her eyes closing as a faint pulse began in her tits. Subtle expansion over hours. First filling her sweater then spilling to rest on the arms of the chair. Her hips widening with almost audible cracking as the seat became slowly encased around them. Her lips thickening to accommodate their new use as a plump set of cocksuckers. Eddie sighed in her sleep and rubbed her

expansive thighs together but the gap between was too wide to grant her relief. The crotch of her yoga pants dampened as her pussy juices soaked her cunt. She was so ready. She was so thirsty.

In dreams, she knelt at the feet of gods. Her hair in their hands as they thrust into her throat, distending it with the bulge of gargantuan cocks. She is bent over any flat surface as her growing tits sway beneath her with every piston into the wet and ready holes she has to offer. Her twinkle cave clenching and spasming around thick prick. No matter how wide her hips and large her ass, no matter how many times larger than her head her tits were, her cunt gripped them. Milked them. Perpetually tight and ever ready to be of use. Her throaty moans a steady stream of prayer. Her orgasms become worship.

Her sweater started to feel a little funny. She passed her hand to her stomach and felt it exposed. Looking down she made a startling discovery. Her modest bust had ballooned in proportions. What once were decent enough 36 C were now immeasurable. She doubted a ZZZ could fit if they even made a bra that big. She turned to leave the kitchen and was shocked to be stopped in the hall doorway. Her hips slammed into the frame with the bruising force of someone unaware of her proportions.

Wedging back into the kitchen, Eddie felt her hips, thighs, and ass. They were gargantuan. She was worried. This was wrong. She was normal just an hour ago. She grabbed her phone from the kitchen table and planned on using it to snap a picture for reference but instead was caught once more in the cross hairs of awe. It was not today. It was days later. When had she lost track of time? How long had she been drinking and growing?

Taking a few deep breaths Eddie opened the camera. Her hair was still up in the messy ponytail but now trailed behind her in a long blonde ribbon of silk. Her mouth consisted of two

thick lips that she now realized were very much made for sex. They felt full. Everything felt full. She was still growing and now she was beginning to feel very strange. Sensitive. As though electricity was coursing along her skin. Skating across her nipples and arcing down to circle her clit. Before she could think it she was thrusting her hand down her increasingly uncomfortable sweats. With furious fingers Eddie found herself rocketing into the orgasm of her life. She needed more. She needed not only just more pleasure but more than the empty pulsing of her cunt. She needed a man. A cock. Something to suck. Something to stroke. Something to fuck. The loneliness was gone. All that lay in its place was hunger.

Lust. Lust was good. Love was better but lust Khione could work with. The horny host could be molded. A mindless thing looking for a warm body to occupy her bed was better than the painfully bitter she-devil that once held this form. Of course the form wasn't really the mortal's was it? No it was an amalgamation of the goddess and her chosen one. Eat of my flesh and drink of my blood. Oh, is nothing sweeter than revenge? A dish best served cold. Eddie existed, yes. But she was nothing more than a vessel. A form more permanent for the Old One to use. A form sorely needed if Khione were to bring back the world of magic and power she was yearning for. A world her kin and ken were pushed out of as Man began to lose his place in the grand scheme. The nymph studied her generous proportions and smirked. It didn't communicate easily with her plumped plush lips but it's the thought that counts.

"Come on Eddie. It's time to put this body to use." Khione lovingly caressed their curves. Eddie shivered inside at the pleased chill. She was all but gone to the pulsing need taking her over. "The only use it's good for at least."