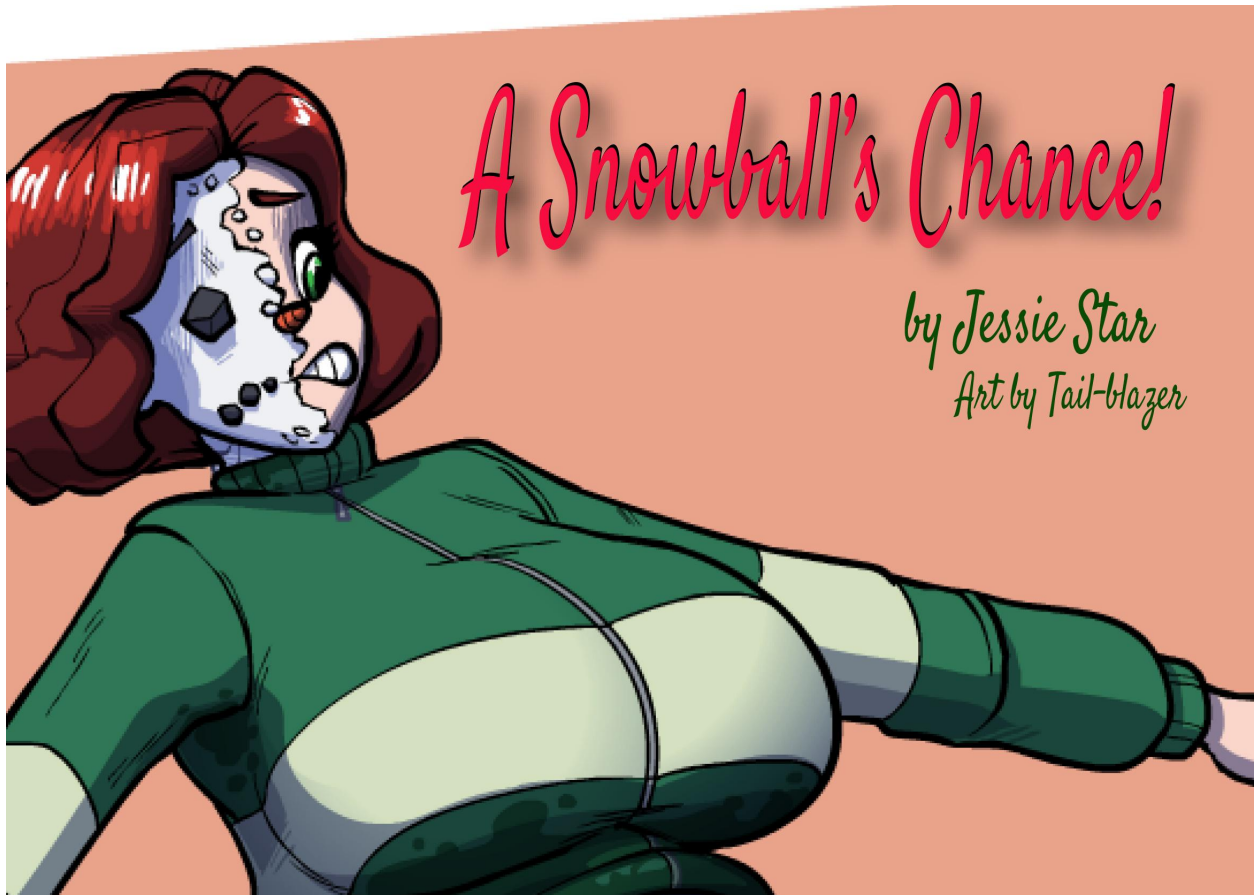


A Snowball's Chance

by Jessie Star
with art by Tail-Blaizer



Jess sat on the patio looking out towards the Floridian beach sunset. The temperature had dropped to that small sliver once a year that felt like winter, but as per usual, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. This was the reason why Florida never received more than tiny flurries, and with the global temperature rising there was little chance that would ever improve. "Are you coming inside, Lady?" called the blonde woman with back cat ears.

"I am just waiting for my white Christmas, Sey" The ginger-haired witch sighed, adjusting her sweater over her full, ample, bosom.

"With how hot you make things, Lady, there's not a snowball's chance in hell of that dear." The witch's familiar gave a wink as she threw another log on the fire inside.

"Sey.. you just like to butter me up."

“Mmm I think my spice witch would be very yum with butter.” She teased. “But seriously... can't we just cast a spell, have some snow?”

Jess rolled her eyes and smirked. “We can't just cast what we like and fuck with the weather. You know the rules.”

“Rules, rules, rules... Magic councils and their stuffy, silly, rules. Since when did you become such a rule-abiding citizen” Jessie's familiar Sey, teased.

“Since standing in line at the mall and holiday traffic bled all the rebel out of me... I really don't need yet another “altercation” over “frivolous magic shenanigans” as they put it, just so I can have a snowman.

“Snowmen are lame. Give me a SnowJess any day! Oh damn” called the cat woman. “We're out of rum for the rum punch. I'm gonna head to the corner store okay love?” Sey called as she packed her purse and gave Jess a tush grope on her way out.

The curvy spice witch only sighed. Was she getting lame in her old age? Afraid to tweak the weather over the fuss it would cause? Had living past multiple human lifetimes made her boring? “What if... it just snowed around my house though? Not enough to trigger the statewide notice. The moisture in the air was forming into a snowball in her hand even as the idea grew in her mind. “*Why not* have a white Christmas just at my house for a bit?” She looked at the ball of packed frozen water in her palm. “Just gotta aim you at the cloud right above me and boom, Snowy Florida Wonderland, er wonder yard? I don't even know” She giggled, caught up in the moment.

Just as she pulled back to send the enchanted snowball into the sky with a super-powered pitch, she was interrupted by the feeling of cat claws catching in the flesh of her calf. And not sexy feline-woman style like her familiar Sey. These were annoying normal cat claws from one of the many cats from her neighbor, Mrs. Merrygold's feline army. “Ouch! What the hell you little bi-”

“Don't you do it!” Croaked the bathrobe wearing Mrs. Merrygold, the sound of her neighbor spooked Jess a second time, her spasm sent the snowball up a foot or two into the air where it turned back towards the ground and landed in the magical redhead's cleavage.

“Ffffudge that's frickin cold!” winced Jessica. She shook out as much snow as she could as her neighbor continued to scold her for even raising a finger at her cat. “Yes, Yes I know. I wouldn't ‘lay a finger’ on your ugly old puss Mrs. Merrygold. Have a nice holiday!” Called the witch as she scampered inside to get a change of clothes.

“Ug that woman drives me up the wall! Why can't she keep her cats under control!” she growled, tugging her sweater trying to get the last bit of snow to fall out. “And now I need to change. Nipples are hard as diamonds!” She snapped her fingers to turn up the blaze in the fireplace. “Holly Holy Jolly Jugs that's cold. You'd think I set off a blizzard in my bra.” Jessie unzipped her

top and shook out more snow. Her body shivered and shuddered, and she turned her rump to the hearth and let the fire do its job.

Something odd was going on though. Her body felt both freezing and boiling hot. Sweat poured profusely down the red head's face. Growing wet spots spread on her green knit top and charcoal sweat pants. "Ok, this is weird. W-what's wrong with me?" Jessie felt weak, and off-balance. Her eyes fluttered and tried to focus, finally drifting toward the frosty window. In it, her face looked pale as white marble, and large droplets of water were running down her cheek. She walked over to get a better look when her breasts shifted uncomfortably on her chest. The witch reached up and cupped them. Her typically firm bosom was sopping wet and horribly cold, and if she wasn't mistaken, much smaller than usual.

Jess weakly hobbled over to the mirror in the entryway, poising herself in front of it. She looked like she had lost forty pounds! "Shit gotta call Sey. I'm wasting away like-" clumps of slush fell out of the bottom of her sweatpants splattering on the ground. "-like snow!"

In her thin hand, she held her phone as she tried to dial. The boney fingers wrapped around it slowly turned hard and brown, like the branch of a gnarled tree. Her wood-like fist shuddered as she tried to keep it gripping her phone, only for the device to crack and shatter under its force. "I need to casht a shpell to shwow this down!" The liquifying redhead mumbled through her melting mouth. Who knew a 'Holiday Spirit' Snowball spell would turn someone into a snowperson. There would be no way to counteract it if she became a puddle in the next minute or so.

Dragging herself over to her magical spice cabinet, she grabbed a bottle of snow-a-plenty. You never know when random concoctions are going to be a lifesaver. Jessie took her still human left hand and opened the bottle, dousing her face, pouring down her top, and just to be safe, drinking the last half of it. She closed her eyes, bracing for it to work, hoping it would keep her physical enough to well, not expire.

The house was quiet, the crackling of the fire the only sound.

Crunch

Crunch smash crunch

Jess felt her body stiffen and swell, as more and more snow-packed into her transformed body. The witch felt her face firm and her jaw solidify again. Her breasts rose into two large snowy domes that she zipped up in her sweater to keep strapped to her body. She was relieved until she clapped her hands and was reminded one of her arms was effectively a branch now. She shrugged to her reflection, when a small baby carrot pushes out of her face where her nose should be.

"Oh wow, um. Yeah, Jess, it's time to fix this. Let's just do a basic protection spell to slow the

meltim and mmph mm aww commm on.” The half of her face that was made of ice had started zipping up the side of her mouth replacing lips with lumps of coal. No casting verbal spells either. She thought she better at least put out the fire while she waited for Sey to ret-

“Whoa” Jessie wobbled unsteadily as her belly shuddered beneath her sweater. Little by little a growing dome of white, packed, snow pushed out between her sweater and pants. She looked like she had a second-trimester baby bump made out of snow, with a coal belly button to boot! How much of her had become snow?

Whomfff.

Her stomach pushed out more and more till she had to lean back to support it. Now with both her belly and tits boosted up and snowified, she looked like a preggo snow woman at term! And the changes were still spreading! What if she got stuck full snowperson inside the house with that raging fire! She’d never last. The only choice was to wait outside for Sey!



The witch waddled through her living room, heading to the door. She was barely able to stay upright with the giant snow domes swaying on her front. Jess leaned back as far as she could when her hand branch-like hand sank into her icy butt cheek. Wait, why was her ass sticking out of her pants? That snow potion had done too good of a job. She was rounding out everywhere! With each step, she grew. Her snowwoman tits pushing her sweater to the limit, her beach ball-sized snow-cheeks of hers had pushed down her pants, her swelling belly between the two. One of her eyes was coal now, though she could see through it somehow, and her entire mouth was gone. The more she changed the less and less control she had over her own body. Her legs could barely keep up the mountain of snow her top half had become.

As she pushed through her front doorway, Jessie's giant snow hips caught on the frame. She tugged and tugged till she broke loose, leaving buckets of snow on the porch behind her. It didn't hurt to lose it, and her body quickly replaced it. The ginger felt her hair become yawn and her second eye more coal. Her sweater ripped apart, unable to contain the icy mountains that were her breast, and as the last of her strength gave out she could feel her pants and boots crushed under the two giant snowballs that had replaced her legs, looking like hips and ass cheeks to anyone who would see them. The air began to fill with snow, her magic no longer contained to just inside.

With a final groan, she froze. An overly endowed naked snowwoman unable to speak, unable to move, yet feeling every bit of breeze on her smooth snow skin. Jessie cursed internally as she tried to figure out what to do, stuck motionless midstride on her yard when she heard Sey singing carols as she returned home. This was it! Sey would figure it out and find a fix! That's what familiars are for!

"Oh Lady!" Sey purred looking Jess up and down. "For me? You shouldn't have!"

Haha, Jess thought, unable to do anything but smile and wait for her Kitten to go get the cure.

"Breaking the rules so you could make a sexy Snowjess for me! How naughty!" The cat-eared woman giggled. "I am going to make the Snowjess super naughty, and then go inside and be naughty with the real thing!"

"Wait? What?!" Jess flinched in her mind. Sey didn't know it was her? How was it possible! The witch turned snow woman sat locked in place, as Sey wandered around her humming, and after fifteen minutes she came back into view, with a snowball double the size of her head.

Pmmmf! Sey shoved it onto Jessie's snow tit, and the redhead immediately felt the heavy ice boulder as if it was her actual breast. Pmmmf Sey added a second one. On top of her large snow belly, there was now an icy bosom that could almost compete. Next Sey got to work packing snow on Jessie's ass till it was wider than the rear of a car! Jess wanted to scream and shout and curse but she couldn't. She could only sit still and feel Sey's warm hands shaping her ever-growing curves.

When the familiar was done, she grabbed the rum and headed inside, unknowingly leaving her witch naked, in the cold, looking like a fertility idol made of snow.

“Worst case scenario, I end up a puddle,” Jess grumbled. “Best case, the spell wears off and I have to put up with a new shape for a while. I swear to Christmas I’ll burry her under this ass the minute I’m human again, just you wait kitten. Just you wait.”