

Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it...

“Hm?” The goblin maid blinks up at you. Dark, thick lashes curtain over big, brown eyes gleaming with pure guileless innocence. “Is something the matter, my brave warrior?”

You blink blearily back at her. Your eyes drift down from your half-empty mug to her full chest, then quickly snap back up to meet her gaze. “Um... n-no! I just...”

“You just need to finish warming up,” she finishes gently, giving you a sympathetic smile. “You poor *thing*. What were you thinking, going out into that storm? Why, you were positively delirious when you turned up at my doorstep~!”

“I... I was. I had a quest. H-Have.” You blush. You're not used to pretty girls staring at you like this, and this goblin girl, with her luscious dark braids and big, bright copper-brown eyes...

... and her perfect curves, the way that sweater hugs her figure...

You hide behind your mug, taking another hasty swig. The drink is thick and creamy, the sultry burn of rum masked deep underneath its rich sweetness.

“Good,” she whispers. She's moved a little closer to you, and her hand brushes yours. The mug feels heavy in your hand. “We need to warm you up, okay, warrior?”

“I-I know,” you slur. “Just, um...”

“Just...” Her hand takes yours. Slowly, the buxom little goblin maid helps you lift the mug back to your lips. “... keep drinking, warrior.”

You stare at her pretty eyes. Then your eyes drift back down to her breasts. You can't help it. Everything feels so heavy, like gravity can't help but... but pull you *down* towards them...

You only realize you've started leaning forward when she helps you tip your head back for the drink, and you are only half-pulled out of the strange trance by her soft coos of encouragement. More sweet, creamy heaviness fills you, and your mind drifts slowly down like a plump, weighty snowflake.

“That’s it, warrior,” the goblin girl whispers. “Drink *every* drop for me. Good. *Gooooood~*”

“A-Aah...” You want to lower the mug, want to drink slower... you want to tell her that the alcohol may be a little strong for you...

... but her hand is on yours. And the drink is so thick, so sweet. It tastes so wonderful as it pours in, and all you can do is gulp it down.

She strokes your hair, leaning in to purr right in your ear, “*There’s* my big, strong warrior.”

You shiver. Yes. You’re... big and strong. You’re fine. You’re a warrior. Hale and hardy.

Her tits are right in your face, stretching out her tight winter sweater. They jiggle with her every motion.

You gulp down the drink obediently. Surely you can handle a little ordinary booze. You’ve faced down so many perils. How could one cup of eggnog be too strong for you?

You dimly register you’ve emptied the cup when she sets it aside.

You stare dumbly up at her, wondering when she climbed up into your lap.

She giggles down at you. “Such a *good warrior* for me,” she coos.

“Wh...” You blink dumbly. “Um... w-whut’re you...”

“I’m warming you up, silly.” Her plump dark lips curve upwards in what might be a smirk. “Don’t you want that?”

“Um...” Your eyelids are heavy. She feels so warm. So soft. You feel like there’s some reason you should say no, but... you wanted to be warm, didn’t you?

“Being a warrior must be so *dangerous*,” she murmurs, fussing with your belt. You hear something heavy and unimportant hit the floor. “Facing violent peril, rough roads, and such cold, terrible storms. Being left with no *company* for those long, lonely nights.” She pouts. Her lips look so soft. “You like it *here*, don’t you?”

You squirm faintly. Something's... off... but you feel so nice, everything feels so soft and weighty and... warm...

She beams down at you. "Maybe you shouldn't be a warrior anymore! Okay, sweetie?"

"U-Uh..." Her butt feels so nice as it presses into your lap. So soft. So warm.

"Uh-huh." She bats her lashes. Her tits bounce right in your face. "That's right. No more adventuring. You can just stay here with me, nice and safe, and be my *good*..."

She grinds her ass against your growing hardness, eliciting a helpless moan.

"... *little*..."

She strokes your hair, guides your chin up to meet her gaze.

"... *pampered*..."

She leans in close. Her lips brush yours, and then she's kissing you deeply, moaning, and you're sinking into her soft lips, lost to her playful tongue, her soft, blissful whispers...

"... *husband*~"

She pulls back from the kiss with a wet smack of her lips. You blink stupidly up at her. You must be drooling a little, because the goblin maid giggles and takes out a handkerchief to dab at your chin.

It sounds so nice. So sweet. So easy. Staying here, pampered, married... kept *nice* and *happy* and *warm*...

... by your hot little...

... wife...?

"I..." You frown dimly. No, that's not... something's... off here. "Wait. Wait, um..."

"Hm?" She giggles, tilting her head cutely. "Wait?"

“Wait,” you repeat dumbly. “Wait, I...”

“Don’t you want this?” She grinds her butt to a slow rhythm, her smile once again as sweet and innocent as cherry blossoms. “Don’t you *looove* your cute little wife?”

“I—ggh...”

“Maybe I could...” She licks her lips. “... get you another cup of eggnog to help your mind settle~?”

Your eyes drift to the mug.

“I... n-n...” You start to squirm weakly. “... n-no...”

The goblin maid is silent for a moment. The only sound is the crackling of the fireplace.

She pouts. “So... too soon still? Really? You seemed *so* ready.”

“Wh... what?”

“Hm. Oh well.” She brightens. “We can do this all night, warrior.”

“H-hhuh?”

She leans in close. “Not like I’m not having *sooooo* much fun,” she whispers, “with the *courtship*~”

“W-What are you...”

She pulls back, smirking, and cups her breasts. “Back down, my brave *<i>warrior</i>*,” she coos.

And helplessly, your gaze follows. You watch her big, fat tits squish together, lift up slightly, and a sudden dizzying wave of déjà vu passes through you...

“*Riiiiight... baaack...*”

The tits drop.

“Down.”

* * *

The storm is getting worse.

The wind shrieks and nips at your exposed skin as you struggle back to your feet from where you must have fallen. Your thoughts are as frozen and useless as your sword in its scabbard, and your teeth chatter so hard it almost hurts.

But you force yourself to shamle forward. You cannot fail now. Your quest... you're come so far...

Your boots drag in the snow, and you trip again and fall once again into the whiteness.

And a bright, clear voice pierces the howl of the storm.

“Oh, you *poor thing!*”

You manage to lift your head. A light has appeared. Light shines through an open doorway, with the silhouette of a short, curvy little figure at its center.

A gorgeous goblin maid bounds towards you through the snow, luscious dark braids bouncing behind her.

You clutch at her weakly. She pulls you up out of the snow, frowning with deep concern. Her hands are warm. Everything about her is soft and warm.

“How *ever* did you get out here?” she fusses, stroking the icicles from your hair. “You poor, poor thing. You *must* come inside.”

Thank the gods. You gratefully let her help you to your feet and stumble to the doorway. Light and warmth are there to greet you.

She leads you by the hand to an armchair by the fire and sits you down. You sink into warmth and softness.

It feels strangely... familiar. Like returning home.

But this can't be your home, can it? You have... places to be. A quest to complete. And you've never been here before. She's just a helpful stranger.

A kind, beautiful, helpful stranger.

You smile dizzily up at her as she closes the door and rushes back to your side.

"Are you alright, warrior?" she whispers, caressing your cheek. "Oh, you're frozen stiff!"

"I... q-quest... the, um..."

She smiles sympathetically, her hand rising to stroke through your hair. "Oh, you're positively *delirious*."

You shiver, leaning into her touch.

"Not to fear, warrior." Her voice echoes softly around you like a warm, cozy blanket. "Just... *relax*. You're safe now."

She pulls back and smiles brightly. You try not to stare at her tits, prominently stretching over her sweater, but something about them feels irresistible. That same familiar feeling of belonging. Fighting their pull is like fighting gravity.

And they bounce so nicely as she turns to head to the kitchen.

"And I've got something for you to drink, warrior, that's going to warm you right up~"