

Spiritual Encouragement Part 3

“That’s... T-That’s big enough!! THAT’S BIG ENOUGH!!”

Strrrrrrtch!!

“Mmmmngh!!”

Lucy’s knees threatened to buckle. The ghost’s hands knew no limits and had no boundaries. They played over her breasts as if exploring a pair of world globes, taking in every inch of her overgrown mounds. Large enough to extend to her hips, Lucy’s bust swayed like fleshy wrecking balls while the room spun.

“My my... All this development has left you so sensitive...!”

The hands massaged her areolas and sank deep into the heated pink skin.

“A-Ahh!! Not-- Not so...hard!”

She fell against a wall. Without her underwear or jeans, fluid was free to stream down her bare thighs. Somewhere unseen, it felt like a pair of fingers were having their way with her. Extreme lustful plumpness swallowed the spectral digits into her folds.

“So uncouth for a lady,” the witch’s spirit scolded. *“You’re leaking all over my floor!”*

“I can’t take it! The growth! It’s...mnngh~!!” Her thighs clamped together but did nothing to restrict the ghost’s access.

“Trying to keep me out, dear? There’s no sense in hiding.” Several more hands came from various directions. *“There is no part of you off limits to me. And if you think this bosom is driving you up the wall now... Let’s see what a bit of focused development will do.”*

Squullch!!

“Ahhmm!!”

Lucy’s nails clawed at the wall when both nipples were taken in a pair of fists.

“For as big as you’ve grown, your nipples are quite small! Shall I remedy?”

“N...No!! Don’t--MMMMGH!!”

They began massaging. Twisting and pulling. Lucy’s eyes dilated when her nipples sang with energy and stung with bubbling stimulation.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“W-What...What are you doing?!”

“Simply evening things out, dear! Your nipples were so small! So petite...”

It felt like her nipples were perpetually growing more erect. Within the witch’s grasp, they puffed to squish out of their confines.

Lucy saw them then. Even at her unnaturally massive size, a pair of pink volcanoes were growing large enough to peek into view from the front of her breasts. They inched forth, swelling in width and length as glowing blue hands worked over their shapes.

“NNGH!!”

Fluid squirted from her groin. An orgasm of shock from simply seeing her nipples swell to resemble soup cans.

“Feeling a tad sensitive?” the witch teased.

There was no breath left in her lungs to reply. Lucy leaned against the wall and stumbled toward a door. She had to escape.

Squullch!

Squullch!!

“Mmmm!! T-Too-- Gaahh!! I can’t--”

She could hear her nipples being tugged and pulled. Areola flesh squeezed around the spectral hands. Head spinning and thighs sliding against one another, Lucy dared to glance down.

“HOLY SHIT!!”

They were monumental. Only moments ago her nipples had been an acceptable size for her bust. Now they had outpaced her breasts. Each larger than a coffee can, her nipples stood off her barrel-sized breasts like five-gallon buckets. Seeing so much erect, wrinkled pink topping her breasts made her heart skip a beat. Her areolas alone were larger than her torso.

Smack!

“AAHHHMMM!!!”

She squirted again when the witch slapped her nipples. Sensitivity screamed and clawed its way through her core, surging in pressure until she screamed in orgasm.

“With teats like that... Even a slight breeze will turn you into a quaking harlot.”

Lucy could hardly tell up from down. Falling against the door, and pursing her lips when her titanic nipples mashed into the cold wood, she held the knob as if it tethered her to reality.

“I... I have...to get out of here...”

“You can leave, dear! I won’t stop you this time. But--”

Lucy flung the door open and leaned against the frame. Disbelief left her stranded in confusion. *“WHAT THE HELL?!”*

“--You’ll need to earn it!”

Cackles echoed as Lucy stared from the top of the second-floor landing. Below, at the bottom of the flight of stairs, was the front door she’d first entered.

She mentally ran her journey around the first floor and the trip through the vent several times. Never had she ascended any kind of incline. *“HOW DID I GET UPSTAIRS?!”*

“This house has many secrets.” The front door creaked open. *“You’re free to go... All you must do is make it there.”*

Lucy whimpered. The stairs looked nerve-wracking for even a normal-sized person. Looking at her bloated curves and the narrow steps, Lucy didn’t know if she dared attempt the trip.

Smack!

“EEP!”

A slap spanked her naked rear and sent her pumpkin-sized ass heaving. “*Go on!*” The hands grabbed her then, latching onto her cheeks, pussy, and breasts. Massaging started anew.

Strrrrrrtch!

“*M-Mmmgh!!*”

Growth swelled inches at a time. Lucy felt her weight spike and her breasts rub down her thighs. She rushed to handle them, but their sheer girth proved unmanageable.

“*Or do you need a little encouragement?*”

A gulp bounced her Adam’s apple. The railing creaked when she grabbed the top. She could already tell her breasts were wider than the staircase.

Strrrrrrtch!

“*Better hurry, dear! Wouldn’t want to get stuck.*”

Time wasn’t on her side. Lucy took the first step, forcing her chest to squeeze between the wall and the banister.

Squullch...!

“*Mmmgh...!*”

Her breasts pulled, deforming in the narrow space. She could feel her skin squishing between the banister rails. Below the open door beckoned her to continue.

Another step...

Then another...

Creeeaaaaaaak!

“*S-Stop...making them grow!*” she begged as cleavage pushed against her neck. Her balance wavered from two thighs outgrowing each other’s company.

“*Only trying to provide a bit of cushion for your fall!*”

Several more heavy-footed steps. Wood groaned under her weight and Lucy feared what would happen if a stair should break.

Creeaaa--Thump!!

“*GAHH!!*”

Her left nipple had squeezed through a gap in the railings. They pinched its sides, deforming the massive pink mound into an oval as it puffed in anger.

“*Mnnghh! Come ooon!! Move!! Please...!!*” Lucy pushed against the backs of her breasts. They were nearly wedged in the middle of the stairs.

Pumph!!

She screamed in silent orgasm when her nipple popped free. Gravity surely would have taken its course if there wasn’t so much friction between her and the stairway.

Creeeaaaaak!

“*Nearly there, dear...!*” A hand slid between her thighs from behind and curled over her pussy. It swelled massively into a fruit of lust and sex nestled in her thighs. “*You may just fit through the door yet.*”

Lucy gasped for air. Her breasts didn't feel like they could get any bigger. Cleavage heaped into her face and pressed against her entire body. There was no controlling them. Her knees pushed and mashed against their backs to force them down the stairs step by step.

Finally the end was in sight. The foyer opened before her. Lucy could feel the cold chill of the night air caressing over her front.

Creeaaaaa--CRACK!!

The banister shattered near the bottom. Flesh poured over the stairs where her chest had broken through the wood. It almost took her down, but Lucy leaned back and used her weight to steady her oversized bean bag breasts.

The door stood only yards away. Feet on the floor, Lucy panted as she had to lift her mammaries. It was clear from the onset that any plans of walking through the entrance normally were dead on arrival.

Strrrrrrtch!!

"I-I'm trying to leave! Just let me go!!" she whined, watching her breasts get larger still.

A voice mused over her shoulder as half a dozen hands worked over her chest. "Then you better hurry... Because I have no qualms about losing a wall or two."

This was all the threat Lucy needed. She dragged her bust forward, turning herself sideways to give any hope of fitting.

Sqummmsh!!

"Mnngh!!"

Her breast bulged around the door. Skin squeezed and folded as she pushed.

Creeaaaaak!!

"AAhhh!! W-Wait!! WAIT!!" she begged, feeling herself grow in the doorway.

"Now or never, dear!"

Heaving against a rising wall of tit, Lucy pushed with all her might. The breast moved slowly until its bulk fell through.

THUD!!

The patio shuddered when it fell outside the house. She was halfway through. Looking back, she realized she now had to pull the other instead of having the luxury of pushing.

Strrrrrrtch!!

Her hands attacked the mound along with the ghost's, grabbing and gathering anything she could of the bed-sized knocker.

"Come on!! C-Come on!! Almost!!" she panicked, feeling it wedge in the doorway. A nipple the size of a pillow held firm. Ripples bounced across her naked ass as her feet pounded against the patio for better grip.

CREEEAAAAA--

"NNNGH!! COME...ON!!!"

Flesh moved all at once. The majority through the opening, the rest followed in an avalanche of pale flesh.

THUD!!!

It topped out onto Lucy, pinning her beneath her chest.

“Haahhhh!! I’m...OUT!! I’m out!!” she cried in relief. *“I’m--”*

Strrrrrrrrtch!!

They still swelled. Ghostly hands attacked her breasts more than ever, urging them larger like inflating blimps. She fought against her cleavage as it tried to swallow her face. Already her feet were pinned under the bulk.

“H-Hey!! Stop!! I got out!! You said--”

“I said I wouldn’t stop you from leaving! I never said I would stop having fun with your body.”

Strrrrrrrrrrtch!!

They grew faster than ever. Lucy felt her nipple press against the patio’s ceiling. The side of the house pushed against her breasts’ underbellies.

“Please!! I-I’ll--” She pushed cleavage back like a mountain of rising dough. *“I-I’ll do whatever you want!! Just--”*

The hands paused. *“Anything...?”*

“Yes!!” Staring into her chasm, Lucy couldn’t process the mountain her chest had become. *“I just can’t...take anymore...GROWTH!!”*

The air vibrated with a cackle. *“Very well.”*

Pressure subsided. Like a tide going out, Lucy’s body started to shrink. Cleavage pulled away and her bust dwindled, contracting like deflating water balloons. She writhed under them, the sensations of shrinking just as pleasurable as the growth itself.

“A-Ahhh!! Mnngh!!! Fuck!!”

Her arms and legs were freed. Going from the size of a semi-truck to pumpkins within a minute left her wracked with pleasure. Lucy moaned as her breasts pulled up her torso and she hugged them into herself.

When they stopped at an arm-filling size, however, she stared weakly into the jiggling mass of flesh. They were still oversized. Big enough to reach her belly button. Her lower half felt similar.

“W...Why did you stop??”

“Because I think this size suits us, don’t you?”

The voice was different now. It wasn’t coming from around her. Now it was in her head, speaking to her like a second conscience. Goosebumps ran over her naked body as Lucy no longer felt alone within her body.

Sitting up, Lucy allowed her breasts to fill her lap. *“What did you do??”*

“You said you would do anything, dear. I’ve grown so tired of that old house... In exchange for returning your body to normal, I’ve made you my new vessel.”

Lucy raised her shaking hands. “*You mean--*”

“*We’re one now, dear. I go where you go... I see what you see. I feel what you feel. And you do what I want.*”

A chill passed through Lucy’s core. She may have been freed of the growth, but the witch still had an iron-clad grasp.

“*But don’t worry! I won’t have too much fun with you. Not unless you get in my way...*”