

Witch's Milk



BE Engineer

~Chapter One~

An Autumn sun graced Anna's skin through the trees. Its warmth combated a creeping chill rising in the maturing season. She would have enjoyed the sun's presence more if anxiety wasn't so thick in her belly.

The village had been out of milk. It was a similar story across many households. With much of the harvest failing to come through, the cows in the region just weren't producing as much as they should have.

Anna held the clay pot against her body. There was barely enough dairy in the bottom to slosh with her footsteps. It was all their friend's cow could muster. Not nearly enough for a full glass, and certainly not enough for her mother to make cheese or butter. Anna shivered at the thought of coming home empty-handed to her father. After losing their own cow to a wolf several weeks ago, he'd been on edge just trying to keep their crop together and store enough food for the coming winter.

"I'm sorry, Papa..." Anna sighed. "I wish I could have made you happy..."

The jug's chill could be felt against her small breasts even through her thick dress. Times like this she wondered what a boy's touch might feel like and if it were really as warm as she imagined. Anna was more than old enough to be wed and have a child, but she just hadn't found the strength to leave her parents. She played too big of a role around the house as they got on in years. It wouldn't be many more before her father wouldn't be able to till their small plot, and Anna's little sister was still too young to provide much help.

"Perhaps I can find a boy who would come to live with me and help my parents... We could build a cottage next door!"

Anna's mind drifted to a strapping young man who works with the village blacksmith. Strong heartbeats sent her chest fluttering thinking about Peter.

"A boy who is strong enough to carry me to bed every night..." She gulped and listened to her feet crunch over the forest path. "*Before he unbuttons my dress and--*"

She caught herself just as heat began pouring from her modest collar.

"*No! No no!*" Shaking her head, Anna focused her mind on other, more chaste, things. "*That's immoral! Those are the devil's thoughts!*" Her arms tightened against the jug as if the cold clay would force her erect nipples back down. "*I must remain pure...! Like Mama and Papa...! L-Like the good book says...*"

Repeating her convictions always helped, but they never made the urges disappear. Anna prayed she wouldn't be visited by the devil in her dreams tonight once again; waking up to such pleasure left her feeling immoral for the rest of the day and the town preacher always shook his head in disappointment when she confessed.

Trying to think of more important things, Anna stared at the pitiful milk in her jug. “I wonder how much another cow would cost... Maybe I could work around the village and--”

Mmooooooo!

A deep lowing vibrated the air. Anna paused and spun her head. Her family’s cottage was a substantial walk from the village and situated within a modest forest. To hear a cow this far from its home was concerning. Predators were known to roam the woods day and night.

Mmmmmmmooooooo!

It sounded again from her left, deep within the trees and out of sight.

“Hello...?”

There was no answer, at least not the human answer Anna hoped for.

Mmmmmooooo!!

The bellows became louder and more frantic. Concerned for the animal, especially one so precious as a cow in these uncertain times, Anna left the trail. Sticks and brush cracked under her shoes as she entered the forest. Foliage grabbed at the bottom of her ankle-length gown but she paid it no mind.

Mooooooooo!!

It was closer but still out of sight. Anna looked behind her. The trail was gone, hidden by the wall of trees she’d traversed through. How a cow could venture so far was almost perplexing enough to keep her distracted from a rising sense of fear. The jug was hugged tighter and she made every step carefully.

MmmmoOooo!!!

“Don’t worry! I’m coming!”

Anna made her way around an outcropping of rock. A small creek trickled alongside it and down a hill. The babbling directed her attention toward a distant clearing where a thin plume of smoke rose into the air. At its source was a stone cottage, one Anna had never seen before. So far as she knew, no trails existed on that side of the forest, and for good reason.

“A witch...”

The words sent chills down her spine. Children were taught from a young age to fear those who had turned to Satan and his black magic. Shunned from society, witches lived deep in the woods where they would practice their occult beliefs without fear of being burned at the stake. If anyone went missing, especially children, witches were always to blame.

Mmmmoooooooooo!!!!

The cow’s cry came from below. Glancing down the hill, Anna could finally see the distressed animal. Its foot had been caught between two fallen logs.

There was more at stake than just a cow at this point. Anna wanted to help, but not at the cost of her own life. Stress made her breath short as she observed the secluded cottage. There was no sign of movement and the cow was far from its location. If the witch did exit, she would have plenty of time to run back to the trail.

Mmmooooo...!

The animal's whimper cut through to her soul. It stared at her with big brown eyes begging for help.

Heart racing, Anna made her decision and tenderly sidestepped down the hill. Leaves piled against her feet and clung to her dress. Anxious stamping came from the cow's hooves when she came within an arm's length.

The dairy cow was incredibly healthy. Fat and well-nourished, she was a surprising display of vigor compared to the other cows in the village. Anna stared for a time, perplexed.

"How in the world... Why are you so--"

Mmmooooo!!

The cow was impatient and reminded Anna of its pinned limb.

"Shh!! Shh shh shh!! Calm down!"

Setting the jug on the ground, Anna knelt by the logs. They didn't look heavy. She slid her hands between them and leaned back on her heels. To her delight, the log rolled and created a gap. Freedom took the cow's leg away in a flash and it ran from the woodsy prison before pausing next to Anna. A thick, wet tongue coated the side of her head in slime when it licked her in gratitude.

"Awww, you're welcome!" She nuzzled its forehead. "Try not to get stuck again, all right? These woods are--"

Her eyes fell upon its udder. Anna had never seen a dairy cow so full to bursting. It must have been trapped for some time, because pressure was causing milk to dribble from its teats.

"Oh my... Are you alright?" She rubbed the cow's side as it lowed. "You're so full..."

The jug caught her eye, as empty as ever. Temptation tickled her chest. Would it be stealing if she were taking it to ease the cow's discomfort? Or as a reward for saving the animal? Her father would certainly be overjoyed to see her return with a full jug.

Eyes always watchful of the cottage in the distance, Anna grabbed the container and positioned it under the cow's udder.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Oh!?"

The spray from one gentle tug was enough to splash her front, but the taste was rich enough Anna didn't care. She began milking as fast as she dared, pressure pushing the milk out in thick streams that echoed into the jug. It took less than a minute before it was full enough Anna knew she was risking spilling some while walking.

"Poor girl..." she soothed, "You were so full...! You need to get back home before--"

"Before her owner comes looking for her?"

The hairs on the back of Anna's neck bristled. A voice was behind her: sultry, alluring, and forbidden like a rose. There hadn't even been the sound of footsteps. Turning around, Anna's face turned white.

A cloaked figure stood over her. It blocked the sun, but Anna could see there were no other clothes beneath the cloak's open front. The figure of a woman with unholy beauty stared

back. Naked and dripping with femininity, Anna gazed at the defined womanhood sitting at eye level. Supple slopes accentuated the girth of her hips before leading into a waist that acted as a pedestal to enhance the mesmerizing size of her breasts. Each like a full, ripe melon ready to fall off the vine, they hung from the woman's torso and intimidated Anna to the point of making her whimper. Rose petal nipples lifted the cloak's fine fabric just enough to show off their hardness. Beneath the cloak's hood, the woman's eyes burned like those of a cat. Ruby lips stood frozen in a slight, devious smile. Jet-black hair fell around her shoulders in a luxurious curtain.



Stammers pelted Anna's words. "I-I-I'm sorry, I--"

"Thank you for freeing my cow. However, I don't see how that entitles you to help yourself to my milk."

"The... T-The cows in the village are..." Anna's mind refused to form words. She could feel the witch's presence bearing over her. "W-We have had no milk at home... Our cow died... And our food is... I-I only wanted--"

"I see... No milk to be found...?" The witch's smile softened. With no regard for whatever nakedness she revealed, she knelt to Anna's level. Intoxicating scents wafted from under the cloak to send Anna's pulse into a flurry. Sweat ran down her back and her gown felt tight against her chest.

This witch was making her feel hotter than any fire.

"*Why don't you let me help you with that...*" the witch breathed. "*In exchange for rescuing my precious cow...*"

"I-I-I don't--"

The witch's hand reached out. With frightening precision, her red nails unbuttoned the top of Anna's dress. It flared open to reveal the bare skin of her bosom, shiny with sweat. Diminutive apple-half breasts rose and fell with every breath.

Anna's mind reeled when the witch leaned forward. Her air was hot and steamy against her bare skin. "*W-What are you-- Stop...! S-Stop! This is...!*" She wanted to run, but the excitement within her belly was too great. Moisture was attacking her most private place. Trembles shook her body.

"A little reward... To ease your woes..."

The witch leaned in until her lips connected between Anna's breasts. They burned like coals but brought her to moan and purse her lips. Her head rolled back in ecstasy under a wave of heated tingles spreading from her bust.

"What... W-What are..."

Her breath quickened. Lightheadedness came from every direction. Swooning and dizzy, Anna's body fell limp as she came to lay against the log. Gentle sleep took her moments later as her vision darkened and she saw the witch stand over her with a smile.



Anna awoke with a start. Her arms flailed in defense against someone who wasn't there. She looked around, finding only empty woods settling in thickening dusk. There was no sign of the witch. No sign of her cow. There was, however, the sensation of something burning against her sternum.

Glancing down, Anna found her dress splayed open. Her breasts kissed the air with petite cuteness. Their mass held the sides of her dress open. Between them sat the ruby mark of the witch's lips. Dread quickly replaced her panic. Anna rubbed at the spot, trying to remove the blemish. Although her skin turned red from friction, the mark would not lift.

"Oh no... Oh no oh no oh no..."

A whimper escaped. Everyone knew what a witch's kiss meant. They would scorn her if they found out; accuse her of falling prey to Satan's ways. She may as well have been branded with a pentagram.

Still, no one had seen yet. Flying hands pulled her dress back together and buttoned it closed. The witch's kiss burned even hotter beneath her thick clothes. Anna tried to catch her breath as the heat seemed to spread through her breasts and into the tips of her nipples, bringing them to throb in dense aching pulses as she rose.

Her hand brushed against the jug. It was right where she'd left it, and the milk was still fresh inside like liquid pearl. To her surprise, even after sitting out for several hours, it was still warm as if it had just been drawn from the udder.

There was a sense of relief. Surviving the witch was one thing, but arriving home with no milk would have brought another wrath upon her. Anna took the jug with gratitude and held it against her securely.

“*N-Ngh!*”

Her breasts were tender. They pressed against the container angrily, pushing it away with a strange new fullness. Anna’s breath caught in her throat at the unknown sensation. Every step announced their motions as if gravity were being extra unkind. Despite this, she did her best to hurry home. Night would soon fall and she didn’t dare be caught in the woods alone after dark.



Flickering candlelight came through the windows of her family’s cottage when Anna approached nearly half an hour later. Her parents’ voices carried, betraying their concern.

“*Oh, Hugh, where is she? She should have been back hours ago!*” her mother cried.

“Likely traipsing around the village... You’ve seen how she eyes the boys.” A gruff snort of disapproval huffed through the window. “Especially that blacksmith. I’m telling you, Anna’s been dancing with the devil. Impurity has clouded her mind with maturity.”

“*Don’t say such things! Our Anna would never! She sings as loud as anyone at service! She--*”

“She would leave the top button of her dress undone if we didn’t remind her. I have half a mind to--”

The voice of a child spoke over the adults. “*Anna! Anna’s here! Anna!*”

From outside, Anna could see the bobbing head of her little sister, Mia, bouncing over the window sill. Seeing the childish delight helped ease her panic. Far behind her, the witch and her cottage were now shrouded in darkness and out of her mind. Though something still maintained a tight hold of her chest, as if her dress were a size too small.

“*Anna!*” her mother gasped, running out of the cottage. “*Where have you been?! We’ve been worried sick!*”

“I’m all right, Mother...!” Anna assured, setting the jug down to accept an embrace. “I simply wished to enjoy the sunset through the trees.”

Her father scoffed. “And I suppose you didn’t think to return with our milk first? Or did you spend my money on--”

“It’s right here, Papa! Still fresh!”

She presented the sloshing jug. It was just as full as ever, bringing his eyes to widen. Her father’s expression softened. “Glad you’re home safe, pumpkin.” Built like a barbarian, he embraced Anna before carrying the jug the rest of the way inside for her.

Her mother took her hand, taking notice of the way Anna’s gown had formed stress lines across her breasts. “Come on, dear. Let’s get you some dinner.”

“It’s potatoes! With a rabbit daddy got!” Mia piped.

He scratched her head as Mia ran past into the house. *“And what a fine rabbit it was.”*



Despite her safe return home, Anna found herself unable to sleep. Restless tossing and turning kept her from slumber’s grasp. Sweat-inducing sensations and fever dreams ran through her mind. Often she would awaken to find her arms wrapped around her front in a self-embrace. Her nipples were throbbing and tightness ached within her breasts with an intensity she hadn’t experienced since puberty.

Late into the night, as she could see moonlight filtering through the gaps in the roof and window, she dared to unbutton her nightgown and let it rest on her hips alone with the blanket. It may have been cold outside, but the chill was heaven against her fiery nipples as they pulsed and throbbed. This proved to be the final piece that allowed her to sleep. There was always the fear of her father catching her in such an exposed position, but with her parents asleep below while Anna and Mia slept in a tiny loft, there was little chance of such a thing happening.

Night ebbed away amid Anna’s silent snores and risky dreams of enticing witches.

“M...M-Mngh...”

Anna groaned when consciousness crept back. Morning sun pulled at her eyelids with uncomfortable brightness. Feeling more tired than when she laid down, Anna opened her eyes to stare ahead.

Immediately her breath caught in her throat. She’d forgotten her nightgown had been left open, but far more worrisome were the size of her breasts.



Pale and plump, her bust had tripled in size to rival ripe grapefruits. Pearl mounds wobbled on top of her torso, firm and lightly dressed in elegant veins racing to her proud nipples. To see such a smooth chasm of softness rising before her eyes sent her heart into a race.

“Why are you so big?”

“*Ah!!*” Anna jolted and flung her arms across her breasts. Firm, swollen flesh squeezed under her grasp to make her tremble. “*M-Mia!! What are you--*”

She pointed at the cleavage heaped against Anna’s collarbones. “They got bigger!”

This was far too much stimulation all at once. Anna swallowed as her chest burned against her hands. Moving in a flurry, she worked to right her nightgown. The buttons strained, forcing her to stretch the fabric and constrict her breasts. “I-I did not! You’re just imagining things. Shouldn’t you be helping Mama??”

“There’s a kiss mark on your chest.”

A chill ran down Anna’s spine at the little girl’s words. They were so innocent, yet they discussed something of such a forbidden nature that Anna could already hear the pastor shouting and casting her out.

“M-Mia... Mia, listen,” Anna started, lowering her voice to a whisper. She sat on the edge of her bed and took her sister by the shoulders. “It’s only a bruise. I slipped yesterday! That’s all!”

Guurrrrgle

“*N-Nngh!*” A strange, tightening phenomenon spiked in Anna’s breasts. Her skin stretched and rubbed against her nightgown. An unknown pressure building within their cores, Anna’s eyes dilated and her nails dug into Mia’s shoulders.

“Ow!! *Anna!!*” she cried, wincing.

“S-Sorry! I’m sorry!” Sweat was running down her back now. Anna tried to maintain her composure as her breasts felt too firm to move. Struggling, Anna loosened her grip. “Don’t tell Mama and Papa about the bruise, ok? It’s our little secret. Same with my little growth spurt.”

“Ok! But only if you bring me back candy from the village next time you go!”

Guurrrrgle

Anna’s teeth ground together as pressure beat against her nipples. “Deal! N-Now go help Mama! I need to--”

Guurrrrgle!!

“*O-Oohhh dear!*” A hand flew to a breast when immense tightness pulled around her areola. It felt like it had just doubled in size from the mysterious pressure pushing behind it.

Panicked and without a word, Anna grabbed a cloak and wrapped it around herself before flying down the loft’s ladder. Every step made her gasp as she ran through the cottage door.

A surprised face met with hers when she stepped outside. “Oh! Anna! Good morning! Just in time. Could you fetch the chicken feed? The hens are--”

“*I-I-In a minute, Mother!*” Eyes wide, she weaved around her parents as they worked outside. “*I’ll be back after I wash!*”

She didn't give them a chance to argue. Bare feet raced over a dirt trail behind their cottage. It led to a modest stream at the base of the hill. It was their normal bathing spot: secluded, knee-deep, and with plenty of foliage to conceal any prying eyes. Usually Anna and Mia would bathe together, but today, Anna feared she might not make it if she waited another second. Already something hot and wet was soaking through the front of her nightgown as she ran and used an arm to steady her bursting chest.

Water splashed when she entered. Not caring for her clothes, she waded into the middle of the stream before tearing them off and throwing them back onto the shore, half-soaked, leaving her naked amongst the forest.

"Dear Lord... O-Oh my dear Lord...!"

Her breasts were engorged beyond recognition. Once petite and palm-sized, they had bloated into two delicate mounds hanging from her front with pressurized roundness defying gravity. Trickle of white ran from flaring, darkened nipples and traced lines down the front of her body. So full, Anna hardly dared to touch them. Her skin was like a drum beneath her fingertips. Between the firm curves of her cleavage sat the witch's kiss, burning as hot as ever.



"Milk...? M-Milk?!"

Cream dripped from her hands when she pulled them away. It fell to the babbling water below where it fogged and spread before vanishing.

“WHY AM I--”

Anna’s fright stuck in her chest. She gulped. A sensation was building within her as the air tickled her naked body and she gazed upon the bloated fullness of her mammaries.

Temptation.

Warmth spread between her thighs. Frictionless delight appeared between her forbidden lips. Trembling, she realized she couldn’t take it any longer. The pressure was unbearable. Her breasts were screaming. The milk had nowhere else to go even as she continued to produce.

Her hands moved on their own. Breath hitching, Anna watched her fingers gently roll a thimble-sized nipple before pulling.

“A-A-Ahha!!”

She almost collapsed into the stream. Milk sprayed in a collection of tiny jets. Tingles ran through her breast at the release of pressure. Now started, it refused to cease. Dairy arched in a constant flow as her breath turned into desperate squeaks.

It wasn’t until fluid poured over her fingers that Anna realized her other hand had jumped between her thighs. Frighteningly sinful pleasure shot through her as two fingers instinctively curled and entered her petaled hall of pink folds.

“M-MNGH!!!”

Her knees buckled. They were slick with nectar and milk. No longer trying to fight it, Anna’s free hand assaulted her breasts. She tugged her other nipple and urged it to follow its sister’s release. Milk gushed from her engorged fruits. Feeling the thick cream flow through her nipples took Anna’s breath away. Her hand couldn’t massage and squeeze fast enough.

“Aahhh!! Mnggahhhh!! What’s...” She tried to open her eyes but she only saw double. Her fingers worked harder. Soreness ached between her thighs as tension built in her core. *“Oh Lord!! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO M--EEEE!!!”*

She collapsed onto her knees and doubled over. Everything shook and tensed. Her lungs refused to fill despite her best efforts. Thick, syrup-like fluid coated her hand as her breasts sprayed the remainder of their contents into the water.

Nearly a minute passed before Anna felt capable of coherent thought. She straightened up to weak legs. Her hands dripped with her pleasure. Sweat coated her body from the strange eruption of sensation. Her breasts, now empty, sagged with their growth and no milk to tighten them. Even now, they were more than double her original size.

Anna lovingly caressed them, awash in a new admiration for her body and desires she couldn’t understand. It all felt so wrong. She would go to Hell for what she’d just done. Never had she dared to explore herself, yet under the pressure of milk, she hadn’t been able to resist.

She swallowed and took in the scent of her milk and orgasm lingering in the air. Despite her release, the pressure was already returning within her bosom, like a small seed deep within her breasts.

Anna cupped her breasts as her mind cleared. Suddenly she was very aware of her nakedness. Pleasure had been replaced with confusion as she stared at the burning mark.

“W-What did that witch do to me...?!”



Guilt swirled around Anna. It nagged at the back of her mind like the constant chatter of the stream. So much effort to keep herself pure. So many prayers and promises to resist the temptations of the devil. And in a single pressure-filled moment, she'd thrown it all away for a few minutes of unbridled ecstasy.

Dread hung over her head as she quickly washed the juices of her labor from her body. The stream's chilling cold was welcome; the discomfort felt like penance for what she'd just done. Never had she imagined her body could make her feel such things, nor had she envisioned herself ever being so weak to its call.

Even worse, as she donned her damp nightgown and felt the fabric rub across her already tightening breasts and stimulate her nipples, she couldn't wait to do it again.

The walk back to her family allowed her time to clear her head and relax. The witch had done something to her. Slowly, constantly, her breasts were not only growing, but they were producing milk with more vigor than a new mother with twins. She could feel them surging with energy. Every minute brought them to plump. So potent was the magic that by the time Anna had returned home, she'd regained a cup in size. The heft of her breasts extending from her torso was enough to lift the front of her nightgown a significant amount and angle the bottom hem upwards to reveal her shins.

Thankfully her usual attire was better at concealing her cursed size. The nightgown was thin and airy, easily tented by her bust. Her thick woolen dress, however, was stubborn and dense. Its top buttons proved more than enough to keep her grapefruit-sized mounds compressed and flattened under the black fabric. If Anna looked hard enough, she could make out their strange deformed shape pressed against the fabric, but it was hidden well enough for the time being.

Unfortunately, being hidden isn't the same as being handled. Laboring with her family was proving difficult with her milk-swelling breasts. Any significant movement caused them to shift under her dress and boast how full she was becoming. Not only that, but the more Anna worked, the more fervent her milk seemed to flow. Breathlessness left her gasping when she helped her father till the garden. Sweat poured from her brow from simply pulling weeds.

By midday, filling her lungs to their fullest was no longer an option. Her grapefruits had engorged to what felt like the size of her head. Flesh, forced back against her torso, rubbed against her sides and armpits. Scratchy seams pulled at her sides. At such a size, Anna knew her dress couldn't fully hide her bulk. The top was warped and stretched, pulled taut like a drum, while beneath her breasts the fabric swayed and flowed without tension. Anna had taken to slouching forward to help hide their size, especially around her father. Mia's eyes followed her

like a hawk's. The little girl was extremely interested in her older sister's sudden development. It was a relief she'd maintained their secret thus far.

Strrrrrtch

"Mmng..." Anna bit her lip. The outside of the cottage was cold against her back. Not even five hours had passed since her release at the stream and already her breasts were aching with fullness. She'd snuck away from their work to catch her breath in privacy behind the house if only for a minute.

Guurrrrgle

"Nnnngh!?" A whimper escaped. They were over-engorged. Double their size from this morning. How much was growth and how much was milk was unknown, but Anna knew she couldn't ignore them for much longer. "*S-Stop...! Please...stop getting...bigger!*"

Her hands clenched and pulled at her dress over her thighs. She was trembling. The heat from her bust was incredible and intoxicating. The thought of releasing so much dairy drove her wild. Fullness screamed behind her nipples, driving nectar to trickle down her inner thighs.

"I... I-I can't... I can't possibly--"

Guurrrrrrgle!

"Ah!?"

Her milk was flooding. She was out of room already, as was her dress. Pressure was forcing her breasts into a rounded shape even her sturdy clothes couldn't keep down. One of her fingers inched closer to her hips. The inside of her dress felt damp: the final warning before her breasts took matters into their own hands.

She had to let it out.

"Maybe..." Sweat ran down her face and she lifted her fingers to the buttons at her front. "*Maybe just a little...*"

"Anna...! Could you please come here?"

The girl jolted to attention when her mother called, throwing her hands back as if caught stealing from the church.

Guurrrrgle!!

Milk screamed.

"C-C-Coming!"

Anna knew she was too big to hide. It looked like she was concealing two honeydews beneath her dress. Frantic and dizzy as pressure swirled higher, she gathered a number of split logs from their wood pile to hold against her front for cover.

Her mother was waiting at the door when she came around the cottage.

"Yes, Mother?" Anna squeaked.

She was drying her hands on her apron, likely preparing lunch inside. Father was busy sharpening a knife beside the front door. He eyed the bundle of kindling.

"What are you doing with that wood? Put it down, I had it stacked just right."

Guuurgle!

Her breasts pushed against the bundle. “*I-I was in the middle of replacing it! I think a raccoon knocked it down last night!*”

He sighed and stood up. “Here, give it to me. You’ll get splinters if--”

“*No!!*”

Her parents gawked at the reaction.

“I... I mean... I can put it back!”

“See that you do.”

“Anna,” Mother resumed, “Could you go into town and fetch more milk? We’ll need it for lunch and dinner. Preferably the same vendor you found last night. It was delicious!”

Guuurrrrgle!!!

Her eyes dilated. Pressure seemed to back up in her chest and move into her throat. The mere mention of milk was enough to trigger her bust. Anna could feel cream trickling down her bare stomach before running over her chastity-broken lips.

“*YES, MAMA!*” she burst in panic. Dropping the wood with a clatter, she grabbed the milk jug from inside the cottage door and raced away with it hugged firmly.

“*Anna!! ANNA!*” her father yelled. “*Clean this up!! Get back here and clean up this wood!!*”

No response came aside from the rapid footfalls of Anna’s feet on the dirt heading away from the cottage.

“Oh dear...” Mother sighed. “Did you see that?”

“Yes! She made a mess of my wood! If she thinks I’m going to pick this up, she’s--”

Her mother hummed. “It may be time to make Anna a new dress; it’s been a bit snug across the front lately...”

The topic stopped her father’s words short. With a gruff, he bent down and began gathering the wood.



“Haahhh!! H-Haaahhhhh!!”

Anna couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t think. Her chest felt like it was going to explode if she didn’t provide the relief her milk so desperately needed. Racing down the road and well out of sight of her family, she scrambled several meters into the woods and took refuge behind a tree.

Frantic squeaks were the only sounds she could muster as she opened her dress.

Each button released more cleavage than the last. Her breasts almost seemed to grow an inch at a time with every little pop, their packed mass pushing themselves into the gifted freedom. By the time the fourth and final button was opened, they were still strained for space.

Her breasts were larger than her head by several inches. Stuffed down the front, their top halves rose out of her flared bodice like bread dough while their bottoms sat packed behind the rest of the fabric. Every movement caused the mounded exposed heaps to jiggle. Her head rolled back and she allowed herself to revel in their freedom and her hands to caress down her body before finally looking down to catch her breath.

Anna admired them for only a moment. Pressure was screaming. They weren't going to wait any longer. All thoughts of modesty flew from her mind and she allowed her dress to slip down to her thighs. Standing naked against the tree, Anna's breath hitched to see her mammaries extend below her elbows.

They were bloated in her hands. Hot, smooth skin filled her palm when she cupped their pale-veined underbellies. Milk already coated them from constant leaking. Continued trickles ran from thimble-sized nipples. The scent of lust wafted from her crotch as she felt her body moisten itself.

"God... G-God..." Anna whimpered, hands running over her milky teardrops before cupping around her fattened nipples. *"Please forgive me... I-I can't hold it any longer! Please protect my soul...from what I'm about to do!"* She cried out and wrestled with her demons. *"WHY DOES IT HAVE TO FEEL SO GOOD?!"*



She was just about to pull on her agonizing nipples when she spied the empty milk jug at her feet. It hadn't crossed her mind yet, but she would never be able to fill the jug like last time. The witch's cow was long gone and the village had no milk to offer.

But she had plenty.

Dryness spread down her throat.

"Can I really give them my milk...?"

Anna gulped. She knew it was healthy and nourishing. They would never know the difference. It would help keep her curse a secret as well. Something good could come out of it. A trip to the village was almost an hour round trip, but if she filled the jug with her own milk...*she would have an hour to enjoy herself.*

Sprrrtch!

A patter of dairy struck the clay. Trembles ran down her body.

Sprrrrtch!

Sprrrrrtch!

"A...A-Ah!"

Rapture enveloped Anna. She leaned forward, letting her breasts sway over the jug to the point she felt like a dairy cow. Flesh squished over her fingers as she began kneading and pulling each nipple.

"MMMMGH!!!"

The release was slow. She made sure of it. The letdown at the stream had been explosive, but she wanted this one to last. Every spray of milk added to a building mountain of pleasure in her core, stoking a raging fire. She leaned her bare rear against the tree for support. Cold Autumn air caressed her pink petal folds. They felt bigger. Bigger than ever before. Swollen with need. Deciding to empty one breast at a time, Anna allowed a hand to explore herself slowly.

There was far more to it than she thought. Every contour and crease danced under her fingertips. Wet and slick, her pink folds curled and swaddled her fingers. A tight cavern sang when she circled its edge and pushed onward, feeling muscles squeeze and tense. Slowly she slid in and out, letting her fingers travel up the full length of her mounded crotch to its soft pillowy apex.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"AHH!!!"

She'd touched something. Something small and round that sent lightning through her body and pushed milk out of her chest in a fountain. Gasping and desperate for more, she searched her dripping flower again for the same tiny bulb.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

"M-MMNGH!!!"

She had it. It was under her finger. Tremors shook her form. Losing herself, Anna began working her breasts mercilessly as her finger played with the devilish nub. Panting moans drifted

through the woods. Sweat dripped from her nose. She alternated hands often, giving each one a chance to drain and finger. Weary eyes watched the jug. Seeing it slowly fill with her own white cream was almost as pleasurable as the act.

“There... There is so much milk...inside of me...” Anna whimpered at the thought of her tiny breasts somehow stretching to contain such a sweet-smelling treasure.

The pleasure built as time passed. Soon the jug overflowed despite her breasts still having more to give. The dirt beneath her feet was wet with her fluid.

“Aahhh!! AAHHH!!!”

She couldn't contain the fire any longer. The flame within her core had built into an inferno after an hour of stoking and feeding.

“AAAHHHHH!!! MMPH!!”

Something soft and fleshy filled her mouth: a nipple. She hadn't even realized she'd lifted a breast to her lips.

Gulp

Gulp

Gulp

Anna drank full and long, drawing her milky reservoir down her throat. Her hand flailed between her thighs. She couldn't control herself. Everything was coming to a head.

“Mmmph!! MMPHH!!!”

She groaned between swallows. Her milk was delicious. Sweet like honey and thick as heavy cream. Soft, hidden flesh danced around her fingers and squeezed.

“MMMMPPPPHHH!!!”

SPLRRRRSH!!!!

“OH GOD!!!”

Her body erupted. Pressure exploded. Throwing herself against the tree, the remainder of her milk gushed in a heavy fountain. A waterfall of thick nectar fell from between her thighs to the point it sounded like she was relieving herself in rapid squirts.

The following minute was sheer pleasure.

Once finished, Anna was pleased to find her breasts reduced to a far more manageable size. Her dress was snug but not overly stuffed. She allowed herself ten minutes to catch her breath and let herself dry off. There was an odd serenity about sitting naked in the woods, surrounded by nature amid the scent of herself.

There was little suspicion when she returned home, although her father often averted his eyes to look away from her when they spoke. Her mother appeared to have started a new sewing project as well. Both were overjoyed at Anna's success in finding milk, as was Mia.

Together they shared the jug to the last drop over the course of lunch and dinner. At first Anna had to look away when they drank. Knowing the truth was too strange and uncomfortable, but seeing the delight on their faces eased her discomfort.

She was happy to be able to feed her family and provide nourishment. They didn't need to know the truth.



Over the next several days, Anna's milk production accelerated. Her breast growth continued, although it slowed to a halt once they came to brush against her belly button. This only occurred when she was at her utmost fullest, usually upon waking from sleep. Dreams of pleasure and massage came without end and this seemed to spur her lactation to its most extreme. Knowing she could never hope to hide her girth, she'd begun waking up earlier in order to suckle herself to a smaller size. Storing some of her milk in her belly made enough of a difference that she could hide her bust under a cloak on her way to the stream to take care of the rest.

However, this did not prevent her mother from noticing her development. Doing so would have been impossible with the level of growth Anna was experiencing. Thankfully her father had no desire to concern himself with such things, and her mother assumed it to be a late, if not pronounced, growth spurt.

On the third day of her curse, Anna was presented with a new dress. It was much like the old one but allowed far more wiggle room in the front. Anna felt as though she could breathe again without fear of blowing her buttons apart. The loosened fabric was also far less stimulating so long as she kept her milk under control.

There was concern in her mother's eyes as she watched her daughter's breasts distend to the size of watermelons seemingly overnight, but Anna assured her she felt perfectly healthy and there was nothing to worry about. Most importantly, there was no suspicion of a witch's involvement and Mia had stayed true to her secrecy. Anna continued to deliver her milk to her family, she thought her mother's bust had begun to grow as well. It was fuller than before and boasted an enhanced firmness that was treasured at her age.

On the fifth night, Anna knew she would have to make a change to her milking routine.

Her breasts might have stopped their growth, but this didn't stop her milk from producing when there was no more capacity. The past mornings she'd awoken to incredible bursting pressure. Tonight, she found the dairy-based discomfort drawing her from sleep while the moon was still high.

It was the sound of ripping fabric that woke her.

"N-Nnngh...!" she groaned, sitting up in the darkness.

The front of her nightgown had torn down the middle. A seam was burst under her arm. Pale moonlight caressed her exposed skin and reflected like a mirror. Anna could only admire her assets for a moment before her milk glands stretched again.

Guuuuurgle!

“Nghah! T-Too full! Why are they so full already??”

Pressure beat against her nipples. Under her nightgown, her breasts had distended to the point of making her look heavy with child. Mounds the size of ripe pumpkins pinned her to the bed and crept across her stomach.

This was their largest yet and it showed on her skin in various degrees. Tight and stretched, Anna feared sinking her hands too deeply into their curves. She imagined a reservoir of two gallons nestled within the middle of each breast, barely contained by her flesh as if it were the surface of a delicate bubble.

They needed to be emptied. There was no waiting for morning. Not with this amount of pressure. She feared she might not even make it out of the cottage. Even worse, engorged to such an unyielding size, she feared every corner and rough wooden surface on her way down the ladder and out the door.

Lust was strong in her tonight. The night air was chilly and bit like an animal but it blended with her heat into a dangerous potion of stimulation. Stepping outside the cottage, Anna allowed her tattered nightgown to fall off her form. There was no need to be ashamed of her nudity at this lonely hour of the night. She left the garment at the front door before walking naked until fresh dew-covered grass tickled her feet. It was refreshing when she reclined and felt it chill her neck and back.



She wanted to feel nature surround her. She wanted to feel one with everything when she reached her climax.

Anna stretched and arched her back in the grass. One hand drifted down her belly to her navel while another teased its fingertips around a raised areola. She'd stopped having reservations about her pleasure long ago. Now it was all about enjoying the release.

Her lips were already wet when her fingers parted them. Milk started trickling down the sides of her breasts. They were beyond engorged. As full as the swollen moon hovering above. Filled to the brim with her nectar. Ready to burst, if she wasn't careful. The stretching would have caused discomfort if Anna hadn't come to revel in the pressure to such a degree.

Slowly, she allowed her fingers to enter her.

"Ah...!" A tremble shook her. *"Peter...!"*

There was his name again. It had been appearing on her lips and mind more and more as of late, especially whenever she gave in to her desires. The handsome blacksmith's apprentice made her heart race and her breasts ache for a pair of lips.

Splrrrtch!!!

Milk sprayed into the air and gushed down her sides. A nipple thicker than her thumb sat squeezed between her grip.

"P...Peter...!"

Anna..., he responded in her fantasy.

Milk was flowing now. Pressure was released as a different pressure was building within her core.

"I'm...so full!!!"

You're beautiful

"MMNGH!!!"

GUURGLE!!

Anna writhed on the ground. Blades of grass felt like fingers against her sensitive lips and the backs of her thighs. She wanted so much to scream, but she wasn't far enough away from home for that.

"I...woke up feeling like I could BURST!!!"

Let me help you with that

Her breath was quickening. Milk was coming so fast it was audible. As quickly as she was relieving herself, her breasts seemed to be replenishing at the same rate. Plumpness filled her sacred lips to cradle her fingers in a pillow of lust. That magical button burned under the ball of her palm as she massaged and fingered.

"Please... Suck it out! Drink my milk until I'm empty!"

Anna...

Desperation made her ravenous. Her body yearned for another's touch. Yearned for a man's hands. She didn't know much about the ways of sex, but her mother had taught her the role a man played.

"Enter me! Enter me, Peter!"

Oh, Anna...

Whimpers slipped into the night. If her fingers felt this good, Peter's girth stretching her flesh must feel unholy. Her mind reeled in its fantasy as fluid churned heavier in her breasts. Flesh bloated and squished under her hand. Veins glowed in the moonlight. She was forcing her milk to build. Forcing her breasts to stretch to their limit. All for the sake of an explosive orgasm under the stars.

"Drink of me!!" she begged the night sky. *"Taste my sweet nectar!! Let it coat your lips!! Then kiss me and let me taste it upon them so we may share in its sweetness!"*

"Anna??"

An orgasm was approaching. Her back arched into a bridge as everything teetered on the verge of rapture. She spread her legs wide, baring herself to the world as three fingers plunged in rapid beats. Aroused fullness brought her vulva to jiggle around them.

"Fill me, Peter!!" She took a deep breath. Tingles raced across her nerves. Pressure moved through her areolas to turn them into massive dark domes. *"FILL ME WITH YOUR SEED!!"*

"Anna!?"

STTTTRRRTCH!!

Her breasts bloated an inch larger. She clamped a nipple shut to drive them to the utmost brink of capacity. *"OOHHHH MY MILK!! IT'S GOING TO OVERFLOW!!! MY BOSOM FEELS AS THOUGH IT COULD EXPLODE!!"* She began pleading as she felt the end only seconds away. *"SUCK OF MY BREASTS!!! FILL MY FLESH WITH YOURS AND SUCK ME DRY BEFORE I--"*



“ANNA!!!”

Her eyes snapped open. She realized she hadn't heard Peter's imaginary voice in a while. It had been someone else's.

Her father's.

Panic turned her limbs into a frantic blur of scrambles and grasps when she sat up. Horror turned the building eruption in her core into an icy stone.

Her parents were standing there, Mia clutched at her mother's side. In her father's hands she saw her tattered nightgown. Instantly she knew what had happened. He had gotten up to relieve himself and found her nightwear outside the front door. He must have feared the worst, seeing it torn in such a way. Never would he have guessed the true reason. Finding his daughter splayed out, enthralled in her own self-pleasure while calling obscenities to the moon, was likely worse.

Anna struggled to stay upright. Her teasing had driven her breasts to bloat large and heavy. They slapped against her pelvis but did not cover her obscene nakedness and dripping arousal. She tried to gather her nipples into her arms to hide them but it only accentuated her massive size as flesh bulged against her shoulders. “P-P-Papa!!! I--”

“WHAT IN THE LORD'S HOLY NAME ARE YOU DOING?! THIS... THIS IS UNCHASTE!! FORBIDDEN!! LECHEROUS!!”

Guuurrrgle

“Papa, please!! I--” Anna looked down as her breasts strained. Immense pressure flared her nipples into stretched pink forms. She'd forced them beyond their limit and it was time to pay the price. Her mouth trembled as something mounted within her that could not be stopped. All fell silent as her skin pulled tighter and tighter. “I-I--”

Srrrrrrrrttttch--SPLRRRRRTCH!!

“AAUUUGH!!!!!!”

Milk erupted in an orgasmic blast. It nearly took Anna to the ground as her legs buckled and her knees collapsed together. In such a letdown, her breasts shrank to half their size in a matter of seconds. Her mind went blank and stimulation stole the air from her throat. Spraying pleasure squirted from her nethers in the ultimate embarrassment, betraying her enjoyment.

When it was over, Anna fell to her knees. She had no strength to hide her nakedness. Her breasts fell to fill her lap.

Rage filled her father's face. Terror gripped her mother and she hid Mia behind her.

The witch's kiss burned on Anna's chest, glowing brightly in the moonlight.

They had seen.

“Anna...” her mother whispered.

Tears streaked down Anna's cheeks. Sobs bucked her back up and down. “P-Papa... Mama?” They were silent. It was written in their expressions. They knew about the mark, and they knew the truth about the milk she'd been bringing home. “P-Please...! I can... I can explain! It's not what you think!! I... T-The witch!! She--”

“Devil worshiper.”

Her father’s words were a dagger to the heart. A hiss of venom. There was no love behind them.

“*W...What?*”

He turned her mother and Mia away and bid them to return to the house. He followed behind.

“*P-Papa!! Please!!*” Anna stumbled forward, falling onto her feet to give pursuit.

“*Wait!!*”

He stopped at the door and turned toward her. Rage filled his eyes and tears laced with sorrow welled in their crooks. “*Silence, witch. You bring shame upon our family with that mark.*”

“*P...P-Papa...?*” Anna’s voice was little more than a mouse’s.

“*You are no daughter of mine. Not with Satan’s hand clutching your heart. Go to him for shelter and food. I will not house such perversion under my roof.*”

The door closed, shutting away the sounds of her mother’s sobbing prayers. Anna returned to her knees, her breasts heavier than ever with a burden she never asked to carry. The night chilled her to the bone now. She sat shivering, hugging herself in gasping cries.

“Oh... My poor dear...” A soothing voice warmed her ears. Anna didn’t need to turn around. She recognized its sultry tone, and she recognized the perfect red nails of the hand resting upon her shoulder. A cloak licked her back as it danced in the breeze. “Do not despair... *I have a roof you may use for as long as you wish.*”

~Chapter Two~

Night cradled Anna's body as she stared at the witch. The intimidating presence emanated warmth that not only kissed Anna's bare skin but also seeped into her core like a warm drink. Cinnamon scents weighed heavy in the air as her cloak fluttered.

"Come, child... Don't fret."

The witch offered a ruby-nailed hand and a warmer smile than Anna could have ever hoped to receive from her father.

This did not dry her tears, however. Hiccupping, Anna grasped her leaked bust and looked back at her family home. "B-But my--"

"Family? The family that just abandoned you to the wolves for exploring what Nature gave you?" There was concern and tenderness in the witch's words, but something else as well. Something seductive, and Anna wasn't certain how to fight it.

Her face reddened when the witch removed her cloak and draped it around Anna's shoulders. There was no shame as she stood naked and exposed in the moonlight. Her skin seemed to bask in the silvery glow, gleaming with a pale magical freshness that drew Anna's eyes into every fine curve and contour.

"W...What's your name...?" Anna asked.

The answer came laced with the slightest of moans. "Morgan. And you, Anna..." She grasped Anna's hand and helped her to her feet. "Are my new apprentice."

Resisting the witch was impossible. Anna couldn't have done so even if she'd wanted to. Looking at Morgan's emerald eyes, she felt her heart flutter. The woman's body was inches from her own. Their nakedness danced and intermingled. For a moment, Anna was tempted to reach out and touch her.

"T-Thank you for your cloak..."

Wordlessly, Morgan smiled before turning as if floating on air and began walking toward the woods.

Anna glanced back and forth between her home and the witch. *"Wait! Where are you going??"*

"To my cottage..." Morgan looked over her shoulder. "You're welcome to join me unless you would rather take your chances in the darkness."

Standing still, Anna weighed her options. It wasn't until Morgan stepped into the trees and merged with the shadows that the crushing solitude of the night clutched Anna's throat.

"I-I'll come!!"

She bounded after Morgan and stepped into the brush. The witch was waiting in the shadow of a tree with eyes glowing green.

Anxiety made Anna tremble. After tonight, she would be an outcast. Banished from the village. There was nowhere she could go. No one she could turn to. Even Mary would be reluctant to take her in after she heard the news. “You said I could...stay with you?”

“If you wish.” Morgan turned and continued into the forest. There was no path to follow yet branches and foliage seemed to part at her presence.

“Just for tonight... I--*Ahm!*!”

Guuurrrrrgle

“*Mmmnngh...!*”

Her milk was still excited from her earlier teasing. Stimulation had left her nipples throbbing and needy. Pressure surged with intense thickness, pushing cream out of her ducts and forcing her watermelon breasts to distend.

“*Ahh!*” Anna stumbled and wrapped an arm around her chest. “*Why... W-Why did you curse me?? This milk...*” Catching her breath proved difficult. The cloak clung to her body as fluid soaked the fabric. “*It’s tormented me without end!*”

An amused chuckle caught the night’s breeze. “It’s only a curse because you don’t understand it, my dear.”

Guuurrrrrgle!!

“*Mmm!*” Anna’s whimpers dressed the night. She couldn’t take it anymore. Even with the panicked release she’d performed in front of her family, she was already full to bursting. She allowed one hand to tug and pull a palm-filling nipple as she struggled to keep pace with Morgan. “*This... T-This could be nothing but a curse!*”

“You say that after everything you’ve derived from them? Every moan? Every thigh-trembling burst of pleasure?”

Anna turned as bright red as some of the pumpkins growing in the fields.

“Don’t fret, the entire forest has heard your deeds. There’s nothing to be ashamed of in letting yourself be embraced in Nature’s bosom.”

“*Easy for a witch to say...*”

Morgan turned around. Her expression was as calm as ever but her tone was stern. “Shall I show you the beauty of my gift?”

Beyond her was a cottage nestled in a private clearing. Anna was shocked to find they had arrived there so quickly. It hadn’t felt more than a few minutes yet they must have walked at least a mile.

Mmmooooo...!

A familiar lowing caught Anna’s ears. Standing next to a trough by the cottage was the cow she’d saved, as healthy and bright-eyed as ever.

“Jessebel says thank you,” Morgan informed while approaching the front door.

Anna blushed. It wasn’t every day a cow thanked her in person. “You’re welcome! Try not to get stuck in any more logs...”

Seeing the familiar face, even if it belonged to a cow, brought a strange sense of comfort. Tugging the cloak tighter around her body for modesty, she followed Morgan into the structure.

The first thing she noticed was the warmth. A crackling fire burned in a hearth to fill the home with soothing light. Groups of candles helped combat any remaining dim corners. Dark witchy materials littered the space with chaotic organization. A small table caked in melted wax housed an ancient tome. Anna didn't want to think about how the pages looked like pale leather, nor the crimson red of the ink. Herbs hung from the walls and ceiling. Where there were no herbs or branches were rows of shelves and tiny glass jars. Some of the jars' contents looked too familiar for Anna's comfort. Within the center of the room was a large cauldron as tall as Anna's pelvis. A dark purple substance swirled within, gently bubbling and filling the cottage with dizzying fumes.

Guuurrrrgle!!

"N-Nngh!!"

Milk struck with a vengeance. Anna fell to her knees, hands clenching against her aching breasts as dairy trickled from her fleshy nozzles. The cloak fell from her shoulders in her trembling as she arched her back.

"They're too full... They're too full..." she complained. *"Ever since you cursed me, the milk has been coming non-stop!! It plagues me more by the hour!! I-I can't keep up!"*

"Come."

Morgan helped Anna rise to wobbling legs. She would have fallen if the witch hadn't stood behind her to provide support. Wrapping her arms around Anna's front, their bodies pressed together. Morgan's seared like coals against Anna's back. The soft pillowy allure of her curves felt sinful against her skin.

Guuurrrrgle!!!

"A-Ahhh!! Please!! Make them--MMGH!!!"

Morgan's hands started exploring. Cinnamon breath burned in Anna's ears as she breathed, watching the way the girl's bosom molded in her grasp.

"Oh my... You have been enjoying yourself, haven't you...? Quite a bit from the pressure screaming against my hands..."

Guuurrrrgle!!

Anna pursed her lips and clenched her hands against her hips. She didn't dare let them jump to her groin, no matter how much they wanted to. *"You... Y-You turned me into a cow!!!"*

Splrrrtch!!

"Augh!!!"

Morgan started milking her, allowing sudden bursts of milk to spray from Anna's nipples. Some droplets peppered her open cauldron and shifted its colors. *"Now now... I've done nothing of the sort. I only gave you what you needed. All of this?"* Milk sloshed within Anna's bust when the witch bounced her incredible melons. *"That was your doing. I simply gave you the power."*

“What... What are you... I don't know what you're saying!”

Guuurrrrgle!!!

“Mmmm!!! Please just make it stop!! I feel like I'm going to burst!!”

Morgan nibbled on her earlobe. *“Then stop enjoying it so much. Stop wishing them so big. So full. So...”* She squeezed and milk sprayed in anger. *“Ready to burst.”*

GUUURRRGLE!!

“MMM!! MMMMNGH!!”



Anna's breath came rapid and short. She was frightened to inhale too deeply for fear of overwhelming her tightening chest. *“Ahh!! They're gonna-- T-They're gonna...!!”*

Squeezing hard and blocking her nipples, Morgan kissed Anna's neck. *“Your own pleasure drives the milk. It only flows with such strength because you enjoy it so deeply. Control your urges and it will slow...”*

Squeaking and whining, Anna leaned her head back as she felt her bust reach its limit. Bloated skin rubbed across her pelvis. *“I-I can't!! I CAN'T HOLD--”*

Fssshhhhhh!!!!

“AAHHH!!”

Morgan released her grasp. Milk erupted, flooding the cottage floor in front of Anna. Her breasts shrank dramatically in the course of seconds, reducing themselves to reach no lower than her elbows. Shaking in vision-darkening pleasure, Anna collapsed against Morgan. Her head sank into her breasts, finding rich comfort among their blemish-free slopes.

“I... *I can't control...that...!*” Anna couldn't catch her breath. “*It's too much!!*”

Confident hands massaged Anna's breasts in circles. Slowly, Morgan was beginning to explore her body. Fingertips tickled and traced their way between her cleavage before drifting across her abdomen.

“*Feel this mark on your breasts?*” Morgan teased around the burn her lips had left upon Anna's cleavage. “*I gave you the power to control your milk. And more.*”

Her body was melting in Morgan's hands. Slowly Anna's thighs started to rub together. The scent of milk so thick in the air left her wanting. “*M-More? You mean...*” She gulped, the words evil on her tongue. “*Like... L-Like a witch...?*”

“Precisely.”

The cottage was hotter by the second. Anna's body dripped with sweat. Blonde hair clinging to her face, she turned her gaze upward to the enthralling woman behind her. “*How?*”

Morgan smiled and delivered a healthy grope to Anna's bust. A nail slowly scratched across her belly to nearly draw blood. “That depends... Are you willing to become my apprentice?”

“*You want me to be...your apprentice?*”

A hum left the witch's throat. “I've been watching you for some time.” Almost greedy, Morgan's hands showed no restraint. Her fingers clutched and grabbed, manhandling Anna's body as if it were a doll. Listening to the girl's mouse-like squeaks made her hungry. “I think you have the witch's spirit. Do you accept?”

This was a crossroads. Anna could feel it in her soul. Either she salvaged some bit of her former life and prayed for forgiveness, likely being forced into a convent where she would spend the rest of her life under a mountain of guilt and prayer, or she gave in to the tingling temptations groping their way across her body and she embraced the devil in the one way she was always told was forbidden.

“I...” Anna's mouth went dry. Her lungs didn't want to give strength to her words. Rasping as she felt a lifetime of resolution fade away, she whispered, “*Y-Yes... I'll be your apprentice.*”

The mark burned on her chest. It seemed to pulse with her heart, welling in power as Morgan's hands kneaded and squeezed.

“Good girl,” Morgan whispered.

Apprehensive excitement bubbled within Anna. She wanted to know how to control her milk, but what was more, she wanted to know what else she could do. “*H-How do I use it? Witchcraft...*”

Morgan's hands were getting more daring. One of them grazed her inner thighs, prompting Anna to open her legs.

"It's quite simple... Magic is born from our emotions. The stronger the emotion, the stronger the spell. For some, that's *anger*."

"*N-Nngh!!*" Anna cried out when Morgan squeezed her breast hard, causing flesh to bulge between every finger. Nails sank deep to leave red marks.

"For others...it's *lust*."

Two fingers slid down Anna's navel before spreading her lips. Morgan's digits were skilled in their dance, bringing the girl to drip with arousal within seconds.

"*A spell is nothing more than a desire. In my case, and yours by the looks of it, a desire cast with an act of passion.*"

Anna was swooning. She would have done anything for Morgan. "*What...can we do...?*"

The question made Morgan's bust bounce against her back with a soft laugh. "Whatever we please. But spells derived from appropriate emotions are the most powerful. For instance..." Morgan's hands slid down Anna's sides and around her waist. They caressed her lower back before gliding over her petite rear and cupping her cheeks. "*Maybe I prefer my apprentices to be more...hearty.*"

SMACK!!

"*A-AHM!!*"

The cottage rang out when Morgan slapped Anna's rear. A stinging handprint glowed red on her right cheek, throwing her forward to lean against a table for support. Voice in a higher octave as her bottom half stung, Anna looked behind her ready to cry out, but fresh sensations stopped her short.

Strrrrrtch

Her hips vibrated. Electricity danced across her backside.

"*W-What?? What did you--*"

Strrrrrtch!

She gulped. Her thighs here closing together, narrowing their gap until nothing remained. Fleshy pressure squeezed her blushing petals on both sides until they were buried between her plump legs.

Her most intimate creases shifted. Leaning heavier on the table, Anna watched as her hips widened and grew heavier. Her once petite butt blossomed outward. Flesh expanded and firmed, giving itself to gravity as her cheeks turned full and plump. Creases formed at the tops of her thighs as her rear hung low and fat. Combined, the four swelling masses compressed her sex mercilessly.

Dizzying stimulation made her head swim when it stopped. Allowing one hand to inspect, Anna found her rear more than double what she was used to. Hefty mass cushioned her

hand and wobbled back and forth with her pelvis. She realized it was impossible to bring her feet as close together as she wanted when her thighs had swelled to such proportions.



“M-My... My... What did you--”

Morgan’s eyes gleamed. “Now there’s a figure befitting a witch’s apprentice.” She came forward, grabbing both of Anna’s cheeks with open palms. Her fingers sank and squeezed, massaging over the fleshy globes and running between them with dangerous bravery. Having her fun, Morgan spun Anna around to lean against the table. Its wooden surface sank deep into her new backside, causing flesh to bulge over its top.

“Hah... It’s so...heavy...” Anna moaned, feeling her bottom half trying to pull her down.

Morgan stood directly in front of her. The heat from her breasts bathed Anna’s face. Slowly she leaned down, stooping to bring her lips close to Anna’s bust. *“Shall we give it a test drive?”*

“W-What do you mean?”

Morgan slowly kissed her breasts before traveling lower down Anna’s body.

“Haahh... Mmnggh... S-Stop... That’s...” Anna tensed, feeling Morgan’s lips on her belly button and lower. *“Y-You’re--”*

“This is a favorite spell of mine,” Morgan warned, curling her hand between Anna’s thighs to cup her plumped lips. She leaned forward. Hot breath brought Anna’s navel to blush. When Morgan’s lips connected, coating themselves in her moist, dripping lust and tasting her inner folds, Anna’s mind started to reel.

Something blossomed within her.

“Ahh!! Ahhhhhh!!!”

Her hands clenched. Nails dug into the table. Eyes closing as her head leaned back, her mouth opened into a howling cry of desperation.

“AAAHHHH!!!!!”

Morgan watched as Anna’s body erupted. Her skin flushed and sweat poured down her in curtains.

“What-- MMNGH!!!” She could barely speak as pleasure stole her breath away.

“AAHHHHH WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?! MMMMGH!! Haaahhh!! HHAHH!!!!!”

Anna shook violently. Her legs wanted to give out as they became drenched in her juices. Upon her loins, the witch’s spell burned and stimulated her like a thousand fingers.

GUURRRRGL!!

“AAAHHHHGG!!!”

Milk violently surged into her breasts, bringing them to bloat into rounded globes.

“MM!! I-I CAN’T!!! IT’S TOO MUCH!!! IT’S TOO MUCH!!! AAAHHHHHH I’M GONNA--”

Her voice cut off when air squeaked from her lungs.

Pleasure gushed from her in a plume of fluid. An orgasm unlike any she’d experienced up until now made Anna feel as though she’d just been turned inside out. She wanted to collapse. She wanted to curl up under a blanket and hug her aching body as it recovered from the dramatic waves still crashing over her.

“That... What... How... I...” Anna was dumb with arousal. She felt dehydrated as she gasped for air.

“As I said, it’s one of my favorites.” Morgan stepped forward and ran a finger between Anna’s crotch.

“M-MMMM!!!”

It exited the top of her folds coated in clear fluid. Morgan brought it to her lips and ran it over her tongue. The zapping, tangy flavor was all she’d hoped. *“Such a pure, innocent pleasure...”*

Anna slumped to her knees. Being assaulted by her new hourglass figure, milk, and the magical orgasm was too much. Her breath didn’t want to catch up and the room was spinning. “This is...all so much to take in...” Whimpering, Anna looked up at Morgan. “What if I can’t handle it? C-Can I go back to my family if I change my mind?”

Morgan knelt before her. “If you can’t handle being my apprentice?” Slowly she leaned forward before kissing the tip of Anna’s nose and leaning back with watchful eyes.

“H-Huh?”

Anna’s eyes crossed. Her nose looked smaller. Itching spread across her skin as her curves twitched. In a shocking turn, Anna watched as her rear shrank away back to its petite form. Her thighs thinned into toned columns of muscle. Her breasts firmed and tightened to match the size of her head.

Fwap!

Fwap!

Something shifted Anna's hair. Daring to bring a hand to her head, she felt two elongated objects protruding from the top of her scalp. They were fuzzy and warm, over a foot in length.

Pomph!!

“Ah!”

She looked behind her when something tickled her lower back. At the crest of her cheeks sat a puffy white tail, the same as a rabbit's.



“W-What???” she panicked, grabbing a bunny ear as it flopped.

Morgan mused at her confusion. “If you can't handle being my apprentice... *I suppose I would just have to enjoy a nice rabbit stew instead.*”



A single night turned into days. Before Anna knew it, those days had turned into weeks. Summer's warmth had gone. Now Autumn's chill was here to stay as even the middle of the day

carried a bite on the wind. A blanket of leaves covered the ground. Listening to them crinkle and snap under her bare feet brought Anna a sense of connection with Nature she'd lacked until now.

Acting as Morgan's apprentice was exhilarating. Every day felt new as she helped the witch gather various ingredients, learn different uses for herbs, and practice general witchcraft. She hadn't yet been granted the honor of meeting the other witches or accompanying Morgan on any of her more important errands, but Anna felt she was close. She just needed more practice. Controlling her emotions proved to be the most difficult aspect. Anna found herself prone to letting go and allowing them to carry her away, rather than her remaining in control.

At the very least she had managed to get her breasts reigned in. What was once an unstoppable flow of milk had been tamed into a gentle trickle where only Anna had her hand on the spigot. During ordinary hours she enjoyed a manageable breast size a few inches larger than her head. But at night or when she found herself tangled in the temptations of the devil, she allowed her dairy to flow at full strength. Midnight songs of moans and ecstasy were encouraged and now Anna couldn't sleep without the pleasurable ritual.

Skin would billow and stretch down her prone form, engulfing her hips and thighs in bloated milky fullness before she reached her limit. Every bit of pleasure and toe-curling orgasm urged her capacity to increase with each session. Surrounded by this pleasure and the forbidden delight of learning witchcraft, Anna had been too distracted to ponder the life she'd been cast out from.

Until she saw the lanterns, that is.

She was wandering the woods near dusk when she crested a hill and looked upon the village below. In Autumn's fiery embrace, it was a picturesque scene of comforting warmth. Near the outskirts was a wooden structure acting as a stage, as well as several booths. Lanterns swayed in the breeze and reflected in Anna's eyes even at a great distance.

"The harvest festival...!" she gasped.

Her heart sank. So quickly she'd thrown everything away. Her family would be there tonight, no doubt enjoying the festivities. She wished she could join them again and dance in the glow of the countless lanterns as she had so many times before. Peter was sure to be there as well, and Anna found herself wondering what he would think of her new abilities. His eye had already been upon her even before her transformation.

"What about Mary...?"

The question was a whisper upon her lips before being lost to the wind. If anyone in town could possibly hold sympathy for Anna's situation, it was her lifelong friend. They had grown up together and shared countless secrets. Anna suspected her parents hadn't spread word of her turning to witchcraft; to do so would shame them as well. Likely they had said she ran away.

The village would be relatively empty. Anna felt confident in her abilities and Morgan wouldn't be back at the cottage for some time. Cinching her cloak, Anna started down the hill as wind and fabric blew around her naked form.



Mary paused to drag the back of her hand across her brow. Even in the chill, working in the garden was sweat-inducing work. She looked around the small pumpkin patch and sighed. She'd hardly made a dent in the weeds and the harvest festival was going to begin soon. At this rate she would never make it in time. After an outburst at dinner, her mother insisted the chore be finished before she joined.

The brunette groaned and set back to work, digging an angled trowel into the dirt to get the weeds at the root.

“*Mary...*”

She looked up, certain she'd heard her name called. Her parents' property was nestled within town, however, and it was deserted at this point. Music and laughter rose from the south as villagers got into the spirit.

“*Mary...!*”

There was no mistaking it. Looking at the back corner of her house, Mary saw a cloaked figure emerge. Pale skin glowed from beneath with unabashed nudity. Blonde hair stood out like gold against the cloak's dark green.

“*A...Anna?!*”

The weeds were forgotten in an instant. Rushing forward, Anna embraced her oldest friend. It lasted only seconds before she realized Anna's uncovered body was pressing against hers. The warmth made her heart race as she recoiled and stepped back.

“Where have you been?? Your family said you ran away!! Mia has been saying crazy things about witches and--” Mary's eyes fell upon the kiss burned into Anna's chest. Her face turned white and she stepped back. “*It's true... You... Y-You really did seek the devil...*”

A proud smile cracked. “The devil sought after *me*.” Tender fingers traced around the mark with pride. Anna allowed her cloak to open. She wanted Mary to see how she'd blossomed. Swelling with vanity, she let milk flourish in her breasts, bringing them to push outward. “What do you think?” Anna swayed her body back and forth to give her friend a healthy view of every enhanced angle. “*Does witchcraft suit me?*”

“You're...” Mary gulped. The urges were back. They had been there since she could remember: worrying, unholy attraction and fascination with other girls. Anna had especially plagued her mind as they'd grown together but she had managed to keep the emotions bottled up. Seeing her friend's body swollen to such an obscene degree made her heart flutter. “*Y-You're so...different...*” Mary stared, noticing how full her friend's breasts looked as if they were in desperate need of a hungry child or lover. “You got... *Bigger...*”

Anna smiled and admired her treasures with a moan, hefting them between her arms. “You like them? Magic lets me make them as big as I desire... As *full* as I desire...” Anna

stepped closer to her friend, lifting her breasts forward. “*Bursting* with warm, sweet milk... And... *Pleasure...*”

Dumbstruck, Mary watched how they jiggled and bounced with Anna’s steps. Tight skin rubbed to create cleavage with no aid from clothing. There was simply not enough room on Anna’s torso for her own breasts, and their girths fought for space.

“*A-Anna...*”

Mary’s heart pounded in her ears. The preacher’s sermons rang in her head yet she couldn’t stop her hand from inching closer. Heat radiated off Anna’s bust to draw her in.

“You can touch them...” Anna tempted. “I promise they’ll warm those cold hands.”

Seeing double, Mary placed a palm against a swollen melon. Hot flesh filled her hand. Energy was brimming within the mounds, almost swirling as she felt Anna’s milk beating against her skin.

Mary’s voice shook. “*Ohhh wow...*” Quickly she recoiled and clutched her hand to her chest. Timid, calculating eyes looked down at her own body. It looked so twiggy compared to what Anna’s had grown into. She was flat in comparison. Her dress was tight and still revealed little change between her waist and hips.

“*D-Do it to me!!*” she demanded.

Surprise lit Anna’s eyes. “What?”

Mary stepped forward with more conviction. “I want to be bigger too! I want to know what it’s like! My body has stopped growing... And I... I-I want to look like you!” Without thinking, Mary unbuttoned her gown and slid it down her arms, baring herself to Anna.

“*Mary! Calm down! Someone might--*”

“*They’re all at the festival!*” Autumn’s bite brought her tiny nipples to stand hard and firm. “*Please! D-Do whatever you need to do! I don’t really want to be full of milk, but I want to be big!*”

Anna stared at her bare-chested friend. It had been years since she’d seen her in such a state, not since they last bathed together. Somehow her breasts still seemed just as small. “All right...” Anna grinned, feeling excited to use her witchcraft. “*All right!*”

“You’ll do it??”

She came forward and placed a hand on Mary’s right breast. A racing heart fluttered beneath. “*How big would you like?*”

The question made Mary whimper. “*B...Big. As big as...*” She looked around and her eyes settled on the garden and its festive orange orbs. “*As big as that pumpkin!*”

Anna was surprised. Such a size would place Mary larger than herself. Her friend’s hunger was deeper than she thought. “Very well. I’ll--”

“*A-A-And hips like yours, too...*” Mary added with a whisper. Her eyes flashed to Anna’s waist and crotch before flitting away in embarrassment. “*I-I-I like how full everything looks... It all seems so soft... A-And I want to be able...to comfort someone...*”

The resulting grin made Mary wet. *“I’ll make you too full for your own gown.”* Anna pulled Mary close, stooping down to bring her face to her diminutive bust.

“A-Anna!! Stop!! We can’t...!!” Frightened she might faint from guilt, Mary panicked upon seeing her friend’s lips approach her bare skin. *“W-What are you doing??”*

“Giving you what you desire...” Anna promised before softly kissing each of her friend’s breasts. The spell was cast.

“But--AHM!!”

Sttrrrrrrtch

Magic flowed into Mary’s breasts to make her gasp and tense. Breathing steam into the air, Mary endured a tightening sensation within their cores. Slowly they plumped and rose off her ribcage as if tiny balloons were expanding within them.

“They’re... T-They’re...”

“Growing...?”

Mary squeaked, watching her breasts puff into apples. Pink flushed tinged her skin and her areolas had risen into prominent domes. *“Oh my... O-Oh my... Anna... T-This is witchcraft! This isn’t right! This is the work of the devil!! G-God will surely smite us for--”*

“Bigger?”

Mary paused before nodding vigorously. This time she did not shy away when Anna came forward to kiss her. Soft, ruby lips connected with each plumped breast several times. The heat returned and Mary leaned her head back, letting herself revel in the rapid growth.

Sttttrrrrrrrrtch

“Ah... Ahhhh...! A-Anna...!” Mary cradled her friend’s head and held her to her bust, hoping to elicit more kisses. *“Bigger... Please, make them bigger!”*

Anna was happy to oblige. Lust overflowed from the apprentice witch, fueling her spells and desires. She continued kissing, bringing a hand to cup and massage Mary’s breast. It swelled in her grasp, gaining enough mass to crease and develop a fat teardrop shape.

“A-Ahhh!! My hips!! My...nnggh!!...hips too!!” Voice rising, Mary heard a desperate plea slip from her mouth and she begged, *“P-Please kiss my hole of holes!”*

Anna was already on her way and leaving kisses down the length of Mary’s abdomen. Her hands tugged her dress from her arms and over her hips, where it slid the rest of the way to the ground and left Mary naked amidst her family garden. Her skin stood out amongst the green vines and bright pumpkins. The festival’s distant glow brought a blush to her skin.

“Yes... I’ve...” Mary clenched her hands and watched Anna caress and kiss her naked hips. Fingers sank and clawed her rear, pulling and teasing her cheeks apart as Anna explored without mercy. *“I-I’ve wanted this...for so long...”*

When Anna pressed her lips upon Mary’s delicate petals, the girl gasped with heightened ecstasy.

Strrrrrrrrtch!

“Aahhhmmm...!! Mmmmmm Annnaaaaaa!”

She trembled. Everything widened and firmed, growing heavier with every breath. Anna teased and groped, watching Mary’s hips widen in her grasp. Her most intimate nooks and crannies filled to swell into impressive visions of womanhood. Little gap was left when Mary’s thighs finished their growth, coming to hug and nestle her fleshy gate in serene softness.

But Anna couldn’t stop. She continued exploring her friend’s body. Slowly she returned higher, giving her breasts the attention they still craved. Kisses covered Mary’s bust before a tongue began tracing circles around full areolas.

STRRRRTCH

“Mmmmgh! A-Anna... Slow... S-Slow down!” Mary’s head felt like it was in the clouds. The festival sounded a world away. She’d reached her pumpkin goal and surpassed it. Looking down, she saw Anna’s face engulfed in her soft flesh.

STRRRRTCH

“Mmmm!! J-Just... A little bigger! I don’t want--”

“Shh...” Anna stared with fogged eyes. *“I’m thirsty.”*

Anna’s mouth opened, exhaling over a nipple. Her mind had left her. She was slave to her lust, and what she wanted was to hear her friend cry out. Hungry, she latched onto a trembling pink nub. Her hands slid down Mary’s back to sink into her new backside, pulling Mary close and letting her fluids of excitement wash over Anna’s breasts.

“MMGH!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Skin heaved. Ever growing, Mary’s hourglass figure continued well past what she’d envisioned. Watermelon mounds hung heavy and dominated her torso. Bulbous skin bulged around Anna’s face and shoulders. Within her mouth, a tongue danced with a nipple as she sucked and teased it larger and thicker.

Guuurrrrgle

“A-Ah!” Mary gasped, shaking at a new pressure within her breasts. *“Anna, wait! This is big enough! They’re starting to feel weird!!”*

STRRRRTCH

Her footing shifted. *“My thighs...are too big! I can’t--M-My chest feels funny!!”*

Guuuurrrgle!!

“Mmmm!!!”

Mary looked down. Fright grasped her when she saw how large her breasts had grown. They would have reached to her hips had Anna not been hugging them against her head. From an unsucked nipple leaked a trail of cream. It dripped to the garden below with a quickening flow.

“Anna!!! Anna, stop!!! That’s enough!! I said no milk!! I didn’t want milk!!”

GUUURRGLE



“Mmmmm!!! Too big!! I-- Ah!!” Mary gasped when milk gushed. Her breasts were engorging faster than her mind could process. Milk leaked from the corner of Anna’s mouth as she sucked harder and harder. *“Anna!! ANNA!!!”* Panic took over. Fearful, Mary shoved her friend back. *“ANNA!!!!!!”*

Thud!!

She fell back into the dirt, coughing on milk. Her lust had been broken. Looking up, she saw Mary standing over her beside herself with fright.

Her body was transformed. Too wide to fit through a doorway, her hips jutted to the side before leading into thighs as big around as an ox neck. Covering her waist were two breasts bloated to extreme proportions. Milk ran over her vein-adorned curves in thick rivers and her hands hovered inches from her skin, frightened to touch herself.

“A-Anna... Anna...” Mary repeated over and over. *“What... W-What did you do?!”*

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!!” Anna scrambled to think of a solution. She’d let her emotions control her again, and now her spells were wreaking havoc. *“I can fix this!! Just let me think!! I need to--”*

“What did you do to me?! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MMMM--MOOOO!!”

Mary clamped her hands over her mouth. The girls stared, knowing they had just heard a cow’s bellow come from Mary’s throat.

GUUURRRRRGLE

Their eyes shot to her breasts. Pressure continued to rise, pushing Mary larger inches at a time. Tree trunk legs shook under their weight. Quickly she grabbed them as if squeezing her flesh might stop their constant growth.

“Anna, make them stop!! MAKE THEM STOP!! I-I CAN’T BE SEEN LIKE THIS!! THEY’RE TOO BIG!! MAKE THEM STOP GROW--”

SPLRRRTCH!!

“MMMGGH!! MMMOOOOOOOO!!”

Mary loosed a heifer’s bellow once again when dairy surged from her breasts. Horror filled her eyes as she watched her chest engorge and rub further down her weakening legs.

Fwip!

Fwip!

“W-What??”



Two cow ears emerged from Mary’s head. She felt them spring out and brought her hands to investigate. They trembled as she explored their soft, curved shapes. Two horns pricked her fingertips. When something swatted against the backs of her thighs, her hand shot behind her to grab a writhing tail.

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“ANNAAAAA!!!” Mary screamed. *“WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?! I-I’M TURNING INTO A--MMMOOOOOOO!!”*

SLOOOOOSPH!!!

“A COW!!!!!!!”

Mary toppled forward and fell across her breasts. On her knees, flesh wobbled and quaked across her body. Fleshy milk-filled mounds spread beneath her to support her weight. Puffed petals and folds screamed from between her thighs as her position presented her intimates to the world.

GUVURRRRGLE!!

“MAKE IT STOP!! M-MMOOOOOOOO!!! MAKE IT...STOP!!”

Anna knelt by her and was quickly pushed away by creeping breast flesh. Mary was filling with milk faster than Anna ever had. They dwarfed the garden’s pumpkin and rose above the vines in towering jiggling forms. As wide as Anna was tall, Mary’s chest was intent on total immobilization. Several pumpkins cracked open before smashing open under her encroaching size.

GUVURRRRGLE!!!

“AAAHH!!!! ANNAAAA!!! MY MIIILK!!! THERE’S TOO MUCH!! THERE’S TOO MUCH!! OOHHHHH I’M TOO BIG!!! OOHHH MMMOOOAAAKE THEM STOP!!!”

Anna’s eyes darted left and right. It wouldn’t be long until Mary’s body was consumed by her own chest. She needed something powerful to stop her own spells.

GUVURRRRGLE!!!

“Mmmmmooooooo!!! MMMMOOOOOO!!! Anna!! Please!! Mmmoooo--MPH!!”

Anna lunged forward, sinking her weight into Mary’s cleavage and taking her friend’s head in her hands. In a frantic fit of passion, Anna kissed her. Their tongues met and their breath mingled.

Mary’s milk fell silent. Her body ceased its growth. For a moment, all was still as the girls shared each other’s souls.

“Mary...? MARY, OH MY DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN!!”

There were people. Villagers. Villagers everywhere. They’d heard Mary’s screaming and the sounds of a distressed cow. Anna released her hold to see them rushing into the garden. Mary’s parents were at the front of the mob, their faces white upon seeing their daughter too big to fit in even their largest cart.

“It’s Anna!!” someone yelled, pointing at the scrambling girl.

“She’s a witch!! Look what she’s done!!”

Anna tried to get up but her cloak tangled around her feet. She didn’t want to leave Mary in this state. *“Wait!! W-Wait wait!! It’s not--”*

“Burn the witch!!! BURN THE WITCH!!!”

“Look what she did to my baby!!”

The villagers turned unruly. Hands grabbed Anna before she could flee, yanking her into the heart of the mob as they grabbed coils of rope.

“Wait!! I can fix her!! I can--”

“BURN THE WITCH!!!”

“BURN THE WITCH!!!”

“BURN THE WITCH!!!”



Hands were all over her. Strong, forceful hands pulling and yanking Anna in every direction. She tried to fight back but the villagers were far stronger.

“Mmmooooo!!”

“Mary!! Lord, what has she done to you?!”

Anna craned her head as they shoved her away. Mary was slowly reducing in size and the garden was flooded with milk. Although her cow features remained, Anna was certain she had done enough to at least return her friend’s mobility.

“BURN THE WITCH!!”

Shouts and jeers came from all directions. Some had taken to throwing rocks or food.

Someone ripped her cloak and threw it on the ground. *“Whore!!”* they screamed as Anna tried to cover herself. It had been so long since she’d last felt any shame about her naked body. Among the crowd she recognized several faces as they flashed by. None were willing to help or lend any sympathy. Witches couldn’t have been more hated.

Many hands made for light work. As Anna was brought to the village square, she saw a stake already erect for her arrival. A bundle of wood was growing at its base.

“Please!! J-Just listen to me!! I didn’t--”

“BURN THE WITCH!!”

“She turned Mary into a cow!!”

“S-She’ll get better!!”

The stake was solid against her back when they stood her atop the pile. A dozen hands worked to hold her in place and coil rope around her body. Flesh bulged between the bonds as they made sure to pull it tight, especially across her hips and chest.

Finally they receded. Anna was left tied to the stake like so many witches before her. Eyes watched from below, glaring at the bringer of Satan and witchcraft to their quiet village. Her nakedness fully exposed itself to their gazes. None averted their eyes, as if looking were a way to shame her.

“Please!!” Anna tried to loosen her bonds but there was little to be done. The rope tightened around her chest as fear made milk flow. Weight made her bulge and tense the bindings. *“You don’t understand!! I--”*

“We understand plenty!!” an older man yelled, flinging spit with his words. Someone passed him a lit torch.

Guuurrrrrgle

Anna winced. Her breasts were starting to take on a mind of their own. Fighting against the ropes, they were squeezing the air from her lungs.

“Her bosom!!”

“Look!! See how she grows!!” someone pointed.

“She swells with evil!!”

“Burn her now!!”

The town’s preacher boomed, *“Do not let her seduction sway you!!!”*

Anna gasped. As large as watermelons, her breasts were reaching the point of discomfort. Rope sank deep into her flesh. Puffed nipples squeezed between each coil. The stake shuddered as she fought, her hands bound at her side.

Guuurrrrrgle!

“M-Mmgh!!”

She moaned at the pressure. Even in this life-threatening situation she was growing aroused. Head lolling, she spied the blacksmith boy staring from the crowd. He wasn’t furious like the others; he was mesmerized.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!!

“Mmmmmgh! Ohhh they’re getting too FULL!!”

“ENOUGH OF HER TEMPTATIONS!! CAST THE FIRE!!”

The torch was thrown to the bottom of the wood. Brush caught easily, jumping to life with flame. Already Anna could feel the heat rising around her, but her own heat was stronger.

“Mmmmmmmmm!!” She trembled, arching her back against the ropes to make her audience gasp at her promiscuity. *“Ohhhh Satan!! They’re so SENSITIVE!!”*

The villagers gasped at the display of lust.

Sttrrrrrrtch!!!

“Ah!!”

What started out as a ploy was quickly turning into enjoyment. Anna found a strange delight in shocking the townsfolk. Wetness shined on her thighs and her nipples throbbed. Flesh bulged against her shoulders as she grew against the ropes.

Sttrrrrrrtch!!

“Mmmmmgh!!! T-Tighter!!” she begged, squirming back and forth.

Fsshhhh

Fshh

Fsshhh

Hissing rose from the flames as milk dripped free.

“C-Come into me, Lord of Darkness!”

GUUURRRGLE

Milk bloated her mammaries to extend to her hips. Horrified onlookers stared, aghast. Some had backed away in fright of the overwhelming sexual power. Others, like Peter, ogled and stood motionless. Seeing a bulge tightening the front of his trousers made Anna's desire spike.

"I'm so wet!! I'm yours, Dark Lord!! I want more!!"

Fsshh!!

Fssshhh!!

Anna watched panic spread through the villagers. Her confidence was turning their anger into fear. Smoke started to rise from the wood pile and flames occasionally licked her feet. She knew there wasn't long before it was truly too late.

CRREEEAAAAK

"T-The ropes!! SHE'S TESTING THE ROPES!!"

The preacher held his bible aloft. *"Hold strong to your faith!! The devil has no place here!! He--"*

Anna laughed, her milk built up into a swirling ocean within her breasts. Her nipples screamed for release against the bonds. The cackles of enjoyment popped with the fire and silenced the village.

"YOU THINK THIS IS ENOUGH TO HOLD ME?? ROPE AND FIRE??"



GUUUURRRRGLE!!

“MMMNGH!!!” She bit her lip as her breasts ached. “*YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT POWER YOU’RE DEFYING!!*”

Splrtch!!!

“AAUGH!!”

Milk sprayed from her nipples in warning shots. Boiling cream hissed and steamed from the fire below. The flames jumped back but did not abate. Several villagers started to pray, hoping to combat the evil brought upon them.

CREEAAAA--SNAP!!

A rope burst. Flesh rushed into the available hole and sent fluid-filled echoes through Anna’s bust as her skin punched tight.

“*T-The ropes!! She’s--*”

“MMMNGH!!!!!” Anna’s moan pierced through the square. She couldn’t hold anymore. The ropes were far too tight, even for Anna’s liking. They refused to stretch any further and only dramatically deformed her breasts. Just as the pricking heat of the flames reached her toes, Anna felt herself push beyond the point of no return.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMNGH!!! *Aahhh!! AAAHHHH, SATAN!!! I CAN’T HOLD IT!!*” Anna screamed, thrusting her chest forward as far as she dared when it was already so strained. “*I CAN’T HOLD--*”

CREEEAAAAA--BOOM!!!

Villagers dove away when the ropes exploded around Anna’s bust like whips. Gargantuan breasts toppled free and slapped her shins. Milk flowed from the sudden burst of freedom, flooding the wood and dousing the flames. Anna held onto the stake for dear life as her letdown shook her mind and body. She could feel her breasts shrinking and rubbing against her body as her milk ran free, flooding the square and frightening the villagers into running.

“*Run...! R-Run from...mmmgh!!!...my lust!!*” Anna groaned, tensing and squirming. “*It burns hotter...than any flames!!*”

Soon they had all fled the witch and her exploding bosom. Anna fell forward, collapsing to the ground in a gasping heap on all fours. Breasts swung off her front and rubbed across the dirt with full nipples.

It was impossible to keep herself from laughing between breaths. Anna lugged herself into a weak standing position, cradling her breasts in her arms. Putting on such a performance was beyond thrilling. It would be a while before the inferno calmed within her core, but she knew she had to take her leave before the villagers grew brave once again. Morgan might already be furious with her decision to see Mary.

“A-Anna! Wait!”

She paused. Turning around, Anna saw the blacksmith boy approaching. His eyes couldn't look directly at her and his face was red. Even as he tried to hide it, Anna was blessed with a healthy outline of his excitement pressed against his trousers.

Anna lifted a hand. "*Stay back, unless you desire--*"

"Your cloak..." Peter held the garment out. "It's...cold out there. I wouldn't want you to catch a cold, even if you are a--"

She kissed his cheek. Warmth flooded his front as she allowed her body to press against him. "*Brave boy...*" Anna smiled and donned the cloak. "*He must be thirsty.*"

Peter didn't answer, instead taking his leave before any of the villagers could see him talking to the witch. Anna couldn't blame him for his hasty retreat, but she was struck by his gesture.

Turning toward the woods and entering the trees, Anna mused the encounter. "*I may have to pay him a visit later...*" She grinned and teased a nipple beneath her cloak. "*To give my thanks.*"

~Chapter Three~

It was dark by the time Anna was approaching Morgan's cottage. Light wisps of smoke rose from the chimney to combat the creeping chill of late Autumn. A part of her knew she should be more shaken up after her encounter with the townspeople, but she couldn't help feeling confident about what she'd accomplished.

Her breasts had been enough to save her from the stake. Her milk had overwhelmed the flames. Her prideful, amused laughter would ring in the minds of the village for days if not weeks.

"But Mary..." she whispered.

A pang of guilt clutched at her chest and Anna pulled the cloak tighter around her body as if it might ward off the emotion.

Anna knew she had lost control. When they were in the throes of Mary's growth and her magic was flowing, she couldn't help but give in to her every whim. Bringing Mary to lactate, and worse, transforming her into the voluptuous bovine had never been Anna's intention, but in the moment, it felt incredibly right. She could vividly recall her hands and mouth moving with minds of their own. Whether or not she enjoyed it, Anna wasn't sure the choice had been up to her conscious mind in the first place.

She allowed a hand to massage the side of her bust. It was sore after such rapid engorgement while confined to the ropes. Leftover milk was nearly done draining from her nipples. "She'll be alright... The preacher and church congregation might scorn her for a little bit, but eventually they'll play it off as me seducing her against her will and accept Mary back as a victim," Anna tried to reassure herself.

Mmmooooooooo...!

A cow's lowing started her. Her mind immediately thought she could hear Mary all the way from town, but quickly realized it was only Morgan's cow, Thistle. The heifer had come to greet Anna with delight whenever she returned home. In her apprenticeship with Morgan, Anna felt Thistle had come to be one of her closest companions. Even if her name was on the prickly side.

The clearing surrounding Morgan's cottage was warm and inviting compared to the dark of the forest. Whatever magic she used was a blessing in the settling cold; Anna hadn't yet mastered the art of keeping herself warm by magic alone.

"Hey, girl," Anna whispered with love to Thistle. A gentle pat on the head made the cow look at her with bright moon-reflecting eyes. "Always waiting for me to get home. Are you staying out of--"

"I assure you, she'll be ready."

A voice carried from the cottage window. Curious, Anna peered into the opening and saw Morgan speaking with another witch. She hadn't met the rest of the coven yet, but she'd seen other witches plenty. Morgan always directed Anna to leave while they tended to business.

This was a witch she hadn't seen before. Shorter than Morgan and with red hair like fire that tickled her bare shoulders, her presence was enough to add weight to the air. An open cloak revealed a healthily padded figure and soft waist.

"She's making progress?" the redheaded witch asked, annoyed.

Morgan was calm and focused on preparing some herbs. "Her capacity grows by the day and her taste for lust is to be admired."

Realization made Anna's heart race. They were talking about her, and she wasn't certain she should have been around to hear.

"And you're sure she--"

"Flyre, I assure you her ability as a vessel is without question."

An idle grumble chewed in the witch's mouth. "It's almost too late... Much longer and there won't be enough time. We need her."

A bead of sweat trickled down Anna's back. Never had she felt any amount of malice from Morgan, but this witch's words were making her nervous.

Morgan stepped toward Flyre and wrapped an arm around her waist before pulling her close. Affection met between their eyes. "Let me handle my apprentice. She's a gifted young woman and as much of a budding witch as we were when starting out." Morgan's hand caressed the low of the redhead's back while her other palms teased a hefty breast. "I recall you taking quite some time to learn how to control your cream."

Flyre softened at Morgan's touch. "I had a good friend who helped me get a handle on things."

Heat rose into Anna's face as she ogled the two women drawing closer. Their naked bodies pressed into a sight of curves as their hands traveled. There wasn't love in their words or gazes, but plenty of lust. Anna wondered if she should have been watching.

Striking with confidence, Morgan kissed the witch before pulling away. "Leave Anna to me. She's closer than she knows."

Flyre was swooning after Morgan's assault. "*Mngh...* Very well, I'll return word to the coven. To think we would be doing such a thing..." Her expression turned to one of caution. "They won't accept it. They don't like our kind."

Smiling with ruby lips, Morgan returned, "Then we'll give them a reason to. Now go, she'll be back soon."

Frantic energy blossomed in Anna when Flyre opened the cottage door. Diving around the corner, she watched the witch retrieve a broom before gently rising into the air and flying low over the trees into the darkness and deep into the woods where few dared go.

Anna didn't know how long she should wait before going in. Too soon and Morgan would know she was listening. Too late and she might go out looking for her.

“You can come in, child.”

The invitation made Anna bristle. Walking with her eyes on the ground in fear, Anna entered the cottage. Morgan was waiting at her table as calm as ever.

“I-I didn’t--” Anna started.

“You heard.”

Her mouth clamped closed and she nodded. “I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to eavesdrop. I was just coming home and heard you talking...about me.”

“We were indeed.” Morgan glanced up to see Anna near tears. Soot patterned across her bare skin and red marks still showed from where the ropes dug deepest. The witch stood up with concern and approached, taking Anna in her arms and holding her lovingly to her breasts. “Oh child, what happened to you? You’re filthy!”

Anna sniffled. Bottled emotions were ready to erupt. “I-I went to see my friend... And she wanted me to make her grow! L-Like my breasts did!” Several hiccups jolted her back before tears started to well. “*I tried but I went too far and turned her halfway into a cow!! She’s far too big now!! The whole town tried to burn me at the stake before my chest broke the ropes and scared them away!!*” Her voice cracked into crying. “*My friend hates me now!! Mary will never forgive me for what I did to her!!*”

“Oh my dear... My dear child...” Morgan rubbed her back and held her tighter. The scent of soft intimacy was rich within her cleavage. “Nothing can be done that cannot be forgiven. In time your friend will come to see the blessing you’ve given her.” She paused before continuing. “They can be so cruel to us... But remember it comes from ignorance and misunderstanding. They do not want to know that which they fear.”

Anna’s back jolted several more times. Being embraced by Morgan was like being sitting in a hot spring. Even still, something was gnawing at her core. “*Are... A-Are you going to kill me?*”

“What reason would I have to end your life, child?”

“*I heard what you were talking about with the other witch...*”

Morgan ran a hand over Anna’s hair. “You needn’t worry about that. Soon, but not now. It’s part of your apprenticeship.”

There was a calming sincerity in Morgan’s words. Anna couldn’t help but relax at her voice and touch. It wasn’t long before the witches’ conversation melted from her mind completely and she was left soothed between her bust.

“Child... Your cloak is filthy.”

Anna wiped her eyes. “I-It was torn off when they dragged me to the stake. I would have lost it, but...” She recalled Peter’s kind act. “A-A man returned it to me so I could stay warm...”

The news brought a delicate smile to Morgan’s sharp lips. “I see... And did you thank him for such kindness?”

“I told him I would, but I--”

Morgan's eyes brightened. "Then thank him you must! And soon! For a boy to risk his standing in the community to return your cloak... He must have great desire for you."

A flutter jumped in Anna's chest. She'd teased him in town, but with the act staring her in the face, she wasn't certain she had the confidence to make good on her promise. "B-But I wouldn't know what to do!! How would I thank him??"

Morgan moved with lithe dexterity. A hand traveled from the low of Anna's back and around her waist before caressing down her navel. Two fingers ran between her blessed petals with firm pressure.

"*Ahm!!*"

"Thank him in the best way a woman can... *Properly*," Morgan whispered. Her fingers curled and applied pressure. It didn't take much for Anna's body to allow them access and they hooked inside of her, massaging and beckoning her inner walls.

"Y-You..." She gulped. "*You mean...*"

Cinnamon was hot on Morgan's breath. Stealthy magic flowed from her fingers and into Anna's loins. "*That's right, child... Take his seed.*"

Anna's mind started to swim. She'd never laid with a man. Never had the opportunity to gaze upon their manhood, much less handle one. But if she were to indulge in the forbidden act, Peter was the only man she wished to take into herself.

Lust bubbled. The rush of desire was taking over. For so long she'd wondered about the opposite sex. Pondered how it would feel. As she grew wet at Morgan's hand, she whimpered, "But I wouldn't know what to do..."

"Your body will know. It's already eager to take him in. But... If you need some help..." Morgan left her to go search through her shelves. Bottles and vials clanked before she plucked a small spherical container from the back of a shelf. She presented the palm-sized potion to her apprentice with an honest smile. "Have him drink this and your body will have no doubts of how to thank him."

Anna took the bottle. It was warm to the touch and smelled sweet even with the cork. Thick blue liquid jostled inside with few air bubbles.

"Go now," Morgan insisted, "*While your allure is still fresh in his mind.*"



It was odd returning to the village after almost being burned at the stake only hours earlier. Now with the dead of night as her cover and a blazing desire for her first touch from a man, Anna moved with silent barefooted steps. Her cloak obscured her from what light the moon provided between drifting clouds. Thoughts passed through her mind only for a moment when she encountered the smothered remains of her stake but they were fought off soon enough.

The blacksmith's shop stood out among the rest of the buildings. An apprentice with no home of his own, Anna knew Peter would be sleeping inside next to a fire. The backdoor confirmed as much when she approached and heard snoring from within. Flickering firelight escaped through the generous gaps around the frame.

She slipped inside like a shadow. The interior was small and filled with tools of all sizes. As she predicted, a hearth burned in the center with blazing coals always ready to heat metal. Next to it was a cot. Peter was there. His blanket had slipped down to show a bare chest decorated with the muscles of a man swinging hammers all day. A gentle bulge atop his pelvis fueled Anna's excitement.

She stooped at his bedside. Gentle as a breeze, she began stroking his hair.

"Peter..."

He stirred.

"Peter..."

"Mngh..."

"Wake up, Peter..."

His eyes cracked open. A jolt of alarm shook him into a panic, but Anna was quick to remove her hood and place a soothing hand over his heart.

"Shhh... It's just me..."



She could feel his pulse racing under his fingertips as his mind tried to make sense of the situation. "A...Anna?" His body relaxed but his bulge stiffened. Confusion did not leave his eyes. Anna's nakedness had absolute power over his attention despite his best efforts. The sight of breasts swollen larger than his head, and pressed together so closely to his face, made his mouth go dry. "What are you doing here?? I haven't seen you in--"

“*I came to say thank you...*” Her hand traveled lower down his torso until it slipped under the blanket and settled on his lower abdomen. The tips of her fingers grazed the waistline of his pants. “*For returning my cloak...*”

“Cloak?” A gulp bounced his throat. “B-But I never returned any--”

Her lips were on his before either knew what they were doing. Heat from her bust flooded his chest when she pressed her pale treasures into him. Ever so slowly, she inched her hand lower and into his trousers until it grazed the firm shape of something thick and long. It twitched at her touch and Peter pulled back.

“We... We shouldn’t be doing this. We’re not married! You’re a...” He lowered his voice. “*They’re saying you’re a witch!*”

Anna mused. “I certainly have no qualms about such things. You’ve been on my mind for quite some time.” Her hand grew braver. She might not have known what she was doing, but her body knew every step. Slender fingers wrapped around a thick, fleshy pole and began stroking.

It was more rigid than she expected. Veins and contours danced under her fingers as she traveled from the base to the firm head flaring at the top. It throbbed against her palm and grew stiffer with her rising adventure.

The serpent had already surpassed all expectations and she hadn’t even seen it yet.

They kissed once more as her handling grew firmer. She grinned when they pulled away once more and teased, “I can stop if you would like.”

Peter only shook his head. Child-like wonder stared at the bloated mounds hanging over him.

“I didn’t think so. I have a gift for you...”

She bid him to sit up. Moving behind him, she sat close enough to press her full front into Peter’s back. His skin seared with the heat of the fire and met Anna’s soft pillows with muscular tension.

A hand withdrew Morgan’s potion from her cloak. The stopper came out with a gentle pop and she brought the bottle to Peter’s lips.

“What is it?” he asked.

“A little something to help me say thank you...” Anna’s free hand resumed its stroking duties under the blanket. Fully trusting her master, she instructed, “*Now drink up, and I’ll give you something wonderful...*” Confidence brought her milk to swell and expand her breasts against his back. Hardened nipples prodded him like thumbs as he felt her grow plump and heavy.

Peter hesitated for only a moment before accepting. The bottle was empty within three swallows and she set it aside before caressing his chest and kissing the back of his neck.

“*Hah... A-Anna...*” Peter groaned, tensing.

“Yes...?”

Light trembles shook his body. Sweat formed between his back and her front. Within her hand, she felt his throbbing strengthen. Every pulse of his veined manhood brought a newer high.

“Nngh... What... I’m so confused...” His hands clenched at the blanket. “What did you...”

Anna was noticing it too. Slowly her grip was being forced open; his manhood was thickening. They shared in each other’s rising excitement when the blanket shifted against his bulge. Kicking it off with his feet, Peter unveiled his lower half. Ratty pants concealed his nakedness as Anna’s hand dove under the waistband, but the garment wasn’t long for this world.

Strrrrtch

“Nngh...!”

Peter grunted. Pumping, straining sensations flooded his member. It wasn’t long before Anna’s fingers couldn’t meet her thumb any longer. However, it was when his purple head escaped from the top of his pants that they started shaking with excitement.

“I-I’m--”

Strrrrrrrtch!

It lengthened several inches. More than half of Peter’s cock had risen from his waistband. Elongated beyond any others in the village, it exceeded nine inches in length. Its thickness bulged as thick as Anna’s wrist and felt just as strong.

Her eyes watched intently at her first glimpse of a man’s sword. “*Oh my... All this excitement for me? I’m flattered.*”

His growth accelerated. Like a fleshy pillar, Peter’s manhood rose up his stomach before reaching the bottom of his ribs. Eleven inches of flesh protruded like a lusty serpent rearing its head. While its length had stopped its elongation, his girth continued to increase. Anna brought both hands to grip his shaft and pump in long, slow motions.

“*To think I need two hands to handle you... I hope my body is more capable,*” she whispered into his ear. A moan of endurance came in response.

Guuuurrrrrgle

The sound of milk. Breathing deep, Anna let her magic flow into her bust. Dairy trickled into her breasts to make them tighten and bloat. Flesh pressed wider against Peter’s back as she grew. Warm trickles of liquid pearl ran down his spine. The longer she stared at his nakedness, the wetter she found herself becoming. Her loins were beginning to ache, as if begging for him to enter.

“*Do you feel them?*” she teased, squeezing his forearm-thick member. “*You’re making me so excited that my breasts are filling with milk... With the milk shortage, I’m sure you’re thirsty...*”

Guuurrrrrrrgle!

“*Mmmm!!*” Anna whimpered, feigning distress. “*The pressure...! It’s...almost too much to bear!*” Milk lubed her skin when she started rubbing them up and down. “*Oohhh, can’t you feel them, Peter??*” She allowed herself a helpless squeak and breathlessness. The serpent was undulating in her hands as Peter fought peaking arousal. “*You’re making me swell so full!!*”

So...tight!! They feel ready...nnggh!...to burst!! Can't you feel...h-how firm my skin has become?? Your manhood is driving me to--"

Guurrrrrrgle

Another sound of building fluid, but this was not milk. Their eyes focused on movement between Peter's legs.

"A-Ah...!" he gasped suddenly, body tensing.

Two rounded apple-sized curves pressed into the fabric of his pants. Fighting discomfort, he spread his legs wider. The outline of two spheres rose into view at the base of his cock. Together their gazes widened in wonder.

"Anna!! My--"

Guuurrrrrrgle!

His pants tightened across the shapes. Their growth was rapid and drove Peter's breath to hitch. Surpassing oranges in size, they watched his pants tighten to a drum. Stitches pulled at his inseam.

Still they grew.

GUURRRRRGLE

"Mmnggh!" Peter grunted, flexing his shaft in Anna's hands as the seams dug into him. Just as he feared the lack of space might spell doom, a sound of relief filled the room.

SHRRTTIP!!!

"Oh my..." Anna ogled.

His crotch burst at the seams. From within emerged two swollen orbs overflowing with his seed.

STRRRRTCH!!

Peter held his breath as everything assumed a final bout of growth. His shaft and balls grew in unison, tightening within Anna's entertained grasp, before the potion had run its course.

Her hands couldn't help themselves. Enjoying every hardened inch, she stroked his foot-long pride from top to bottom with gentle grazings of his balls in between. He barely noticed her deft hands sliding his ruined pants down his legs.

"Shall we see how your new sword fits in my sheathe...?" she asked, biting his ear. An answer wasn't needed. Rising, Anna moved to Peter's front before pushing him onto his back. Even reclined his manhood extended over the majority of his stomach. Testicles like grapefruits fought for space between his thighs and ached with cum.

When she lifted a leg, exposing herself to his prying eyes before straddling his hips, Peter gripped the sides of his cot to steady himself. Anna's pelvis hovered. Her breasts swung heavy and loaded with cream, bloated into melons.

With both hands, she took his length and angled it up until his head pressed against her sopping lips, barely spreading her opening with an apple-sized battering ram. *"S-So big...!"* she gasped. Looking helpless, she confessed, *"I hope it's not too much for me!"*

She lowered herself, letting her own weight press her against Peter’s impressive staff.

“*Ahhh... Ahhh!*” Anna gasped aloud, feeling his monstrous head spread her open. Her lips parted and stretched before several inches entered her rapidly and sent her breasts swaying. “*AH!!!*”

Guurrrrrgle!!!

Milk gushed into her breasts at the sudden penetration. They swelled down her torso and lifted fuller away from her body. Anna paused at the top, reveling in the intense stretching occurring in the center of her pelvis.



Gathering herself, she began lowering once more.

“*N-Nnghh...!*”

The rest wasn’t as thick as his head, but every inch felt longer than the last. Anna slid down several at a time before retreating some and heading back. Every cycle brought her lower and lower.

“*It’s... A-Ahh!! Oh it’s SO BIG INSIDE OF ME!!*”

A bulge was moving up and down her belly with every slow pump of her thighs: Peter’s head. He watched from below as the fist-sized mound emerged from the cradle of her pelvis before inching its way up her belly. Each time it managed to travel a little higher. To see it push and warp her belly button outward made his shaft thicken suddenly.

“*A-AHH!!!*” She shuddered violently and suddenly lost her balance. Gravity took over. Eyes popping open, the air was forced from Anna’s body when she fell the full distance and took him in all at once.

SHLUMP!!!

“A-AAUUGH!!”

His thickening took her by surprise and Anna’s legs gave out. Their hips slammed together and the remaining half of his cock plunged itself into her body like a rabbit diving into its burrow. Heavy smacks rang out when her breasts slapped against her and echoed with fullness. Anna’s hands flung to her abdomen and groped at a protruding mound between her belly button and ribs. She could watch its throbbing tent her skin ever so slightly as her body struggled to keep pace.

“O-Oh Satan!! Ohhhh dear Satan!!” she cried out, feeling unable to arch her back. Peter’s mast had her skewered in place. Slowly she leaned over Peter and pressed her hands into his chest for support. Ginger movements from her hips tested sliding herself up and down his length.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

Her mammaries betrayed her excitement. Milk flooded her glands to make them hang fuller and taut over his face.

“You’re making me swell!! You’re making my bust swell, Peter!! OH THEY COULD BURST!!”

He grabbed her trembling thighs. Lust enraptured them. Sweating from the strain of stretching so greatly, Anna started riding. It was slow at first as her flesh struggled around his base, but her movements became rhythmic soon enough. Thick, wet sounds came from her rear as every inch made itself known. Heavy slaps clapped between their pelvises.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

“Aahhhh!!! My milk!!” she yelled, finding herself unable to control her flow. The pleasure was too great. Peter’s presence so deep within her body had switched off any common sense. She forced her back to straighten and willed him deeper. The firm curves of his balls pressed against her butt. Looking down at her struggling conquest, she teased, *“Thirsty...?”*

Peter’s face said it all as she started massaging and groping her breasts. Pressure coaxed sporadic sprays from her nipples to pepper his body.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

“B-Bigger!!” Anna pleaded, unsure if she was talking about her chest or his cock. She grabbed his hand and placed it on a swollen mound. The roughness of Peter’s hands were nearly overstimulating.

GUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMGH SEE HOW YOU MAKE ME ENGORGE?!”

He watched in earnest at her incredible swelling. Milk poured into her breasts to draw them down her body. The bulge of his manhood became hidden from view when they reached below her elbows. Laden with dairy, they swung like teardrops straining with their own load.

“S-Suck on them!! Drink my milk!!” Another whimper, one Anna wasn’t certain if she was faking. *“Before they explode!!”*

His hands groped and pulled a massive tit to his face before latching around a strawberry nub. Milk erupted into his cheeks.

“AAAAHHHHH!!!! YES!!!!”

Anna’s hips grew adventurous. They twisted and snaked their way in a seductive dance, making sure to use his size to her full advantage. Even the smallest movement caused dramatic stimulation deep within her.

“Haahhh!! I’m... I-I’m...”

He was thickening. Peter was reaching his climax. Already feeling as though she were stretched to her limit, Anna was overcome with frantic pleasure as he grew within her.

“AUGH!!! M-More!!! You’re stretching me!!!” Her voice heightened into panicked gasps. *“You’re...stretching me!!!”*

GURRRRRRGLLE!!!!

His balls swelled against her ass, searing with an unbridled internal heat.

“Aahhh!!! I-I...can’t...” Anna gagged, feeling as though Peter were in her throat. Her hands flew under her aching breasts just to assure herself that the bulge of his head truly hadn’t traveled much higher. It took everything to keep herself grounded as she felt he might outgrow her.

GUUURRRRRRRRGLLE!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed from Peter’s mouth as her pressure overwhelmed him. Quivers overtook them.

“AAHH!!! MMNNGGHHHH!!!!!!” Anna dug her nails into his legs to draw blood when he stretched her loins to the utmost limit. *“F-Fill me!! I THIRST...FOR YOUR SEED!!”* she begged.

GUURRRRRRRRGLLE

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

He released. Peter’s balls bucked suddenly. Within her body, his cock flared and pounded against her belly.

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

“Ah ah ah ahhhhHHHH!!!!” Warmth flooded her abdomen. Anna’s hands sank into her stomach at the strange sensation of a liquid intruder. It spread rapidly and coated every inch of Peter’s shaft.

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!

It didn’t stop.

“H-Huh??” Anna’s attention shot downward.

The tension arrived all at once. Pressure welled within her belly, pushing her soft abdomen further outward with every throb of Peter’s cock. Her hands danced over its surface as it domed and lifted. Deep within her core she experienced intense pressure like a balloon expanding within.

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

“Ah!! What...” She squealed and trembled upon feeling his hot fluid pump into her by the second. “What is--”

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

“MMM!!!”

Her stomach bucked under her palms as if to throw her hands off. Skin pulled taut and the contours of her hips accentuated themselves against her firming waistline.

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

“Peter...! You’re...!” Breathing grew difficult as all available space left her torso. “You’re filling me!”

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

His face was contorted in a similar way as sensations danced around his cock within her. It continued to heave, throbbing within the swirling ocean of cream and forcing her larger. Anna’s fingertips explored in an aroused panic when she felt the skin around her belly button pull and shift. Her belly domed from the base of her breasts to her navel where it caused her pussy to tighten.

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

“O-Ohhhh!! MMNGH!!! PETERRR!!” Anna groaned. She arched her back as her belly distended more than six inches from her hips. Milk spurted from her breasts in heavy showers as if her body were seeking anything to expel in the name of providing more room.

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH...!!!!

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH.....!!!!

Her body grew tighter. Pressures spiked. As the bottom of her belly came to rub against Peter’s hips, she felt it stiffen and round out with a final surge of cum.

SSPLLRRRMMMMSH.....

“NNGH!!!”

Sppllrrrrmmsh...

The world stopped spinning. Within Anna the rapid pulses stopped. Her hands tenderly traced her nails over her new mound, admiring the drum-tight masterpiece by Peter’s hands. It would be a lie to claim she wasn’t slightly cautious of pressing her nails too hard.



“Anna--” he began.

“*I-I look...heavy with child...*” she whispered in awe.

She moved to rise. Wrapping her hands under her massive womb, Anna lifted herself from Peter’s sword. It fell behind her moments later with a heavy slap. A waterfall of cum followed only for a moment before her forbidden gate closed.

Balance had left her. Anna nearly tumbled when she stood to her feet as watermelon breasts and belly attempted to take her to the ground. The bloated triplets heaved in her arms as she leaned back and wrestled control.

“*Oh my... Ohhhh I’m so full... I’m so full...*” she repeated several times. Hungry eyes flashed at her prey. “*My belly... Feels fit to burst with your seed, Peter...*”

Anna was trying to stay calm and maintain an air of seduction, but inside she was a storm of confusion and fright. Everything truly felt ready to erupt. She was frightened to open her legs for fear of a torrent of cream escaping and her swirling prize leaving her core. To feel herself stretched to the limit with his seed drove Anna wild.

“*But...*” she continued, stepping toward the boy with eyes alight. “*I still hunger for more...*”

Peter's eyes widened and he looked at his semi-flaccid member. Though like a club, it lay limp across his hips. The pressure had gone from his reserves. "I-I don't know if I have more to give," he confessed. His first experience with a woman, combined with the mental wrestling against his values, had left him drained.

A smirk played over Anna's face. Morgan's mark on her chest burned and glowed. "Nonsense..."

Stiffness partially returned when Anna returned to his cot and knelt between his legs. Her breasts and belly mashed together as she hunched forward, bringing her lips to his member and taking him in her hand. The glow of her witch's mark intensified and reflected over the dripping ooze of their previous lovemaking still coating Peter.

"It's nothing some tender love can't rouse."

She began kissing him. Heat danced on her lips and passed into his shaft. Tingles raced through Peter's body as he watched the girl begin her ministrations. Her lips pressed and kissed life back into his manhood. When a hand slid down to cup his testicles, she angled his head higher. His heart skipped a beat when he watched her mouth open.

"Mmmmmmm..."

Her groan of delight made his eyes roll into his head. Lips stretched to fit around his purple helmet. Though she couldn't hope to fit his entire girth in her mouth, watching her cheeks bulge with every attempt was more than enough.

Guuurrrrrgle

"Mhm..." Anna giggled through his flesh, eying him with amusement. The pressure was returning to his balls. Slowly they swelled in her hand as she poured her magic into him. Vigor was returning with a vengeance. Peter panted for breath as he felt himself fill to the brim with seed and continue beyond. They ballooned larger in Anna's grasp. Stiffness turned him into a throbbing pillar too thick for her hands.

She stared up at him, making eye contact as she sucked. His cum had come to cover her cheeks and lips. Deep within, he felt an innate desire. Anna seemed to sense this.

"Do you wish to feel my warmth on your mast...?"

Peter's head almost fell off his shoulders from the rapid nod of approval. With a grin full of cock, she released his balls to grasp each of her breasts and lean forward.

Sllloooooomshhh

Milk sloshed when they clasped around his cock. Bloated tit flesh squeezed him on all sides. His head protruded from the top to continue meeting her eager lips. A full belly pressed into his balls, trapping his member on all sides. Exquisite stimulation came from every angle, squeezing and kneading him with slick heat.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

Her chest grew larger. Its strength grew like a tightening hand around him.

“A-Anna!” Peter warned, feeling her magic push him well past the effects of Morgan’s potion. He winced as veins throbbled across his shaft and balls.



Dripping lips popped from his head. “Getting too full?” she cooed. A teasing fingernail traced a pulsating vein. “Ready to...burst?”

An anxious nod served as her answer.

“Well then...” She stood up. Cum dripped from her chest and belly as she walked to the head of Peter’s cot. “I suppose it’s time for the second course, isn’t it?”

She knelt and straddled his head. Instinct took over and his hands grasped her hips as she lowered herself onto all fours across his prone body. Taking his shaft once more, Anna resumed her sucking as she lowered her dripping flower onto his waiting mouth.

Their mouths knew what to do. There was no hesitation as they dove into each other. Anna’s hips gave themselves fully to Peter as his tongue snaked its way across her plumped lips. The full of her belly pressed into his chin and chest, pinning him to the cot with the weight of his own cum. Against his hips pressed her breasts, overflowing his pelvis and creeping onto his bedding.

“MMM!!!”

Anna groaned and trembled. Hands were exploring every nook and cranny of her backside without shame. Fingers clenched and clawed to find purchase. To feel the tip of his tongue battle a raging hidden treasure in the depths of her folds made Anna’s body tense with building eruption.

GUURRRRGLE!!

Milk pumped her chest fuller. Rapid breathing caused her belly to tremble with pressure. She could tell Peter wasn’t going to last very long. Her ministrations had left him at his breaking

point. As he lapped at her nethers like a thirsty pup, Anna could feel her fluids pouring from her fleshy cave and coursing down his face.

They were ready.

STRRRRTCH

Peter's balls ached and swelled. They'd grown fuller than the first time. Anna shook with anticipation at the massive orbs quivering in front of her eyes.

SMACK!!!!

"AAHHMMM!!!"

His hand connected with her backside. A red mark was left in its wake as ripples traveled back and forth through her body. The stinging tingles were enough to bring Anna to the edge.

"Aahhhh!!! MMMMMMPH!!!"

She arched her back as pleasure peaked. Peter dug his fingers into her rear as if keeping a wild animal contained. A forearm-thick shaft thickened between her hands. In a final act of preparation, Anna stuffed her mouth with his head and opened her throat.

She could almost hear his balls gurgle below with swollen anger.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"MMMPH!!!"

Tangy saltiness inflated her cheeks before the thick substance was pumped directly down her gullet. The pressure threatened to force her off but Anna held strong.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"MMMMMM!!!!!"

STRRRRTCH!

Her belly groaned in protest when it was forced to resume its filling. A whimper escaped when she felt Peter's hand press into its side and squeeze as if testing its fullness. She longed to feel it tighten and joined him, only to be startled by its size.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"M-Mmph!!!"

Every surge of cum felt like a gallon. Anna's belly heaved and sagged with each new deposit. Her skin had no choice but to stretch tighter. Weight pulled at her crotch and elongated her pussy. Within seconds her abdomen ran out of space between her and Peter and began expanding to the sides.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"NNGH!!! M-Mmmmmph!!!"

She started to ache. Trembling shook her thighs and she clenched around Peter's head when she felt cum leaking from her pussy. Flesh bulged to the left and right as their bodies acted like a vice. Belly and breast fought in a battle for supremacy. Anna's eyes bulged in shock upon seeing her cleavage push forward beneath her; a testament to the power her belly commanded.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH...!!!

SPLRRRMSH...!!!

Whimpers and squeaks left her sealed lips. Flesh bulged around her thighs. The surface of her belly felt incapable of indenting. The witch's mark burned in an effort to help her body contain every drop.

But even magic has its limits.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmmm!! M-Mmmmph!!!" Her eyes watered. Her belly refused to take anymore, yet Peter's release wouldn't stop.

SPLRRTCH...!!!

Cum sprayed from the corner of her mouth. Cheeks inflated and bulged into her eyes. It felt as though her stomach had stopped stretching and cum was backing up to her mouth. She tried to move, but Peter's hands held her firm.



There was no escape.

SPLRRRMSH...

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMPH!! MMMMMMPH!!!!!"

Anna clenched as the flow waned. Everything felt ready to blow. Below she saw her nipples flare out and spray jets of milk down Peter's legs.

Splrrrmsh...!

STRRRRTCH!!!

Peter's hand clawed across her belly. It refused to indent, creaking dully as it struggled to contain his loads. Anna whimpered for mercy from the man beneath her, feeling confidence rising in him.

Splrrmmsh...

GRRROOOOAAAAAN

The final jolt of his cock finished and left her skin creaking with pressure. She'd held it. Anna knelt motionless on her hands and knees, frightened to move. Then Peter cocked his hand. The witch almost yelled to beg him not to, but she couldn't remove her mouth in time.

SMACK!!!!

SPLOOOOMSH!!

"GAAHHH!!!"

Peter slapped her belly in triumphant conquest, more than pleased with himself. The resounding sound was like a great echoing drum. A shockwave passed through Anna's heaving form and forced his cock from her mouth before a wave of cum followed from her gasping throat. Peter fell still moments later, heaving from exhaustion as sleep took him in an embrace of dreams.



"Nngh... Oh my... O-Oh dear..."

Anna's strained moans merged with the sounds of the midnight forest. Bare feet crunched dead frosted leaves with every step. The chill might have nipped at Anna if the witch's mark on her chest wasn't burning so hotly. It hadn't stopped since she'd accepted Peter's seed. Far behind, the village sat silent in the darkness. The snoring sounds of a satisfied man still played in Anna's head. She certainly hadn't intended on pushing Peter to such extremes, but there was an amount of pride she took in knowing her efforts had been enough to take his consciousness.

GUURRGLE

"N-Nngh!!"

Pressure heaved within her gut. She doubled over as far as her distended figure would allow. An unbelievable belly pressed into her thighs and forced her breasts against her shoulders. Roiling heat pounded against her hands. As much as she enjoyed Peter's gift pushing her so far into the realms of fantasy, the pressure was weighing heavier by the minute.

"It's too much... It's... H-Haaaaahh...!" Anna gasped for air. *"It's too much!"*

Her body teetered on the edge of oblivion. An ocean of cum was held back only by the plump gate between her thighs. Its weight had caused her lips to press and bulge outward like a dam about to burst. What she'd been able to confidently contain at the blacksmith's had started to drip free by the time she'd reached the woods. Now, halfway back to Morgan's cottage, her treasure was escaping in nearly a constant trickle. It was a miracle she'd made it through town with her incredible bulk. Anna had felt as though she were smuggling a treasure within her body.

Sweat bathed her in waves. Try as she might, she couldn't quell the witch's mark upon her breasts. Its heat radiated through every curve. Even more troublesome was the behavior of her milk. She'd stopped producing the extreme floods of cream. In its place came a slow, steady pulsating. Milk was still flowing into her breasts, but Anna found herself unable to stop its production as she normally could. Even more worrisome was her inability to drain the dairy.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

"A-Aahhh!!!"

A shudder raced through her figure and she leaned on a tree for support. Her legs refused to carry her weight any longer. Her pussy rejected the idea of containing her pressure for another moment. Breath heavy and fogging into the night, Anna whimpered when she felt streams of cum running down her thighs.

"N-No...! Not yet! Just... Ngh just a little longer!! I want to...feel it...i-inside of me...for just...a-a...little...longerrr!!!"

GUUUURRRRRRRRRGLE!!

The plea went unheeded. Skin buckled against her hands. The leaking grew stronger. Reveling in the release of a dozen gallons of pressure, Anna threw her head back as clenching failed.

SWOOSH!!!

"AHHMM!!!!"

Peter's seed rushed out of her in a thick, hot torrent that soaked her legs. Feeling it wash over her feet made Anna purse her lips. Like rubber contracting back into shape, her belly retreated to help push the fluid free.

"MMMMM!!! H-How did I have so much inside of me?!"

It took only seconds for the load to free itself. Anna had to lean on a tree or risk collapsing into the puddle of cum. Everything was sore. Her stomach was soft and pliable under her fingertips after enduring such dramatic stretching. Innocent by comparison. Panting for air, Anna wished for nothing more than to fall into bed and sleep in the lasting throes of ecstasy.

There was something still pressing against her palms, however.

Slowly her eyes opened. Looking down between her breasts, Anna could see her abdomen still had a gentle slope. She pressed her hands into the dome but no further cum flowed free. There remained a reservoir deep within her core, dense and thick.

Anxiety chewed at Anna. Her fingers pressed into the gentle dome to no avail. “*Why... W-Why won't it...*”

A dull red glow pulsed atop her chest: the witch's mark. Magic surged through her in waves of heat. Try as she might, Anna could not bring herself to control the welling energy.

From her hips came a second source of illumination. Through her cleavage she could just make out her navel before it curved away and sloped into her crotch. Glowing pink markings were crawling across her skin. They curved and danced into a swirling design hugging the bottom of Anna's abdomen. Fine points curved upward until the general shape turned into that of a bowl made from twisting pink branches of sharp pink tongues.

“*W-What... What is that???*” Anna breathed in confusion. Her hands moved to inspect the markings. They had no depth but their radiating heat was undeniable and permeated deep into her belly. Well into her core and beyond, into her most sacred cradle. “*WHAT ARE THESE--*”

STRRRRTCH

A sensation commanded her silence. There was a stretching. Something pushing and growing within her body. This did not feel the same as Peter pumping her full of his seed. This was different: something that wasn't supposed to be there. A weight shifted within Anna's abdomen where she had no hope of reaching, and as she felt it start to ever so slowly grow, so too did her breasts amid the glowing runes of her belly.

Panic overtook her.

“*WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?!*”



~Chapter Four~

“Morgan! M-Morgan!!”

Anna fell through the front door of the cottage with her belly in one hand and her breasts in the other. Everything felt tight. Tension swirled against her fingertips and her heart raced at the strange, unknown sensations making her body hot.

Her mentor sat near a small fire stirring a pot. Hardly any reaction aside from a smile showed on her face when she looked up at the commotion. “Back already, child? I do hope you showed that boy the proper amount of gratitude...”

A helpless whimper left Anna’s trembling lips. She approached, the glow from the runes over her navel shining through her fingers. *“He... I-I gave him the potion! We couldn’t help ourselves!”* Fright cracked her voice. *“We... W-We became one... I’ve never felt so evil and so good at the same time! His seed... I thought I might burst when it filled me! B-B-But I can’t get it out!!”* A petite dome rose between her hands with heat like a rock from a fire. *“My belly...! It’s... I-It’s... Something is wrong!! I can’t even draw out my milk!”*

Panic raised her voice by an octave. The words were coming faster as Anna felt something within her body that shouldn’t be there. *“T-Then these markings showed up on my stomach!! Is his seed still inside of me?! H-Help me, Morgan!! I’m...”* Anna swallowed and her speech faltered. *“I-I-I’m not ready to be--”*

“A mother?”

Morgan rose and strode with lithe, calm strides. She embraced Anna as one of her own and their heats mingled. As Anna’s face came buried into her cleavage, for the first time, she could feel that her breasts were warmer than the witchy mentor’s.

“My dear child...” Morgan soothed, rubbing Anna’s back.

“Am... A-Am I really--”

“Pregnant?”

The mention of the word made her breath catch and her fingers dig into her stomach with fright. As far as she’d strayed from her religion and beliefs, she wasn’t ready for a baby. Certainly not out of wedlock without a father in the picture.

Anna nodded, rubbing moisture from her eyes onto Morgan’s chest.

“Yes, my dear, you are pregnant.”

“BUT--”

“Though not with child.”

Her mind catapulted and flipped. Sniffling, she looked up. Anna’s belly pressed firmly against Morgan’s bare navel, her thighs cradling the gentle bulge perfectly. *“W...What? But you just said--”*

Morgan released her embrace and knelt before Anna. Taking the girl's waist in her hands, she stared longingly at the small dome of her womb before kissing its center at the tightest stretch above her navel. "You are pregnant... And you will birth something... *wonderful*... into this world." Morgan kissed her once more. "But it shall not be a child. Not this time." Seductive fingers traced and caressed Anna's bump in wide circles and paths. "Over the next month's time... Your womb will swell with the moon. Engorge with magic. You will become a vessel for what is to be delivered."

Guuurrrrgle

"*A-Ah!*" Fright struck Anna when her breasts grew ever so slightly. Their energy communicated with her belly as if all three mounds were close sisters. "*But my milk!!*"

Morgan nodded and rose to her feet. Positioning herself behind Anna, she began rubbing her hands across her chest and belly. "Indeed, your body is already preparing itself. I'm afraid your magic has been sealed; drawn within you by that which needs it more." She hefted Anna's supple melons and tested their firmness, causing Anna to squeak. "You shall continue to produce milk. That much is unavoidable; it will need to feed. Though I assure you it shan't be anything you cannot handle."

Confusion left Anna breathless. Staring down at her protruding abdomen, she noticed herself becoming dizzy.



"*But... I-I'm not meant to be pregnant! I--*"

Guuurrrrgle

"*Mmmngh...!*" Gentle lactation tickled her breasts with just enough force to let her know more milk was building. "*I don't want to be a vessel! I only wanted to thank Peter!!*"

Hot, cinnamon breath burned her ear. "And by the looks of things, he accepted your gratitude several times over."

The runes glowed across her lower belly. Deep within her, Anna could feel something unknown sharing her being. Feeling Morgan's hands running over her gentle bump only seemed to fill her with more heat.

"Take heed and prepare yourself, child... In one month's time, the fruits of your magic shall be born." Her fingers pricked and Morgan smiled. *"Your womb has only begun to stretch."*



As Morgan said, Anna found her body swelling by the day. She could recall her mother's pregnancy and the long nine months of growth her belly endured. Anna also vividly remembered wondering how her mother could stand to be stretched so big and round by the end. Despite her mother's assurance, Anna always refused to touch her abdomen for fear of it being too tight.

Anna did not have the luxury of nine months to allow a slow progression. Going to bed left her larger than when she had woken up. Opening her eyes the next morning brought with it the anxious curiosity of how much her belly had distended through the night. Often she felt she was watching her mother's pregnancy occur at high speed. After her night with Peter, her abdomen protruded just enough to push above her pelvis. By the end of week one, she looked as though she'd swallowed two gallons of water. Week three saw her become too large to be concealed by her cloak. Standing with it closed allowed the front crescent of her womb to push free of the garment with the volume of two watermelons. At the start of week four, Anna found herself questioning her ability to continue. Already she felt larger than her mother at the end of her pregnancy, and the moon wasn't near full.

Her duties became more difficult with every passing day. Kneeling to collect herbs was a monumental task of steadying her belly in her hands while slowly lowering herself to the snow and dead leaves. Maneuvering around the cottage proved impossible. With such rapid development, her bulk collided with every corner and edge. No matter how many bottles and instruments she sent careening to the floor, however, Morgan never displayed an ounce of anger. There was always tender love in her touch and guiding words accompanying her rubbing hands. It seemed impossible for the witch to keep her hands off Anna's pregnant-heavy body. Every day the runes burned hotter and brighter across her navel.

Much like her belly, Anna's breasts were facing trials of their own. Slowly they swelled and distended, enduring a constant slow drip of milk building within their reservoirs. Their growth was not detectable by staring, but Anna was not blind to their rising weight and mass. Sometimes blinking seemed enough to increase their size.

Their changed appearance shocked Anna the most. Prior to her conception, Anna's bust had always remained a pure ivory white when she was filled with milk. Bright pink hues always blushed her nipples and areolas. Now, however, they looked like that of a mother preparing for triplets. Firm roundness had given way to a more relaxed softness that let them drape themselves

over her belly like a shelf and flatten into full ovals twice the size of her head. Stretch marks decorated the widest parts of her curves and danced with the dark buried blue of her veins.

Most dramatic of all were her nipples. From bright, perky, rosy pink they had darkened into reddish-brown pillars of fatty flesh. Widening with such vigor, her areolas had domed and bunched around their bases as if they had been unable to keep up with the growth of her nipples. The drastic increase in the size of her flesh nozzles left Anna concerned about how much milk they were planning on handling, as well as what they were hoping to feed. Such bloated cylinders looked far too large for the mouth of a human baby. They often ached against the pressure within, but always refused to let a single drop of milk leak free no matter how often Anna massaged.

Her feet were nowhere to be found. Sleep required she lay on her side or risk becoming immobile under her size. Even sitting at the table proved impossible by the third week, as her belly pushed her too far away to comfortably eat. Morgan was all too happy to feed her by hand. Some days Anna felt like a helpless child the witch was simply fattening up; slowly expanding like a human balloon until she was ripe and ready to pop.

“You must make sure to fill yourself with nutrients,” she cautioned with every meal. Often a hand would caress Anna’s chest and womb while she fed her with a spoon. *“To ripen into such a large vessel... It takes magic and nourishment.”*

There was only one relief her bloating body brought Anna during this month: heat. As the harvest receded into the past and winter arrived, its chill could command no power over the little witch. Snow seemed to melt under her feet. Wind could not breach the aura of warmth emanating from her belly. As if she had a furnace burning within her womb, its flames protected Anna from even the harshest weather. The forest may have been dead and frozen but her curves burned with enough energy to leave her sweaty and gleaming.

However, as much as her body grew over the month, Anna found her trust in Morgan shrinking. She remained kind and soothing but offered nothing of value when Anna asked questions regarding her pregnancy.

There was something Morgan was keeping from the girl.

When she was out collecting herbs or trying to find sleep, Anna was aware of Morgan’s absence from their cottage. Sometimes she would catch the witch flying over the trees and into the woods into unknown territory. Sometimes Morgan would not return for several nights altogether.

Most concerning were visiting witches. They arrived unannounced, often extremely interested in Anna’s development with prodding, poking fingers. Morgan would appear then with an expression of warning written across her face. She would tear them away from Anna’s belly and speak in hushed tones. Anna was never allowed to participate in these conversations, nor hear their contents. Instead she was instructed to take Thistle for a walk. More often than not, Thistle took her for a walk instead, as the cow provided valuable support for the pregnant girl.

It was during one of these walks, on the eve of the final night before the full moon, that Anna's unease reached a climax.

She returned to Morgan's cottage with Thistle supporting one of her arms. Soft licks peppered the side of her belly as the cow lovingly tended to Anna's girth.

"Hey... Stooooop!" she giggled, *"that tickles! You're going to--"*

A pulse traveled through her body. She tensed, tension causing her belly to lurch.

"NNGH!!"

Her knees buckled against each other and her arms flung to hold the taut globe. Even under her breasts, she could see her belly had come to life. The runes' glow showed across the ground in front of her.

"M...M-Morgan...!" she rasped with empty lungs. Stumbling her way to the cottage, she fell against the outside wall when another pulse heaved. *"Morgan! Something is--"*

The witches were still inside talking. Serious expressions curtained their faces.

"She will be ready?" a tall witch with bark-like hands asked.

Morgan nodded. *"Her womb could blossom at any time. Tell the others to await my arrival. There is nothing she can do about it now but endure what is to come."*

It was not their words that frightened Anna to her core; it was the jagged dagger made of wood and obsidian resting on the table that set her heart to race.

There was no stopping the panic then. Fear clutched at Anna's core for not only herself, but whatever grew within her belly as well. Morgan and the other witches wished her harm. For what reason she didn't know, but every fiber of her being told her to run.

Anna left Thistle at Morgan's cottage and fled as quickly as her feet could take her. Snow crunched beneath her soles but she was too warm to feel the icy sting.

Strrrrtch!!

"N-Nngh!"

At the edge of the clearing, she fell against a tree. Both hands shook with the energy surging through her belly.

"Something... Something is happening!" Anna grunted, grinding her teeth.

The time had come. Never over the last month had her womb felt so alive. Anna didn't need to be told that the end of her development was near, but she couldn't trust Morgan with the fruits of her labor. Not anymore. Her mind screamed at her to flee from the witch.

A dim glow came from the distance: the village. Anna knew she was less than welcome, but she needed help.

Guurrrrgle

Pressure flowed into her breasts. They were preparing for something great. Like fleshy balloons, they rose from her cloak. The garment was incapable of containing her front as she filled with milk.

"Nnngh! N-Not now...!"

Every step was a fight to continue. Hardly a tree passed by without lending its trunk for assistance. By the time she had reached the village, Anna was doused in sweat. Blonde hair clung to her face as if she'd just stepped out of the river. Steam rose into the night air from a body that felt ready to combust. In the midnight hours, only sparse lanterns illuminated her way through the sleeping village.

There was only one place where she felt any possibility of aid and wisdom for her condition.

"Mary... M-Mary...!" Anna rasped, approaching her friend's house.

No lights betrayed signs of life. Anna steeled herself for what was to come. Mary's family despised her for what she did, but Mary's mother was the town's midwife. She'd helped deliver Anna herself, as well as her sister. Surely she wouldn't turn away a pregnant woman in need, even if they were a witch.

Knock knock knock!

Anna pounded on the door.

"Hello??"

Moments passed and a shuffling came from within. "Who's there...?" a groggy voice asked. Mary's father.

Strrrrtch!

"Ahh!!" Anna gasped when her belly pushed harder against the door. *"I'm... I-I'm with child! Please! Is Lily there?? I need help!"*

Someone sprang into action within the abode. The door flung open seconds later to a concerned woman in a night robe. *"What seems to be the--"* Mary's mother narrowed her eyes. She hissed, *"You..."*

Anna could feel the woman's scorn as her eyes burned into her naked body. She looked healthier than she recalled, especially compared to the rest of the village. *"Lily... Lily, please! I--"*

Strrrrtch!!

"A-Aahh!!"

Snow crunched when she fell to her knees under rising weight. Lily's eyes widened and she stepped back. *"Anna... What evil have you wrought upon yourself?!"*

"I'm... I'm with child! I think it's coming!!" Anna lied.

"No child of God could grow within a womb so fast. This is the devil's work within you. I'll have nothing to do with--"

"Mother..."

Anna looked beyond the woman. Mary stood at the back of the house, having awoken from the commotion. Her extreme hourglass figure had receded some, but an excess of curves was still obvious even beneath a blanket. Cow ears could not be hidden despite a bonnet. Her eyes pleaded with her mother and Anna felt some shred of friendship still alive between them.

“Mary! How can you defend this witch?! After everything she did to you?! Look at her! Her body is wracked with evil!”

Mary stood firm. “What she did was an accident, mother... I’ve forgiven her, as we’ve been taught. As *you* taught me.”

Frozen silence passed between them.

Frowning, Lily relented after a time. “Very well. Come in.” She stooped to help Anna to her feet and inside.

Mary’s father saw her then as he sat on the edge of his bed. *“No! Not her! I will NOT have that devil girl under my roof! After what she did to--”*

“Jacob, leave us,” Lily snapped while sitting Anna in a chair. “She may not be holy, but I took a vow to help all mothers and their newborns.”

“I will not stand for--”

A cold glare flashed from Lily’s eyes. No more needed to be said. Grumbling, Jacob gathered a cloak and left the women alone in the house.

“How far along are you?” Lily asked, kneeling in front of Anna to inspect her belly from all angles.

“A... A-A month...”

Mary and her mother stared in shock at the mountainous globe filling Anna’s arms.

Strrrrtch!!

“M-Mmnggh!?”

Her body swelled. Tensing, Anna endured further pressure as her breasts weighed heavier atop her stomach. Enriched veins came brighter and her nipples thickened.

“A-Anna??” Mary cried out in concern, coming to her friend’s side.

“I’m... I’m fine... Everything just keeps... Nngh... G-Getting bigger...”

Anna accepted an embrace from her childhood friend. Milky scents were heavy upon her skin, especially her cleavage as her nightgown’s neckline fell open. Anna could tell she must have been lactating often, as well as emptying herself.

It occurred to her then why Mary’s parents looked so much healthier compared to the last time she saw them. While the village was starving to skin and bones, Mary’s family was healthy and vibrant. Lily looked to have even put on some extra weight as her nightgown pulled taut across her curves.

They had been drinking Mary’s milk to fill the gaps in their meals, Anna realized.

Hypocrites, she thought.

Lily turned her attention between Anna’s thighs. Forced open by her belly, there was no privacy to be had. Plump, pillowy lips blushing pink from the winter air stared back. Two of her fingers inserted themselves only briefly before she pulled back in disgust. They were wet.

“You are aroused by this??” Lily gasped.

Humiliation made Anna want to sink into her chest. *“I-I’m sorry...”*

Disgust gave way to further scorn. “Well, you’re not dilated. You’re *incredibly* swollen, but there are no signs that you are in labor.”

“Then what am I--”

“Shh.”

Lily shushed her and leaned forward, placing her ear against Anna’s underbelly with a hand to steady the bulk. The women waited, watching the massive mound slowly rise and fall with Anna’s breath.

Thump

Thump

Her finger flicked against Anna’s skin, sending echoes through her body.

When she pulled away, Lily had a perplexed look.

“W-Well??”

“Aside from your girth, there is no indication that there is anything within your womb.”

The claim made Anna’s mind blank.

“Mother! How can you say that??” Mary motioned to Anna’s titanic size. *“Look at her!”*

Lily’s eyes were piercing as she spoke. “There is no heartbeat. I cannot hear any kind of fluid. There is no movement. *You are not pregnant.* I cannot tell you why your belly grows, nor why your breasts fill with milk, but it is not for a child. You might as well be empty.”

Anxious breaths made Anna’s milk slosh. Given Lily’s words, it only made the building pressure within her belly all the more unbearable. *“B-But... Then why--”*

Sttrrrrrrtch!!

“MMNGH!!”

Her skin stretched as she reached the size of a woman heavy with triplets. Anna gasped, holding the sides of her waistline while sweating profusely. *“T-Then...why--”*

THUMP!!!

“AUGH!!”

Mary and her mother jumped back when Anna’s belly jolted. *“Dear Lord in Heaven...”* Lily whispered.

Anna felt faint with confusion and heat. A raging inferno blazed within her. The room started to spin and her vision blurred as her belly rumbled.

THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP!!

“Ahh!! Aahhhh!! If I’m not pregnant--” Eyes wide, Anna grabbed her stomach as random sections bulged out with gentle domes. Dizziness overtook her as she screamed, *“THEN WHAT’S KICKING ME?! WHAT’S INSIDE OF--”*



CRASH!!

The chair collapsed under her weight and Anna fell to the ground with a grunt before the world went dark.



“*Nngh... What...*” Anna groaned. Heat still flooded her mind. Wooziness pounded through her head the same as her bust and belly throbbed with pressure. Cracking her eyes, she looked around the dimly lit room. “*W-Where am I...?*”

“Stay still, child. You may have strayed from the Lord’s flock, but you can still be saved.”

Anna knew that voice. The shadow standing in front of her was tall and slender. Cloaked in a long black robe, he appeared as a looming figure with no humanoid shape.

Father Knol, the village priest.

Fright chilled her spine. Anna tried to flee but found herself restrained. Bonds held her in a supine position upon a bed. Ropes wrapped around her body and the mattress to keep her in place. Arms and legs tied to the bed posts, she stared down at the several paths of rope going across her belly and breasts. Skin bulged around them from a body angry at the lack of room.

Anna pulled again and winced when her belly wobbled against the bonds. *“L-Let me go!! What are you doing?!”*

“Only saving your soul, child,” Father Knol hushed.

A man waited behind him with hate in his eyes. Anna’s heart filled with hope until she saw his face. *“J-Jacob... Jacob, please!! Where is Lily?? I-I need her help! How did I get--”*

“Quiet, whore!!” he roared. *“You don’t deserve to speak!! Not after what you’ve done to my daughter!”*

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“Nnngh!!”

“Jacob brought you to my aid,” Father Knol informed.

Pressure surged. Anna’s back tried to bridge but the ropes held her down. Her swelling was far worse.

Creeaaak...

Tension caused the bindings to complain. Ridges formed across the several wraps as they forced her belly to deform.

“I’m... Ah!!” Catching her breath proved difficult when her watermelon mammaries were being forced back into her. *“I-I’m getting...too big!! It’s coming!!”*

Jacob pointed repeatedly. *“See?? See how she swells?! Pregnant with the Beast!! It will bring doom upon us all!”*

Father Knol ignored them both and raised a holy book. *“Oh Lord... We call upon thee... This girl is in dire need of your blessing.”*

STRRRRRRTCH

“NNNGH!!!!”

CREEEAAAANK!

“Too tight!! It’s too tight!!!” Anna squirmed and clenched her hands into fists. *“My belly can’t grow!!”*

“Come upon her... Hear our prayer in her hour of need! For she may have strayed from your light, but all sheep are welcome back to your flock.”

Anna fought for air. The ropes were merciless. Her nudity was fully exposed. Spread eagled, nothing was available to cover even her most private areas. Hot, churning milk beat against her cleavage as her breasts rubbed over her cheeks.

THUMP!!!

THUMP THUMP!!

“Augh!! PLEASE!!” Anna stared in horror at the monstrous globe her belly had become. It felt as though someone was punching her from within. *“I-IT’S COMING!!”*

A woman’s voice came from outside. *“Maryyyy!! Mary, please!! Where are you?? Come home!”*

Anna paused her struggle. A lot had happened after she'd fainted. "Mary?? *Did something happen to Mary?!*"

Jacob leered. "You tell us, witch. She left without a word. Hypnotized." He spat. "Haven't you had enough fun with her? You needed to torture her more?!"

Anna fumed. "You're going to stand there and say that while standing there with a belly full of milk?! How many gallons of her dairy have you enjoyed?! The rest of the village is starving while your pants are tight!! You call me a devil, but have no problem enjoying the fruits of my--"

STRRRRTCH!!

"AAUGH!!!"

Jacob's face was red at the accusation. He jabbed a finger at Anna's doming gut. "YOU WISH TO DO THIS TO HER AS WELL, DON'T YOU?! IMPREGNATE HER WITH THIS EVIL!!!"

"No!! I would never!! I-I didn't do anything to make her leave!! Where did she go?! Mary wouldn't--"

STRRRRTCH!!

"MNGH!!! MY BELLY IS TOO BIG!!!"

Splrsh!!

Thick fluid erupted from her plumped fleshy gates. Jacob stared at her extreme nudity. "Harlot."

Father Knol continued his prayer. "Deliver this girl from evil. Cast the demons from her heart and return her to your love. Do not let this sin pass."

CREEAAAAAAK!!

"T-The ropes!! The...ropes!!" Anna squeaked with less breath each time. Her body had bloated into a series of deformed, heaving mounds. Walking would be impossible even without her belly getting in the way; the size of her breasts would have reached beyond her hips. So much backed-up milk had turned them into weighted mounds of lead.

CREEAAAAA--SNAP!!!

THUMP!!!!

"GAAAHH!!!"

A bond burst across her belly. Skin lunged forward with a deep echoing reverberation. Fire felt like it could erupt from her pores at any moment.



“No more!! No more!! I’m begging you!! I-I can’t take it!!” Anna pleaded. Raging sensitivity was driving her to the point of insanity. Her pink petals felt like they were engorging and breathing, swelling in size.

“Turn me into a servant of your will, Lord! By my hand, let me cast out--”

SNAP!!!

“MMNGH!!!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

SNAP!!

SNAP!!!!

“Ahh!! AHHH!!!”

Anna watched as her belly rose over her breasts. Even buried under their bulk, the enormous size of her womb was enough to make her heart skip a beat. Even the men faltered at her ballooning girth. Father Knol’s words stumbled. She squeaked into her cleavage, helplessly restrained as her abdomen swelled with its unknown contents.

THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

“IT’S COMING!! IT’S COMING IT’S COMING IT’S COMING!!” Anna yelled.

“LORD, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO QUELL THIS EVIL AND--”

WHOOOOSH!!!

The door swung open. A gust of wind extinguished every candle in sight, throwing the room into darkness. Anna’s breath heaved from the void, her body on the verge of eruption. In the doorway stood a cloaked figure outlined in a full moon’s light.

Jacob was the first to react. *“What do you think you’re doing?! Get out of here before I--”*

A cinnamon voice engulfed his in a deluge of syrupy warmth. Chaos rang behind the figure from a village in a midnight panic. A wave of a finger sent both men against the wall to be held by an unseen force.

The witch stepped inside and took in the ready-to-burst size of Anna’s womb. *“Just what do you think you’re doing to my apprentice...? Can you not see she is about to birth something wonderful into this world?”*

“M-Morgan??” Anna squeaked.

“Come child. It’s time.”



The world bounced and jostled. Crunching snow came from beneath the wooden wheels of a cart.

Mmooooo...!

“That’s a good girl,” Morgan soothed, petting Thistle as she pulled.

Anna tried to get up but was too big. Her breasts were like anchors. Her belly could never be lifted by her arms alone. Splayed on her back, she was incapacitated by her own body as the winter-dead forest passed by.

Strrrrtch!!

“N-Nngh... Morgan... Morgan, please...” she whimpered, unable to see beyond her bulk. Skin had begun pulling tighter. Milk was ready to burst from her mounds. Against her hands, she could feel her womb pulsing with life. *“It’s... I-I’m too big...! I can’t take it!”*

The witch looked over her shoulder. Light from the warped runes upon Anna’s navel illuminated her face in a rosy pink. *“Shhh... Be still, child. You carry a wonderful blessing.”*

“But I don’t want it! I--”

Strrrrtch!!

“Ahh!?”

A stone rocked the cart, making Anna’s mass sway. Her legs tensed as she felt fluid leaking from her crotch and running over her thighs.

Behind them was an uproar. Anna craned her neck to see. Far in the distance was a red glow moving through the forest. The village was alive in the dead of night. Shouting carried through the trees as they marched with torches.

“T-The villagers! Morgan, they’re coming! What happened?? What’s going on?!”

“Only what is necessary. Let their anger carry them; there is nothing they can do.”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“M-MMNGH!!! MY BELLY!!” Sweat poured down Anna’s neck. Between the runes and the witch’s mark, her body felt at the limit of what it could handle even with the aid of magic. Her belly seemed the size of the moon itself as its curve heaved high above her toward the silvery sphere. *“I-I look heavy with four children...”* Anna whimpered.

Moooooooo...!

Thistle lowed and pulled with constant force. Stealing a glance, Anna could see Morgan’s breasts were fuller than usual. Engorgement brought them to protrude firm and round with pressure. They jostled as she walked with a head held high toward the moon.

A glow approached. Anna couldn’t see its source, but the soft illumination caressed her belly like a rising sun hidden behind a mountain. Distant chanting reached her ears. Deep within her struggling womb, pressure beat and energy pounded against her skin.

“Morgan! Please just tell me!! What’s inside of me?!” Anna dared to massage the sides of her waist. *“I don’t think I can grow any bigger!!”*

“Be calm, dear...” Morgan looked over her shoulder and placed a hand on the mound. *“It shall all be over soon. Your labor is upon us, and with it, the delivery.”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

POMP!!

Her belly button sprang outward into a lump the size of a child’s fist. Anna’s eyes bulged in fright. *“D-DELIVERY OF WHAT?!”*

The sound of chanting rose into the night. It was all women’s voices. Anna didn’t need to be told it came from the other witches. Confused and frightened, Anna watched as Thistle pulled her into a clearing. A crackling fire bathed the area in orange and red. Around it in a wide circle stood more than a dozen witches as naked as the day they were born. Their song swelled at her arrival before the cart stopped and left Anna sloshing.

“It’s time...” Morgan insisted. *“Come, to the fire.”*

Anna’s head spun. *“E-Even if I wanted to! I’m too big!! I can’t even get up!! I--”*

Two witches approached either side of the cart. Their strength surprised her when they hooked under her arms and helped her lean forward. With a boulder-like belly, it sat between her legs and rose taller than her sternum.

“Come,” they commanded.

Before Anna could try, they had her on her feet and lifted off the cart. With her curves no longer consuming her view, the clearing opened before her. A raging blaze crackled in the center. A waiting figure, swaying in a trance, stood silent. A cowgirl lost to the world.

“*Mary?? Mary, what are you doing here?!*” Anna gasped, seeing her transformed friend. Engorged with milk, Mary’s bust hung down to her hips with bloated teardrops rounded out with internal pressure. Anna feared what may happen if she wasn’t milked soon. She looked to be carrying more milk than she should.

No response came. Mary’s eyes were glazed over as cream dripped from her straining breasts.

They dragged Anna toward the fire. A ring of dirt surrounded the blaze where the snow had melted.

“*Morgan! Please stop whatever this is!*” she begged, looking to her mentor for help. “*W-Whatever I did, I’m sorry!!*”

Arriving at the fire’s side, they dropped her to her knees. Sloshing and groaning echoed through Anna’s figure and she clenched her hands to her sides to steady its trembling.

“There is nothing to be sorry about, child,” Morgan said, standing over her. In the firelight, her leaking breasts glimmered like melting silver. A hand appeared from her cloak wielding the jagged dagger from the cottage. Anna’s blood went cold. “Soon you will be thanking us.”

Anna whimpered in fear for her life. “*P-Please don’t--*”

“*SISTERS!!*” Morgan addressed. The witches’ chanting went silent. The forest stood still. “*The time has come! All has been prepared!*”

Rambling chaos approached the clearing: torches and pitchforks of a village fed up with the witches. Their firelight danced through the trees as Anna saw them reach the coven.

“*Mary!! Mary, oh my God!!*” Lily shouted upon finding her daughter naked in the woods. “*My baby!!! My poor baby!! Do you devils know no bounds?!*”

Jacob stepped forward with the priest as his shield. Holding up his holy book, Father Knol demanded, “*Wives of Satan!! In the Lord’s name, I command you to--*”

“*Shhhhhhh.*”

A simple hush from Morgan turned the priest’s face white. His words froze in his mouth and he lowered his book.

“*You will not interfere. Just watch,*” Morgan said calmly. She grabbed Anna’s hair, partially lifting the girl with a shriek. The dagger raised. Its cold steel reflected the fire into Anna’s eyes. “*Mother...!*” Morgan directed her voice to the night. “*We bring you a worthy vessel! Her womb bursts with readiness! Her breasts ache with nourishment! Her heart yearns for your aid!*”

Terror forced Anna to close her eyes. She couldn’t bear to watch as the blade pointed downward.

“*Come into this girl and fill her with your presence!*”

The dagger fell. Blade cut through hair and Anna collapsed back to her knees.

Fwoossh!!!

Morgan tossed a handful of blonde hair into the fire. It blazed into a bright white with star-like cinders. Immediately, the air around Anna pricked and tingled.

RRMMMBBBBLL

“N-Ngh!” Anna grunted as her heart raced. A rumble passed through her belly.

Morgan raised her arms. “*Oh Mother... Your vessel hungers!*” She directed her attention to Mary. “*Bring forth the anointed heifer.*”

A witch stepped forward and guided Mary to stand before them. Anna recognized her as the stout redhead. An expression of pure desire filled Mary’s face.

“M-Mary...?” Anna whispered.

Morgan directed, “Consume of the maiden’s essence.”

“What?? I don’t--”

Anna’s eyes fell to Mary’s crotch. The soft, supple lips blushing pink and dripping wet with nectar made her mouth water.

Instinct took over. Feeling an equal desire, Mary stepped forward. Somewhere in the distance, Anna heard Lily start to sob. Mary’s legs straddled Anna’s belly and her pelvis mashed into her breasts as she came to position her pussy before the girl’s face. Grown to such a voluptuous size, Mary was wedged in place between Anna’s mouth and her breasts. Their curves pressed together. Full cleavage against Mary’s rear. Pressure pushed down on Anna’s belly from the fleshy wrestling, but she didn’t mind.

Mary’s dripping lips were all she could think about.

Anna’s mouth opened. Hands grabbing Mary’s thighs, they traveled around her hips to grope both cheeks. She pulled then. A sopping, pillowy mound met with her lips.

“*MMOOOOOO!!!*” Mary bellowed into the night when Anna’s tongue parted her crease. Fluid gushed, pouring over Anna’s chin and neck.

She gulped and swallowed. Eating Mary felt similar to eating a ripe fruit bursting with juices. The world faded away around them as Anna indulged herself to the fullest, pulling her friend’s pelvis in close enough that her navel squished against her brow. Mary’s taste was exquisite. Sweet and thick. Every delicate fold danced over her tongue.

“*Mooooo!! MMOOOOOOOO!!!*”

Mary began trembling. She kneaded her breasts as they ached with milk-induced soreness. Milk dripped onto Anna’s head before full streams began running down Mary’s bloated curves. Rivers of dairy trickled down her body and followed her contours down her abdomen where they met with Anna’s lapping tongue.

Sparks ignited in the back of her head. The combination of Mary’s nectar and her milk was like cinnamon honey. Its taste was intoxicating. Anna’s heart raced. She leaned harder, not caring as her belly groaned and her own milk strained her skin tighter.

“Moooo!! MMMMMMMOOOOOOO!!!”

Mary quaked. Her hips and thighs were massive in Anna’s embrace and jiggled with enough mass to overflow a chair. Flesh plumped against her lips. Mary’s body started to leak with the strength of a waterfall. When milk began spraying across Anna’s head and heat from Mary’s core burned like coals against her brow, she knew her friend was finished.

“MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Her bellow shook the night when Anna drew an orgasm from her deepest reaches. Fluid ran down her face and she bathed in Mary’s internal heat. Horrified gasps ran through the villagers at the obscene display of sex.

They shared a moment of orgasmic bliss. Finally relieved, Mary’s breasts had reduced as their milk now ran over Anna.

RRMMMMBBBBL

“Mmmngh...” Anna tensed. Witches led Mary away, leaving Anna to contend with the massive belly before her. Her friend’s heat was within her now. Energy caused her to tremble. Tension spread. Her tongue tingled with Mary’s taste.

“Behold...” Morgan announced. *“Our Mother arrives!”*

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!

She grew, her womb blossoming much faster now.

“A-Ahhhugh!!” Falling back, Anna arched her spine as everything swelled. Milk beat against her breasts with a vengeance.

“Take her into you, child!! Let her presence swell within you! Until it bursts free!”

Thump!!

THUMP THUMP!!

“AAHH!!! SOMETHING IS COMING!!” she shrieked.

The witches watched her belly heave and jolt.

“Mother!” Morgan called, standing over Anna’s fire-lit body. *“Fill your vessel!”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

Anna’s eyes widened when her belly came to life. She gripped it as it pushed her breasts into her face. Flesh threatened to smother her. *“N-NNGH!! No bigger! N-No bigger!!”*

The other witches joined in. Their voices merged into one. *“Womb filled by the seed of man!!”*

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!

THUMP!!!

“I-I-It’s not stopping!!!” Her hands grabbed her belly. It was widening at an alarming rate. There was nothing Anna’s mind could compare it to as it grew into a towering dome. No woman’s pregnancy could ever hope to compare. Sweat gleamed down her quaking sides in the firelight as her body strained more by the second. *“I’M TOO BIIIIIG!!!”*

“Dear Lord in Heaven...” Father Knol mouthed.

“Heart overflowing with the essence of woman!”

GRROOAAAAAN

THUMP THUMP!!

“Ahhh!! AAHHH!!! My womb!!! My breasts!!! Everything!! It’s--” Anna squeaked when her belly started to glow. Even next to the fire, she could see a soft illumination coming from its center. Something was ready to come out. Pressure caused her sphere to deform and misshapen as it fought for freedom.

“OH MOTHER!!” the witches yelled, their own breasts swelling to the point of bursting as magic filled the air. “HER BODY IS FULL! SHE CAN HOLD NO MORE!! COME FORTH!! HER BODY IS READY!”

“No!! NO HER BODY IS NOT READY!!!” Panicking, Anna watched her waistline block the moon from view. The glow grew strong enough to turn her belly into a lantern. “SHE IS NOT READY!!!” Feeling her abdomen swell around the side of her torso, Anna’s voice raised into a frantic pitch of distress. A monstrous force pushed against her groin, swelling her swollen pussy outward like a dam ready to burst. “I DON’T THINK I CAN GET ANY BIGGEERRRRR!!”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Incredible stimulation washed over her like a crashing wave. Belly distending full and tight, she arched her back as it grew to pin her thighs to the ground. Infernal heat poured from her womb to the surrounding air to make it shimmer. She wished the snow hadn’t melted beneath her back.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP!!!

“AAHH!!! AAHHHHH I CAN’T TAKE IT!!! I CAN’T TAKE IIIT!! I’M... I’M GONNA...!! I-- NHG!!”

Anna grabbed her breasts. She couldn’t take the arousal. Everything was primed to erupt. Her milk screamed for freedom. Fluid ran from her crotch in thick waves as her lips pulled to their tightest with her tensing underbelly.

THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP!

“A-A-AHHHHHH!!!!” She screamed, feeling close to floating as her belly blimped impossibly large. “MY BODY CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOOOORE!!!!”

THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

“I’M GOING TO EXPLO--”

The height of pleasure stole her breath. The forest was left in silence. Anna's words died and her face contorted into an exaggerated sight of lust. No sound could escape her lungs as her body trembled. Witches and villagers watched without a breath.

Light glowed from Anna's pussy. Slowly, like escaping fireflies, tiny globes of golden illumination parted her pillowy lips and floated into the air. They hovered, gathering above Anna's belly to gather together.

Several became a dozen. A dozen became a hundred. Within seconds, as Anna tensed beneath a mountain of divine ecstasy, the ghostly golden orbs began swarming from her womb.

The villagers backed away when the stream of bobbing lights poured out. None found the desire to flee, however. They were drawn to the serene entity. Hovering over Anna, the mass of light grew as her womb expelled them by the hundreds. Her size rapidly fell like a deflating balloon. Even as it neared that of a woman carrying twins, she was incapable of moving. Pleasure held her prisoner in its grasp.

Belly reducing between her hands before returning to its previous, toned state, the last of the golden specks left her thighs to join the floating mass above.

"HAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Anna breathed deeply as if drowning. Sweat poured off and soaked the ground below. Under her fingers, she felt the runes fade from her navel. An immense weight had left her body. So small now, she was panicking to find her belly so petite after reaching such monolithic sizes.

Even as she gasped to catch her breath, none were focused on her. All eyes watched the glowing swarm of golden orbs. It was pulsing and breathing, slowly changing shape as they merged.

"Look..." one of the men from the village whispered. *"There's a hand..."*

A humanoid shape took form. Developing into a tall, lanky woman, she unfolded from a fetal position and hovered naked in silence. Long golden hair flowed down her back.

The witches bowed their heads.

"Mother..." Morgan addressed. *"Please... Drink."* Anna's breasts quivered and her nipples thickened. Risen areolas signified she was at her utmost fullest as her boulder-like mounds struggled with her cream. Anna feared they could pop if she breathed too deep. *"Your vessel is ready to burst with nourishment. Please, consume your fill."*

The woman smiled and drifted down with breeze-like grace. Hovering above Anna, she pressed both hands into the sides of her breasts.

GuuurrrrrRRRRRGGGLE!!!!

"Aaahhh!! MMNGH!!!"

Pleasure came for her once again. Anna bridged her back when her breasts surged with life. Her nipples flared and her mounds swelled to bury her torso. Just as she thought she couldn't take any more, her nipples opened.

SPLRRRRRSH!!!!

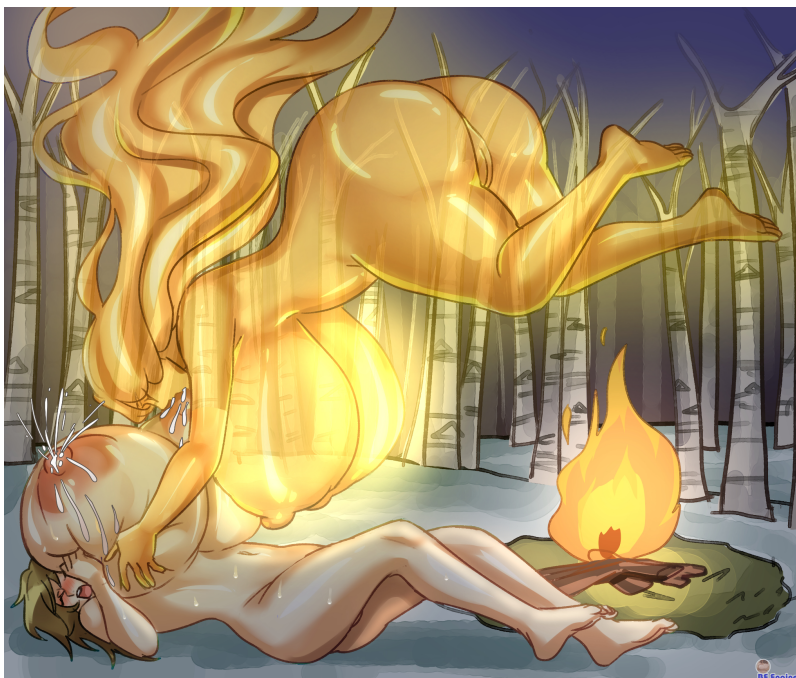
Vicious sprays of white filled the air. Her nipples fountained, dousing the ethereal being with cream. Not a drop escaped her. Every bit that struck her body was absorbed into her being. Ravenous for more, she leaned down and latched with a tender tongue.

“M-MMMM!”

She drank fully. Slowly, with each swallow, her body began to change. Her curves plumped and swelled outward. What started as a slender figure was changing into that of a fertile woman. Her audience gazed upon her developing beauty.

Girth flowed into her hips. They flared to the side with supple, soft contours diving into her navel. Twiggy legs thickened until her groin came to be nestled between two soft thighs of rich gold. Mass piled into her midsection to enhance her figure and weight. The squeezed image of her womanly loins between her thighs could drive a man to insanity.

Finally, her breasts perked. Tiny rosebud nipples hardened before slowly inching lower. The being’s bosom swelled and hung as she grew. Firm domes developed into hefty melons. Like fleshy pendulums, they inched lower with the fullness of teardrops. Golden skin stretched taut and firm. Their weight caused audible muffled slaps from her cleavage when they collided. Capable of filling a mouth, her nipples and areolas puffed like exotic fruits.



Anna’s milk supply dwindled. Reduced to her former size, the golden woman kissed her breasts in gratitude before rising into the air. Anna could hardly see through her bleary vision. Standing would be no easy task even after the pleasure released its death grip on her legs. All energy had left her.

The being had grown into a divine picture of beauty. Soft, supple, and boasting a heavenly hourglass figure, she hovered above the clearing with loving eyes. None could speak. Her beauty left the villagers speechless. Even Father Knol had no retribution to offer.

Giving no words and with only a smile, her body disintegrated. A cloud of golden sparkles filled the air. It descended upon the clearing in a fine mist. It filled the villagers with warmth. Their skin blushed in the winter air. For a moment, the forest glowed with the golden fog of glitter.

And then, just as quickly as she'd appeared, she was gone, leaving the clearing in a dimming light before only the fire provided guidance.

Silence passed. Calming serenity slowly started to give way to confusion and fear once again, until--

"Ah!" A woman fell to her knees, clutching at her breasts.

"J-Jacob!" Mary gasped suddenly, grabbing her husband for support when her chest ached.

"Mmmgh!!!"

It started slow, but soon built into a symphony of moans and startled cries of stimulation. Within seconds every able-bodied woman was clutching their chests. Flesh undulated against their palms. In a rising chorus, their moans rose into the night as their bodies came to life.

The scent of milk filled the air.

Anna managed to rise onto an elbow. The villagers were in shock. Husbands watched their wives' breasts fill their dresses to bursting. Fabric strained and seams ripped with popping seams. Those on their knees doubled over and trembled as their flesh filled their arms. Others, on their backs, squirmed and tensed at the increasing weight wobbling back and forth atop their panting torsos.

"Milk!! It's milk!!" a woman cried out.

"I-I'm bursting with milk!!"

SHRRIIIP!!

Several dresses exploded. The most buxom of the women would remain so as their mammaries hung to their hips. Some managed to stay contained within their clothes with seams ready to split. Most proved too big for their gowns. All at once, their dresses tore open to release every woman's new treasure. Milk leaked from swollen nipples. Any close enough to smell their lactation found their mouths watering, even if the milk was their own.

"Ah!! J-Jesse!" a woman gasped. Her husband had lunged at her. He could control himself no longer. Latching onto a watermelon-sized mound, he drank heavily of the nutrient-rich dairy gushing from her breasts. *"Ahhh!! Mmnggh!!!"*

For a moment Anna thought her cries were those of distress, but then she listened closer. They were cries of happiness and pleasure. Tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks as she hugged her husband deep into her cleavage.

"Drink, Jesse!! Drink all you want!" she urged. *"Can you feel it?? They're engorging!! I-I'm filling!! Oh Lord, I think I'm filling faster than you can guzzle!! All this milk!! For our family!!"* She took her other breast and lifted it to her mouth, partaking with her husband. The

bliss on their faces was unrivaled as substantial nourishment filled their bellies for the first time in months.

Others started following their example. Women who were still clothed tore their dresses down the middle to release their assets. The pressure of cream made their breaths hitch with joy.

“It’s a blessing!! A blessing from God!”

“Holy milk!! PRAISE BE!!”

“Come!! Come drink if you thirst!!” a woman begged, eager to share her particularly enormous bounty as her bust overflowed her arms. *“I have more than enough to give!!”*

Next to Anna, Mary roused from the ground. The world spun and her cow ears drooped with fatigue. *“Ngh... What...happened...?”* she asked, unsure if she was still dreaming. *“What’s going on??”*

Anna looked at her friend and then at Morgan, whose eyes shone with pride over what they’d accomplished. Her chest could give Thistle a run for her money as the blessings worked their magic.

“Something wonderful...” Anna smiled, feeling a soft pressure against her arm as the villagers fell into celebration.



Epilogue

The village wasn’t the same after that night. Prosperity flourished among the town. By morning, even those women not present at the ritual, awoke to find their bosoms ripping through their garments. The panic lasted only moments before the warmth of their contents pushed away winter’s chill and the scent made their stomachs rumble.

Nary a woman remained with breasts smaller than her head.

Over time, the town became famous for its dairy-based goods. Milk and cheeses were sold in droves to merchants and neighboring villages. The breast-filling blessing was hailed as a gift from God and the witches were redeemed in the eyes of the citizens. Though some were still wary of their past, their role in saving the town was undeniable. Over the years, as young girls would age and mature into womanhood, they too would find their busts encountering a sudden growth spurt urging them large enough to carry a significant quantity of milk.

Much like the women, the men discovered their own blessings of fertility from that fateful night. The seed of each male skyrocketed in quantity until they produced a deluge of cream upon each release. If accepted by a woman, she was almost certain to conceive. Within one generation, the village’s population managed to double.

It was in this way the village enjoyed generations of fruitful, vibrant life fueled by the milk of swollen breasts.

In time, Anna was accepted back into her family. Their rejection was a scar that would not heal for many decades, but she found love in them all the same. She continued her teachings under Morgan while never marrying, but never in lack of a warm embrace to share the night. Years later, after having fully grown into a woman and mastering her art, she and Mary left the village to seek adventure. Tales of the witch and her buxom bovine companion would spread far and wide as word of their magic and beauty blossomed.

Eventually, they would be hired by the realm's king, tasked with a far greater mission they, or their breasts, could have ever prepared for.

But theirs is a story for another time...



The End