

Spiritual Encouragement Part 1

“There you are... And just when I was about to turn around.”

Lucy slowed her car with crunching gravel beneath the tires. The night was constricting outside of the dim glow provided by her dashboard and radio. Though the moon was full, its silvery gaze did little to pierce the dense tree cover surrounding the abandoned estate.

Staring through the iron gate hanging askew on one remaining hinge, Lucy peered at the decrepit manor looming fifty yards down a ruined driveway. Dark windows stared back like lifeless eyes. Nature was doing its job in swallowing the structure. Vines clung to the sides and wriggled between the shiplap. Even at three stories in height, the foliage had made its way to the roof.

A smile cracked her face.

“Perfect.”

She exited the car and noted something scurrying away in the brush when she slammed her door. A camera was all she took with her. On her t-shirt rested a logo reading “Abandoned Dives” across her chest. It lifted and fell with a deep sigh, hefting her proud D-cups within, as she took in the night’s atmosphere.

The property seemed to recoil when she approached. Leaves crunched beneath her fashionable boots. It was off-putting. Certainly unnerving. But was the house scary? Lucy hadn’t made up her mind. She’d prided herself on her work as an urban explorer, delving into abandoned structures in the dead of night and delivering her adventures into a blog during the day. The creepier the better, especially if a little bit of mystery was involved. Her fans ate that up.

This particular manor had been recommended by several readers. Lucy could see why as she ascended the front porch. The house, along with being from the late 19th century, was said to have once been owned by a vengeful witch. A flash bathed the cracking wood in light as she took a photo.

“Not exactly a humble cottage, but she had taste,” Lucy snickered.

The front door opened. Nothing attempted to block her way. Wiping grime from the handle on the back of her jeans, Lucy entered the foyer. Disappointment was all that appeared to greet her.

The manor’s interior was in shambles. What belongings had once filled the rooms were gone. Trash and leaves served as the carpet.

“It was creepier outside...” she huffed, snapping a picture of a sagging staircase winding to the second floor. “This place is a dump. I can’t post any of this...!”

Lucy still clung to hope. Kicking a beer can out of her path, she sought to explore in search of anything interesting. The dining room was bare. The kitchen ransacked. One wall in the living room had a hole as if a drunk frat boy had been thrown through it.

Eventually she came upon a study. Empty bookshelves surrounded a desk broken down by time.

“An old spell room, perhaps?” Lucy mused while running a finger through a layer of dust and kicking a rock through an adjacent window. “Or just another waste of time.”

She leaned in a corner, positioning herself to get a photo of the whole room. “If there’s a ghostly witch here, could you do me a favor and pop up in a photo or two? Anything to make this exciting? You’re *killing* me here.” Lucy grumbled and arched her back to a wider angle. “*Haunted manor my ass--*”

The wall shuddered. Lucy cried out, almost falling, and stumbled backward into darkness. Her bearing returned soon enough. The wall had opened behind her, swinging on hidden hinges. Around her was inky blackness, but she could tell the room was small by the sharp echo of her boots.

Her eyes adjusted. The darkness waned. Like a fog dissipating, the center of the room became illuminated as if by a small moon. Lucy’s eyes sparkled.

This room was untouched. Thick dust covered the floor, her footprints the only set in over a century. Books lined shelves and several tables sat piled with herbs and animal parts dried to the point of crumbling to dust upon contact. It was the center of the room that took Lucy’s attention, however.

“*Now we’re talking...*”

A glass orb swirled with a gray glowing fog. Roughly the size of a basketball, the orb stood in the center atop a stone pedestal. Her camera flashed a picture. In the light, Lucy narrowed her eyes at the carved design.

They were naked women roughly as tall as her mid-thigh. A trio. Standing in a circle with their backs together, they held their hands over their heads to secure the orb. However, it wasn’t the women that made Lucy pause: it was the scale of their breasts. Each woman flaunted a pair of mammaries hanging full and low, extending beyond her hips. Nipples like soda cans jutted from their fronts.

Lucy snorted and knelt down for a closer photo. “This is certainly a design choice! Guess big tits are timeless.” The fog within the orb swirled as she snapped several photos before moving to stand. “Maybe a witch really did live--*Shit!!*”

She’d stepped on her camera strap. Standing up had almost caused her to drop her camera when it pulled taut. Flailing about, she stumbled to catch her most expensive possession.

The room echoed with a soul-clenching shatter. Motionless, Lucy waited for someone to yell obscenities. Her camera was safe. The crystal ball, not so much. Her shoulder had collided with it in her panic, sending it to the floor. The stone women lay shattered around it, shadows of their former buxom selves.

“*Fuuuuuuuuuuck.*” She let her arms go limp and threw her head back. “*DAMMIT!! Hopefully nobody--*”

Smoke rose from the orb like fog from a canal on a winter morning. Moving with invisible air currents, it danced and filled the room. Lucy was worried she’d somehow managed

to start a fire. It started to clear seconds later, leaving only relief and the scent of moss in her nostrils.

“Oh thank God.” She turned to leave the scene, glass crunching underfoot.

“What...have you...done...”

Lucy froze. A voice had drifted through the air without an obvious source. It pricked at her ears and sent chills down her spine. No longer did she feel alone in the manor. Assuming a sleeping vagrant had been awoken by her calamity, she slowly backed toward the secret door.

“H-Hey... Listen! I didn’t mean to! I’m leaving right now and--”

“You’ve broken...my treasure... My beautiful statue... You stupid girl.”

Lucy whipped around. *“I said it was an accident!! I was only looking around!”* The voice had sounded as if a pair of lips were against her ears. It was a woman’s. Old, cracking with age. Fear and anger boiled in her core now. A wall pressed against Lucy’s back.

The voice hissed. *“Playing with things that are not yours!!”*

The air vibrated. Lucy cowered. She looked around in desperation. *“Chill out!! It’s abandoned!! I-It doesn’t matter!!”*

“DOESN’T MATTER?” the voice howled. *“Let’s see how you like it when someone plays with something precious to you!!”*

“Gaahh!!” Lucy shrieked, her pulse racing when something grabbed her from the darkness. Fingers settled into her breasts like an eager lover’s, groping her firmly. *“Let go, you pervert!! LET GO OF--”*

She stopped, looking down at her chest to see only a pair of glowing blue disembodied hands floating at her side.

“W-What is this?!” Swiping at the hands proved fruitless as her own palms passed through. *“Stop!! STOP GRABBING--MMMGN!!”*

A moan slipped her lips. Lucy trembled when the hands massaged, kneading her breasts in circles. Her nipples were pinched through her bra, twisted and pulled by expert fingers.

“A-Aahhh!!”

“So plump... So fertile...” the voice rasped. *“So full of pride in your flesh! Shall I give you more to be proud of?”*

“What?? No!! No!! Just let me--NNGH~!”

Lucy’s legs buckled when electricity shot through her chest. Her cleavage bulged from between her bra cups, swelling outward to fill them to the limit and beyond. Panic gripped her when she watched the ghostly fingers part. Her flesh was plumping within their grasp. Massaging and kneading, the hands stimulated Lucy’s breasts like a hormonal machine. The fabric of her shirt shifted and pulled across her mounds before stretching tight. Within seconds a bra that had been comfortably loose was snapped tight around her torso, constricting a pair of breasts twice as large as they should have been. Fabric rubbed across heaping cleavage and underboob escaping from her bra. Somewhere beneath the warped logo of her blog, Lucy could feel her areolas peeking over the brim of her cups, her nipples ready to spring free.

“THE HELL ARE--MMNGH!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!” Lucy grabbed her chest. Her mind reeled from finding a pair of cantaloupes stuffed down her bra. The hands continued to move under her palms, her breasts heaving with minds of their own. Their movement wouldn’t cease no matter how firmly she grappled their enlarging girths. Lucy arched her back and watched her chest lift toward her chin. *“My tits!!! GOD, MY TITS ARE BLOWING UP!!”*

Cackling sparked through the air. The hands’ energy grew and Lucy’s breath leaped from her lungs when it poured deep into her breasts. Their shapes deformed under her tightening shirt into a series of mounds and bulges created by a bra with no choice but to sink into her bloating flesh.

“S...Stop!! Stop!!! They’re--”

Lucy’s eyes widened when the hands urged her larger than basketballs. The t-shirt rode up her abdomen, exposing a trim belly shiny with sweat. Slowly her neckline stretched down, as if teasing her, to reveal a heaving chasm of blushing skin. The soft pop of a seam ripping open under one arm was the final straw.

“GET AWAY FROM MEEEEEE!!!!”

Footfalls echoed across the floorboards when she fled the hidden room. The hands left her bust, allowing it to fall to gravity’s whim. Such momentum nearly took Lucy to her knees but her arms flung to cradle her head-eclipsing breasts like two watermelons as she panted toward a window.

“Come back, dear...!” Laughter came from every direction. *“I’m not finished playing yet!”*

“No!! I’m sorry, I’m sorry!! This...” Lucy gulped and swooned at the heat rising from her immense wobbling cleavage. For their size, her breasts’ sensitivity was off the charts. Running was torture on her nipples as they rubbed against her bra. *“THIS IS TOO MUCH!!”*

The front door rushed toward her. Still open from her intrusion. Lucy knew if she could just leave the property she would be safe. She couldn’t take another inch of the ghost’s forced swelling. Reaching out, she moved to grab the handle and throw the door open.

Instead it swung shut, jumping away from her palm.

“NO!!”

Entertained laughter sounded in her ears as Lucy rattled the handle on what may as well have been a solid wall. The door would not budge. Her head swiveled to the right. A window was partially open with vines creeping through. She knew the ghost was faster, but there was no choice.

Lucy lunged for the window. No sooner had she grasped the top than the frame slammed down with enough force to shake the glass.

“LET ME OUT!!” she begged, heaving her body to force the exit. Her breasts mashed against the glass, squeezed between her flexing arms.

“Oh no... You’re not leaving here... Not until I’m done.” The witch’s ghost swirled around her like the presence of an icy wind.

“EEEEEP!!!”

A tremble shot through her core. Lucy snapped her head down and saw only her breasts, but beyond them, she could feel something between her thighs. A hand. A hand curling up her legs and over her butt before cupping her pussy through her jeans.

The sensation of her crotch plumping dramatically enough to tighten her panties made Lucy’s head spin.

“We’re just getting started...”

Four hands appeared before her, rushing toward Lucy’s breasts even as she hugged them close and backed away.

“G-G-Get away!!” she screamed, feeling her underwear constrict herself as the hand curled and massaged. The other four fell upon her, sinking deep into her shirt-stretching mounds.

Growth resumed immediately with force enough to make her stumble. Fabric tore open down one side, heralding another tear at the front when the logo refused to stretch any more. Burgeoning flesh pushed through the openings as Lucy stared on in horror.

“I’m not even close to finished with you, dear.”

To be continued