

A Hex Maniac's Endowments

An evening sky with rain beating against the windows of her home mixed with the dim lighting of candles on the walls made for the perfect environment for Camia to perform the ritual. Like other Hex Maniacs, she was adorned in a dark purple dress that matched well with her long, black hair and its many split ends. At the moment, her swirly eyed gaze was currently preoccupied with putting together a ritual meant to summon forth spirits. The reason for the ritual was all for the sake of keeping her decrepit house from being condemned. That, and a gross fascination of if the rumors of the ceremony's side effects were true.

Following the instructions she had been given by a friend from Kalos, Camia carefully put together the inscriptions needed to get in contact with a Pokémon's spirit. This was all part of a business strategy that the other Hex Maniac claimed would solve all of Camia's financial woes. Though she was a bit wary due to the nature of what the business venture would entail, she couldn't prevent herself from going about the task with a slight grin on her face.

Chalking in the last part of the circle, Camia stepped into the center. Waving about the tips of her black painted fingernails, she began to recite the incantation. Feeling a tingle on her skin helped to further entice her to complete the ceremony. Letting out a slight cackle, she waved about her hands in order to harness the spiritual energy swirling around the room.

Camia's efforts bore fruit once she witnessed a ghostly visage appear before her. Though the image was a bit hazy, she could make out hooves and a portly, pink colored appearance. By the time she recognized the tail and prominent udder, she was able to confirm that she was in the presence of the spirit of a Miltank. Keeping her focus on the cow Pokémon, she steeled her nerves and beckoned for the ghostly Pokémon to come towards her.

The powerful aura that filled the Hex Maniac's form sent her into a trembling fit. There was a hint of fear at first as the presence tried to take hold of her body. Her worries dissipated once she felt the Miltank's essence focus in on her chest. Bracing herself, she freely allowed the Pokémon's spirit to modify her form to fulfill their needs.

Terror turned to curiosity as Camia watched her modest chest begin to swell. Her dress became taut as the mammarys continued to expand. In the process of her bosom becoming fuller, all sense of modesty was lost as her nipples pressed against the fabric of her clothes. Staring at her growing tits and seeing them surpass the size of a pair of ripe pumpkins, her mind went wild with possibilities. Rather than search for new clothes or a way to stop her boobs from getting any larger, she licked her lips as she followed the urges gifted to her by her bovine passenger.

Grabbing hold of her tits, Camia gave them an experimental squeeze. She was immediately greeted with a sensation that made a hiss of pleasure leave her teeth. Further provocation helped to further show off the added sensitivity to her boobs, as well as promote the growth of her plump nipples. In-between her moans, she began to let out giggles as her excitement increased with each pinch and squeeze. It all reached a peak once she felt something begin to leak from her teats.

Pausing for just a moment, Camia focused her attention on the dead center of her boobs. The stories she had heard from her friend were given more credibility as she witnessed a pair of dark circles form in the front of her gown's top. Giving further provocation, the spots spread out further as a feeling of something dripping out cascaded down her flesh. Without even needing to see the droplets with her own eyes, she could already tell that she was lactating.

The Hex Maniac's milky breasts pushed her to frantically grope her breasts. The wild shaking mixed with her still swelling mammaries began to create rips in the fabric of her dress. The tear in the garment allowed her to gaze with her own eyes at the white liquid seeping out of her plumped up nipples. Stopping just long enough to collect a few droplets on her finger, she brought them to her mouth. Sucking the digit dry, she was greeted with a sweet taste that was just as wonderful as her friend had claimed it to be.

Getting a tight grip on her tits, Camia gave them a heavy squeeze to produce a torrent of milk. Working through a moan that parted her lips, she managed to tilt her head into the proper position. Bringing a teat over to her lips, she latched on like a hungry baby. Taking in a mouthful of the sweet liquid, she had to suppress another moan as she reveled in flavor and sensation. Only willing to stop suckling once she had partaken in several glasses worth of milk did she pull back to let a euphoric cry echo through the house unhindered.

At that moment, Camia wanted nothing more than to rip apart her gown to have full access to her udder-like breasts. Tapping her fingers against her bosom, she could picture herself spending the entire just enjoying the delectable drink and overwhelming satisfaction of getting to grope the meaty globes. However, a thought lingered in the back of her head. Her boobs had grown larger than her own head just from a single recitation of the ceremony. Chewing on her lip, she couldn't help herself from wondering how much bigger and better her lactating tits would be with a second spirit inhabiting her body.

While one hand continued to grope her leaking teats, the other set about fixing up the lines of the transmutation circle. The droplets that managed to seep their way out of her clothes made the task more difficult, but the sheer anticipation of getting to experience further pleasure

was enough to push her forward. Bundling up the cloth of her dress in order to hold back the milk, she stepped back to admire the crude, but satisfactory additions to the circle.

Stepping back into the ritual area, she went through the incantation quickly in order to outpace the droplets leaking from her bosom. The chant was rushed and she got a few words mixed up, but she figured that it was close enough. The reassurance of a chill passing through the room and stiffening her nipples was enough to keep her going full speed ahead. Still massaging her breasts during the process, she managed to stifle a moan at just the right time to hear a ghostly, bovine cry echo through the house. Shifting her eyes back and forth, she eagerly awaited the sight of another Miltank spirit appearing before her to further enhance her milky tits.

Camia's manic smile faltered as the spectral figure became clearer to her. Where there should have been shades of pink were instead hints of brown to contrast against silver horns. Glancing between the more quadrupedal figure and its two tails, she managed to piece together what she had summoned forth. However, there wasn't much she could do as the Tauros spirit charged towards her at full speed and sent its essence flowing into her body.

For a moment, Camia's ecstasy was overtaken by panic as she wondered what would happen to her body. Though she initially focused on her chest, she felt the spirit's essence shift further down her figure. Leaning forward and pressing her breasts back, she looked down to trace the spirit's path down to her groin. While she waited for some sign of change, she noticed the front of her skirt start to push forward.

Chewing on her lips, the Hex Maniac brought a shaky hand towards the developing bulge. Before her fingers could touch it, a twinge shivered through the oddity to make her let out a squeak. Her mind raced with the possibilities, with one idea in particular forcing its way to the

front of her perverted mind. Taking in a deep breath, she forced herself to reach out to fully examine what had been gifted to her.

Camia only needed a single squeeze of the lump to understand what was lurking between her legs. Even still, that didn't stop her from sliding up and down the length of her shaft as she continued to indulge her budding curiosity. Pressing her finger against the head of her new penis, she stifled another squeak as she quickly moved her hand away. Sinking into the fabric of her skirt, she managed to feel the pair of swollen testicles that were currently bobbing up against her womanhood.

As Camia continued to fondle her balls, she could sense something stirring within her new genitals. Guided by the spirit inhabiting her body, she moved her examination back to the throbbing member itself. Getting a tight grip, she rapidly began to rub it through her skirt. She wasn't fully aware of what she was doing with her cock, but all she needed to know was that it felt good. Too lost in trying to deal with the new set of nerves the Tauros spirit had given her, she ended up accidentally spilling a load of cum from the tip of her throbbing cock.

Camia's release came with yet another cry of ecstasy as he tilted her head back. In the process, she ended up freeing a sprinkle of her breast milk to further stain her dress. Sucking in her breath at the strange, new form of pleasure, she looked back down. Focusing her vision on her skirt once more, she saw a wet stain on the front that leaked with a new kind of thick, almost cream-like fluid.

For a few moments, the Hex Maniac merely stood there. As the droplets cascaded down her thighs to fall onto the summoning area, she was left with a choice. She knew of ways to drive out the spirits. If she wanted to, reversing the process would be as easy as tracking down the chalk again to rewrite her circle. However, she was well aware of the fact that there was still

potential in the dual spirits inhabiting her body. The allure proved too great for her curious nature.

Showing no remorse, Camia grasped onto her bulge once more. Her inexperience with being around such equipment made her hesitate for a moment about how to proceed. Following the spirit's instincts, she managed to revitalize her cock by moving back and forth. At the same time, her other free hand went about tearing apart what remained of her top to give her breasts more room to breathe. While this did mean that her tits had plenty of space as they surged forward, they managed to block the view of her groin in the process.

The beachball-sized breasts blocking Camia's view became less of an issue as the Tauros spirit made good use of her stimulation. The already sizable cock became larger with each stroke, with each repetition adding an extra inch onto the length. Not to be left behind, her testicles swelled in tandem to completely cover up her old set of genitals. However, even as the length reached a full foot, she only managed to see the very tip of the sizable member past her bosom. Her eyes locking in to the droplets of precum seeping through her gown gave her the push needed to once more throw herself into her desires.

Unwilling to let her clothes get in the way any longer, Camia tore apart her skirt to give full access to her manhood. Her eagerness worked against her as the sudden release of the meaty package made it shake back and forth wildly for a few seconds. Wrangling up the disobedient shaft, she repeated the stroking motion to satisfy herself.

When Camia's rubbing proved to be insufficient, she started to buck her hips back and forth. The motion succeeded in filling the room with the sound of her balls constantly slapping against her thighs with each repetition. As her cock began to shake from the building pleasure, she forced herself to suppress her moans in order to enjoy the moment for as long as possible.

While this did buy her a few extra seconds of basking in the depravity of the act, inevitably she was forced to cry out in ecstasy as her cock shot out another load onto the floor.

Stomping her feet to keep her shaking form standing, Camia took in a deep breath of the lingering aroma of lust in the air. When she opened her eyes once more, she gazed upon the mess she had left on her ritual circle. The globs of her cum had made the chalk drawings completely useless. If she wanted to perform another ceremony, it would have to be after a vigorous cleaning of the entire floor. Putting that off as something she could take care of in the morning, she readied herself for another round.

Before Camia could grasp her two-foot long cock, she had to acknowledge the dryness afflicting her throat. Given a reminder of her solution through the weight hanging heavy from her chest, she grabbed hold of one of her watermelon-like breasts. Straining to bring the meaty tit to her face, she eventually managed to wrap her lips around the nipple. Her reward was a gush of sweet milk that helped to relieve any lingering exhaustion that had afflicted her.

Releasing the tit from her mouth with a popping noise, Camia repeated the action with her other breast. As she drank, she could feel her cock once more call out for attention. Still keeping one hand supporting her breast for support, she attempted to use the other one to give her manhood what it yearned for. Unfortunately, the sheer girth of the member proved to be too much for merely her fingers and palm to take care of.

Unwilling to stop drinking the sweet milk, Camia hazarded to grapple the width of her shaft with her free arm. Though it was a bit awkward and there was no chance for her to cover the entire length, what the position did provide was ample coverage for her girth. Stretching her limbs to their very limits, she shifted her arm back and forth in an attempt to give her libido the

relief it sought. Whenever she was getting tired, another gulp of her breast milk was all that she needed to keep herself going.

Camia was finally forced to let go of her breast as she orgasmed once more. The moan that forced her lips open allowed a torrent of milk from her nipple to mix in with the mess of semen she had sprayed along the ground. She became well acquainted with this mess as the adrenaline she had been using to keep herself standing finally ran out. Forced to kneel down on the floor, she let her arms hang limply at her sides in the hope of catching her breath.

A throbbing sensation emanating from the Hex Maniac's groin prematurely ended her rest period. Just as she was about to reach out to take care of her needs, she was stopped. No longer under the influence of her own libido, she was able to see that her cock had somehow managed to grow over three feet in length. Looking between the mass of meat between her legs made her arms look like twigs in comparison. If she wanted to keep going, she was unsure of what she would even use to keep up with the intimidating girth.

At a loss for what to do, Camia tried to think it over with a drink. Forced to use both hands to heave up a single breast to her face, she managed to suckle from the teat. While she enjoyed the taste, she couldn't help worrying if soon her tits would become too big for her to handle as well. The thought occurred that she may be stuck in place with no way to properly milk her bosom or take care of her throbbing cock.

Shifting over to the other breast to continue drinking, Camia couldn't help thinking about the sheer size. The only thing that rivaled her massive chest was the manhood currently begging her to find some way to masturbate. Shifting her attention between the massive assets, it finally dawned on her that she had everything she needed to take care of both at once.

Letting her tits hang freely, Camia once more took her cock in hand. Letting out a grunt, she managed to lift the shaft up to her torso. Nesling the member in-between her breasts, she worked quickly to grab onto her tits before her work could be undone. Pressing against the sides of her boobs, she managed to envelop her shaft between them. A wide smile broke out on her face at both her own brilliance and in anticipation of what came next.

Keeping a tight grip on her tits, the Hex Maniac began to slide them up and down the length of her shaft. The meaty mammaries proved to be the perfect partners for her throbbing cock. Not only did her breasts provide ample stimulation to the needy manhood, but each repetition allowed her milk to spurt out onto the floor. Fully satisfied with her setup, she decided to test her limits.

Increasing her speed, Camia lost all chance of muffling her euphoric cries as she fully gave into her carnal instincts. In exchange, the wealth of pleasure that emanated from her enhanced assets far outshined anything she had felt before. Though the task became more difficult as her breasts and manhood went through another growth surge, she was persistent in keeping herself going until the end.

Camia's session of self-love came to a momentary halt as the tip of her cock managed to poke out from between her cleavage. Turning her neck down and seeing up close the droplets of cum leaking onto her chest, she subconsciously licked her lips. Giving her cock a few more, deliberate strokes put it in the right position for her finale.

Allowing one last moan to leave her lips, the Hex Maniac tilted her head down to wrap her mouth around the tip of her own dick. A wave of corrupted delight filled her body as she got a chance to taste the lingering cum. Soaking up what she could of the droplets, she strengthened the grip on her bosom and began rubbing again.

The cries of ecstasy that emanated from Camia's throat became muffled by her cock. Moving faster and faster with each stroke, her body began to shiver. The tremors made her movements sloppy, but they proved more than adequate at finishing the job. In the back of her head, she could hear the two spirits calling out in animalistic euphoria as the three of them reveled in their inevitable climax.

Camia was given her full reward as she felt her dick throb uncontrollably. The next moment, she was gifted a wad of cum to fill her cheeks. Try as she might to drink up every last drop, the sheer amount forced her to release her lips. Craning her head back to swallow what she could, she accidentally ended up letting go of her boobs. No longer held in place by her tits, her manhood was free to flop forward to reveal its full length. Looking back down to see the last few helpings of cum dribble onto the floor, she allowed herself to fall back in exhaustion.

When Camia found the strength to sit back up again, she gazed upon a set of fleshy, bean bag chairs that were her breasts. The swollen mammaries were only matched by the pair of engorged testicles that were pressed up against her thighs. Any elation she got at staring out at her cock having become larger than the rest of her body was undone by the fact that she had no way of standing up.

Looking around the room for a solution, Camia's eyes eventually fell upon a set of dusk balls on a table. Given a sense of clarity from draining her reserves of lust, she began the arduous task of shuffling herself across the room. Though her glacial movements left a trail of milk and semen in her wake, she eventually made it over to the table.

With the balls in hand, the Hex Maniac tossed them into the air. Two sets of red lights dissipated to reveal her beloved Pokémon. The first, a Haunter that jauntily waved about its disembodied hands as it floated around. The other, a Gengar who was only able to stand out from

the shadows with its red eyes and a wide smile. The ghost Pokémon's usually playful grins faltered as they saw the sorry state of their trainer.

"I'll explain later," Camia said aloud. "Gengar, go get the mop bucket and some chalk. I'll need your help getting a new circle put together to reverse this. As for you, Haunter," she began, gently grasping at her tits, "fetch me a bucket. You're about to give those hands of yours a workout."

"Miltank milk!" Camia called out from her stand, earning the interest of anyone that passed by. "Refreshing and tasty," she added, showing off one of the many bottles she had on offer.

"I'll take one," a young man said, paying the fee and taking a bottle from her. Putting it to his lips, his own enjoyment of the flavor allowed him to ignore the slightly unsettling smile on Camia's face. "Wow, that's really good."

"Thank you," she replied, doing a little curtsy with her newly bought dress.

"Where did you get it?"

"It's a, um, trade secret," she added, glancing over at the bag of chalk she had bought earlier that day.

"I'll take a dozen," he said, polishing off his bottle.

"Thank you so much," Camia replied, getting a pack together. "Anything else I can get you?"

"Wait, what's that one?" he asked, pointing towards a bottle of a thick, creamy substance. "Is that for sale too?"

“Er, no,” Camia replied, putting the bottle out of view. “It’s a...special drink only for me.”

“If it’s half as good as your milk,” he began, graciously handing over the money and a tip, “then you’d sell them like crazy.”

“I appreciate it,” she said, subtly clutching at the small bulge between her legs. “But that one is for my own enjoyment.”