

Witch's Milk Part 2

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.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!!

"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!"

Guuurrrrrrgle!!!!

“Mmmmm!!! 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.”*

GUUUURRRGLE!!

“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.

GUURRRRGLE!!

“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....nngh!!...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.

Sttrrrrrrrrtch!

“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

“Mmmgh! 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.

Guuurrrrrgle

“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!!”*

Guuuurrrrgle!!

“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!!”

GUUURRRGLE



“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.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

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!! MMMOOOOOOOOO!!”

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.

GUVURRRRRGLE!!!

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

SLOOOO MSPH!!

“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.

GUVUURRRRGLE!!

“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.

GUVUURRRRGLE!!!

“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.

GUVUURRRRGLE!!!

“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.

“Mmmmooooo!!”

“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

Fssh

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.

CRREEEAAAANK

"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!!*”

Splrrtch!!!

“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--"

“*MMMNNNGH!!!!*” 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.*"

To be continued