

Spiritual Encouragement Part 2

Lucy's shirt pulled into a second skin. Cleavage bubbled out of her yawning neckline and gushed through a widening tear down the front.

Wicked jeers drifted from the ghost. *"My my... Clothes these days are so fragile! Your seams can barely hold together!"*

Strrrrrrtch!!

Straining fabric screamed around her torso. Wavering with beach ball breasts filling her arms, Lucy stared in a fog of confusion and stimulation at what had become of her bust. Flesh filled her view, wobbling full and heavy over her forearms.

"And you're even enjoying it..." the ghost cackled.

"N-No!! I-- Mmmgh!!"

A hand ran itself over her groin, cupping a prominent plumpness filling any looseness in her jeans. *"Are all girls so easily turned on nowadays? A little bit of swelling and you're ready to slide out of your delicates!"*

Ghostly hands rubbed over Lucy's breasts, sinking deep to deform and lift their masses. Energy flowed into them until her shirt pulled drum-tight. It was at its limit. Lucy's eyes widened, her breath leaving her as the intense burgeoning sent her nipples and areolas into a frenzy of sensitivity and engorgement.

"G... Get away!! I--MMMMGH!!!!" Everything pulsed and throbbed. The door wouldn't open. The windows refused to budge. There was nowhere to run, and yet as Lucy watched her mammaries bloat into the realm of fantastical, she knew she had to do something. *"Get away from meeee!!"*

She ran from the door, venturing back into the decrepit house and past the stairs. Laughter called after her, the hands drifting lazily behind as she dove into a passage.

"Where are you going, dear? I'm not finished playing!" The witch's voice grew more sinister. *"I want to see what you look like without that pesky shirt holding you up."*

"No!! T-They're...big enough!! I can't..." Breathing was exhausting. Weight pulled at her shoulders and her shirt squeezed like a vice. Lucy hugged her breasts to aid in her haphazard stumbling, but they were dominating. Inertia carried her too far with every step, slamming her into the walls.

She turned a corner down a hall, making it only several steps before a wall blocked her path. *"What?? WHAT KIND OF HOUSE IS THIS?!"*

No doors to dive through. Nowhere to go. A dead end. Lucy turned to backtrack but saw the glow of the witch's approaching hands.

"There's no escape... How do you expect to hide when you're bigger than a heifer??"

"L-Leave me alone!" She backed against the wall. Her heel struck something metal. Looking down, she saw a large ventilation grate. Rapid glances danced between it and her chest as she compared their sizes in her head. It would normally be large enough for someone to crawl

through on their hands and knees, but when they were equipped with two beach balls on their front, Lucy wasn't so certain.

The hands rounded the corner and blocked her path. Lucy was already on the floor, pulling the grate from the wall and tossing it aside with a loud clatter of iron. She could crawl through, inserting her head and shoulders. Dim moonlight came from the other side several meters away.

"Nnnngh!!"

The sides of her breasts bulged at the vent's edges when she tried to push them in.

Shhrrriip!!

Fabric ripped but she knew she didn't have the time to care. Warm flesh squished against her torso when her breasts were forced into the opening. Any movement from her arms or legs caused them to ram against her.

She started inching her way forward. The top of the vent rubbed over her back as she gave any available room to her breasts. A glimmer of hope flared, only for it to be snuffed out by the ghostly blue glow of two hands appearing between her cleavage.

Strrrrrrrrtch!

"MMMM!!! N...No!! Not in here!! I-- MMMGH!!"

Her torso rose, pushed higher by two mounds swelling beneath her. Metal popped and bowed around her chest when she grew within the small confines. Lucy gasped as she felt them growing around her back and abdomen with nowhere else to go. Cleavage rubbed against her chin, making her neck uncomfortably hot.

"Did you think I wouldn't be able to find you here? You're not sneaking around anywhere looking like that!"

Strrrrrrrrtch!!!

Panic drove Lucy's eyes to search. If her front grew any larger, she would become wedged within the shaft. Already her arms could barely move.

Choosing the safer option, she tried backing out.

Slap!

Thud!

"A-Ahh!!"

A firm spank made her butt jolt and hit the top of her vent.

"Ooooooh no you don't."

Slap!!

"M-MMMM!!!" Lucy whimpered, her cheeks stinging. Sensations tingled through her loins, moistening her tightened panties beyond comfort. *"Don't... D-Don't...do that...! I..."*

"So, SO naughty," the witch teased. *"Even punishment turns you on."*

Slap!!

"Aahhhmm!!!"

Lucy tried to continue her retreat but sat frozen in place. Her hips were rubbing against the sides of the vent. Denim pulled around her thighs and ass. A whimper slipped free when she craned her head to make sure it wasn't her imagination.

"P-Please no--"

Slap!!

Slap!!

Strrrrrrrrtch

Her cheeks jumped and wobbled with each well-placed smack. Crammed so tightly into the denim, her lower half moved as one solid mass. She could no longer slide back through the vent; flesh squished against the walls to wedge her in place. An impressive muffin top squeezed over the top of her pants as her hips outgrew the tiny prison.

"WHY ARE YOU--"

Shrrrii--POP!!

"EEK!!!"

A rip split the back of her pants. Her cheeks blossomed to spread into the gap and fill the vent like a heart-shaped mass of dough.

"Better hurry dear! I don't think my walls were designed to hold so much junk."

All light vanished from behind her. There was no space left. Lucy's heart pounded as her curves swelled to fill every available nook and cranny of the vent.

Slap!!

Slap!!!

"Ahh!!" She pursed her lips, having to restrain the pleased moans her body wanted to release. *"Not-- Nnngh!! Not so...hard!!"*

SLAP!!!

"MMMM, God!!!"

The spanking was hard enough to shove her forward. Ecstasy rocketed through Lucy and she felt juices spray from her crotch. Trapped between two mammoth thighs, her folds and panties felt ready to pop.

"Gotta...G-Get out of here...!"

Her hands pulled her along the vent. What little motion her legs had was given to her knees, providing something to push herself forward.

Slap!!

SMACK!!!!

"Ahh!! F-Fuck!!!"

The witch gasped. *"Such a filthy mouth."*

SMACK!!!

Her ass rippled. A loud pop like a firecracker exploded when a seam erupted down one leg. Nectar ran over her thighs in a waterfall as handprint after handprint was left on her backside.

SMACK!!

“Go on! Hurry up now!” the witch urged. *“Or do you need more encouragement?”*

“No!! A-Anymore and...I won’t be able...to move!!” Lucy’s hands pushed against the grate on the other end of the vent. With a strong shove, it fell from the wall. Her fingers curled around the edge to the next room. Freedom was in reach as her breasts squished over her shoulders.

SMACK!!!

“Gaah!” Lucy squeaked with a stitch popped on her panties. One of the hands had connected with her bulging crotch. Dripping pink flesh squished under the palm. Her clit screamed in alarm, flooding her body with orgasmic stimulation that made her head skin.

“Look at yourself... I can’t believe you girls are walking around in such skimpy undergarments. Not a shred of modesty!”

Shrrriiip!!

“N-Nnngh!!” Lucy pulled herself further. Her clothes tore against the sides of the vent but she didn’t care. There wasn’t enough time; the walls were closing in.

Creaaaaaaaak!!

The front of her chest squished from the vent, bulging around the wall in two pale globes. It squeezed the air from her lungs but she pulled again.

CREEEAAAK!!

SMACK!!!

“Ahh!! Haaahhhhh, fuck you!” she grunted through panting breaths of forced pleasure. She cackled. *“Do I detect some gratitude in your voice?”*

Lucy’s chest spilled out of the vent and over the floor. Half free. Looking back, she saw the titanic bulk of her rear deforming the metal. She never could have entered the tunnel with such a large set of hips. There wasn’t much time.

SMACK!!

POP!!!

A bolt exploded from the vent. Tears shot down her denim and skin against over pulling strands of white shooting across her thighs.

“J-Just wait!! Wait! I’m almost out!!”

She pulled forward until her thighs mashed around the opening. Pulling a pair of golf balls through a straw would have been easier.

Creaaaaaaaak

“Mnnghhh!! A-Almost...there!!!” she labored, grabbing at a rug.

Billowing ass groaned in the vent. Around the edges, the walls cracked with the pressure from her bloated mass. Behind her, she felt the witch's hands sink into her cheeks and begin massaging her rear in large circular motions. Every revolution poured forth expansive energy.

"Bigger and bigger and bigger she grows... Will she get out before the vent blows??"

CREEEAAAAAAK!!

Pressure squeezed. The vent warped to its limit. *"Just...a little...more!! I-I just--"*

SHHHRRRRRIIP!!!

A great rending of fabric thundered from the opening. Like a firework bursting apart, her jeans and the vent's opening ruptured in a cascade of fabric and wall. Lucy fell forward, carried by the weight of a butt large enough to wedge itself in a doorway. A pair of breasts caught her weight in a heated pile, their forms bare and naked. Whatever remained of her clothes were in tatters on her body, or left behind in the vent.

Rapid breaths left her gasping in her cleavage. Legs too wide to keep together, they splayed out behind her in thick wobbling trunks.

"I... I made it...! I can't believe...I made it...!"

She looked around. The room was dark but moonlight filtered through cracks in the walls. A bed and wardrobe sat on one side.

"Oh you made it. You made it alright, dear!"

Lucy lay still as a pair of hands drifted around her. They weren't attacking. Not yet. Slowly they inspected her form, the witch's voice steeped in amusement. They paused at her front, a chill emanating from their fingers over Lucy's areolas.

"You've made it to the best part!"

She squeaked when they grabbed her pink domes, tensing in the witch's firm grasp.

"What's a pair of big breasts without a pair of giant nipples to match...?"

To be continued