

Spiritual Encouragement Parts 1-2

Contains ghostly groping, and breast/butt/thigh/pussy expansion

“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 anymore. Burgeoning flesh pushed through the openings as Lucy stared on in horror.

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



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!*”

Strrrrrtch!!

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--”

Shrriü--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!”

Shrrriip!!

“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.

Creeaaaaaak!!

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.

Creeaaaaaak

“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--*”

SHHHRRRIIP!!!

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