

Witch's Milk Part 4

“Morgan! M-Morgan!?”

Anna fell through the front door of the cottage with her belly in one hand and her breasts in the other. Everything felt tight. Tension swirled against her fingertips and her heart raced at the strange, unknown sensations making her body hot.

Her mentor sat near a small fire stirring a pot. Hardly any reaction aside from a smile showed on her face when she looked up at the commotion. “Back already, child? I do hope you showed that boy the proper amount of gratitude...”

A helpless whimper left Anna's trembling lips. She approached, the glow from the runes over her navel shining through her fingers. *“He... I-I gave him the potion! We couldn't help ourselves!”* Fright cracked her voice. *“We... W-We became one... I've never felt so evil and so good at the same time! His seed... I thought I might burst when it filled me! B-B-But I can't get it out!?”* A petite dome rose between her hands with heat like a rock from a fire. *“My belly...! It's... I-It's... Something is wrong!! I can't even draw out my milk!”*

Panic raised her voice by an octave. The words were coming faster as Anna felt something within her body that shouldn't be there. *“T-Then these markings showed up on my stomach!! Is his seed still inside of me?! H-Help me, Morgan!! I'm...”* Anna swallowed and her speech faltered. *“I-I-I'm not ready to be--”*

“A mother?”

Morgan rose and strode with lithe, calm strides. She embraced Anna as one of her own and their heats mingled. As Anna's face came buried into her cleavage, for the first time, she could feel that her breasts were warmer than the witchy mentor's.

“My dear child...” Morgan soothed, rubbing Anna's back.

“Am... A-Am I really--”

“Pregnant?”

The mention of the word made her breath catch and her fingers dig into her stomach with fright. As far as she'd strayed from her religion and beliefs, she wasn't ready for a baby. Certainly not out of wedlock without a father in the picture.

Anna nodded, rubbing moisture from her eyes onto Morgan's chest.

“Yes, my dear, you are pregnant.”

“BUT--”

“Though not with child.”

Her mind catapulted and flipped. Sniffling, she looked up. Anna's belly pressed firmly against Morgan's bare navel, her thighs cradling the gentle bulge perfectly. *“W...What? But you just said--”*

Morgan released her embrace and knelt before Anna. Taking the girl's waist in her hands, she stared longingly at the small dome of her womb before kissing its center at the tightest stretch above her navel. “You are pregnant... And you will birth something...*wonderful*...into this world.” Morgan kissed her once more. “But it shall not be a child. Not this time.” Seductive

fingers traced and caressed Anna's bump in wide circles and paths. "Over the next month's time... Your womb will swell with the moon. Engorge with magic. You will become a vessel for what is to be delivered."

Guuurrrrgle

"A-Ah!" Fright struck Anna when her breasts grew ever so slightly. Their energy communicated with her belly as if all three mounds were close sisters. "But my milk!!!"

Morgan nodded and rose to her feet. Positioning herself behind Anna, she began rubbing her hands across her chest and belly. "Indeed, your body is already preparing itself. I'm afraid your magic has been sealed; drawn within you by that which needs it more." She hefted Anna's supple melons and tested their firmness, causing Anna to squeak. "You shall continue to produce milk. That much is unavoidable; it will need to feed. Though I assure you it shan't be anything you cannot handle."

Confusion left Anna breathless. Staring down at her protruding abdomen, she noticed herself becoming dizzy.



"But... I-I'm not meant to be pregnant! I--"

Guuurrrrgle

"Mmmngh...!" Gentle lactation tickled her breasts with just enough force to let her know more milk was building. "I don't want to be a vessel! I only wanted to thank Peter!!!"

Hot, cinnamon breath burned her ear. "And by the looks of things, he accepted your gratitude several times over."

The runes glowed across her lower belly. Deep within her, Anna could feel something unknown sharing her being. Feeling Morgan's hands running over her gentle bump only seemed to fill her with more heat.

"Take heed and prepare yourself, child... In one month's time, the fruits of your magic shall be born." Her fingers pricked and Morgan smiled. "Your womb has only begun to stretch."



As Morgan said, Anna found her body swelling by the day. She could recall her mother's pregnancy and the long nine months of growth her belly endured. Anna also vividly remembered wondering how her mother could stand to be stretched so big and round by the end. Despite her mother's assurance, Anna always refused to touch her abdomen for fear of it being too tight.

Anna did not have the luxury of nine months to allow a slow progression. Going to bed left her larger than when she had woken up. Opening her eyes the next morning brought with it the anxious curiosity of how much her belly had distended through the night. Often she felt she was watching her mother's pregnancy occur at high speed. After her night with Peter, her abdomen protruded just enough to push above her pelvis. By the end of week one, she looked as though she'd swallowed two gallons of water. Week three saw her become too large to be concealed by her cloak. Standing with it closed allowed the front crescent of her womb to push free of the garment with the volume of two watermelons. At the start of week four, Anna found herself questioning her ability to continue. Already she felt larger than her mother at the end of her pregnancy, and the moon wasn't near full.

Her duties became more difficult with every passing day. Kneeling to collect herbs was a monumental task of steadying her belly in her hands while slowly lowering herself to the snow and dead leaves. Maneuvering around the cottage proved impossible. With such rapid development, her bulk collided with every corner and edge. No matter how many bottles and instruments she sent careening to the floor, however, Morgan never displayed an ounce of anger. There was always tender love in her touch and guiding words accompanying her rubbing hands. It seemed impossible for the witch to keep her hands off Anna's pregnant-heavy body. Every day the runes burned hotter and brighter across her navel.

Much like her belly, Anna's breasts were facing trials of their own. Slowly they swelled and distended, enduring a constant slow drip of milk building within their reservoirs. Their growth was not detectable by staring, but Anna was not blind to their rising weight and mass. Sometimes blinking seemed enough to increase their size.

Their changed appearance shocked Anna the most. Prior to her conception, Anna's bust had always remained a pure ivory white when she was filled with milk. Bright pink hues always blushed her nipples and areolas. Now, however, they looked like that of a mother preparing for triplets. Firm roundness had given way to a more relaxed softness that let them drape themselves over her belly like a shelf and flatten into full ovals twice the size of her head. Stretch marks decorated the widest parts of her curves and danced with the dark buried blue of her veins.

Most dramatic of all were her nipples. From bright, perky, rosy pink they had darkened into reddish-brown pillars of fatty flesh. Widening with such vigor, her areolas had domed and bunched around their bases as if they had been unable to keep up with the growth of her nipples. The drastic increase in the size of her flesh nozzles left Anna concerned about how much milk they were planning on handling, as well as what they were hoping to feed. Such bloated cylinders looked far too large for the mouth of a human baby. They often ached against the

pressure within, but always refused to let a single drop of milk leak free no matter how often Anna massaged.

Her feet were nowhere to be found. Sleep required she lay on her side or risk becoming immobile under her size. Even sitting at the table proved impossible by the third week, as her belly pushed her too far away to comfortably eat. Morgan was all too happy to feed her by hand. Some days Anna felt like a helpless child the witch was simply fattening up; slowly expanding like a human balloon until she was ripe and ready to pop.

“You must make sure to fill yourself with nutrients,” she cautioned with every meal. Often a hand would caress Anna’s chest and womb while she fed her with a spoon. *“To ripen into such a large vessel... It takes magic and nourishment.”*

There was only one relief her bloating body brought Anna during this month: heat. As the harvest receded into the past and winter arrived, its chill could command no power over the little witch. Snow seemed to melt under her feet. Wind could not breach the aura of warmth emanating from her belly. As if she had a furnace burning within her womb, its flames protected Anna from even the harshest weather. The forest may have been dead and frozen but her curves burned with enough energy to leave her sweaty and gleaming.

However, as much as her body grew over the month, Anna found her trust in Morgan shrinking. She remained kind and soothing but offered nothing of value when Anna asked questions regarding her pregnancy.

There was something Morgan was keeping from the girl.

When she was out collecting herbs or trying to find sleep, Anna was aware of Morgan’s absence from their cottage. Sometimes she would catch the witch flying over the trees and into the woods into unknown territory. Sometimes Morgan would not return for several nights altogether.

Most concerning were visiting witches. They arrived unannounced, often extremely interested in Anna’s development with prodding, poking fingers. Morgan would appear then with an expression of warning written across her face. She would tear them away from Anna’s belly and speak in hushed tones. Anna was never allowed to participate in these conversations, nor hear their contents. Instead she was instructed to take Thistle for a walk. More often than not, Thistle took her for a walk instead, as the cow provided valuable support for the pregnant girl.

It was during one of these walks, on the eve of the final night before the full moon, that Anna’s unease reached a climax.

She returned to Morgan’s cottage with Thistle supporting one of her arms. Soft licks peppered the side of her belly as the cow lovingly tended to Anna’s girth.

“Hey... Stooooop!” she giggled, *“that tickles! You’re going to--”*

A pulse traveled through her body. She tensed, tension causing her belly to lurch.

“NNGH!!”

Her knees buckled against each other and her arms flung to hold the taut globe. Even under her breasts, she could see her belly had come to life. The runes’ glow showed across the ground in front of her.

“*M...M-Morgan...!*” she rasped with empty lungs. Stumbling her way to the cottage, she fell against the outside wall when another pulse heaved. “*Morgan! Something is--*”

The witches were still inside talking. Serious expressions curtained their faces.

“She will be ready?” a tall witch with bark-like hands asked.

Morgan nodded. “Her womb could blossom at any time. Tell the others to await my arrival. There is nothing she can do about it now but endure what is to come.”

It was not their words that frightened Anna to her core; it was the jagged dagger made of wood and obsidian resting on the table that set her heart to race.

There was no stopping the panic then. Fear clutched at Anna’s core for not only herself, but whatever grew within her belly as well. Morgan and the other witches wished her harm. For what reason she didn’t know, but every fiber of her being told her to run.

Anna left Thistle at Morgan’s cottage and fled as quickly as her feet could take her. Snow crunched beneath her soles but she was too warm to feel the icy sting.

Strrrrtch!!

“*N-Nngh!*”

At the edge of the clearing, she fell against a tree. Both hands shook with the energy surging through her belly.

“*Something... Something is happening!*” Anna grunted, grinding her teeth.

The time had come. Never over the last month had her womb felt so alive. Anna didn’t need to be told that the end of her development was near, but she couldn’t trust Morgan with the fruits of her labor. Not anymore. Her mind screamed at her to flee from the witch.

A dim glow came from the distance: the village. Anna knew she was less than welcome, but she needed help.

Guurrrrgle

Pressure flowed into her breasts. They were preparing for something great. Like fleshy balloons, they rose from her cloak. The garment was incapable of containing her front as she filled with milk.

“*Nnngh! N-Not now...!*”

Every step was a fight to continue. Hardly a tree passed by without lending its trunk for assistance. By the time she had reached the village, Anna was doused in sweat. Blonde hair clung to her face as if she’d just stepped out of the river. Steam rose into the night air from a body that felt ready to combust. In the midnight hours, only sparse lanterns illuminated her way through the sleeping village.

There was only one place where she felt any possibility of aid and wisdom for her condition.

“*Mary... M-Mary...!*” Anna rasped, approaching her friend’s house.

No lights betrayed signs of life. Anna steeled herself for what was to come. Mary’s family despised her for what she did, but Mary’s mother was the town’s midwife. She’d helped deliver Anna herself, as well as her sister. Surely she wouldn’t turn away a pregnant woman in need, even if they were a witch.

Knock knock knock!

Anna pounded on the door.

“Hello??”

Moments passed and a shuffling came from within. “Who’s there...?” a groggy voice asked. Mary’s father.

Strrrrtch!

“Ahh!!” Anna gasped when her belly pushed harder against the door. *“I’m... I-I’m with child! Please! Is Lily there?? I need help!”*

Someone sprang into action within the abode. The door flung open seconds later to a concerned woman in a night robe. *“What seems to be the--”* Mary’s mother narrowed her eyes. She hissed, *“You...”*

Anna could feel the woman’s scorn as her eyes burned into her naked body. She looked healthier than she recalled, especially compared to the rest of the village. *“Lily... Lily, please! I--”*

Strrrrtch!!

“A-Aahh!!”

Snow crunched when she fell to her knees under rising weight. Lily’s eyes widened and she stepped back. *“Anna... What evil have you wrought upon yourself?!”*

“I’m... I’m with child! I think it’s coming!!” Anna lied.

“No child of God could grow within a womb so fast. This is the devil’s work within you. I’ll have nothing to do with--”

“Mother...”

Anna looked beyond the woman. Mary stood at the back of the house, having awoken from the commotion. Her extreme hourglass figure had receded some, but an excess of curves was still obvious even beneath a blanket. Cow ears could not be hidden despite a bonnet. Her eyes pleaded with her mother and Anna felt some shred of friendship still alive between them.

“Mary! How can you defend this witch?! After everything she did to you?! Look at her! Her body is wracked with evil!”

Mary stood firm. *“What she did was an accident, mother... I’ve forgiven her, as we’ve been taught. As you taught me.”*

Frozen silence passed between them.

Frowning, Lily relented after a time. *“Very well. Come in.”* She stooped to help Anna to her feet and inside.

Mary’s father saw her then as he sat on the edge of his bed. *“No! Not her! I will NOT have that devil girl under my roof! After what she did to--”*

“Jacob, leave us,” Lily snapped while sitting Anna in a chair. *“She may not be holy, but I took a vow to help all mothers and their newborns.”*

“I will not stand for--”

A cold glare flashed from Lily’s eyes. No more needed to be said. Grumbling, Jacob gathered a cloak and left the women alone in the house.

“How far along are you?” Lily asked, kneeling in front of Anna to inspect her belly from all angles.

“A... A-A month...”

Mary and her mother stared in shock at the mountainous globe filling Anna’s arms.

Strrrrtch!!

“M-Mmnggh!!”

Her body swelled. Tensing, Anna endured further pressure as her breasts weighed heavier atop her stomach. Enriched veins came brighter and her nipples thickened.

“A-Anna??” Mary cried out in concern, coming to her friend’s side.

“I’m... I’m fine... Everything just keeps... Nngh... G-Getting bigger...”

Anna accepted an embrace from her childhood friend. Milky scents were heavy upon her skin, especially her cleavage as her nightgown’s neckline fell open. Anna could tell she must have been lactating often, as well as emptying herself.

It occurred to her then why Mary’s parents looked so much healthier compared to the last time she saw them. While the village was starving to skin and bones, Mary’s family was healthy and vibrant. Lily looked to have even put on some extra weight as her nightgown pulled taut across her curves.

They had been drinking Mary’s milk to fill the gaps in their meals, Anna realized.

Hypocrites, she thought.

Lily turned her attention between Anna’s thighs. Forced open by her belly, there was no privacy to be had. Plump, pillowy lips blushing pink from the winter air stared back. Two of her fingers inserted themselves only briefly before she pulled back in disgust. They were wet.

“You are *aroused* by this??” Lily gasped.

Humiliation made Anna want to sink into her chest. “*I-I’m sorry...*”

Disgust gave way to further scorn. “Well, you’re not dilated. You’re *incredibly* swollen, but there are no signs that you are in labor.”

“*Then what am I--*”

“Shh.”

Lily shushed her and leaned forward, placing her ear against Anna’s underbelly with a hand to steady the bulk. The women waited, watching the massive mound slowly rise and fall with Anna’s breath.

Thump

Thump

Her finger flicked against Anna’s skin, sending echoes through her body.

When she pulled away, Lily had a perplexed look.

“*W-Well??*”

“Aside from your girth, there is no indication that there is anything within your womb.”

The claim made Anna’s mind blank.

“Mother! How can you say that??” Mary motioned to Anna’s titanic size. “*Look at her!*”

Lily's eyes were piercing as she spoke. "There is no heartbeat. I cannot hear any kind of fluid. There is no movement. *You are not pregnant.* I cannot tell you why your belly grows, nor why your breasts fill with milk, but it is not for a child. You might as well be empty."

Anxious breaths made Anna's milk slosh. Given Lily's words, it only made the building pressure within her belly all the more unbearable. "*B-But... Then why--*"

Strrrrrrrtch!!

"*MMNGH!!*"

Her skin stretched as she reached the size of a woman heavy with triplets. Anna gasped, holding the sides of her waistline while sweating profusely. "*T-Then... why--*"

THUMP!!!

"*AUGH!!*"

Mary and her mother jumped back when Anna's belly jolted. "*Dear Lord in Heaven...*" Lily whispered.

Anna felt faint with confusion and heat. A raging inferno blazed within her. The room started to spin and her vision blurred as her belly rumbled.

THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP!!

"*Ahh!! Aahhhh!! If I'm not pregnant--*" Eyes wide, Anna grabbed her stomach as random sections bulged out with gentle domes. Dizziness overtook her as she screamed, "*THEN WHAT'S KICKING ME?! WHAT'S INSIDE OF--*"



CRASH!!

The chair collapsed under her weight and Anna fell to the ground with a grunt before the world went dark.



“Nngh... *What...*” Anna groaned. Heat still flooded her mind. Wooziness pounded through her head the same as her bust and belly throbbed with pressure. Cracking her eyes, she looked around the dimly lit room. “*W-Where am I...?*”

“Stay still, child. You may have strayed from the Lord’s flock, but you can still be saved.”

Anna knew that voice. The shadow standing in front of her was tall and slender. Cloaked in a long black robe, he appeared as a looming figure with no humanoid shape.

Father Knol, the village priest.

Fright chilled her spine. Anna tried to flee but found herself restrained. Bonds held her in a supine position upon a bed. Ropes wrapped around her body and the mattress to keep her in place. Arms and legs tied to the bed posts, she stared down at the several paths of rope going across her belly and breasts. Skin bulged around them from a body angry at the lack of room.

Anna pulled again and winced when her belly wobbled against the bonds. “*L-Let me go!! What are you doing!?*”

“Only saving your soul, child,” Father Knol hushed.

A man waited behind him with hate in his eyes. Anna’s heart filled with hope until she saw his face. “*J-Jacob... Jacob, please!! Where is Lily?? I-I need her help! How did I get--*”

“*Quiet, whore!?*” he roared. “*You don’t deserve to speak!! Not after what you’ve done to my daughter!?*”

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“*Nnng!*”

“Jacob brought you to my aid,” Father Knol informed.

Pressure surged. Anna’s back tried to bridge but the ropes held her down. Her swelling was far worse.

Creeaaak...

Tension caused the bindings to complain. Ridges formed across the several wraps as they forced her belly to deform.

“*I’m... Ah!?*” Catching her breath proved difficult when her watermelon mammaries were being forced back into her. “*I-I’m getting...too big!! It’s coming!?*”

Jacob pointed repeatedly. “*See?? See how she swells?! Pregnant with the Beast!! It will bring doom upon us all!?*”

Father Knol ignored them both and raised a holy book. “*Oh Lord... We call upon thee... This girl is in dire need of your blessing.*”

STRRRRRRTCH

“NNNGH!!!”

CREEEAAAAAK!

“Too tight!! It’s too tight!!” Anna squirmed and clenched her hands into fists. *“My belly can’t grow!!”*

“Come upon her... Hear our prayer in her hour of need! For she may have strayed from your light, but all sheep are welcome back to your flock.”

Anna fought for air. The ropes were merciless. Her nudity was fully exposed. Spread eagled, nothing was available to cover even her most private areas. Hot, churning milk beat against her cleavage as her breasts rubbed over her cheeks.

THUMP!!!

THUMP THUMP!!

“Augh!! PLEASE!!” Anna stared in horror at the monstrous globe her belly had become. It felt as though someone was punching her from within. *“I-IT’S COMING!!”*

A woman’s voice came from outside. *“Maryyyy!! Mary, please!! Where are you?? Come home!”*

Anna paused her struggle. A lot had happened after she’d fainted. *“Mary?? Did something happen to Mary?!”*

Jacob leered. *“You tell us, witch. She left without a word. Hypnotized.”* He spat. *“Haven’t you had enough fun with her? You needed to torture her more?!”*

Anna fumed. *“You’re going to stand there and say that while standing there with a belly full of milk?! How many gallons of her dairy have you enjoyed?! The rest of the village is starving while your pants are tight!! You call me a devil, but have no problem enjoying the fruits of my--”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“AAUGH!!”

Jacob’s face was red at the accusation. He jabbed a finger at Anna’s doming gut. *“YOU WISH TO DO THIS TO HER AS WELL, DON’T YOU?! IMPREGNATE HER WITH THIS EVIL!!”*

“No!! I would never!! I-I didn’t do anything to make her leave!! Where did she go?! Mary wouldn’t--”

STRRRRTCH!!

“MNGH!!! MY BELLY IS TOO BIG!!”

Splsh!!

Thick fluid erupted from her plumped fleshy gates. Jacob stared at her extreme nudity. *“Harlot.”*

Father Knol continued his prayer. *“Deliver this girl from evil. Cast the demons from her heart and return her to your love. Do not let this sin pass.”*

CREEEAAAAAK!!

“T-The ropes!! The...ropes!!” Anna squeaked with less breath each time. Her body had bloated into a series of deformed, heaving mounds. Walking would be impossible even without her belly getting in the way; the size of her breasts would have reached beyond her hips. So much backed-up milk had turned them into weighted mounds of lead.

CREEAAAAA--SNAP!!!

THUMP!!!!

“GAAAHH!!!”

A bond burst across her belly. Skin lunged forward with a deep echoing reverberation. Fire felt like it could erupt from her pores at any moment.



“No more!! No more!! I’m begging you!! I-I can’t take it!!” Anna pleaded. Raging sensitivity was driving her to the point of insanity. Her pink petals felt like they were engorging and breathing, swelling in size.

“Turn me into a servant of your will, Lord! By my hand, let me cast out--”

SNAP!!!

“MMNGH!!!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

SNAP!!

SNAP!!!!

“Ahh!! AHHH!!!”

Anna watched as her belly rose over her breasts. Even buried under their bulk, the enormous size of her womb was enough to make her heart skip a beat. Even the men faltered at her ballooning girth. Father Knol's words stumbled. She squeaked into her cleavage, helplessly restrained as her abdomen swelled with its unknown contents.

THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

"IT'S COMING!! IT'S COMING IT'S COMING IT'S COMING!!" Anna yelled.

"LORD, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO QUELL THIS EVIL AND--"

WHOOOOSH!!!

The door swung open. A gust of wind extinguished every candle in sight, throwing the room into darkness. Anna's breath heaved from the void, her body on the verge of eruption. In the doorway stood a cloaked figure outlined in a full moon's light.

Jacob was the first to react. *"What do you think you're doing?! Get out of here before I--"*

A cinnamon voice engulfed his in a deluge of syrupy warmth. Chaos rang behind the figure from a village in a midnight panic. A wave of a finger sent both men against the wall to be held by an unseen force.

The witch stepped inside and took in the ready-to-burst size of Anna's womb. *"Just what do you think you're doing to my apprentice...? Can you not see she is about to birth something wonderful into this world?"*

"M-Morgan??" Anna squeaked.

"Come child. It's time."



The world bounced and jostled. Crunching snow came from beneath the wooden wheels of a cart.

Mmooooo...!

"That's a good girl," Morgan soothed, petting Thistle as she pulled.

Anna tried to get up but was too big. Her breasts were like anchors. Her belly could never be lifted by her arms alone. Splayed on her back, she was incapacitated by her own body as the winter-dead forest passed by.

Strrrrtok!!

"N-Nngh... Morgan... Morgan, please..." she whimpered, unable to see beyond her bulk. Skin had begun pulling tighter. Milk was ready to burst from her mounds. Against her hands, she could feel her womb pulsing with life. *"It's... I-I'm too big...! I can't take it!"*

The witch looked over her shoulder. Light from the warped runes upon Anna's navel illuminated her face in a rosy pink. *"Shhh... Be still, child. You carry a wonderful blessing."*

"But I don't want it! I--"

Strrrtch!!

“Ahh!!”

A stone rocked the cart, making Anna’s mass sway. Her legs tensed as she felt fluid leaking from her crotch and running over her thighs.

Behind them was an uproar. Anna craned her neck to see. Far in the distance was a red glow moving through the forest. The village was alive in the dead of night. Shouting carried through the trees as they marched with torches.

“T-The villagers! Morgan, they’re coming! What happened?? What’s going on?!”

“Only what is necessary. Let their anger carry them; there is nothing they can do.”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“M-MMNGH!!! MY BELLY!!” Sweat poured down Anna’s neck. Between the runes and the witch’s mark, her body felt at the limit of what it could handle even with the aid of magic. Her belly seemed the size of the moon itself as its curve heaved high above her toward the silvery sphere. *“I-I look heavy with four children...”* Anna whimpered.

Moooooo...!

Thistle lowed and pulled with constant force. Stealing a glance, Anna could see Morgan’s breasts were fuller than usual. Engorgement brought them to protrude firm and round with pressure. They jostled as she walked with a head held high toward the moon.

A glow approached. Anna couldn’t see its source, but the soft illumination caressed her belly like a rising sun hidden behind a mountain. Distant chanting reached her ears. Deep within her struggling womb, pressure beat and energy pounded against her skin.

“Morgan! Please just tell me!! What’s inside of me?!” Anna dared to massage the sides of her waist. *“I don’t think I can grow any bigger!!”*

“Be calm, dear...” Morgan looked over her shoulder and placed a hand on the mound. *“It shall all be over soon. Your labor is upon us, and with it, the delivery.”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

POMP!!

Her belly button sprang outward into a lump the size of a child’s fist. Anna’s eyes bulged in fright. *“D-DELIVERY OF WHAT?!”*

The sound of chanting rose into the night. It was all women’s voices. Anna didn’t need to be told it came from the other witches. Confused and frightened, Anna watched as Thistle pulled her into a clearing. A crackling fire bathed the area in orange and red. Around it in a wide circle stood more than a dozen witches as naked as the day they were born. Their song swelled at her arrival before the cart stopped and left Anna sloshing.

“It’s time...” Morgan insisted. *“Come, to the fire.”*

Anna’s head spun. *“E-Even if I wanted to! I’m too big!! I can’t even get up!! I--”*

Two witches approached either side of the cart. Their strength surprised her when they hooked under her arms and helped her lean forward. With a boulder-like belly, it sat between her legs and rose taller than her sternum.

“Come,” they commanded.

Before Anna could try, they had her on her feet and lifted off the cart. With her curves no longer consuming her view, the clearing opened before her. A raging blaze crackled in the center. A waiting figure, swaying in a trance, stood silent. A cowgirl lost to the world.

“Mary?? Mary, what are you doing here?!” Anna gasped, seeing her transformed friend. Engorged with milk, Mary’s bust hung down to her hips with bloated teardrops rounded out with internal pressure. Anna feared what may happen if she wasn’t milked soon. She looked to be carrying more milk than she should.

No response came. Mary’s eyes were glazed over as cream dripped from her straining breasts.

They dragged Anna toward the fire. A ring of dirt surrounded the blaze where the snow had melted.

“Morgan! Please stop whatever this is!” she begged, looking to her mentor for help. “W-Whatever I did, I’m sorry!”

Arriving at the fire’s side, they dropped her to her knees. Sloshing and groaning echoed through Anna’s figure and she clenched her hands to her sides to steady its trembling.

“There is nothing to be sorry about, child,” Morgan said, standing over her. In the firelight, her leaking breasts glimmered like melting silver. A hand appeared from her cloak wielding the jagged dagger from the cottage. Anna’s blood went cold. “Soon you will be thanking us.”

Anna whimpered in fear for her life. “P-Please don’t--”

“SISTERS!!” Morgan addressed. The witches’ chanting went silent. The forest stood still. “The time has come! All has been prepared!”

Rambling chaos approached the clearing: torches and pitchforks of a village fed up with the witches. Their firelight danced through the trees as Anna saw them reach the coven.

“Mary!! Mary, oh my God!!” Lily shouted upon finding her daughter naked in the woods. “My baby!!! My poor baby!! Do you devils know no bounds?!”

Jacob stepped forward with the priest as his shield. Holding up his holy book, Father Knol demanded, “Wives of Satan!! In the Lord’s name, I command you to--”

“Shhhhhhh.”

A simple hush from Morgan turned the priest’s face white. His words froze in his mouth and he lowered his book.

“You will not interfere. Just watch,” Morgan said calmly. She grabbed Anna’s hair, partially lifting the girl with a shriek. The dagger raised. Its cold steel reflected the fire into Anna’s eyes. “Mother...!” Morgan directed her voice to the night. “We bring you a worthy vessel! Her womb bursts with readiness! Her breasts ache with nourishment! Her heart yearns for your aid!”

Terror forced Anna to close her eyes. She couldn’t bear to watch as the blade pointed downward.

“Come into this girl and fill her with your presence!”

The dagger fell. Blade cut through hair and Anna collapsed back to her knees.

Fwoossh!!!

Morgan tossed a handful of blonde hair into the fire. It blazed into a bright white with star-like cinders. Immediately, the air around Anna pricked and tingled.

RRMMMBBBLL

“N-Ngh!” Anna grunted as her heart raced. A rumble passed through her belly.

Morgan raised her arms. “*Oh Mother... Your vessel hungers!*” She directed her attention to Mary. “*Bring forth the anointed heifer.*”

A witch stepped forward and guided Mary to stand before them. Anna recognized her as the stout redhead. An expression of pure desire filled Mary’s face.

“M-Mary...?” Anna whispered.

Morgan directed, “Consume of the maiden’s essence.”

“What?? I don’t--”

Anna’s eyes fell to Mary’s crotch. The soft, supple lips blushing pink and dripping wet with nectar made her mouth water.

Instinct took over. Feeling an equal desire, Mary stepped forward. Somewhere in the distance, Anna heard Lily start to sob. Mary’s legs straddled Anna’s belly and her pelvis mashed into her breasts as she came to position her pussy before the girl’s face. Grown to such a voluptuous size, Mary was wedged in place between Anna’s mouth and her breasts. Their curves pressed together. Full cleavage against Mary’s rear. Pressure pushed down on Anna’s belly from the fleshy wrestling, but she didn’t mind.

Mary’s dripping lips were all she could think about.

Anna’s mouth opened. Hands grabbing Mary’s thighs, they traveled around her hips to grope both cheeks. She pulled then. A sopping, pillowy mound met with her lips.

“*MMOOOOOO!!!*” Mary bellowed into the night when Anna’s tongue parted her crease. Fluid gushed, pouring over Anna’s chin and neck.

She gulped and swallowed. Eating Mary felt similar to eating a ripe fruit bursting with juices. The world faded away around them as Anna indulged herself to the fullest, pulling her friend’s pelvis in close enough that her navel squished against her brow. Mary’s taste was exquisite. Sweet and thick. Every delicate fold danced over her tongue.

“Mooooo!! MMOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Mary began trembling. She kneaded her breasts as they ached with milk-induced soreness. Milk dripped onto Anna’s head before full streams began running down Mary’s bloated curves. Rivers of dairy trickled down her body and followed her contours down her abdomen where they met with Anna’s lapping tongue.

Sparks ignited in the back of her head. The combination of Mary’s nectar and her milk was like cinnamon honey. Its taste was intoxicating. Anna’s heart raced. She leaned harder, not caring as her belly groaned and her own milk strained her skin tighter.

“Mooooo!! MMMMMMMMOOOOOOO!!!”

Mary quaked. Her hips and thighs were massive in Anna's embrace and jiggled with enough mass to overflow a chair. Flesh plumped against her lips. Mary's body started to leak with the strength of a waterfall. When milk began spraying across Anna's head and heat from Mary's core burned like coals against her brow, she knew her friend was finished.

“MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Her bellow shook the night when Anna drew an orgasm from her deepest reaches. Fluid ran down her face and she bathed in Mary's internal heat. Horrified gasps ran through the villagers at the obscene display of sex.

They shared a moment of orgasmic bliss. Finally relieved, Mary's breasts had reduced as their milk now ran over Anna.

RRMMMMBBBBL

“Mmmngh...” Anna tensed. Witches led Mary away, leaving Anna to contend with the massive belly before her. Her friend's heat was within her now. Energy caused her to tremble. Tension spread. Her tongue tingled with Mary's taste.

“Behold...” Morgan announced. *“Our Mother arrives!”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

She grew, her womb blossoming much faster now.

“A-Ahhhugh!” Falling back, Anna arched her spine as everything swelled. Milk beat against her breasts with a vengeance.

“Take her into you, child!! Let her presence swell within you! Until it bursts free!”

Thump!!

THUMP THUMP!!

“AAHH!!! SOMETHING IS COMING!!” she shrieked.

The witches watched her belly heave and jolt.

“Mother!” Morgan called, standing over Anna's fire-lit body. *“Fill your vessel!!”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

Anna's eyes widened when her belly came to life. She gripped it as it pushed her breasts into her face. Flesh threatened to smother her. *“N-NNGH!! No bigger! N-No bigger!!”*

The other witches joined in. Their voices merged into one. *“Womb filled by the seed of man!!”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

THUMP!!!

“I-I-It's not stopping!!!” Her hands grabbed her belly. It was widening at an alarming rate. There was nothing Anna's mind could compare it to as it grew into a towering dome. No woman's pregnancy could ever hope to compare. Sweat gleamed down her quaking sides in the firelight as her body strained more by the second. *“I'M TOO BIIIIIG!!!”*

“Dear Lord in Heaven...” Father Knol mouthed.

“Heart overflowing with the essence of woman!”

GRROOAAAAAN

THUMP THUMP!!

“Ahhh!! AAHHH!!! My womb!!! My breasts!!! Everything!! It’s--” Anna squeaked when her belly started to glow. Even next to the fire, she could see a soft illumination coming from its center. Something was ready to come out. Pressure caused her sphere to deform and misshapen as it fought for freedom.

“OH MOTHER!!” the witches yelled, their own breasts swelling to the point of bursting as magic filled the air. “HER BODY IS FULL! SHE CAN HOLD NO MORE!! COME FORTH!! HER BODY IS READY!”

“No!! NO HER BODY IS NOT READY!!!” Panicking, Anna watched her waistline block the moon from view. The glow grew strong enough to turn her belly into a lantern. “SHE IS NOT READY!!!” Feeling her abdomen swell around the side of her torso, Anna’s voice raised into a frantic pitch of distress. A monstrous force pushed against her groin, swelling her swollen pussy outward like a dam ready to burst. “I DON’T THINK I CAN GET ANY BIGGEERRRRR!!”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Incredible stimulation washed over her like a crashing wave. Belly distending full and tight, she arched her back as it grew to pin her thighs to the ground. Infernal heat poured from her womb to the surrounding air to make it shimmer. She wished the snow hadn’t melted beneath her back.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP!!!

“AAHH!!! AAHHHHH I CAN’T TAKE IT!!! I CAN’T TAKE IIIT!! I’M... I’M GONNA...!! I-- NHG!!”

Anna grabbed her breasts. She couldn’t take the arousal. Everything was primed to erupt. Her milk screamed for freedom. Fluid ran from her crotch in thick waves as her lips pulled to their tightest with her tensing underbelly.

THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP!

“A-A-AHHHHHHH!!!!” She screamed, feeling close to floating as her belly blimped impossibly large. “MY BODY CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOOOORE!!!!”

THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP!!

“I’M GOING TO EXPLO--”

The height of pleasure stole her breath. The forest was left in silence. Anna’s words died and her face contorted into an exaggerated sight of lust. No sound could escape her lungs as her body trembled. Witches and villagers watched without a breath.

Light glowed from Anna's pussy. Slowly, like escaping fireflies, tiny globes of golden illumination parted her pillowy lips and floated into the air. They hovered, gathering above Anna's belly to gather together.

Several became a dozen. A dozen became a hundred. Within seconds, as Anna tensed beneath a mountain of divine ecstasy, the ghostly golden orbs began swarming from her womb.

The villagers backed away when the stream of bobbing lights poured out. None found the desire to flee, however. They were drawn to the serene entity. Hovering over Anna, the mass of light grew as her womb expelled them by the hundreds. Her size rapidly fell like a deflating balloon. Even as it neared that of a woman carrying twins, she was incapable of moving. Pleasure held her prisoner in its grasp.

Belly reducing between her hands before returning to its previous, toned state, the last of the golden specks left her thighs to join the floating mass above.

"HAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Anna breathed deeply as if drowning. Sweat poured off and soaked the ground below. Under her fingers, she felt the runes fade from her navel. An immense weight had left her body. So small now, she was panicking to find her belly so petite after reaching such monolithic sizes.

Even as she gasped to catch her breath, none were focused on her. All eyes watched the glowing swarm of golden orbs. It was pulsing and breathing, slowly changing shape as they merged.

"Look..." one of the men from the village whispered. *"There's a hand..."*

A humanoid shape took form. Developing into a tall, lanky woman, she unfolded from a fetal position and hovered naked in silence. Long golden hair flowed down her back.

The witches bowed their heads.

"Mother..." Morgan addressed. *"Please... Drink."* Anna's breasts quivered and her nipples thickened. Risen areolas signified she was at her utmost fullest as her boulder-like mounds struggled with her cream. Anna feared they could pop if she breathed too deep. *"Your vessel is ready to burst with nourishment. Please, consume your fill."*

The woman smiled and drifted down with breeze-like grace. Hovering above Anna, she pressed both hands into the sides of her breasts.

GuuurrrrrRRRRRRGGLE!!!!

"Aaahhh!! MMNGH!!!!"

Pleasure came for her once again. Anna bridged her back when her breasts surged with life. Her nipples flared and her mounds swelled to bury her torso. Just as she thought she couldn't take any more, her nipples opened.

SPLRRRRRSH!!!!

Vicious sprays of white filled the air. Her nipples fountained, dousing the ethereal being with cream. Not a drop escaped her. Every bit that struck her body was absorbed into her being. Ravenous for more, she leaned down and latched with a tender tongue.

"M-MMMM!"

She drank fully. Slowly, with each swallow, her body began to change. Her curves plumped and swelled outward. What started as a slender figure was changing into that of a fertile woman. Her audience gazed upon her developing beauty.

Girth flowed into her hips. They flared to the side with supple, soft contours diving into her navel. Twiggy legs thickened until her groin came to be nestled between two soft thighs of rich gold. Mass piled into her midsection to enhance her figure and weight. The squeezed image of her womanly loins between her thighs could drive a man to insanity.

Finally, her breasts perked. Tiny rosebud nipples hardened before slowly inching lower. The being's bosom swelled and hung as she grew. Firm domes developed into hefty melons. Like fleshy pendulums, they inched lower with the fullness of teardrops. Golden skin stretched taut and firm. Their weight caused audible muffled slaps from her cleavage when they collided. Capable of filling a mouth, her nipples and areolas puffed like exotic fruits.



Anna's milk supply dwindled. Reduced to her former size, the golden woman kissed her breasts in gratitude before rising into the air. Anna could hardly see through her bleary vision. Standing would be no easy task even after the pleasure released its death grip on her legs. All energy had left her.

The being had grown into a divine picture of beauty. Soft, supple, and boasting a heavenly hourglass figure, she hovered above the clearing with loving eyes. None could speak. Her beauty left the villagers speechless. Even Father Knol had no retribution to offer.

Giving no words and with only a smile, her body disintegrated. A cloud of golden sparkles filled the air. It descended upon the clearing in a fine mist. It filled the villagers with warmth. Their skin blushed in the winter air. For a moment, the forest glowed with the golden fog of glitter.

And then, just as quickly as she'd appeared, she was gone, leaving the clearing in a dimming light before only the fire provided guidance.

Silence passed. Calming serenity slowly started to give way to confusion and fear once again, until--

"Ah!" A woman fell to her knees, clutching at her breasts.

"J-Jacob!" Mary gasped suddenly, grabbing her husband for support when her chest ached.

"Mmmgh!!!"

It started slow, but soon built into a symphony of moans and startled cries of stimulation. Within seconds every able-bodied woman was clutching their chests. Flesh undulated against their palms. In a rising chorus, their moans rose into the night as their bodies came to life.

The scent of milk filled the air.

Anna managed to rise onto an elbow. The villagers were in shock. Husbands watched their wives' breasts fill their dresses to bursting. Fabric strained and seams ripped with popping seams. Those on their knees doubled over and trembled as their flesh filled their arms. Others, on their backs, squirmed and tensed at the increasing weight wobbling back and forth atop their panting torsos.

"Milk!! It's milk!!" a woman cried out.

"I-I'm bursting with milk!!"

SHRRIIIP!!

Several dresses exploded. The most buxom of the women would remain so as their mammaries hung to their hips. Some managed to stay contained within their clothes with seams ready to split. Most proved too big for their gowns. All at once, their dresses tore open to release every woman's new treasure. Milk leaked from swollen nipples. Any close enough to smell their lactation found their mouths watering, even if the milk was their own.

"Ah!! J-Jesse!" a woman gasped. Her husband had lunged at her. He could control himself no longer. Latching onto a watermelon-sized mound, he drank heavily of the nutrient-rich dairy gushing from her breasts. *"Ahhh!! Mmnggh!!!"*

For a moment Anna thought her cries were those of distress, but then she listened closer. They were cries of happiness and pleasure. Tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks as she hugged her husband deep into her cleavage.

"Drink, Jesse!! Drink all you want!" she urged. *"Can you feel it?? They're engorging!! I-I'm filling!! Oh Lord, I think I'm filling faster than you can guzzle!! All this milk!! For our family!!"* She took her other breast and lifted it to her mouth, partaking with her husband. The bliss on their faces was unrivaled as substantial nourishment filled their bellies for the first time in months.

Others started following their example. Women who were still clothed tore their dresses down the middle to release their assets. The pressure of cream made their breaths hitch with joy.

"It's a blessing!! A blessing from God!"

"Holy milk!! PRAISE BE!!"

“Come!! Come drink if you thirst!!” a woman begged, eager to share her particularly enormous bounty as her bust overflowed her arms. “I have more than enough to give!!”

Next to Anna, Mary roused from the ground. The world spun and her cow ears drooped with fatigue. “Ngh... What...happened...?” she asked, unsure if she was still dreaming. “What’s going on??”

Anna looked at her friend and then at Morgan, whose eyes shone with pride over what they’d accomplished. Her chest could give Thistle a run for her money as the blessings worked their magic.

“Something wonderful...” Anna smiled, feeling a soft pressure against her arm as the villagers fell into celebration.



Epilogue

The village wasn’t the same after that night. Prosperity flourished among the town. By morning, even those women not present at the ritual, awoke to find their bosoms ripping through their garments. The panic lasted only moments before the warmth of their contents pushed away winter’s chill and the scent made their stomachs rumble.

Nary a woman remained with breasts smaller than her head.

Over time, the town became famous for its dairy-based goods. Milk and cheeses were sold in droves to merchants and neighboring villages. The breast-filling blessing was hailed as a gift from God and the witches were redeemed in the eyes of the citizens. Though some were still wary of their past, their role in saving the town was undeniable. Over the years, as young girls would age and mature into womanhood, they too would find their busts encountering a sudden growth spurt urging them large enough to carry a significant quantity of milk.

Much like the women, the men discovered their own blessings of fertility from that fateful night. The seed of each male skyrocketed in quantity until they produced a deluge of cream upon each release. If accepted by a woman, she was almost certain to conceive. Within one generation, the village’s population managed to double.

It was in this way the village enjoyed generations of fruitful, vibrant life fueled by the milk of swollen breasts.

In time, Anna was accepted back into her family. Their rejection was a scar that would not heal for many decades, but she found love in them all the same. She continued her teachings under Morgan while never marrying, but never in lack of a warm embrace to share the night. Years later, after having fully grown into a woman and mastering her art, she and Mary left the village to seek adventure. Tales of the witch and her buxom bovine companion would spread far and wide as word of their magic and beauty blossomed.

Eventually, they would be hired by the realm's king, tasked with a far greater mission they, or their breasts, could have ever prepared for.

But theirs is a story for another time...



The End