

Stay in the Witch's Hut

"I...I'll stay," Anna muttered quietly amidst the sounds of dripping milk and the crackling fire.

The witch gave her a smug grin and gestured towards the dining table. "Why don't you rest your...burdens for a while? They look awful heavy."

A twinge of pain in her back reminded Anna of just how cumbersome her breasts had become. Too embarrassed to say anything more, she wobbled over and heaved her massive bosom up onto the table. They landed with a loud *plop* that rattled the bowl and sent the crow hopping up into the air.

Anna breathed a sigh of relief when her back loosened up. As pleasurable as they were, her new breasts would take some getting used to. She wondered if emptying them would lessen their weight some, but the thought of milking herself made her blush with embarrassment.

"Quite an impressive bust you've given yourself," said the witch, surveying Anna's massive mounds. "Definitely larger than any of the other women in your village by far."

She was right. There wasn't a single woman back home whose bosom could even begin to compare to Anna's. Something about that filled Anna with a strange sense of pride.

Almost as if the witch could read Anna's mind, she smirked and continued. "That's certainly something to be proud of, isn't it? I remember you being so small before, stealing envious glances at all the bigger girls when you thought no one was looking."

"T-that's not true!" Anna blurted out, her face growing a brighter red by the minute. "I-I was perfectly fine with the breasts I was given!"

"Is that so? The how come you went so far?" said the witch smugly. Like a cat cornering a mouse, she closed in on Anna's deepest secrets. "Most women would have stopped after just a little boost, but you clearly weren't satisfied with just becoming bigger than everyone else. You wanted more. You still want more, don't you?"

"N-no! Y-your soup bewitched me! T-that's all!" Anna looked away, unable to meet the witch's gaze.

"They feel good, don't they? So big and full that you can barely lift them," the witch had begun circling her again. "Sensitive, too. You can't seem to take your hands off them."

It suddenly occurred to Anna that she'd been unconsciously fondling her massive mammarys the whole time. She squeaked with embarrassment and pulled her hands away.

"Oh, don't stop now! You're so pent up that you're practically quivering with lust," urged the witch. "You want so badly to let go. To feel that release. Go ahead, have at them! Explore your new body! I won't judge you!"

A pained whimper escaped Anna's lips. Her mammoth mammaries ached for attention. Gallons of milk still stretched her breasts full and dribbled from her nipples to pool on the table. It took all the self-control she had not to shove her face in them and go wild.

"I-I...can't..." Anna whimpered. "T-touching myself like that...is a sin..."

"A sin?" scoffed the witch. "How can something this good be a sin?"

Suddenly, Anna's whole body tensed up as fingers wrapped around the base of one of her nipples and squeezed. A bolt of pleasure arced through her breast down to her loins.

"My, you really are putting out like a cow!" mused the witch as she milked Anna.

"*MMH!*" Anna could only let out a stifled moan in response. She couldn't believe how absurdly sensitive her nipples had become. It was impossible to resist such intense pleasure.

All too soon, it stopped as the witch released her nipple. Part of Anna wished it hadn't. Regaining some of her focus, she realized that she had been clenching her fists and toes. She relaxed with a sigh and gingerly rested her hands atop her soft bosom.

"I really thought you might 'moo' there for a moment," teased the witch. She held up the wooden bowl for Anna to see that she had filled it to the brim with creamy dairy. "Your milk smells better than any cow's. Care for a sip or is that a 'sin' as well?"

Anna blushed and looked away from the evidence of her milky misdeed. "N-No...I-I shouldn't drink mothers' milk."

Her answer seemed to amuse the witch. For a moment, there seemed to be a devilish glint in her eyes.

"More for me, then," the witch drew a big gulp from the bowl and licked her lips. "Mmm! Not the best I've had, but delectable all the same. Hmm, I think I know how I can get you to try some."

The witch smirked and went over to the bubbling cauldron of enchanted soup. Anna watched nervously as the witch turned to look her in the eye with a devious grin as she poured the bowl of milk into the pot. Stirring it in, she whispered some strange words Anna couldn't quite make out and waved a hand over the cauldron.

When she was done, the witch refilled the bowl and brought it over to Anna. The soup appeared noticeably creamier and smelled even more divine than it had before. Her mouth instantly watered again.

"If you won't drink your milk straight, then perhaps you'd rather have it with my soup? You already seem to enjoy my cooking, so can you imagine just how good it must taste now with a touch of your own special ingredient? Hm?" said the witch, toying with her.

As the bowl drew near, Anna unconsciously parted her lips and opened her mouth like a baby ready to be fed. Although she knew she shouldn't, Anna couldn't resist the temptation for more. The soup just smelled so good and her body quivered in anticipation of its side effects.

Anna offered no resistance as the witch gently tilted the bowl into her mouth. As soon as the soup graced her lips, her eyes dilated in ecstasy. As delicious as the soup was before, this was downright heavenly. Her milk added a thick creaminess that paired perfectly with its savory flavor. She eagerly gulped down mouthful after mouthful.

A low growl rumbled from Anna's stomach, still full from her previous overindulgence. Even though she knew it was wrong, Anna couldn't help but feel giddy knowing that each gulp would add inches to her already outrageous chest. A giggle wriggled its way out and she sputtered on the soup, struggling to stifle it.

"What's that? Enjoying yourself?" the witch said with a teasing smirk.

Mortified, Anna's face blushed bright red and felt almost as hot as the soup. She didn't dare look at the witch for fear of embarrassing herself further and swallowed the final mouthful in anxious silence. A confused mix of emotions tugged at her heart and she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Guuurrggle!

A tingling warmth stirred within Anna's swollen chest yet again. The girl's breathing quickened and her heart pounded so loud that she feared the witch could hear it. Beads of sweat formed upon her brow as her body heated up from the soup and undeniable arousal. Like two inflating balloons, her massive bosom began to bloat larger.

Guuurrggle!

"*Mmph!*" Anna bit her lip to stifle a moan. Her eager hands grabbed at her swelling chest only to be abruptly yanked away by something. Two belt-like straps snapped around Anna's wrists like serpents and pulled her arms out wide. Struggling against the tight leather, she gasped in fear and confusion. "W-what are these? Let me go!"

"Touching yourself like that is a sin, remember?" tsked the witch with a mischievous grin. "I'm only helping you preserve your purity."

The straps were relentless and wouldn't allow Anna's arms to budge more than an inch in any direction. It was like being tied to a post. She grunted against her restraints. "*Ungh!* Why? You just—"

"Gave you what you wanted," finished the witch. "But you're just too afraid to admit it to yourself. Here, I'll bet you can't refuse *another* bowl!"

Before Anna could argue, the witch thrust another bowlful of soup up towards her face. It was strange that she didn't see her refill it. As soon as the hot and steamy aroma hit her senses, Anna felt her entire body practically beg for more despite her will to resist. She whimpered in agony at being so torn between her urges and sanity. There was no denying this strong of a temptation, though.

A Cheshire grin spread across the witch's face when Anna's lips reluctantly parted to accept her gift. Rivulets of hot soup ran from the corners of her mouth down her chin as she lost herself to the irresistible ambrosia.

GUUURRRGLE!!!

"*Mmph!!*" Anna sputtered against the soup when her growth suddenly intensified. "*Uuunnhh! The pressure! I-It's stronger than before!*"

"I should think so!" laughed the witch. "Your milk would obviously add some extra oomph to my soup. If you didn't already feel like a cow before, then you definitely will now!"

GUUURRRGLLE!!!

Anna's eyes widened as her breasts ballooned larger and larger before her eyes. Like rising vistas, her bosom soon obscured her view of the fireplace as the tops of her breasts rose up high enough that she had to crane her neck to see over them. Thin streams of milk began to spray incessantly from her swollen nipples. Bucketfuls of dairy were welling up within her monstrous mammaries at a rate far beyond anything natural, stretching them wide and round.

It was intoxicating.

"*Nnnh!*" Anna struggled once more to free herself, desperate to squeeze her bloating breasts. Even if her arms hadn't been restrained, she wasn't sure if she could even reach her nipples anymore. All the while, her loins dripped with desire. Never before had she felt such agonizing lust.

"Oh look! You've sprung a leak! Can't let any of your 'mothers' milk' go to waste. That would be a sin, wouldn't it?" With a sardonic grin and a flick of her wrist, two more straps shot out from some unseen corner and wrapped themselves tightly around Anna's nipples, sealing them shut.

GUUURRGGLLE!!!

Immediately, Anna's milk backed up with nowhere to go. Her breasts bulged visibly fuller with an overabundance of dairy. "*OOH GOD! WHY!?!*"

"To force the truth out of you!" answered the witch.

"*WHAT?!*" Anna retorted sharply.

"You heard me! Be honest with yourself! This is what you've wanted all along, isn't it?"

"*To be a cow!?!*"

"To be free."

Her answer stunned Anna. All her life, she'd been told that giving into such carnal desires was evil. Regardless, she had secretly envied all the bustier girls in her village and would often dream of outgrowing them all. Sometimes, her dreams would leave her close to the obscene size

that she was becoming. And now, here she was with someone who was not just giving her permission to give in, but was also giving her the means to live her deepest fantasy.

Crreeaak!

The table creaking under the weight of Anna's rapidly engorging breasts snapped her back to reality. Knockers that were wider than her arm-span sagged over the edges of the encumbered table. If it weren't for the table holding up her bosom, she would have been pulled to the ground, immobilized by her own chest. The thought tickled her senses.

For as unbearably pleasurable as this was, some part of Anna still knew that this went against everything she'd been taught. Even still, the witch had a point. She found herself torn between her desires and her logic.

What should she do?