

Return Home

Anna only had to think for a moment before deciding that going home would be much better than working for the witches permanently.

“I want to go home,” said Anna.

“Very well,” said the witch with a sigh. “Bring the cart around sisters. She’s much too large to move on her own.”

With this the other witches retreated into the foliage of the surrounding forest only to return minutes later with a wooden cart typically used for hauling hay or other farm products. They positioned the cart behind Anna, then gathered in front of her. There were six witches in total. They split into two groups and positioned themselves around Anna’s breasts. Then, each grabbing a portion of her massive tits, they began to lift them up off of the ground. The witches were much stronger than Anna was expecting and they managed to lift Anna too. Anna’s nipples were still producing a steady stream of milk, especially as she was being lifted. The witches set Anna into the cart on her back. The weight of her boobs resting on top of her made it hard to breathe but she was glad they seemed to be keeping their word. The head witch spoke a phrase in a language Anna didn't recognize and the cart began to move on its own. The witches stayed where they were as the cart began to travel down a nearby path and away from the clearing.

The journey was long. It took almost all night for the cart to make its way back to Anna’s home village. Each time the cart hit a rock or divot in the road, the cart would shake and cause Anna’s breasts to shoot a short burst of milk. By the time she arrived the cart was heavily saturated with her breast milk. When the cart arrived in front of her small cottage house it tilted itself upright and dumped her out onto the grass. The sun was just starting to come up and Anna’s father was up tending to chores when he spotted her.

“Anna! Is that you?” he said, alarmed. “What happened to your... um...” He trailed off not quite wanting to finish his sentence.

“I was kidnapped by witches and they did this to me!” Anna said with a sob. “They said I could come home but I’m stuck like this forever.”

“That’s horrible. Let’s get you inside.”

It took a lot of effort but Anna eventually made it inside. Weeks passed and although she was home her breasts did not shrink and still produced lots of milk. One of the farmhands had taken to milking her breasts every morning so they wouldn't be sore. Anna easily filled ten milk

buckets every day. After she was done being milked the farmhand would dump the milk buckets out into the grass.

One day Anna's father was watching the farm hand dump out the milk when he had an idea. Why let all this milk go to waste when it could be sold. The next day Anna's father began bottling all the milk instead of dumping it and labeled it as "special milk" from a "new breed of dairy cow." The bottles went on the farm stand the same day and seemed to sell pretty well. The villagers seemed eager to try this special new milk. A couple weeks passed and profits at the farm had increased quite a bit. People loved the new milk and kept coming back to buy more. Anna's father noticed that the women in the village seemed to have noticeably larger breasts. The customers that purchased the milk most frequently had the largest.

It turns out that Anna's milk was somewhat addictive and encouraged breast growth in females. Luckily the effects of the milk seemed to stop having much effect once a person's breasts had reached a fairly large size. People never really seemed to connect that the milk had been causing the growth and since it did eventually stop it was never really much of a concern. The farm was very successful and everyone in the village had amazing bombshell bodies. Most importantly of all though, Anna had a purpose. She would live out the rest of her days helping her village with her magical mammaries.

The End.