

In the Pines

"I'm digging as fast as I can." Alana blew the hair out of her face. She was so fucking tired of the criticism. She knew he was waking up. She was told to keep him in good condition. He needed to be in good health. Couldn't have him die before Gryla wanted.

"He's waking up." The voice came from the darkened woods causing Alana to jump. Looking around she saw the stumpy figure leaning against a trunk sipping from a hot pink thermos.

"I know!" Alana just started pushing the dirt from the side into the hole. Eric was squirming. Alana kept shoving. Eric moaned or the wind blew.

The woods became eerily quiet as the last of the dirt settled. The pines were secluded. Two sets of eyes would witness Eric's end. Only two. Alana had made so many deals to get what she wanted. She silently walked over to the truck and slumped in. Looking to the passenger side she accepted the coffee from the small imp in the seat. She took a sip and passed it back. The thing could barely see over the dashboard.

"You did the right thing Al. It was necessary." The imp, Stufur, sipped delicately at the cup. "He was the one who did wrong." Alana took the cup back as she made a left turn. "Besides, Gryla feels for widows. No matter how the husband is lost."

Alana just focused on the road ahead. Soon she could get home and wash the dirt off her soul. Not that she had one to call her own after tonight.

They pulled into her driveway and she locked the doors. Stufur patted his satchel of half empty pie tins and saluted. Slipping away in a flicker of moonlight Alana was left entirely on her own.

He cheated. He had a baby with that girl. A family. Something he had denied her. It was only fair she denied him that family too. Gryla would have the baby and Alana would have her pound of flesh.

An important thing to remember when dealing with trolls is that, at the end of the day, they are fey. And fey don't play fair. Alana made it to the bathroom before the effects kicked in. Her body burned. The pain was intense. It was familiar. She had felt this before. When she was small. Laying in her little bed as her legs and arms ached. Growing pains. Her ribs were bending in. Her hips bowing out. Her lips stretching. Filling. Everything filling in all the right places. She caught her reflection. She was monstrous. Gigantic. She wouldn't be able to leave the bathroom. Her breasts were hanging heavy on her chest.

"I can't...I..." Alana fell to all fours "I can't..." It was the last thought she could convey before her mind shut down and a tingling sensation signaled the start of her let down. The milk was pooling at her ankles and her pussy was dripping from the undeniable pleasure pulsing from tits to twinkie cave by the time the Ancient arrived.

"Come my children," The Ancient Mother Gryla embodied the little murderess as she moaned and mewled. She brought a child to her massive mammary, "that's right, dearling, feed..." Now, with Mortal form, not only could the troll feed her young but she may create more of her blood hungry brood through the hapless yearnings of the weak men who abound this plane. The form was full, sensual and ready. Her pussy pulsed at the possibilities.