

Despite her curiosity, it was obvious that Anna wouldn't be able to reach the green potion. In fact, taking stock of her situation in a moment of clarity, she realized that the only way she would ever get out of the hut on her own is by breaking her way through.

So why not start with the ceiling to see if she was right about the attic?

Placing her hands up on the ceiling, and shifting her knees to be better under her, she begins to push, and....

## **CRASH**

...breaks through the ceiling as if the wood planks are made of toothpicks. Apparently her newfound size has also given her a strength she has yet to truly realize. No wonder her breasts weren't weighing her down, and now that she had enough room to at least shuffle into a sitting position, she could truly take stock of them.

They were enormous, and even that was putting it lightly. She simply couldn't think of another word that could properly describe them (besides beautiful). Despite her body being that much larger, they still rested comfortably in her lap, and stuck out so far in front of her that she couldn't even reach her nipples. This did upset her a little since, in her shuffling, there was plenty to rub her nipples against, and they were now stiff as rocks. If only she could squeeze them.

But that would have to wait, since looking up confirmed her suspicions. She was now tall enough that her head stuck up into the attic even while sitting down, and filling nearly every inch of the attic were shelves packed to the brim with strange ingredients, books, and even more potions. If the bottom floor was the witch's living space, then the attic was clearly her workshop. Anna also seemed to conveniently bust through what would have been the entrance to the attic, meaning that nothing seemed to have fallen or spilled in the chaos.

The first thing to really catch her eye was another potion, this one a very bright, almost neon blue. And in the dim light of the attic, Anna could see that it even glowed slightly. It was simply gorgeous, making it a perfect little drink for the goddess she had become.

She quickly grabbed it, popped the cork, and downed it in a single gulp. While it certainly looked gorgeous, this potion definitely needed work on the taste, with it leaving a salty and bitter taste in her mouth. But as soon as it hit her stomach, she felt the now all too familiar warmth begin to spread through her.

"Oooohhhh yes," she moaned. "Give me more. Make me even more beautiful!" While the warmth from the pink potion spread throughout her entire body, the warmth from this blue potion seemed to be focused directly on her pussy, slingshotting her arousal back up to eleven.

"Oh....GOD!" Both of her hands shot directly towards her crotch, with one forcing it's way into her folds as deep as it could go, and the other mercilessly attacking her clit. Despite nearly blacking out from the thunder storm of pleasure rocking her nerves, Anna had just enough sense of mind to realize that her once little button of a clit was growing inside her hand...and fast.

"Wha...what is...haaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHH!!!!" Her clit shot up into her cleavage, giving the most intense but also confusing sensations she had ever felt in her life. She bucked her hips, forcing more of her growing appendage into her canyon of tits, all the while pumping her hand in and out of her waterfall of a snatch so fast and hard that her forearm began to burn with the exertion.

Up and up, her clit snaked it's way through her breasts until it finally popped out above them. Except, what finally met her eyes wasn't what she expected. Well, she didn't know what to expect with a clit

this long, but she certainly didn't expect to see the unmistakable head...of a penis. Somehow, this potion had transformed her once feminine clitoris into what had to be the longest human penis in the world.

And it was still growing. Not only longer, but thicker too.

The shock of seeing a penis poke itself out of her cleavage did give her a fleeting moment to process what exactly was happening. She wasn't turning into a man, that much was clear by the fact that one of her hands was still wrist deep inside her vagina. She couldn't feel any testes, at least not yet, since the fire in her crotch was still white hot, but the growth of the penis did seem to slow.

It drifted over her chin, and lightly brushed her bottom lip. Curiosity got the better of her, and she tipped her head forward to first lick....then kiss....then finally envelop the head of it in her mouth. She had never sucked another man off before, but she had overheard a whisper or two from from a few men in her village about how amazing it was to get a "blowjob" from their wives.

And Anna had to agree. It certainly did feel nice. As she continued to suck, she could feel the penis fill out her mouth even more, to the point that her jaw started to strain. Thankfully, it stopped it's growth there, and soon, she felt what she expected was coming down on her pelvis.

Two small balls of flesh appeared at the base of the penis, and quickly filled the space in between her thighs and breasts. She was still able to keep her hand deep within herself. Her other hand, meanwhile, drifted to the new additions and started fondle and massage them.

But as this all was going on, Anna realized something...she was oddly calm about this. She felt like she was about to explode a moment ago, but as soon as she saw the head of the penis, time seemed to slow to a crawl. Was this another effect of the potion, or was this her mind stretching her perception of time in order to protect her from the insanity happening to her body?

While this moment dragged on, she decided to take stock of herself. She currently had her mouth around a penis as thick as a small tree trunk and as long as some men are tall. Said penis was caught between two breasts that they themselves were the size of small cows, and any person could get lost in the cleavage. The testes at the base of the penis were roughly the size and weight of a toddler each, and it all rested on a behind that spread out over the majority of the room she was in.

And then it clicked...Anna had somehow disassociated herself from her own body.

***This was all her.***

This was her juicy thighs and jiggly ass holding up a fifteen foot tall goddess of sex and desire.

This was her mouth straining to be wrapped around her fat manslab of meat that currently jutted out from in-between her ocean of tit flesh.

This was her hands caressing and massaging her churning baby makers, and ramming into her flowing cunt.

Reality finally caught up to Anna...and exploded.

The fire in her balls shot through her cock at light speed, and blasted the back of her throat. Some of the thick, pearl white cum escaped back through the seal her lips made, and up through her nose, but most of it was forced down her throat. In fear of drowning, she immediately pulled her cock out and hacked up what was forced into her lungs right before the second blast rocketed through her.

"FffffffuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUuuuck!!!" she finally screamed once she could breathe. Each rope that came out of her cock slit lasted a few seconds, and coated the roof of the

hut in white. Her mind melting orgasm just kept going, and soon, she was sitting in a puddle of her own spunk.

As time passed, her orgasm only got stronger. Rope after rope of cum blanketed her, squirt after squirt of pussy juice doused her legs. "Please....don't...stop." she moaned out in-between each rope. "It...feels...incredible!"

Minutes passed, and still she came, and came, and came. Soon, the puddle of jizz became more like a pond inside the hut that was several inches deep. She had to have released several dozen gallons of cum already, yet her never ending orgasm felt like it was only getting started.

Eventually, though, after what felt like an hour, or even more to Anna, her orgasm finally came to an end. The cum had risen to cover even her substantial thighs, meaning it had to be a couple feet deep at this point. And the rest of her was so thoroughly drenched that she was likely unrecognizable underneath it all.

The hut itself hadn't fared any better. Absolutely everything on the ground floor was completely white, nevermind the cum that a normal sized person would have to wade through. Surely, some of it was leaking out through the door at this point, but she had simply came so much and for so long that any "leaks" had no hopes in keeping up.

Anna just laid where she was for awhile longer, feeling exhausted but so thoroughly satisfied. However, even though that initial fire that gave her her new glorious cock and balls had been put out....she still wanted more.

Hoisting herself up off the floor and back into her sitting position, she took another look inside the attic. Despite her deluge of cum, all of the potions and books still seemed to be intact, and just looking at them started to reignite that fire.

Though, Anna did have to admit that she had already spent enough time in the hut even before she had her inhumanly long orgasm. She was now at serious risk of the witch returning, and she doubted that the witch would be all too pleased with the current state of her home.

***What should Anna do next?***