
Curse of the Lake Litch

by Bananaman

Disclaimer: The following story is a pornographic spoof of campy horror movies. It contains sexual content, breast expansion, lactation, and dumb humor. If this isn't to your liking I highly suggest you evaluate how you ended up here.

Glasswater Forest, mid-June, 1980s

A beat-up two-seater pickup rumbled along the old logging roads amongst the pines. Each bump and dip of the unmaintained road threatened to spill the haphazardly strapped-down cargo in the bed. The side of the vehicle had the company's logo, consisting of a little cartoon man with a top hat and mustache. The name and motto were placed beside it: *Magical Michael's Disposal – We make your problems disappear!* The two men inside sweat profusely, getting no reprieve from the summer heat due to the lack of AC. A blown out speaker was playing nondescript rock music from the 8-track player. The driver, a rotund man in his 30s with a balding pate, reached down to a cooler on the truck floor and grabbed a can of beer. With practiced motion he cracked it open with one hand and downed a quarter of it in one go. "You know Cletus," he addressed the lanky young man in the passenger seat, "I hear they're going to outlaw drinkin' while drivin' any day now."

"No shittin'?" The lanky man responded in a high pitched Southern drawl, "Next thing yuh know, they'll want a license just to use yer own damn toaster."

"*belch*" That's why I'm getting my drinking in now, while the going is good."

"I figured yoo'se was a smart one, Tucker." Cletus proceeded to take off his stained baseball cap and fanned himself with it, exposing his greasy mullett. "Are we almost there? I'm sweatin' like a preacher whose whore just came tuh church."

"Hold your horses it's just around the bend here." The truck soon rolled to a stop along the road. Just several feet away lay a ridge overlooking a natural spring. Water seeped in from the ground and formed a sloping pool several feet deep, a thin stream overflowed downhill. The water was murky gray, and trash of all kind littered the area. The fat man finished his beer and tossed the can out the window. Both men got out of the truck and wordlessly began unstrapping the barrels that lay in the bed. They rolled them off, one-by-one, and brought them to the edge.

Upon seeing the various items lying about the lanky man asked, "How long you and the boss been using this here place?"

"Oh, 'bout 10 years give or take." He scratched his beer belly with an idle hand as he continued. "We got a few spots spread out here and there. Most of it's junk but there's some interesting things once in a while. At this spot here we've dumped electric eels, experimental bovine growth hormones, miscellaneous chemical waste, a Necronomicon, car batteries, and now..." He turned to read the barrel closest to him,

“...mysterious glowing green goo. Ha! What will they think of next?” He unceremoniously tipped the barrel over and sent it careening into the pool. **SPLASH.** The thunderous noise echoed off the sloped walls.

“What if’n we gets caught? Some of those feds sure get uppity ‘bout them *viral*-mental laws.” Another barrel went hurtling down. **SPLOOSH.**

“This spot is so out of the way it’ll be decades before anyone comes out here. -Careful, that one’s leakin’ at the bottom.- By the time some goody-two-shoes tree cop comes ‘round here the water will have washed away all traces of this.” **CRASH!** With the splashy addition of the latest barrel the cloudy-gray water began to swirl and bubble with an unnatural sizzling noise.

“You know, if’n I didn’ know better, I’d say that there spring pool is on the verge of total systemic collapse after years of toxic waste and environmental abuse. And that the addition of even the slightest bit more pollution would cause untold con-see-quences.”

“What are you a fuckin’ liberal? Let’s dump the last one and get out of here.” With a grunt both men tipped over the barrel and watched it tumble down the slope, splitting and spilling its glowing contents everywhere upon first impact with the ground. **THUD!...BUMP!...KERPLOOSH!** The dented barrel sent a plume of water raining around as it crashed through the surface of the polluted pool. The water began to violently bubble and churn, thin plumes of noxious gas escaping in spurts. The sky darkened as ominous clouds manifested in a spiral overhead in the previously clear blue sky. Glowing green water swirled from underneath to form the cartoonish image of a skull along the surface. The fat man, completely uninterested, walked back to the truck and hopped in the driver’s seat. Once both men were in, the truck started up with much protest from the fan belt and drove off back the way it came.

Glasswater Lake Campground, July 1st, 1980s

The campsite sat nestled among the pines that rustled and swayed in the warm summer breeze. The lake, just visible through gaps in the underbrush, rippled along its surface with the wind. Two vehicles were parked on either side of the newly constructed fire pit. The yellow VW Beetle was left parked and packed, its occupants gone to check out the lake. The sunburnt orange Toyota Hilux was being unloaded by a tall broad-shouldered young man in a pair of jeans, a clean white T-shirt, and sporting slicked back blond hair. His comparatively shorter and leaner compatriot was leaning with his head out the open window of the passenger seat of the truck, wearing loose-fitting brown pants and an open brown vest with a green undershirt. The truck’s radio was blaring heavy metal from the cassette player, and the passenger shook his loose coal black hair to the melody.

“Hey Steve, turn off that radio and help unpack!”

“What?” **CLICK-ZAP!** “Ow! Like, that thing shocked me man. You trying to get me killed?”

“Don’t have a cow, Broseph. The wiring’s just a little loose. Now quit yappin’ and make with the helping. The tent’s over there.” Frankie, the broad shouldered lad, set down a cooler with a grunt and indicated the tent bag with a point of his chiseled jaw. With ample complaining Steve rolled out of the pickup and started unpacking and assembling. He stared with bewilderment at the 30 different poles meant for the two-person tent. Steve spent the better part of 10 minutes fumbling and failing as Frankie continued unloading the truck. Eventually he grabbed the previously discarded manual. Squinting at the faded instructions printed in impressively small ink, he tried to figure out how to properly tension the poles against each other without disemboweling himself.

Meanwhile the two former occupants of the other car were walking along the lakeshore and drinking in the beautiful sights and sounds of mother nature. Rather, at least one of them was. The enthusiastic redhead appreciating the fresh mountain air was Dorothy. Her toned and lithe body was clad in jean shorts and a purple striped tee. She was exceptionally pretty in a “girl next door” kind of way, and had a feminine allure despite her thin frame. She carried a sense of grace and a spring in her step harnessed from years of gymnastics and a positive outlook on life respectively. Lagging behind and constantly batting a persistent swarm of gnats was her childhood friend Thelma.

Thelma stumbled along behind in an oversized college sweatshirt that was clearly too warm for the summer and a modest knee-length skirt. In appearance she was the counterpart to Dorothy in nearly every way. She was short and thick to Dorothy’s tall and thin. The yin to her yang, the salt to her pepper. Her dark-brown hair was held in a ponytail, and her pale face was framed by both the incessant insects and that singular accessory that doomed any young woman to a most hideous image. That one corrective device that rendered even the fairest maiden into a repulsive troglodyte by their mere presence. **Glasses.** The absurdly thick rectangular frames threatened equally to crush the bridge of her nose as well as to focus the sun’s rays into a burning beam on the surrounding landscape. Dorothy wiped the sweat from her face and flicked it away to land on the ground. She made her displeasure known with a pitiful groan, “Why did I ever let you convince me to go on this accursed trip?”

“I for one think it would do you some good to spend some more time in the great outdoors. It’s not healthy to stay cooped up all summer.” Dorothy responded in a slight valley-girl accent. She paused and waited for her friend to catch up, herself somehow free of the bugs that plagued her counterpart.

Thelma swatted at another gnat and remarked, “I’m beginning to think it actually would be healthier to stay inside. If I wasn’t wearing this sweatshirt these bugs would cover me in so many bites you could play connect the dots on them. How come you don’t have any?”

“Don’t know, maybe you just smell hella good to bugs? I got some bug spray if you want.”

“Please, as long as it’s not that off-brand stuff. It never works as well.”

“OFF® brand or off-brand?”

“What?”

“I think it’s on-brand if you’re worried about that.”

“But you just said it was off-brand?”

“...Do you want the damn spray or not?” At this Dorothy held out a small metal spray can.

“Thanks.” Thelma took the can and sprayed herself across the front in an X-pattern. After a brief dispersion in the cloud of gnats they only began to swarm her with increased activity. Some even began landing on the can itself. With confusion Thelma turned it over and saw a big label that read ON® bug spray. She sighed and lowered her head, her ponderous glasses threatening to slip off her nose.

Dorothy placed a hand on Thelma’s shoulder, squashing several gnats in the process. She smiled warmly and in a gentle tone assuaged Thelma’s misgivings, “I know this is out of your comfort zone, but I’m really glad you came. Besides, this could be your chance to get closer to Frankie.” She added a teasing wink for good measure as Thelma blushed in embarrassment.

“It’s not like I like him or anything.” She squirmed, although it would be difficult for most people to tell if it was due to embarrassment, the heat, or the cloud of insects.

“Whatever let’s you sleep at night girl. Let’s head back, the boys have probably finished setting up camp by now.”

As the two young women returned to the campsite they found Steve somehow entangled amidst the 42 different tent poles and cheap fabric. He was hopelessly entwined and floundered about while switching between spouting curses and cries for help. Frankie stood onlooking at the scene several feet away. He acknowledged the ladies’ arrival with a friendly wave and gestured to the spectacle before them. “It’s like a pair of binoculars covered in glue, the more I look the harder it is to look away.” He tilted his head and tried to make sense of how it was even possible that one man could put up a two-person tent so catastrophically. The 50 tent poles stuck out at odd angles all around, as did Steve’s limbs.

Dorothy interrupted Frankie’s musings, “Oh, stop staring like a space cadet and help the poor dude.” All parties involved were stirred to action and set about rescuing the spazztic Steve, who after a brief claim to have survived a near death experience, was nonetheless grateful to have escaped the pile of 60 tent poles. They all shared a laugh at his expense, and he was gracious enough to join in as well. The girls went about setting up their own tent, and Frankie helped Steve with theirs.

Later that evening

Hot dogs on sticks sizzled on the open campfire as the sun’s rays melted to a golden hue. Smoke rose and flitted about in the shifting breeze, constantly blowing directly into someone’s face before choosing a new target for some inscrutable reason. Conversation and laughter filled the air from the group as they told stories and reminisced. They enjoyed the entire campgrounds mostly to themselves, the only other campers there consisting of a middle-aged couple who were nearly on the other side of the grounds. Though their solitude was soon broken by the appearance of a park ranger walking up to them from the gravel road.

His uniform was crisp, not a string out of place. His head was completely shaved aside from his eyebrows, and he wore a pair of aviator glasses despite the gradually fading light. He appeared to be in his late 30s, and walked with a slight limp despite his athletic appearance. He met the wave Frankie gave him at his approach in kind. When he was within comfortable speaking distance he flicked the brim of his ranger hat away from his face and addressed the group in a voice nearly as gravelly as the path he was on. "Howzit going folks? Enjoying your trip so far?"

"Oh just fine sir." returned Frankie.

"Hehe, no need to call me sir, I work for a living. You kids on summer break from college?" He pointed to Thelma's sweatshirt.

Thelma looked down at her sweatshirt then back up, and pushed her glasses back into place with both hands as she responded, "Oh yes sir, West South Western State. Just finished our second year, but we've all known each other since high school."

"Again. You don't need to call me sir. Ranger Dumbass is fine." He pointed to his name tag which did indeed read *Park Ranger - M. Dumbass*. "Or mister ranger guy, or even *dude* if you forget. Anyways, I just wanted to check in and also ask you guys to keep an eye out for anything unusual. This campground only opened for the first time this season but there have been strange reports from people the past week or two. Folk claim to have seen lights out over the lake or even a robed figure near the shore. It's probably some prank or rumor but a couple people looked pretty shook up about it."

"...Your name is *Dumbass*?"

"I'll have you know that the Dumbasses have a rich and storied history little lady. Why, Dumbasses practically built this beautiful nation of ours."

"Sorry, I wasn't trying to insult you sir. I-"

"Stop calling me sir! I fucking work for a living." Exasperated, he turned around and walked stiffly away. He raised his hand and half-shouted over his shoulder. "You kids put that fire out before you hit the rack and enjoy your meal."

"Y-You too." Thelma smacked her forehead at her own social faux pas as the park ranger walked out of earshot. "Ugh, why was he so adamant about not being called sir?"

"Yeah, dude needs to take a chill pill." Dorothy quipped in.

Steve added, "I think it's a military thing. My uncle used to do the same." He looked down at his wiener and realized it was too close to the fire. So he scooted back his chair and checked on the hot dogs. They were just starting to blacken at the edges. "Like, grubs ready gang. Let's eat!"

It was the middle of the night, and Steve unzipped the tent as quietly as he could manage. Practically crawling out of the cramped interior he fumbled around with his boots and flashlight before zipping the tent back up. The dark forest was filled with a chorus of crickets and small frogs, dimly

illuminated by a waxing crescent moon.. Not wanting to use the camp's lavatory, he walked a ways into the woods parallel to the lakeshore in search of a tree to water. After a minute or two he found a suitable candidate and unzipped to empty his bladder. A lock of his coal black hair fell in front of his eyes and he tried to blow it out of the way since his hands were otherwise occupied. It immediately fell back in the way and he resolved to wait until he finished. Tucking his little Steve back in he zipped back up and suddenly noticed that the background noise was gone. The tiny creatures of the night had suddenly gone quiet.

Unsettled, Steve scanned his surroundings. Unable to find anything of note he began making his way back to camp, the crunching of dry pine needles underneath the only noise to accompany his breath. Halfway back he saw it. On the lake a small patch of fog clung to the surface, a pale green light pulsing within. Steve stopped to watch as the fog silently rolled in towards the shore, carrying the light within. 10 feet from the shore the fog broke, revealing the source of the light. A glowing green translucent figure, in a tattered robe of strange make drifted forward to the shore. The moonlight was dim, and Steve was standing a little over 50 feet away, so he couldn't make out the figure clearly. The edges of his vision blurred by equal parts darkness and distance. Still, he understood somewhere deep in his very soul that the figure before him was no mortal man or woman.

Steve was momentarily paralyzed by abject fear. The moment felt surreal and distant to him, like he was simply observing a movie through a first person lens. At some point his flashlight had fallen on the ground, though he couldn't remember when. His breathing was shallow as he simply observed the figure drift just over the ground heading inland. Heading towards camp.

Steve was not known for his bravery. He still refused to go on any roller coaster that inverted upside down even at the age of 21. The most critical would call him a coward. He was, in his own way. It was not bravery that propelled him to pick up the flashlight and run through the trees back to camp. It was fear. The fear of something happening to his friends. He stumbled and ran with the grace of a drunken gazelle with neurological damage, but he made surprisingly good time considering his shortcomings in agility and grace. With his path lit only by the cheap flashlight in his left hand he crashed into the campsite gasping for air.

Now that he saw it up close he could see much greater detail. It's tattered robes came to a ghostly tail underneath it, showing the absence of legs unless it tucked them up inside itself somehow. The robes hung loosely on its bony frame, and through the lime green translucence of it's form he could see the girls' tent that it was approaching. It floated a foot or two above the ground, and reached a skeletal hand dripping in green water out as it neared the door of the tent. It smelled like pond algae mixed with something caustic. Steve tried to shout a warning, but his voice came out raspy and shallow due to lack of breath. He shakily pointed the beam of his flashlight at the specter.

As the beam of light passed over its body, the image became more solid, more opaque. Flickers of green electricity passed from the figure to the ground as the beam connected, and it recoiled in apparent pain. It turned to face the beam and Steve saw the cruel and horrid visage. The face was that of a skeleton, warped into an evil sneer. Two green glowing lights sat in the otherwise empty eye sockets. Beneath the hole where a nose would go sat the thin twisty mustache and goatee combo, the most evil facial hair in

existence. Thin oily strands of hair trickled down from beneath the hood of the robes. The creature moved its mouth to speak, but only maddening incomprehensible whispers filled the air. It felt to Steve that he could not recognize the language in the slightest, but that it was at the same time equally familiar and dreaded somewhere in his very being.

It crept forward towards Steve, and he pointed the flashlight at it once more to the same effect as the first time. It flinched and began to run away, if running was even the right word. It was then that Steve's voice finally found him, and was finally able to raise the alarm with a yell. By the time the rest of his friends stumbled out of their tents the ghostly being was rapidly disappearing behind the brush.

Frankie came out first, shirtless with disheveled blond hair in haphazard tufts as he looked around for the apparent danger. Steve was shakily pointing his flashlight in the direction the specter had run off to. Frankie looked in said direction but found nothing. "What is it, bear or something?"

"Like, I'm being completely serious here, but I think I saw a ghost or something."

"As if! Not the time for jokes bro."

"I triple dog swear it, that's what I saw."

"Do not dare to violate the sanctity of the triple dog swear. Men have been executed for less."

"I yank not your chain, I really saw something."

Frankie stared at Steve's face in the darkness and read his rattled expression. "Very well, I will concede that you *think* you saw a ghost. I assure you that whatever it was, ghost or not, I'll kick it's ass for you if it comes back."

"So are we being attacked or what?" Dorothy's groggy face was leaning out of the girls' tent, an oversized T-shirt hanging off of one of her shoulders. Thelma was still snoring somewhere behind her.

"Go back to bed, false alarm."

"It's NOT a false alarm. It was glowing and green and-"

Frankie put a hand on Steve's shoulder and pulled him aside. In a hushed tone he addressed him, "Steve, you're my bro, but you're trippin' if you are claiming there was a ghost without more credible evidence to provide." Interrupting as Steve started to object again, "But since you're my friend, I will be your trip sitter. We'll take turns keeping watch tonight so whatever it is won't catch us off guard. Deal?"

Steve, satisfied with this concession, finally calmed down. So it was that the two of them re-started the campfire from the smoldering embers, taking care to keep the flames low. Exhaustion slowly took Steve, as he came down from his adrenaline rush. Offering to keep watch Frankie let him go back to sleep as he sat by the campfire, mostly staring into the flames and whittling away the hours on a stick with his pocket knife. ".*sigh* Gonna be a long night, me thinks." he muttered to himself.

A couple hours before dawn Frankie heard what might be a woman's scream on the other side of the campgrounds. He debated for a second on whether he should alert the others, but decided against it. Grabbing a flashlight he jogged along the path towards the sound. Lacking familiarity with the area, it took him several minutes to find his way in the darkness to the campsite of the middle aged couple. Their station wagon was running, and in the illumination of the headlights they were hastily packing up their things and tossing them in the back. Items were thrown haphazardly in containers and the tent was being bunched up loosely, not even the pretext of proper storage being used. Though roughly 30 feet away he could see panic in their movements.

As the last container was shoved in they both hopped in the car peeled off, tires flinging gravel behind the vehicle in their haste. As they drove past Frankie, nearly clipping him in their hectic rush, he saw the briefest glimpse of the biggest tits he'd ever seen in his life. The woman in the passenger seat had absolute melons barely contained by a stretched and soaked tank top. They would have easily reached down to her thighs if they weren't bouncing up to her chin. Frankie stood, blinking in confusion, unsure of how to process what he just saw.

He decided to take a cursory look around the hastily abandoned campsite. He walked past a pair of overturned camping chairs to where the couple's tent was. In the packed dirt he found a series of droplets, glowing faintly green and gradually fading. He knelt down and dabbed some on his knife, it smelled like stagnant water mixed with something acrid. Next to the droplets was a large damp patch which smelled faintly sweet and milky. Frankie found little else of note, and decided to head back to camp. He yawned, and realized he was going to need some coffee soon.

Glasswater Lake Campground, Morning of July 2nd, 1980s

Birdsong filled the air as dawn's golden rays twinkled through the pearlescent morning dew clinging to the leaves and needles of the surrounding flora. The air was still and surprisingly cool for mid-summer. Frankie tried to rub the bags out of his eyes as he watched the coffee pot slowly come to a boil on the portable camping stove. Next to the stove sat a small figure of a bear, freshly carved from a piece of deadwood. Hearing the telltale sound of a zipper being unzipped he turned around and saw Thelma climb out of the girls' tent. She was wearing a matched set of light pink pajamas. Her hair was tied back in a messy bun, stray strands coming loose to frame her face. "Mornin'," Frankie spoke in a deep scratchy tone that betrayed his tiredness. "...coffee's almost ready if you want some."

Thelma accepted a mug and brought it to her mouth to gently blow on it, the heat rising from the bitter brew fogged her glasses. "Didn't sleep well?" There was a touch of concern in her voice.

"Nah, stayed up half the night." He finished pouring his own mug and stretched his neck. He gestured out towards the path that stretched along the lakeshore. "C'mon, I'll tell you about it while we walk." They strolled along the path in the cool morning air as the dawn grew into day. The lake was perfectly still, reflecting the image of the forested mountainscape surrounding it. Frankie shared his side of the events from last night in between sips of coffee, to include the middle-aged couples' frantic departure.

He did tactfully leave out the part about the woman's huge boobs. When he finished they stood side by side in silence for a moment, looking out over the still waters.

"That was sweet of you to stay up Frankie. You're a good friend."

"I try to be anyways."

"Well you try pretty good. -er, well." There was another moment of silence. Thelma looked up at Frankie and saw his stubbled face framed in the late dawn glow. Her heart skipped a beat and she thought that he had never looked more ruggedly handsome. "How are you still single?" It took a second for Thelma to realize that her inside thoughts had become outside thoughts. She blushed beet red and began stammering an apology.

"Haha, take a chill pill Thel, no offense taken." He took another sip and stared into his mug. "Between being busy with school and friends I guess I just haven't made a lot of time for it. Despite that I've had a few first and even second dates, but most of them have been pretty shallow. Don't get me wrong, I can appreciate a smokin' hot babe, but I want to be able to have a deep conversation with said babe. Like, Marinara trench deep. -Mariachi? -Mariana! Anyways, I want to have something in common with them." He paused for a moment and looked at Thelma, and was internally shocked. For the briefest moment, the smallest fraction of a second, he thought she was beautiful. This was obviously impossible, despite her soft, clear skin and symmetrical facial structure. Even despite the edges of her chestnut brown hair glowing golden in the rays of the morning sunlight. Nor even the outward curvature of her surprisingly large by 1980s standards breasts. Her glasses doomed her to forever to the likes of hunchbacks and poorly done taxidermy. Though he began to wonder. *Maybe someone like her...*

Before he could follow that thought they were interrupted by the noise of a deep rumble echoing through the trees. The scrape and impact of boulders mixed with the splintering of wood and a car's horn. The sound seemed to last for ages, though in reality it was closer to half a minute. The young man and woman stood for a second, unsure of what just happened or what to do. They decided to check on the others just in case. When they returned to camp they found both Dorothy and Steve confused, but perfectly fine.

"I'm telling you, whatever that was could only be bad news, and not the good bad, but the *bad* bad."

Dorothy chimed in as the voice of reason. "Steve, quit being such a spaz. There's no point in getting worked up until we know what that even was. Maybe it was an earthquake."

"Like, he's coming back, I just know it."

"Only there's no such thing as ghosts dipstick."

Frankie jumped in to de-escalate. "Easy kemosabe, I'm not defending the existence of ghosts, but there was strong evidence that there's something out there. Between the rumors, Steve's account, and that couple darting off I'd say something's fucky. I think we should go home early, if for no other reason than Steve is going to get an ulcer if we stay here." The group eventually all agreed and set about packing up camp. They were about half-way through when a familiar park ranger came strolling up the gravel path.

“Hope you kids aren’t planning on leaving.”

“Ay, Mr. D! Morning. Why not?”

“I’m afraid there’s been a rockslide along the road just outside the entrance, and exit, of this here campground. It has completely destroyed the bridge over the otherwise impassable ravine. Also the phone line and radio tower. I am unsure of the cause but I’m pretty sure it has something to do with a couple of hicks who were drunk driving in an old pickup, based on the mostly destroyed pickup and littered beer cans at the bottom of said ravine. Until the rockfall is clear and the bridge repaired there is no way in or out of here.”

Thelma spoke up, “Are the hicks OK sir-, sorry, Mr. Dumbass?”

Ranger Dumbass bristled at the term of address but gave her a begrudging nod of approval at correcting herself. “I am not a licensed medical professional, but they are probably super fucking dead. Anyways, if you kids need anything we have emergency supplies in the ranger station. It looks like that couple on the other side of the grounds left, so it’s just you all and me for a while. It’ll probably take days. Usually takes a long time to get heavy equipment out this way.”

“I think we’re good on food. If you get lonely you can hang with us Mr. D!” Dorothy added.

The park ranger merely narrowed his eyes and replied, “I’m good.” He abruptly walked away, pretending to not hear Steve’s pleas for alternative means of leaving.

Over the following hour our mostly intrepid group went through the five stages of grief over their newfound isolation, and even the bonus sixth stage for completing the first five so quickly. Steve was still a bit of a mess but that’s not unusual for him. Then they set camp right back up and decided to enjoy nature while they were there. Steve and Dorothy went for a long walk around the lake while Frankie caught up on sleep and Thelma caught up on reading. In the afternoon they swam in the lake or sunbathed by the shore. In the evening they cooked dinner and played cards. All in all it was a delightful day in the woods. Yet ever present at the back of everyone’s mind, to varying degrees, was the thought of what manner of creature or being lay out there.

Later that night, around midnight

Steve was sitting on top of the picnic table located at their campsite. Nervously, he flicked the flashlight in his hand repeatedly on and off. A cold breeze suddenly passed over the ground and he shivered, zipping up his jacket. Thick, dark clouds shut out the night sky, unusual for this time of the year. Once more he mentally went over everything he knew about the creature of the lake. It could float, it was see-through, it definitely wasn’t natural, and it seemed to not like light. He thought to categorize it as some manner of undead, but didn’t want to be hasty. His prolific knowledge of movies and games could just as easily mislead him as provide information. Still, he figured it couldn’t hurt to surround himself with a ring of salt as he had done so earlier. It was then that he saw the telltale glow of green rapidly approaching camp. His heart sank.

The specter floated through the brush, even more soulfully menacing than before. It's form looked more solid, but still translucent. It's glow more luminous, but not blinding. It dripped with glowing water, and brought the scent of rot and battery acid. Though at first a stifled gasp, Steve found his voice earlier than last time. "WAKE UP, STRANGER DANGER!"

All nearby scrambled out of their tents, annoyance and grogginess rapidly replaced by shock and fear. It stretched out a bony hand and began to speak, once more in that horrible ancient tongue. The words, at a normal speaking volume now, were a flow of gibbering vowels and pretentiousness, like someone was being strangled by an aristocratic frog. Despite the language barrier, all present could understand what it said, as if the meaning of the words were being spoken into their minds rather than out loud. "*Je suis le Lake Litch. Bonjour... ravi... de vous revoir.* (I am the Lake Litch. I return... I grow... I thirst!)" Steve pointed his flashlight at the being, this time to no avail. The dim beam of his cheap light was now weaker than the specter's increased radiance.

The Litch floated over towards the girls, unfazed by Frankie's attempt to beat it with a large stick as his swings passed harmlessly through its incorporeal form. It approached Thelma and regarded her with cold un-life in its eyes. Thelma stared up wide eyed through her glasses, and cowered in fear. "*Excusez-moi* (No uggos.)" It floated towards Dorothy, still in her oversized purple T-shirt she used for sleeping. She fell backwards on her bottom and screamed in terror as she scrambled backwards into the tent in an attempt to get away. The ghostly apparition simply phased through the tent walls. "*Madame, vous avez un mousfique, permettez-moi* (They say milk is good for your bones!)." With an outstretched hand it sent a crackling beam of lime green lightning straight at Dorothy.

BWOOOOMP! GURGLE!

As the maleficent energy impacted Dorothy in the chest her breasts near instantly exploded in size, instantaneous mass launching forward inside her shirt to fill the space within. Her once loose shirt was now bursting at the seams as her breasts flopped down heavily into her lap, the bottom hem of the shirt indenting into the curvature of her new bosoms that now covered her torso. "**Gasp** W-What the- GUH!!" After shocks of growth followed, pulses of sudden swelling accompanied by the "***SHRIIP***" of her shirt each a couple seconds apart. With each pulse a new symptom became apparent. First a splotch, then a stream, then a jet of milk shooting from her erect nipples through the thin fabric of her overtaxed shirt. The pulses were relentless, and evidently pleasurable by the feminine moans Dorothy emitted. "Anh! Oh! The-Unh! Pressure!" With a final rip her shirt gave up and Dorothy struggled to cover herself, her equally enlarged teats already at the edge of her reach. Each nub nearly filled her palm. The alabaster flow of her milk now merely alternated between low and high pressure with each pulse. It came out not in a single stream but in multiple arcs of liquid from each nip.

The pulses began slowing in intensity and frequency, as Dorothy's bloated pillows spilled over her hips onto the ground, and had forced her legs flat on the ground with their sheer mass. She clutched at their edges, fingertips stretching over her areola to tickle the base of her turgid milk taps which rested somewhere past her knees. Her face was flush with pleasure, she panted for breath as the ghostly Litch

laughed evilly, “**Ohhoho, quelle maladresse, j’ai raté mon coup** (As you grow, so shall my power!)” As it stood, or rather floated, in front of Dorothy it was being bathed in the spray of her milky burden. Much of it landed on the floors and walls of the tent, soaking the sleeping bags within, but that which hit the Litch seemed to be absorbed into itself.

The Litch slid backwards through the open tent door, clipping through some of the fabric. The salt shaker thrown by Steve passed harmlessly through him. The Litch floated higher, nearly several feet off the ground and raised both his hands. Thelma shrieked, “You can’t do this!”

“**J’ai juste mal vise** (I do as I please. No mortal can stop me)”

“No I mean you literally can’t do this. You’re violating the law of conservation of mass!”

“**Tu me destabilises, femme** (Conservation of mass was disproven in the 2nd age fool.)” Dorothy at this point had managed to turn herself around, and was in the process of trying to drag herself backwards through the opening of the tent. Her beanbag sized breasts had stopped growing at this point, but continued to spray arcs of milk all over the tent. She panted with equal parts arousal and exertion as she managed to swing her legs past the lip of the opening. Though athletic compared to most of her peers, standing was completely out of the question. Steve and Frankie stood slack-jawed at the sight as above them the Litch charged and released another bolt of crackling energy at Dorothy.

FOOOOMP! GURGLE! UUGH!

The baleful beam hit Dorothy square in the back, to much the same effect as the first. Her already world class tits mushroomed in the blink of an eye, gallons of milk and boobflesh called forth from the ether to completely fill the volume of the two-person tent. Each breast now weighed over 500 pounds, and the sensation of the sudden growth and rubbing of her nipples against the opposite tent wall sent Dorothy over the edge. She came fast and fiercely. The presence of her friends momentarily forgotten as her mind struggled to process the signals from her once demure boobs. She mashed her arms into them, desperate to relieve the pressure inside.

Relentlessly, the aftershocks started anew. Each pulse of growth sending a new wave of pleasure like that of a diligent lover. The tent ripped and tore, pale and veiny flesh bulging outward through the gaps. After 30 seconds the tent was mere shreds, Dorothy’s conical and mighty buds bent upwards against the remaining fabric, milk practically pouring out of her. The Litch cackled maniacally as a pulse of flesh burst the tent to shreds, just as it had to the shirt which hung in tatters around Dorothy’s shoulders. Her several inch long nipples unbent with such force as to fling scraps of tent a dozen feet away. Each sensual pulse brought more pleasure, more flesh, more milk. She was being pushed backwards with each spurt, though she was too trapped in the throes of pleasure to care. Milk sprayed in arcs 3 feet across, and the Litch spread his arms wide to soak it up.

It was then that the headlights on the Toyota Hilux turned on, and the vehicle quickly positioned to point them directly at the ghostly figure. As the high beams turned on it recoiled in pain once more. “**Beurre ! Croissant ! Je mange des escargots** (Gah! It burns! I’ll be back little man, and I’m going to bring an

army of the dammed!) More electric shocks flew out from it to the ground beneath as the light struck its body. It flew away with great speed towards the lake, the green glow rapidly fading away. Steve leaned out the window of the truck. "It hates bright light! As a creature of the night it hates light!"

Dorothy couldn't care less at this time. Her colossal tits took up most of the view in front of her. The furthest point some ten to eleven feet away from her torso. They were mercifully nearly at the end of the aftershocks, and a final surge left them some 3.5 feet wide each and roughly 6 feet tall. They weighed well over 1500 pounds each now. "There's s-so much pressure, unh! Somebody help! Fucking milk me!"

"I'm going to go get the park ranger. You two stay here in case that thing comes back." Frankie ran off before anyone could object.

Steve and Thelma walked to the front of the ginormous milkers in question. They sprayed fountains of dairy from sprayers a foot long and thicker than soda cans. They both stood in equal parts shock and awe. "Please! I need to be milked so badly!"

Steve was the first to be prompted into action. He grabbed a nipple around with both hands and tugged. He was rewarded with a surge of flow and a moan from the young woman attached at the other end. He worked into a rhythm, occasionally changing his grip, leaning back as he pulled and stroked and yanked on the fleshy pink spout. Thelma, beet red, followed suit with the other breast. The moans and words of gratitude urged them on in their ministrations. Steve in particular was getting very worked up, and not just from the workout. Both were getting soaked through, and Steve at one point took a solid drink and found the milk to be much sweeter than he would have thought. It was downright delicious.

Dorothy's twins slowly deflated, shrinking as they released the bounty within. Ranger Dumbass returned to find Dorothy attached to a bosom that was *merely* the size of a small stack of mattresses, and continuing to shrink. She knelt on the ground, covered in milk and sweat and muttering to herself beneath her disheveled red curls. Frankie was explaining the situation as she was continued to be emptied at a rate that would outclass prize dairy cattle. The park ranger, Dumbass and dumbstruck, scratched his head in confusion. "Looks like those rumors had something to them after all. You say bright light was the only thing that hurt it?"

"Yeah, but we think it's building up a resistance to it. Got any ideas?"

"Well I got one."

Glasswater Lake Campground, Afternoon of July 3rd, 1980s

Dorothy sat in the back of the Hilux, breasts resting on her lap. She was wearing an XXL shirt from the ranger station, buttons fighting back the tide of tiddy. She was nervously watching Steve and Frankie set up a pile of fireworks which had been confiscated some number of days ago from other campers. At Ranger Dumbass's suggestion they were laying a trap for the Litch. They would lure him further away from the shore into a wide clearing and fire off fireworks from multiple angles. The hope was that the intense light and heat of the fireworks would be enough to slay or at least cripple the ghost. It having shown clear disinterest in Thelma, Dorothy was to be the bait.

"Nervous?" Thelma had walked up beside the truck bed.

"Yeah. Not a fan of being bait but what can you do?"

"First time?" Thelma joked.

"No I've been nervous plenty of times before."

"I- Never mind. How are the boobs?"

"They still feel like there's milk in there. I can feel the sloshing inside whenever I move around. I can't seem to get it out though. They also feel a lot denser maybe? Thank goodness they didn't stretch out. I couldn't handle having wind socks for tits."

"...How did it feel? When you got hit?"

"It was like lightning, but in a good way. The sensation of growing was unlike anything I could have imagined. Sex is like watching paint dry by comparison. There's really no way to describe it until you experience it yourself."

Thelma blushed again, and silently wished she could understand more. In a personal way even. The men were arguing about proper distance of the fireworks and Thelma shielded her eyes in the bright Summer light. Sweating, she walked to go dip her feet in the lake to cool off. She let her hair fall loosely around her shoulders, cascading in silky rivulets. As she walked by Frankie got that same confusing feeling.

When Thelma got to the lake she gasped in shock. Dead lake and river fish of all types were floating along the surface. The quality of the water was also starting to turn. It had a tinge of pallid gray mixed with green. She fetched the menfolk, who were likewise shocked. After debating the implications they simply agreed to avoid the lake for now, relying only on stores of water for drinking.

Later that evening

Dinner was eaten silently, the mood tense. The creatures and critters of the forest were quiet, perhaps sharing the apprehension of the night to come. Dark and stormy clouds were crawling in from the horizon, a bad omen. Dorothy didn't even bother eating, claiming a lack of hunger. In between bites

Frankie kept glancing at Thelma, as if trying to figure out a puzzle on her face. “Hey Thel, I’ve been wondering. You ever take those glasses off?”

“Well I kinda need them to see, so mostly just at night. Why do you ask?”

“Humor me.”

Thelma shrugged and took her glasses off, and everyone present gasped. They stared wide eyed at her, unblinking. She shrunk beneath their unabashed gaze and asked what was wrong. “You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” The removal of that singular accessory, had revealed the stunning beauty of the woman who wore them. Just as glasses forever doom a woman to mediocrity and the grotesque, the mere removal restores them to the heights of comeliness. The juxtaposition of the two states only strengthened the impact of her noble countenance. Thelma’s heart skipped a beat once more as her crush confessed to her newfound beauty. She then realized that in this way she could serve as the bait for the trap. It took little convincing for the rest of the party to agree, and the requisite adjustments to the plan were made.

Later that night, around midnight.

All stood in the appointed spots with baited breath. The darkened sky loomed overhead, oppressive. All watched the lakeshore for that telltale evil lime green. They wouldn’t have to wait long. Dim at first, then brighter. The light farther spread than any time before. The Litch flew through the canopy overhead, with company below. Swimming through the air low to the ground was a legion of ghostly fish, sharing that same wicked luminescence. It was the army of the damned so promised. “**Salut... les amis... j’ai apporte le dîner** (I return...I thirst... I grow in power)”

The Litch flew overhead to where Dorothy sat in the back of a pickup. He raised his hands once more but stopped as Thelma shouted to get his attention. Regarding her with those lifeless glowing eyes, his jaw dropped as she removed her glasses and let down her hair. It was a one-two punch of elegant beauty the likes of which the Litch had never seen. He drifted down to pick his jaw off the floor and floated over her and raised his hands once more. “**Waoah, ma belle, tu es superbe. Oh, encore un moustique !** (You shall be a great source of power for me. Then I shall enslave your friends!)”

“NOW!” In rapid sequence, the fireworks were lit and aimed at the Litch. The ghostly fish instantly swarmed to their positions and rammed into them, imparting painful shocks upon contact, though without secondary effects on the men. Dogged in their determination, they ignored the pain to keep lighting their charges. The Litch fired off a bolt of energy just as the first firework mortar sailed overhead. Thelma tried to dodge unsuccessfully, hampered as she was by poor vision.

The beam struck her DD bust to much the same effect as it had Dorothy. In a blink they had instantly surpassed anything in the alphabet and sent her bra and tattered sweatshirt launching forward with deadly speed. The sudden change in her center of gravity pulled her forward, causing her to fall over

on her own personal beanbags. Bent 90 degrees at the hip, her torso was supported by her twins as the shape of her plump ass was presented through her skirt. She came instantly.

As the first firework went off the Litch writhed and wailed in pain, his form flickering as it grappled with the sensation. The ghostly fish caught in the open dropped out of the air with the searing light and hit the ground with a slimy thud. More bursts of searing light and heat followed as more fireworks went off. Shielding his eyes he fired off blasts of lightning at random and flew higher. They struck harmlessly into the surrounding trees. As lines of energy flew off him with the light of each shell, he drifted until he was directly over Thelma. The lines shot down into her, causing the same effect as his bolts, if to a lesser relative degree.

In this way Thelma became intimately familiar with the sensation of growth, each firework shell draining the Litch of energy straight into her surging mountains. They grew with frightening speed at each blast. Her torso first forced upright and then her body pushed backwards as they marched across the ground. Wave after wave of pure ecstasy flowed through Thelma, multiple orgasms flowing and combining into one long experience. Her sex mounds surged to the size of cars, 3 more blasts, into trucks. Another series of blasts and a stray bolt. Bigger than a semi-truck and trailer combined. Her inverted nipples pushed ever onwards, approaching the other end of the wide clearing they had suggested. Their growing size provided shade for the remaining ghostly fish, which swarmed about imparting shocks. Some hit the sides of her mountains, only adding to their size. The pressure was immense, but her lewd nipples refused to uninvert themselves. Thelma could only wonder at the sheer mass and pressure that must be contained inside as she struggled to remain upright and conscious as she was forced back into the treeline.

The Litch was incredibly weakened from the blinding lights, and he drifted down onto the giant pillows below. His form was no longer-see through, but painfully solid. He slid off the sides and hit the ground with a rattle of bones. The fireworks stopped. The Litch tried to crawl away, escaping the looming threat of being crushed to death by logic-defying breasts. Looking up, he saw Frankie.

“Hey Litch-boy.” Frankie lit a road flare in his hand, the area around him cast in a red glow. “I got a bone to pick with you.” With the road flare in his hand forcing solidity on it, he punched clean through the Litch’s skull. The body wriggled and contorted in an unnatural fashion, before melting into a caustic green goo that sank into the Earth below. “Happy Fourth of July.”

Thelma was still growing, the multitude of individual aftershocks layering together to become a vibrating pulse of monumental mammary growth. Her cries of ecstasy filled the air, herself unable to form words let alone complete sentences. The clearing they were in was roughly 100 feet by 90 feet. The sheer volume of titflesh nearly filled the entire space. Shortly thereafter it did. The top curve of her breasts was near the peaks of the treetops, some 60 feet up. Only as her burgeoning flesh began to push over the neighboring trees did they slow down. Still the milk did not flow. Still the nipples remained inverted. The aftershocks slowed down as if counting down to something. The surrounding pines creaked and split as they bent before Thelma’s beauty. 3...2...1....An ominous rumbling filled the area, Frankie felt it deep in his chest. The pressure inside would rival that of nuclear reactors.

Pop *Pop* Her obscene nipples finally sprang forth from their prison. Several feet long and thicker than a man, they spewed forth milk in a thunderous roar of fluid across wide arcs. Thelma, reduced to a slovenly heap of nerve cells attached to those magnificent tits, was simply along for the ride as she came harder than ever thought humanly possible. Her nerve cells re-wired themselves in a futile attempt to process the experience. Thousands of gallons poured from her, flooding the surrounding campground and washing all manner of debris towards the lake. If the rest of the party had not gotten on the other side they surely would have been swept away in the wash of fluid. They watched on in mixtures of awe, arousal, and in Dorothy's case, envy.

Several days later.

The rockfall cleared, and a makeshift bridge installed, the group of college kids were sent off with a warm wave from Ranger Dumbass. The lake, after turning quite milky for a while, was clearing up. The land returning to a state of pristine beauty. Dorothy drove her yellow VW beetle with Steve in the passenger seat. Her melons reduced to a much more reasonable J cup. Both were tired, but glad to be able to go home. Inside the Toyota truck drove Frankie with his new girlfriend in the passenger seat. Dorothy was still huge by any sane metric, her breasts rested in her lap after all. Neither her, nor Frankie minded all that much. They actually quite liked it. They drove in silence for a while.

"Hey, why don't we turn on the radio?" She reached for the knob.

"Careful, it'll—" **CLICK-ZAP!** Dorothy's shirt surged forward a couple inches. She stared down with glee as the front of her shirt quickly stained with milk.

THE END.

Author's note:

Hey everybody. The deadline on this one came a lot sooner than I thought, so I definitely wouldn't call this my best work. I especially wish I had fleshed out the developing relationships between the characters more. Regardless I had a lot of fun with it trying to fit in both humor and some of the biggest boobs I've written. I just wanted to say thank you for reading my story, and I hope you enjoyed it!

-Bananaman