

Witch's Milk Part 3

It was dark by the time Anna was approaching Morgan's cottage. Light wisps of smoke rose from the chimney to combat the creeping chill of late Autumn. A part of her knew she should be more shaken up after her encounter with the townspeople, but she couldn't help feeling confident about what she'd accomplished.

Her breasts had been enough to save her from the stake. Her milk had overwhelmed the flames. Her prideful, amused laughter would ring in the minds of the village for days if not weeks.

"But Mary..." she whispered.

A pang of guilt clutched at her chest and Anna pulled the cloak tighter around her body as if it might ward off the emotion.

Anna knew she had lost control. When they were in the throes of Mary's growth and her magic was flowing, she couldn't help but give in to her every whim. Bringing Mary to lactate, and worse, transforming her into the voluptuous bovine had never been Anna's intention, but in the moment, it felt incredibly right. She could vividly recall her hands and mouth moving with minds of their own. Whether or not she enjoyed it, Anna wasn't sure the choice had been up to her conscious mind in the first place.

She allowed a hand to massage the side of her bust. It was sore after such rapid engorgement while confined to the ropes. Leftover milk was nearly done draining from her nipples. "She'll be alright... The preacher and church congregation might scorn her for a little bit, but eventually they'll play it off as me seducing her against her will and accept Mary back as a victim," Anna tried to reassure herself.

Mmmooooooooo...!

A cow's lowing started her. Her mind immediately thought she could hear Mary all the way from town, but quickly realized it was only Morgan's cow, Thistle. The heifer had come to greet Anna with delight whenever she returned home. In her apprenticeship with Morgan, Anna felt Thistle had come to be one of her closest companions. Even if her name was on the prickly side.

The clearing surrounding Morgan's cottage was warm and inviting compared to the dark of the forest. Whatever magic she used was a blessing in the settling cold; Anna hadn't yet mastered the art of keeping herself warm by magic alone.

"Hey, girl," Anna whispered with love to Thistle. A gentle pat on the head made the cow look at her with bright moon-reflecting eyes. "Always waiting for me to get home. Are you staying out of--"

"I assure you, she'll be ready."

A voice carried from the cottage window. Curious, Anna peered into the opening and saw Morgan speaking with another witch. She hadn't met the rest of the coven yet, but she'd seen other witches plenty. Morgan always directed Anna to leave while they tended to business.

This was a witch she hadn't seen before. Shorter than Morgan and with red hair like fire that tickled her bare shoulders, her presence was enough to add weight to the air. An open cloak revealed a healthily padded figure and soft waist.

"She's making progress?" the redheaded witch asked, annoyed.

Morgan was calm and focused on preparing some herbs. "Her capacity grows by the day and her taste for lust is to be admired."

Realization made Anna's heart race. They were talking about her, and she wasn't certain she should have been around to hear.

"And you're sure she--"

"Flyre, I assure you her ability as a vessel is without question."

An idle grumble chewed in the witch's mouth. "It's almost too late... Much longer and there won't be enough time. We need her."

A bead of sweat trickled down Anna's back. Never had she felt any amount of malice from Morgan, but this witch's words were making her nervous.

Morgan stepped toward Flyre and wrapped an arm around her waist before pulling her close. Affection met between their eyes. "Let me handle my apprentice. She's a gifted young woman and as much of a budding witch as we were when starting out." Morgan's hand caressed the low of the redhead's back while her other palms teased a hefty breast. "I recall you taking quite some time to learn how to control your cream."

Flyre softened at Morgan's touch. "I had a good friend who helped me get a handle on things."

Heat rose into Anna's face as she ogled the two women drawing closer. Their naked bodies pressed into a sight of curves as their hands traveled. There wasn't love in their words or gazes, but plenty of lust. Anna wondered if she should have been watching.

Striking with confidence, Morgan kissed the witch before pulling away. "Leave Anna to me. She's closer than she knows."

Flyre was swooning after Morgan's assault. "*Mngh...* Very well, I'll return word to the coven. To think we would be doing such a thing..." Her expression turned to one of caution. "They won't accept it. They don't like our kind."

Smiling with ruby lips, Morgan returned, "Then we'll give them a reason to. Now go, she'll be back soon."

Frantic energy blossomed in Anna when Flyre opened the cottage door. Diving around the corner, she watched the witch retrieve a broom before gently rising into the air and flying low over the trees into the darkness and deep into the woods where few dared go.

Anna didn't know how long she should wait before going in. Too soon and Morgan would know she was listening. Too late and she might go out looking for her.

"You can come in, child."

The invitation made Anna bristle. Walking with her eyes on the ground in fear, Anna entered the cottage. Morgan was waiting at her table as calm as ever.

"I-I didn't--" Anna started.

"You heard."

Her mouth clamped closed and she nodded. “I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to eavesdrop. I was just coming home and heard you talking...about me.”

“We were indeed.” Morgan glanced up to see Anna near tears. Soot patterned across her bare skin and red marks still showed from where the ropes dug deepest. The witch stood up with concern and approached, taking Anna in her arms and holding her lovingly to her breasts. “Oh child, what happened to you? You’re filthy!”

Anna sniffled. Bottled emotions were ready to erupt. “I-I went to see my friend... And she wanted me to make her grow! L-Like my breasts did!” Several hiccups jolted her back before tears started to well. “*I tried but I went too far and turned her halfway into a cow!! She’s far too big now!! The whole town tried to burn me at the stake before my chest broke the ropes and scared them away!!*” Her voice cracked into crying. “*My friend hates me now!! Mary will never forgive me for what I did to her!!*”

“Oh my dear... My dear child...” Morgan rubbed her back and held her tighter. The scent of soft intimacy was rich within her cleavage. “Nothing can be done that cannot be forgiven. In time your friend will come to see the blessing you’ve given her.” She paused before continuing. “They can be so cruel to us... But remember it comes from ignorance and misunderstanding. They do not want to know that which they fear.”

Anna’s back jolted several more times. Being embraced by Morgan was like being sitting in a hot spring. Even still, something was gnawing at her core. “*Are... A-Are you going to kill me?*”

“What reason would I have to end your life, child?”

“*I heard what you were talking about with the other witch...*”

Morgan ran a hand over Anna’s hair. “You needn’t worry about that. Soon, but not now. It’s part of your apprenticeship.”

There was a calming sincerity in Morgan’s words. Anna couldn’t help but relax at her voice and touch. It wasn’t long before the witches’ conversation melted from her mind completely and she was left soothed between her bust.

“Child... Your cloak is filthy.”

Anna wiped her eyes. “I-It was torn off when they dragged me to the stake. I would have lost it, but...” She recalled Peter’s kind act. “A-A man returned it to me so I could stay warm...”

The news brought a delicate smile to Morgan’s sharp lips. “I see... And did you thank him for such kindness?”

“I told him I would, but I--”

Morgan’s eyes brightened. “Then thank him you must! And soon! For a boy to risk his standing in the community to return your cloak... He must have great desire for you.”

A flutter jumped in Anna’s chest. She’d teased him in town, but with the act staring her in the face, she wasn’t certain she had the confidence to make good on her promise. “B-But I wouldn’t know what to do!! How would I thank him??”

Morgan moved with lithe dexterity. A hand traveled from the low of Anna’s back and around her waist before caressing down her navel. Two fingers ran between her blessed petals with firm pressure.

“*Ahm!!*”

“Thank him in the best way a woman can... *Properly*,” Morgan whispered. Her fingers curled and applied pressure. It didn't take much for Anna's body to allow them access and they hooked inside of her, massaging and beckoning her inner walls.

“Y-You...” She gulped. “*You mean...*”

Cinnamon was hot on Morgan's breath. Stealthy magic flowed from her fingers and into Anna's loins. “*That's right, child... Take his seed.*”

Anna's mind started to swim. She'd never laid with a man. Never had the opportunity to gaze upon their manhood, much less handle one. But if she were to indulge in the forbidden act, Peter was the only man she wished to take into herself.

Lust bubbled. The rush of desire was taking over. For so long she'd wondered about the opposite sex. Pondered how it would feel. As she grew wet at Morgan's hand, she whimpered, “But I wouldn't know what to do...”

“Your body will know. It's already eager to take him in. But... If you need some help...” Morgan left her to go search through her shelves. Bottles and vials clanked before she plucked a small spherical container from the back of a shelf. She presented the palm-sized potion to her apprentice with an honest smile. “Have him drink this and your body will have no doubts of how to thank him.”

Anna took the bottle. It was warm to the touch and smelled sweet even with the cork. Thick blue liquid jostled inside with few air bubbles.

“Go now,” Morgan insisted, “*While your allure is still fresh in his mind.*”



It was odd returning to the village after almost being burned at the stake only hours earlier. Now with the dead of night as her cover and a blazing desire for her first touch from a man, Anna moved with silent barefooted steps. Her cloak obscured her from what light the moon provided between drifting clouds. Thoughts passed through her mind only for a moment when she encountered the smothered remains of her stake but they were fought off soon enough.

The blacksmith's shop stood out among the rest of the buildings. An apprentice with no home of his own, Anna knew Peter would be sleeping inside next to a fire. The backdoor confirmed as much when she approached and heard snoring from within. Flickering firelight escaped through the generous gaps around the frame.

She slipped inside like a shadow. The interior was small and filled with tools of all sizes. As she predicted, a hearth burned in the center with blazing coals always ready to heat metal. Next to it was a cot. Peter was there. His blanket had slipped down to show a bare chest decorated with the muscles of a man swinging hammers all day. A gentle bulge atop his pelvis fueled Anna's excitement.

She stooped at his bedside. Gentle as a breeze, she began stroking his hair.

“*Peter...*”

He stirred.

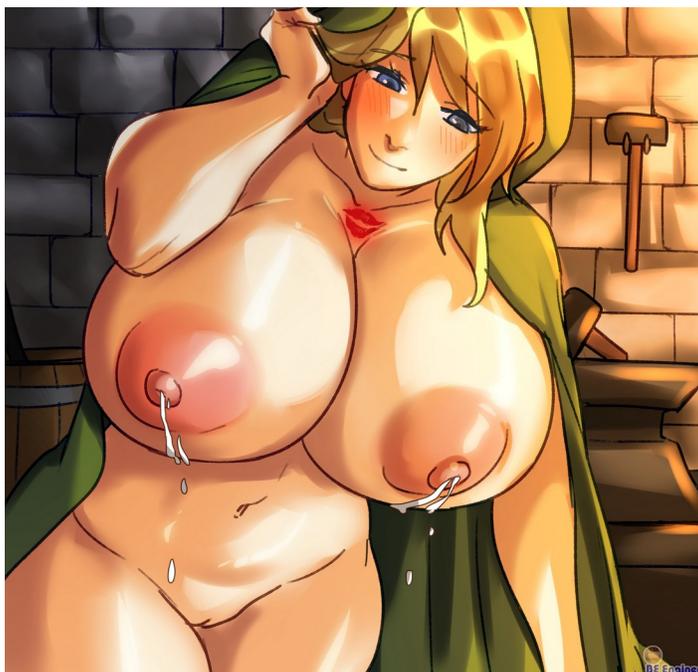
“Peter...”

“Mngh...”

“Wake up, Peter...”

His eyes cracked open. A jolt of alarm shook him into a panic, but Anna was quick to remove her hood and place a soothing hand over his heart.

“Shhh... It's just me...”



She could feel his pulse racing under his fingertips as his mind tried to make sense of the situation. “A...Anna?” His body relaxed but his bulge stiffened. Confusion did not leave his eyes. Anna’s nakedness had absolute power over his attention despite his best efforts. The sight of breasts swollen larger than his head, and pressed together so closely to his face, made his mouth go dry. “What are you doing here?? I haven’t seen you in--”

“I came to say thank you...” Her hand traveled lower down his torso until it slipped under the blanket and settled on his lower abdomen. The tips of her fingers grazed the waistline of his pants. “For returning my cloak...”

“Cloak?” A gulp bounced his throat. “B-But I never returned any--”

Her lips were on his before either knew what they were doing. Heat from her bust flooded his chest when she pressed her pale treasures into him. Ever so slowly, she inched her hand lower and into his trousers until it grazed the firm shape of something thick and long. It twitched at her touch and Peter pulled back.

“We... We shouldn’t be doing this. We’re not married! You’re a...” He lowered his voice. “They’re saying you’re a witch!”

Anna mused. “I certainly have no qualms about such things. You’ve been on my mind for quite some time.” Her hand grew braver. She might not have known what she was doing, but her body knew every step. Slender fingers wrapped around a thick, fleshy pole and began stroking.

It was more rigid than she expected. Veins and contours danced under her fingers as she traveled from the base to the firm head flaring at the top. It throbbed against her palm and grew stiffer with her rising adventure.

The serpent had already surpassed all expectations and she hadn’t even seen it yet.

They kissed once more as her handling grew firmer. She grinned when they pulled away once more and teased, “I can stop if you would like.”

Peter only shook his head. Child-like wonder stared at the bloated mounds hanging over him.

“I didn’t think so. I have a gift for you...”

She bid him to sit up. Moving behind him, she sat close enough to press her full front into Peter’s back. His skin seared with the heat of the fire and met Anna’s soft pillows with muscular tension.

A hand withdrew Morgan’s potion from her cloak. The stopper came out with a gentle pop and she brought the bottle to Peter’s lips.

“What is it?” he asked.

“A little something to help me say thank you...” Anna’s free hand resumed its stroking duties under the blanket. Fully trusting her master, she instructed, “*Now drink up, and I’ll give you something wonderful...*” Confidence brought her milk to swell and expand her breasts against his back. Hardened nipples prodded him like thumbs as he felt her grow plump and heavy.

Peter hesitated for only a moment before accepting. The bottle was empty within three swallows and she set it aside before caressing his chest and kissing the back of his neck.

“*Hah... A-Anna...*” Peter groaned, tensing.

“Yes...?”

Light trembles shook his body. Sweat formed between his back and her front. Within her hand, she felt his throbbing strengthen. Every pulse of his veined manhood brought a newer high.

“*Nngh... What... I’m so confused...*” His hands clenched at the blanket. “*What did you...*”

Anna was noticing it too. Slowly her grip was being forced open; his manhood was thickening. They shared in each other’s rising excitement when the blanket shifted against his bulge. Kicking it off with his feet, Peter unveiled his lower half. Ratty pants concealed his nakedness as Anna’s hand dove under the waistband, but the garment wasn’t long for this world.

Strrrrtch

“*Nngh...!*”

Peter grunted. Pumping, straining sensations flooded his member. It wasn’t long before Anna’s fingers couldn’t meet her thumb any longer. However, it was when his purple head escaped from the top of his pants that they started shaking with excitement.

“*I-I’m--*”

Sttrrrrrrtch!

It lengthened several inches. More than half of Peter's cock had risen from his waistband. Elongated beyond any others in the village, it exceeded nine inches in length. Its thickness bulged as thick as Anna's wrist and felt just as strong.

Her eyes watched intently at her first glimpse of a man's sword. *"Oh my... All this excitement for me? I'm flattered."*

His growth accelerated. Like a fleshy pillar, Peter's manhood rose up his stomach before reaching the bottom of his ribs. Eleven inches of flesh protruded like a lusty serpent rearing its head. While its length had stopped its elongation, his girth continued to increase. Anna brought both hands to grip his shaft and pump in long, slow motions.

"To think I need two hands to handle you... I hope my body is more capable," she whispered into his ear. A moan of endurance came in response.

Guuurrrrrrgle

The sound of milk. Breathing deep, Anna let her magic flow into her bust. Dairy trickled into her breasts to make them tighten and bloat. Flesh pressed wider against Peter's back as she grew. Warm trickles of liquid pearl ran down his spine. The longer she stared at his nakedness, the wetter she found herself becoming. Her loins were beginning to ache, as if begging for him to enter.

"Do you feel them?" she teased, squeezing his forearm-thick member. *"You're making me so excited that my breasts are filling with milk... With the milk shortage, I'm sure you're thirsty..."*

Guuurrrrrrgle!

"Mmmm!!" Anna whimpered, feigning distress. *"The pressure...! It's...almost too much to bear!"* Milk lubed her skin when she started rubbing them up and down. *"Oohhh, can't you feel them, Peter??"* She allowed herself a helpless squeak and breathlessness. The serpent was undulating in her hands as Peter fought peaking arousal. *"You're making me swell so full!! So... tight!! They feel ready...nnggh!...to burst!! Can't you feel...h-how firm my skin has become?? Your manhood is driving me to--"*

Guurrrrrrgle

Another sound of building fluid, but this was not milk. Their eyes focused on movement between Peter's legs.

"A-Ah...!!" he gasped suddenly, body tensing.

Two rounded apple-sized curves pressed into the fabric of his pants. Fighting discomfort, he spread his legs wider. The outline of two spheres rose into view at the base of his cock. Together their gazes widened in wonder.

"Anna!! My--"

Guuurrrrrrgle!

His pants tightened across the shapes. Their growth was rapid and drove Peter's breath to hitch. Surpassing oranges in size, they watched his pants tighten to a drum. Stitches pulled at his inseam.

Still they grew.

GUURRRRRGLE

"Mmnggh!!" Peter grunted, flexing his shaft in Anna's hands as the seams dug into him. Just as he feared the lack of space might spell doom, a sound of relief filled the room.

SHRRIIP!!!

"Oh my..." Anna ogled.

His crotch burst at the seams. From within emerged two swollen orbs overflowing with his seed.

STRRRRTCH!!

Peter held his breath as everything assumed a final bout of growth. His shaft and balls grew in unison, tightening within Anna's entertained grasp, before the potion had run its course.

Her hands couldn't help themselves. Enjoying every hardened inch, she stroked his foot-long pride from top to bottom with gentle grazings of his balls in between. He barely noticed her deft hands sliding his ruined pants down his legs.

"*Shall we see how your new sword fits in my sheathe...?*" she asked, biting his ear. An answer wasn't needed. Rising, Anna moved to Peter's front before pushing him onto his back. Even reclined his manhood extended over the majority of his stomach. Testicles like grapefruits fought for space between his thighs and ached with cum.

When she lifted a leg, exposing herself to his prying eyes before straddling his hips, Peter gripped the sides of his cot to steady himself. Anna's pelvis hovered. Her breasts swung heavy and loaded with cream, bloated into melons.

With both hands, she took his length and angled it up until his head pressed against her sopping lips, barely spreading her opening with an apple-sized battering ram. "*S-So big...!*" she gasped. Looking helpless, she confessed, "*I hope it's not too much for me!*"

She lowered herself, letting her own weight press her against Peter's impressive staff.

"*Ahhh... Ahhh!*" Anna gasped aloud, feeling his monstrous head spread her open. Her lips parted and stretched before several inches entered her rapidly and sent her breasts swaying. "*AH!!!*"

Guurrrrrgle!!!

Milk gushed into her breasts at the sudden penetration. They swelled down her torso and lifted fuller away from her body. Anna paused at the top, reveling in the intense stretching occurring in the center of her pelvis.



Gathering herself, she began lowering once more.

“N-Nnghh...!”

The rest wasn't as thick as his head, but every inch felt longer than the last. Anna slid down several at a time before retreating some and heading back. Every cycle brought her lower and lower.

“It's... A-Ahh!! Oh it's SO BIG INSIDE OF ME!!”

A bulge was moving up and down her belly with every slow pump of her thighs: Peter's head. He watched from below as the fist-sized mound emerged from the cradle of her pelvis before inching its way up her belly. Each time it managed to travel a little higher. To see it push and warp her belly button outward made his shaft thicken suddenly.

“A-AHH!!!” She shuddered violently and suddenly lost her balance. Gravity took over. Eyes popping open, the air was forced from Anna's body when she fell the full distance and took him in all at once.

SHLUMP!!!

“A-AAUUGH!!”

His thickening took her by surprise and Anna's legs gave out. Their hips slammed together and the remaining half of his cock plunged itself into her body like a rabbit diving into its burrow. Heavy smacks rang out when her breasts slapped against her and echoed with fullness. Anna's hands flung to her abdomen and groped at a protruding mound between her belly button and ribs. She could watch its throbbing tent her skin ever so slightly as her body struggled to keep pace.

“O-Oh Satan!! Ohhhh dear Satan!!” she cried out, feeling unable to arch her back. Peter's mast had her skewered in place. Slowly she leaned over Peter and pressed her hands into

his chest for support. Ginger movements from her hips tested sliding herself up and down his length.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

Her mammaries betrayed her excitement. Milk flooded her glands to make them hang fuller and taut over his face.

“You’re making me swell!! You’re making my bust swell, Peter!! OH THEY COULD BURST!!”

He grabbed her trembling thighs. Lust enraptured them. Sweating from the strain of stretching so greatly, Anna started riding. It was slow at first as her flesh struggled around his base, but her movements became rhythmic soon enough. Thick, wet sounds came from her rear as every inch made itself known. Heavy slaps clapped between their pelvises.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

“Aahhhh!!! My milk!!” she yelled, finding herself unable to control her flow. The pleasure was too great. Peter’s presence so deep within her body had switched off any common sense. She forced her back to straighten and willed him deeper. The firm curves of his balls pressed against her butt. Looking down at her struggling conquest, she teased, *“Thirsty...?”*

Peter’s face said it all as she started massaging and groping her breasts. Pressure coaxed sporadic sprays from her nipples to pepper his body.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

“B-Bigger!!” Anna pleaded, unsure if she was talking about her chest or his cock. She grabbed his hand and placed it on a swollen mound. The roughness of Peter’s hands were nearly overstimulating.

GUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMGH SEE HOW YOU MAKE ME ENGORGE?!”

He watched in earnest at her incredible swelling. Milk poured into her breasts to draw them down her body. The bulge of his manhood became hidden from view when they reached below her elbows. Laden with dairy, they swung like teardrops straining with their own load.

“S-Suck on them!! Drink my milk!!” Another whimper, one Anna wasn’t certain if she was faking. *“Before they explode!!”*

His hands groped and pulled a massive tit to his face before latching around a strawberry nub. Milk erupted into his cheeks.

“AAAHHHHH!!!! YES!!!!”

Anna’s hips grew adventurous. They twisted and snaked their way in a seductive dance, making sure to use his size to her full advantage. Even the smallest movement caused dramatic stimulation deep within her.

“Haahhh!! I’m... I-I’m...”

He was thickening. Peter was reaching his climax. Already feeling as though she were stretched to her limit, Anna was overcome with frantic pleasure as he grew within her.

“AUGH!!! M-More!!! You’re stretching me!!!” Her voice heightened into panicked gasps. “You’re...stretching me!!!”

GURRRRRRGLLE!!!!

His balls swelled against her ass, searing with an unbridled internal heat.

“Aahhh!!! I-I...can’t...” Anna gagged, feeling as though Peter were in her throat. Her hands flew under her aching breasts just to assure herself that the bulge of his head truly hadn’t traveled much higher. It took everything to keep herself grounded as she felt he might outgrow her.

GUUURRRRRRRRGLLE!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed from Peter’s mouth as her pressure overwhelmed him. Quivers overtook them.

“AAHH!!! MMNNGGHHHH!!!!!!” Anna dug her nails into his legs to draw blood when he stretched her loins to the utmost limit. “F-Fill me!! I THIRST...FOR YOUR SEED!!” she begged.

GUURRRRRRRGLLE

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

He released. Peter’s balls bucked suddenly. Within her body, his cock flared and pounded against her belly.

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

“Ah ah ah ahhhhHHHH!!!!” Warmth flooded her abdomen. Anna’s hands sank into her stomach at the strange sensation of a liquid intruder. It spread rapidly and coated every inch of Peter’s shaft.

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

It didn’t stop.

“H-Huh??” Anna’s attention shot downward.

The tension arrived all at once. Pressure welled within her belly, pushing her soft abdomen further outward with every throb of Peter’s cock. Her hands danced over its surface as it domed and lifted. Deep within her core she experienced intense pressure like a balloon expanding within.

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMSH!!!!!!

“Ah!! What...” She squealed and trembled upon feeling his hot fluid pump into her by the second. “What is--”

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

“MMM!!!”

Her stomach bucked under her palms as if to throw her hands off. Skin pulled taut and the contours of her hips accentuated themselves against her firming waistline.

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

“Peter...! You’re...!” Breathing grew difficult as all available space left her torso.
“You’re filling me!”

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

His face was contorted in a similar way as sensations danced around his cock within her. It continued to heave, throbbing within the swirling ocean of cream and forcing her larger. Anna’s fingertips explored in an aroused panic when she felt the skin around her belly button pull and shift. Her belly domed from the base of her breasts to her navel where it caused her pussy to tighten.

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

“O-Ohhhh!! MMNGH!!! PETERRR!!” Anna groaned. She arched her back as her belly distended more than six inches from her hips. Milk spurted from her breasts in heavy showers as if her body were seeking anything to expel in the name of providing more room.

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH...!!!!

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH.....!!!!

Her body grew tighter. Pressures spiked. As the bottom of her belly came to rub against Peter’s hips, she felt it stiffen and round out with a final surge of cum.

SSPLLRRRRMMMMSH....

“NNGH!!!”

Sppllrrrrmmsh...

The world stopped spinning. Within Anna the rapid pulses stopped. Her hands tenderly traced her nails over her new mound, admiring the drum-tight masterpiece by Peter’s hands. It would be a lie to claim she wasn’t slightly cautious of pressing her nails too hard.



“Anna--” he began.

“I-I look...heavy with child...” she whispered in awe.

She moved to rise. Wrapping her hands under her massive womb, Anna lifted herself from Peter’s sword. It fell behind her moments later with a heavy slap. A waterfall of cum followed only for a moment before her forbidden gate closed.

Balance had left her. Anna nearly tumbled when she stood to her feet as watermelon breasts and belly attempted to take her to the ground. The bloated triplets heaved in her arms as she leaned back and wrestled control.

“Oh my... Ohhhh I’m so full... I’m so full...” she repeated several times. Hungry eyes flashed at her prey. “My belly... Feels fit to burst with your seed, Peter...”

Anna was trying to stay calm and maintain an air of seduction, but inside she was a storm of confusion and fright. Everything truly felt ready to erupt. She was frightened to open her legs for fear of a torrent of cream escaping and her swirling prize leaving her core. To feel herself stretched to the limit with his seed drove Anna wild.

“But...” she continued, stepping toward the boy with eyes alight. “I still hunger for more...”

Peter’s eyes widened and he looked at his semi-flaccid member. Though like a club, it lay limp across his hips. The pressure had gone from his reserves. “I-I don’t know if I have more to give,” he confessed. His first experience with a woman, combined with the mental wrestling against his values, had left him drained.

A smirk played over Anna’s face. Morgan’s mark on her chest burned and glowed. “Nonsense...”

Stiffness partially returned when Anna returned to his cot and knelt between his legs. Her breasts and belly mashed together as she hunched forward, bringing her lips to his member and taking him in her hand. The glow of her witch's mark intensified and reflected over the dripping ooze of their previous lovemaking still coating Peter.

"It's nothing some tender love can't rouse."

She began kissing him. Heat danced on her lips and passed into his shaft. Tingles raced through Peter's body as he watched the girl begin her ministrations. Her lips pressed and kissed life back into his manhood. When a hand slid down to cup his testicles, she angled his head higher. His heart skipped a beat when he watched her mouth open.

"Mmmmmm..."

Her groan of delight made his eyes roll into his head. Lips stretched to fit around his purple helmet. Though she couldn't hope to fit his entire girth in her mouth, watching her cheeks bulge with every attempt was more than enough.

Guuurrrrrgle

"Mhm..." Anna giggled through his flesh, eying him with amusement. The pressure was returning to his balls. Slowly they swelled in her hand as she poured her magic into him. Vigor was returning with a vengeance. Peter panted for breath as he felt himself fill to the brim with seed and continue beyond. They ballooned larger in Anna's grasp. Stiffness turned him into a throbbing pillar too thick for her hands.

She stared up at him, making eye contact as she sucked. His cum had come to cover her cheeks and lips. Deep within, he felt an innate desire. Anna seemed to sense this.

"Do you wish to feel my warmth on your mast...?"

Peter's head almost fell off his shoulders from the rapid nod of approval. With a grin full of cock, she released his balls to grasp each of her breasts and lean forward.

Sllloooooommshhh

Milk sloshed when they clasped around his cock. Bloated tit flesh squeezed him on all sides. His head protruded from the top to continue meeting her eager lips. A full belly pressed into his balls, trapping his member on all sides. Exquisite stimulation came from every angle, squeezing and kneading him with slick heat.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

Her chest grew larger. Its strength grew like a tightening hand around him.

"A-Anna!" Peter warned, feeling her magic push him well past the effects of Morgan's potion. He winced as veins throbbed across his shaft and balls.



Dripping lips popped from his head. “*Getting too full?*” she cooed. A teasing fingernail traced a pulsating vein. “*Ready to...burst?*”

An anxious nod served as her answer.

“*Well then...*” She stood up. Cum dripped from her chest and belly as she walked to the head of Peter’s cot. “*I suppose it’s time for the second course, isn’t it?*”

She knelt and straddled his head. Instinct took over and his hands grasped her hips as she lowered herself onto all fours across his prone body. Taking his shaft once more, Anna resumed her sucking as she lowered her dripping flower onto his waiting mouth.

Their mouths knew what to do. There was no hesitation as they dove into each other. Anna’s hips gave themselves fully to Peter as his tongue snaked its way across her plumped lips. The full of her belly pressed into his chin and chest, pinning him to the cot with the weight of his own cum. Against his hips pressed her breasts, overflowing his pelvis and creeping onto his bedding.

“*MMM!!!*”

Anna groaned and trembled. Hands were exploring every nook and cranny of her backside without shame. Fingers clenched and clawed to find purchase. To feel the tip of his tongue battle a raging hidden treasure in the depths of her folds made Anna’s body tense with building eruption.

GUURRRGLE!!

Milk pumped her chest fuller. Rapid breathing caused her belly to tremble with pressure. She could tell Peter wasn’t going to last very long. Her ministrations had left him at his breaking point. As he lapped at her nethers like a thirsty pup, Anna could feel her fluids pouring from her fleshy cave and coursing down his face.

They were ready.

STRRRRTCH

Peter's balls ached and swelled. They'd grown fuller than the first time. Anna shook with anticipation at the massive orbs quivering in front of her eyes.

SMACK!!!!

"AAHHMMM!!!"

His hand connected with her backside. A red mark was left in its wake as ripples traveled back and forth through her body. The stinging tingles were enough to bring Anna to the edge.

"Aahhhh!!! MMMMMMPH!!!!!"

She arched her back as pleasure peaked. Peter dug his fingers into her rear as if keeping a wild animal contained. A forearm-thick shaft thickened between her hands. In a final act of preparation, Anna stuffed her mouth with his head and opened her throat.

She could almost hear his balls gurgle below with swollen anger.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"MMMPH!!!"

Tangy saltiness inflated her cheeks before the thick substance was pumped directly down her gullet. The pressure threatened to force her off but Anna held strong.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"MMMMMM!!!!!"

STRRRRTCH!

Her belly groaned in protest when it was forced to resume its filling. A whimper escaped when she felt Peter's hand press into its side and squeeze as if testing its fullness. She longed to feel it tighten and joined him, only to be startled by its size.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

"M-Mmph!?"

Every surge of cum felt like a gallon. Anna's belly heaved and sagged with each new deposit. Her skin had no choice but to stretch tighter. Weight pulled at her crotch and elongated her pussy. Within seconds her abdomen ran out of space between her and Peter and began expanding to the sides.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"NNGH!!! M-Mmmmmph!!!"

She started to ache. Trembling shook her thighs and she clenched around Peter's head when she felt cum leaking from her pussy. Flesh bulged to the left and right as their bodies acted like a vice. Belly and breast fought in a battle for supremacy. Anna's eyes bulged in shock upon seeing her cleavage push forward beneath her; a testament to the power her belly commanded.

SPLRRRMSH!!!

SPLRRRMSH...!!!

SPLRRRMSH...!!!

Whimpers and squeaks left her sealed lips. Flesh bulged around her thighs. The surface of her belly felt incapable of indenting. The witch's mark burned in an effort to help her body contain every drop.

But even magic has its limits.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmmm!! M-Mmmmph!!!" Her eyes watered. Her belly refused to take anymore, yet Peter's release wouldn't stop.

SPLRRTCH...!!!

Cum sprayed from the corner of her mouth. Cheeks inflated and bulged into her eyes. It felt as though her stomach had stopped stretching and cum was backing up to her mouth. She tried to move, but Peter's hands held her firm.



There was no escape.

SPLRRRMSH...

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMPH!! MMMMMMPH!!!!!"

Anna clenched as the flow waned. Everything felt ready to blow. Below she saw her nipples flare out and spray jets of milk down Peter's legs.

Splrrrmsh...!

STRRRRTCH!!!

Peter's hand clawed across her belly. It refused to indent, creaking dully as it struggled to contain his loads. Anna whimpered for mercy from the man beneath her, feeling confidence rising in him.

Splrrrrmmsh...

GRRROOOOAAAAAN

The final jolt of his cock finished and left her skin creaking with pressure. She'd held it. Anna knelt motionless on her hands and knees, frightened to move. Then Peter cocked his hand. The witch almost yelped to beg him not to, but she couldn't remove her mouth in time.

SMACK!!!!

SPLOOOOMSH!!

"GAAHHH!!!"

Peter slapped her belly in triumphant conquest, more than pleased with himself. The resounding sound was like a great echoing drum. A shockwave passed through Anna's heaving form and forced his cock from her mouth before a wave of cum followed from her gasping throat. Peter fell still moments later, heaving from exhaustion as sleep took him in an embrace of dreams.



"Nngh... Oh my... O-Oh dear..."

Anna's strained moans merged with the sounds of the midnight forest. Bare feet crunched dead frosted leaves with every step. The chill might have nipped at Anna if the witch's mark on her chest wasn't burning so hotly. It hadn't stopped since she'd accepted Peter's seed. Far behind, the village sat silent in the darkness. The snoring sounds of a satisfied man still played in Anna's head. She certainly hadn't intended on pushing Peter to such extremes, but there was an amount of pride she took in knowing her efforts had been enough to take his consciousness.

GUURRRGLE

"N-Nngh!!!"

Pressure heaved within her gut. She doubled over as far as her distended figure would allow. An unbelievable belly pressed into her thighs and forced her breasts against her shoulders. Roiling heat pounded against her hands. As much as she enjoyed Peter's gift pushing her so far into the realms of fantasy, the pressure was weighing heavier by the minute.

"It's too much... It's... H-Haaaaahhh...!" Anna gasped for air. *"It's too much!"*

Her body teetered on the edge of oblivion. An ocean of cum was held back only by the plump gate between her thighs. Its weight had caused her lips to press and bulge outward like a dam about to burst. What she'd been able to confidently contain at the blacksmith's had started to drip free by the time she'd reached the woods. Now, halfway back to Morgan's cottage, her treasure was escaping in nearly a constant trickle. It was a miracle she'd made it through town with her incredible bulk. Anna had felt as though she were smuggling a treasure within her body.

Sweat bathed her in waves. Try as she might, she couldn't quell the witch's mark upon her breasts. Its heat radiated through every curve. Even more troublesome was the behavior of

her milk. She'd stopped producing the extreme floods of cream. In its place came a slow, steady pulsating. Milk was still flowing into her breasts, but Anna found herself unable to stop its production as she normally could. Even more worrisome was her inability to drain the dairy.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

"A-Aahhh!!!"

A shudder raced through her figure and she leaned on a tree for support. Her legs refused to carry her weight any longer. Her pussy rejected the idea of containing her pressure for another moment. Breath heavy and fogging into the night, Anna whimpered when she felt streams of cum running down her thighs.

"N-No...! Not yet! Just... Nngh just a little longer!! I want to...feel it...i-inside of me...for just...a-a...little...longerrr!!!"

GUUURRRRRRRRRGLE!!

The plea went unheeded. Skin buckled against her hands. The leaking grew stronger. Reveling in the release of a dozen gallons of pressure, Anna threw her head back as clenching failed.

SWOODSH!!!

"AHHMM!!!!"

Peter's seed rushed out of her in a thick, hot torrent that soaked her legs. Feeling it wash over her feet made Anna purse her lips. Like rubber contracting back into shape, her belly retreated to help push the fluid free.

"MMMMM!!! H-How did I have so much inside of me?!"

It took only seconds for the load to free itself. Anna had to lean on a tree or risk collapsing into the puddle of cum. Everything was sore. Her stomach was soft and pliable under her fingertips after enduring such dramatic stretching. Innocent by comparison. Panting for air, Anna wished for nothing more than to fall into bed and sleep in the lasting throes of ecstasy.

There was something still pressing against her palms, however.

Slowly her eyes opened. Looking down between her breasts, Anna could see her abdomen still had a gentle slope. She pressed her hands into the dome but no further cum flowed free. There remained a reservoir deep within her core, dense and thick.

Anxiety chewed at Anna. Her fingers pressed into the gentle dome to no avail. *"Why... W-Why won't it..."*

A dull red glow pulsed atop her chest: the witch's mark. Magic surged through her in waves of heat. Try as she might, Anna could not bring herself to control the welling energy.

From her hips came a second source of illumination. Through her cleavage she could just make out her navel before it curved away and sloped into her crotch. Glowing pink markings were crawling across her skin. They curved and danced into a swirling design hugging the bottom of Anna's abdomen. Fine points curved upward until the general shape turned into that of a bowl made from twisting pink branches of sharp pink tongues.

“*W-What... What is that???*” Anna breathed in confusion. Her hands moved to inspect the markings. They had no depth but their radiating heat was undeniable and permeated deep into her belly. Well into her core and beyond, into her most sacred cradle. “*WHAT ARE THESE--*”

STRRRRTCH

A sensation commanded her silence. There was a stretching. Something pushing and growing within her body. This did not feel the same as Peter pumping her full of his seed. This was different: something that wasn't supposed to be there. A weight shifted within Anna's abdomen where she had no hope of reaching, and as she felt it start to ever so slowly grow, so too did her breasts amid the glowing runes of her belly.

Panic overtook her.

“*WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?!*”



To be concluded