

Chapter Nine

“Someone really has changed... What a surprise...”

I felt my feet give out from under me and I was falling, I saw her peering over the edge of the lift, and I was consumed by a purple mist.

Suddenly it felt like everything stopped and in a time so quick I couldn't even begin to perceive it; I was sitting on a queen-sized bed. I didn't recognize the room, but the decor was very gothic, I didn't need 20 guesses to know whose room it was.

The black-haired witch entered from the door and looked at me spread over her bed. It took some effort, but I was able to lift myself up, my belly was projecting outwards onto my fat thighs.

I went to open my mouth, but I felt a pressure on my lips once more, looking at the witch I saw her fingers were pinched tightly and she was staring at me.

“You want me to finish you off...” She laughed. “I don't give out freebies.”

Her stern tone was followed by her jumping up onto the bed, towering over my body. With a wave of her hand, I saw her clothes melt away. Her glistening sex was at my eye level, and I knew what she wanted of me. I lifted my heavy arms, covered in fat to cup her thick ass and I pulled her close. There was no hesitation now, again, unsure if that was due to the curse or not. I licked and teased her clit with my tongue, feeling the once dominant witch grip onto my hair for balance as her

legs wobbled. Her calves were pressed against my giant bloated belly, it was growing quicker as I was licking and tasting her sweet pussy.

“Fuck... For a virgin you... FUCK!” She screeched. “You are fucking good!”

It didn't take long before I felt an orgasm rock her body, her own juices exploding into my mouth, I didn't hesitate to swallow it.

I felt something strange within, I was still so horny but the sense of something rising within was taking over now.

The woman moved backwards, sensing whatever was about to happen.

“Well... Looks like you still have some growing to do...” Catching her breath, she stared.

“I didn't think my cum would have an effect...”

I looked down just in time to see my body grow, so quick this time, my stomach inflated and bulged forward. My legs were pushed apart as this gigantic ball grew between my legs. My legs were filling up too, it was hard not to notice my thighs becoming thicker and impeding the expansion of my middle. There was a cold feeling on my ass, and I looked over my shoulder to see a gigantic mass behind me that had grown so large it was touching the backboard despite me being three feet away from it myself. Looking over my body as it filled and grew I could feel my skin stretching, the weight of whatever was filling me was making it difficult to turn and look at all of my expansion. It wasn't just my ass and belly, everything was becoming bigger, fatter, fuller. My body was so full of cum that I couldn't get up now even if I tried.

I looked over to the witch and I saw her gaze transfixed on my swelling body, her eyes wide. Her hand was playing with herself.

She is enjoying this?

I couldn't do much to protest, I could only moan as I felt a new sensation taking over. It was pleasurable, orgasm inducing almost.

“Ohh... Shit...” I moaned loudly.

Under my behemoth belly I felt something pushing out, I leaned back, sinking into my swelling ass cheeks. The movement allowed whatever was growing under my gut to surge forward

and even lift my belly somewhat. My belly was a slave to gravity, so it squished against my body and pinned me there. I couldn't see what was now exposing itself into the chill air, but the witch moved to the base of the bed and gawked at what she saw.

“You... You've got to see... *This...*” She giggled.

A wave of her hand and the wall behind her turned into a mirror and I was able to see my body.

It was obscene.

Disgusting.

Grotesque.

Massive.

But why did it turn me on so much?

I was a gigantic balloon of flesh, from the front I could mostly see my belly, it was huge, covered most of the surface of the bed but even from this angle I could see my ass, it had swollen and spread over the entire width of the bed behind me. I was just a ball of fat, cum filled, flesh.

Whatever I was being told to look at wasn't visible from my angle, the swell of my stomach blocked line of sight. I tried to lift my arms but even those I could no longer move as I still grew and inflated before my captor.

“I can't... See...” My talking had become laboured, it was as if even my jaw and windpipe was being hindered by my growth. I tried to speak again but in trying to speak I had let go of what automatic and unconscious method of holding in all the cum and I splatted a wad of it onto my tits that were growing too, just not as quick, they were about the size of my head but compared to my ass and belly, hardly had changed at all.

“Oh of course...” She waved her hand and there was now a levitating mirror that hovered at the end of the bed at an angle, and I saw what she had been staring at for the past few minutes.

“Is that...” I said, coughing up more cum.

“Your pussy.” She said with an excited glow to her.

Between my legs, pushing back against my heavy thighs that surely would've been touching

if not for this new growth. Beneath my belly, my heavy fucking tank of a stomach, saw the two largest and most inflated lips anyone could've ever seen. They were so soft, puffy and big. The fold could probably swallow up someone's entire head. The smooth skin looked enticing, even to me.

What would it feel like...

What would it taste like...

I would never know the answer because of my current mobility issues but there was one eager volunteer who was willing to explore those questions on my behalf.

The nameless woman crawled onto the bed, there wasn't much real estate to work with in that department, my gigantic body had taken up the bulk of the bed. How it even could hold my weight was another very good question to ask. But not now.

Her hands danced around my body; she relished every inch that she could touch. When her fingers were drawing across my swollen and expanded form. It felt like her fingers were producing electricity, my body was quivering and aching for her touch. Still, she teased, she knew the power she had over me.

"Please..." I said, dribbling cum from my mouth.

"Please what?" She said breathlessly. "What do you want?"

"Make me cum... Please..." I begged.

"I can't hear you." She sunk her fingers into my flesh.

"Make me cum. Fuck me. Eat me out. Do whatever it is to get me off, over and over again. I need it so fucking bad. Please... I am so fucking desperate; I can't take it any more... Please, I am begging you..." I was almost crying from the overwhelming emotion that I was unable to express or feel because I was so desperate for it.

A big smirk spread over her face. "Was that so hard?"

The frumpy goth girl wasted no time and quickly hopped onto the bed on her hands and knees, she crawled closer to my overly inflated pussy, and I could feel her hot breath on it. It was so sensitive that I felt as if her breath alone was going to make me cum. I had expected her slow crawl to lead into a very slow and testing interaction with my aching sex, but I was sorely mistaken when

she put her hands on either side of the puffy lips and through the mirror I saw her dive literally headfirst into my pussy. The folds completely covered her face, she had to push hard against them to be able to get her tongue to reach my expanded clit.

“AAAHHH!” I screamed in pleasure, the shock of her face entering my pussy, made me jump and the sensation made me immediately cum.

A torrent of my own juices exploded against her face as well as a decent amount of actual cum that I had been still magically pumped with. She did not let up; she continued to massage and play with my gigantic labia and lick my clit. I entered a transcendent state as I came so hard so many times in such a rapid succession that I thought I was going to pass out.

The mirror gave me a perfect angle over my gigantic bed covering stomach and I looked on in awe at how big my body was and for some reason, it no longer disgusted me, I watched as it jiggled and shook, the sensation of the ripples sent reverberations through the entirety of my body, I was like some sort of newton's cradle, my chin taking the brunt of the impact and the witches back as my belly came crashing down on her as I leaned forward more.

The blissful feeling of each orgasm felt like it was corrupting me, transforming my brain, I just wanted to have more. I wanted to be bigger, to feel how my body would feel as I was getting eaten out like this. I didn't even know her name, I didn't even care. There was only one word resonating in my skull.

Cum.

To cum, to orgasm, to continue to be pumped full of cum. I was an immobile mess, splayed out on the bed, slowly inflating still, receiving orgasm after orgasm from this witch.

There was nothing left in my brain.

I was now at the mercy of this magical temptress.

Her curse had finally taken hold and I felt my world fade to black as I tried to catch my breath, a more difficult task now that my neck had become fatter, almost crushing my windpipe, my belly resting so heavily on my chest that I needed a considerable amount of effort to lift the weight from it to draw breath.

I was exhausted, my raw clit was still screaming in pleasure, my body jiggling and shaking from the intense pleasure.

I...

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