

Into the Witch's Garden

I stared over the wall at the bushes and trees that gleamed with food. My hands clutched my torso as my stomach grumbled. I felt so hollow - so hungry. I couldn't remember the last time I had truly eaten a meal. Of a moment when I did not feel the pains of hunger. It only made it harder with the smell of food always in the air. I hung along the side of the giant brick fence that encircled the fields of lush green lands. I looked back to my village, it was a stark difference. While one side was the definition of life and bounty the other was dead and full of disarray. My home was full of hunger and old shacks, each one worse than the one next. It was hard to believe what stood, just on the other side of the brick wall.

Gawking at the fruits and the vegetables, I wished I could just steal all of it. I just wanted to hop over the fence and runaway with handfuls of that shiny delicious food, but I knew there was a cost.

Whispers around the village were spoken about the witch who lived beyond the wall. The old woman who tended her garden and never left her enclosed lands. The woman who flaunted her wealth of foods and richness of her lands in front of hundreds of starving people. I knew people had attempted to make it over the wall and to steal the fruits that begged to be eaten. And I knew that nobody ever made it back. Sometimes screams could be heard in the night of people who attempted to cross over the fence to feed their family. Those sounds were enough of a warning to keep people away, but the longer I went without food the less I was worried about the witch and more about the threat of starvation.

My eyes worked over the golden apples that hung from the trees, the grounds that were heavy with squash, and the bushes that were covered in the largest blueberries I had ever seen. They were nearly the size as my fist, and shined like sapphires. To me, those fruits were more important to me than gems or precious stones. Those fruits were my survival. My mouth watered the longer I stared at the fruit, urging me to take what I see.

Thirty seconds.

It was all that I would need to jump the fence and grab as many as I could and get out. I knew I was faster than any of the rest of the village, and I was stealthy. I was light on my feet, and I knew how to move my hands quickly and efficiently. Years of stealing from others made me the person for the job, and made me hopefully that I would survive.

I took one breath. I took a second one. I then I took a third. I was ready to live, and I was prepared to fight – if needed.

I launched myself over the wall in one swift movement. My feet landed softly on the grass, and I ran. My feet moved across the lawn, feeling the softness of the earth squish under my feet was a change for the coarse ground that covered the village. My hands found the fruit as I counted the seconds.

Fifteen.

Sixteen.

Seventeen.

“Whooooose in my garden?” The witch’s hissed. Her words scraped against my mind, making the hair on my neck stand as I pulled the first fruit from the bush. It was large and soft in my hand, and my stomach begged me to take just one bite. That if I was to die, then I would at least die with a stomach full of food. But I powered through the fear, and continued to pluck berries.

“Whooooose kept into my land?” Her words were elongated and her voice was ancient. My hands grabbed fistfuls of blueberries, trying to take as many as I could before she appeared.

“What fly has sneaked into the spider’s web in search of food?” She asked as the sound of crunching leaves grew closer. I stared at the small empty spot on the bush. It was not enough. It would never be enough, but it would have to do. I turned from the bush and saw a shadow move around the tree. A shadow that looked beyond human. It was long and multi-limbed. It crept jaggedly as if it were more bone and every step was full of pain. I ran from the bush, eyes on the wall and nothing else as the shadow moved at the corner of my vision. My hands grazed the wall as I felt the witch grew near.

“What fruits have you stolen from me little fly? What morsels have you selected?” I could feel something sharp graze against my neck as I took hold of the top of the wall.

So close. Almost.

I pulled myself up onto the ledge as her sharp hands took hold of my ankle. Her sharp fingers dug deep into my ankle. I screamed in pain. I looked over and saw the witch. Her bone white skin, her long black hair, her sharpened teeth.

“How delicious you shall taste when I chew the meat from your bones.” My foot moved quicker than my mind. It swung out in a crazed movement, making a connection with her face - It was hard like stone, but my legs were strong. I struck with the fear of my life and her hand loosened just slightly. I flipped myself over the wall as I heard her scream. The sound echoed through the village and filled the night as I hit the hard ground on the other side. I expected her to claw her way over the wall, to follow me until she once again captured me. But nothing came over the wall besides two long hands. Her long crooked scratched the bricks, gouging out the stone with a deep claw of her hands. Her screamed turned to a laugh as she dragged them along the brick.

“Enjoy the berries, my child. They come at a cost like everything else within this garden.” She laughed. Her laughter disappeared as he walked from the wall, back into her garden to guard her precious fruits.

I survived.

I ran in the night and returned to my home, to my lonesome shack on the edge of the village. My pockets heavy with the berries, and my stomach was hungry for their taste. I hid within my home, from fear of not just the witch but of what others would do and locked the door behind me. Even though I knew the witch had not followed me. I could still hear her laugh in my head. But that did not stop me from eating the stolen fruit.

The first bite squirted juice onto my chin. I couldn't contain the moan of enjoyment. It was so fresh. I had never tasted anything so delicious in my life. I finished the first one in two bites before I moved to the second, and the third, and the fourth. I had planned to save what I had stolen, or at least try to make it last but I finished everything I had stolen within minutes. I placed my hand on my stomach. It felt full for the first time, and even pushed out slightly. I had never felt anything like this before.

“oomph,” I groaned as my hand was pushed out away by my stomach. I looked down and watched as my stomach began to swell against my hands. It pushed and grew outward as seconds passed. “What the fuck,” I cried as I lifted my shirt and saw it swell beneath my hands. My once flat, nearly concave stomach, inflated. I pushed my hands against my stomach, feeling water within the gut as if a hose was pushed into my belly. The sheer size of my belly pushed my shirt up and strained the seams. “Ughh,” I groaned as I leaned back, accommodating my increased size, but even as I spread my legs and arched my back, my belly overtook my body.

Grasping onto the sides of my stomach I moaned, feeling liquid slosh around within my gut. I stared at the giant mass that grew from my body. I couldn't understand what was happening or why patches of blue began to appear on my stomach. Blue stains – stains that grew quickly and covered my belly in seconds, and began to leach into the rest of my body. I squeezed my stomach and I felt a tingle within my body, and the smell of fresh fruit filled the air. The scent of the witch's garden and the blueberries that I had stolen.

“God!” I grunted as I fell to the floor. My extra large belly bounced and jiggled from the impact, and ripped through the clothes. I tried to move onto my feet, but my belly was too large for me to even counterbalance. I rolled on the ground, back and forth. My stomach moved with every movement, further pushing the scent of blueberries into my nose. The smell was intoxicating, I could not help but

enjoy the scent that flowed from my body. I pushed my hands into swollen girth and grunted in enjoyment. I couldn't help but enjoy the feeling like my body filled with whatever liquid bounced around within my body. Though I could not feel it I could feel my cock as it strained against the underside of my blue gut. It rubbed, smearing cum on the underside which only made the smell of berries that much stronger. The sweet smell was so intense and hypnotic. I couldn't get enough of it. The more I squeezed my stomach the more I could not stop myself from enjoying the scent, the feeling, the heavy girth that swelled from my body. I wobbled my gut, and the liquid just swooshed around within me further growing my stomach. Would it continue to grow? Would it ever stop?

"Fuck, what's happening to me," I moaned squeezing my ball belly. The witch's voice filled my mind as I bounced my belly back and forth onto my cock.

". . .they come at a cost."

Was the cost this. . .this curse? Was I cursed to turn into the very fruit that I so greedily devoured?