

Spelling Lust Part 1

Dust fell over Sabrina in a cloud of grays and browns. It was clear the thick layer of buildup hadn't been disturbed any time this decade. She could feel its weight settle on her head as she brushed it off and continued deeper into the aged wardrobe.

It was just one more chore on the list since she'd inherited the estate. It had fallen into her lap out of the blue, almost quite literally. Leaving for work one morning she found an envelope left on her porch with a wax seal. The insignia, as well as the name of the deceased's will found inside, was still a mystery to her: Cordelia.

None of her family had heard of the great-aunt. Online records and family trees were fruitless and felt imbalanced on her mother's side as if portions had been lopped off over the generations.

"Cordelia..." Sabrina hummed, her mind drifting while cleaning out the vast wardrobe.

The bones of a house more than a century old creaked around her. It used to startle her, but after nearly a week of diving head-first into the project, she'd grown accustomed to the many sounds of aged wood.

The estate sprawled over nearly two acres. In the center stood the looming gothic architecture steeped in Victorian tastes. Three stories tall and twice as wide, it could have housed Sabrina, her immediate family, and all of her friends with beds to spare. Every room was a new adventure in cleaning. Whoever her great-aunt had been, she wasn't keen on cleaning.

Sabrina tossed a pile of moth-eaten furs on the floor. More for the Goodwill pile in the foyer. She puffed a strand of loose brown hair from her face then, pausing at something resting on the bottom of the wardrobe.

It was wooden and ornate with a size close to a large toolbox. Dust hadn't found it like everything else in the house. It was pristine and unblemished.

She held both sides, expecting the box to take all her strength. Instead it lifted from the wardrobe as if made of air, almost eager to be pulled back into existence. It fell upon the bed with a soft *poomph*. A lock stared back from the clasp. Eclipsing her hand, Sabrina wondered if she would have to borrow her dad's power tools to get through it.

"What could need such a big lock..." she pondered while looking over the box. Reaching out, she took the lock in her hands. "And why would it be hidden in--"

Thunk

It opened. The shackle parted as if her fingertips were the key. Sabrina stared for a moment in disbelief; the lock didn't look damaged. Curiosity was welling within her now. Something new and foreign called to her from inside the chest. Pushing on the lid, she opened the mysterious treasure.

Confusion struck. Supple cloaks waited on top. Beneath those, pointed hats with wide brims. Followed by wands that looked real enough to be used as movie props. Then came two pairs of small cauldrons. Last were vials of mystery liquids, powders, and animal parts.

“*The hell...? This all looks like...*” She didn’t say it out loud. Even thinking it made Sabrina feel foolish.

A final object sat at the bottom wrapped in a velvety fabric. She knew it was precious without being told. Unwrapping the rectangular object, Sabrina found herself holding a darkened, leather-bound tome. The book alone weighed more than the chest had when she’d removed it from the wardrobe. Her mind raced, perplexed by the find.

Creaks popped down the spine when she opened the cover. Waiting inside was a handwritten note. She recognized the handwriting as the same person who had signed the will delivering the estate into her custody.

“*Cordelia...*”

In delicate cursive letters, the note read:

To my dearest great-niece Sabrina:

I’ve painstakingly deleted all memory of myself from memory. There is no doubt in my mind you have never heard my name until reading my will. You have a right to know about our family’s ancient bloodline.

Your lineage can be traced back five centuries to the first great witch of England—Agnes Waterhouse. Our ancestry was among those who she chose to inherit her power. This came at a price: removal of ourselves from the mortal world through memory manipulation. However, my divination has shown me society will have grown accepting of our kind by the time you’re of age. You won’t be forced to live in seclusion unless you desire such.

I, Cordelia, sincerely congratulate you for awakening as the rightful heir of our ancient and sacred bloodline. All my belongings and knowledge, I humbly bestow upon you. This tome contains all the incantations and potions I’ve accumulated over my years; may they serve you well, and provide you with a bright future.

*Satan’s blessings,
Cordelia*

Sabrina read the note several times. Her mind refused to let her believe such nonsense. Witches were a fun concept, but nothing more than fantasy. The chest and its contents were hard to put out of her mind, however. Looking at the tome, she began flipping through the pages.

Spell upon spell flashed by. Some were mundane, like instant tea warming. Others claimed to summon lightning. Her fingers scanned the pages until something caught her eye.

“Augeo...” she whispered.

The word danced on her lips as if she were speaking a foreign language with fluent perfection. It felt natural. And powerful. The syllables left her lips tingling. Below the spell was a description.

Enhances the size of any object.

Face hot and feeling foolish, Sabrina glanced around the room she knew was empty before staring at a hat and commanding, *“Auego!”*

Nothing. The same sensation of power was there, but it felt as if it had nowhere to go. No channel for escape. Her heart fluttered like a child’s.

“Heh, maybe I need to use a wand...”

One was chosen from the pile on the bed. Long, dark, knotted, and smooth. Assuming a pose as if she were about to charm a bed into being able to take flight, she announced, *“Augeo!”*

Poomph!!

“AH!”

One of the pointed hats lurched as if struck by a puff of wind. The fabric shifted with illusory movements. Sabrina couldn’t keep her eyes off the garment as the brim widened and the tip reached several inches higher. Around the base, a strap of leather tightened until the hat was forced to crumple under the pressure.

She lowered the wand.

The hat’s enlargement ceased. Twice as big as before, it dwarfed the others and stood out like a comical Halloween decoration.

“It... It worked...”

Sweat ran down the back of her neck. Sabrina glanced at the page. Something was scrawled in the margins.

** Works on body parts*

Temptation spiked. Sabrina’s eyes fell lower, meeting the breasts hidden beneath her t-shirt inside a B-cup bra that had always felt far too small. Anxiety nagged at her so strongly it made her heart race. Why was she so aroused by the thought?

Suddenly her late-night, chest-clutching desires from her pre-teen years felt within reach.

The wand lifted. Its point settled on her chest.

“A-Augeo!”

Strrrrrtch

“MMMM!!!”

Energy shocked her. Recoiling, Sabrina stumbled back and lost the wand’s direction. Her free hand clutched her breasts in fright.

Strrrrrtch

“Hhaahhh! Mmmm!!”

The stimulation was overwhelming. As if flooded by a strange fluid pushing on them from the inside, Sabrina trembled upon feeling her bust rapidly grow into her grasp. Tingles raced over her skin and her t-shirt tightened to show the outline of her bra, stuffed to the brim with heaving flesh.

It stopped all too soon. The sensations dissipated. Sabrina was left staring at a pair of D-cup mammaries filling her shirt to the point of obscenity. Her bra dug into her but she didn’t care.

Again she lifted the wand. Shaking this time.

“Augeo!!”

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“AHHMM!!”

She pursed her lips and stumbled back again, but kept the wand in place. Power was flowing through her, bloating her mounds as if they were sponges under a hose.

Strrrrtch!!

A wall met with her back. Sabrina slid down, collapsing on the floor as her breasts pushed madly into their padded prison. Skin overflowed and buckled the bra’s cups. Watching with lust-heavy eyes, she saw cleavage stretching her neckline low and wide. A chasm was deepening down her front. Plumping and swelling with a line of tight, pale skin that smelled of arousal.

“I’m... I-I’m really growing!! I’m--”

Clatter!!

She dropped the wand. Her hands couldn’t resist any longer. They flew to her bust, groping the now cantaloupe-sized treasures straining her bra and transforming her t-shirt into a crop top.

“I’m HUGE!!” Her fingers curled and sank deep. Sparks ignited in her mind upon feeling her own chest swallow her grasp. Desperation raged in her nipples. They felt like grapes throbbing against her bra cups. Moisture had begun soaking through her jeans.

She needed more.

Much more.

Mouth dry and cleavage peppered with sweat, Sabrina reached for the wand. She jabbed its tip against her exposed pillowy skin, sinking it deep.

With deep-seated lust, she arched her back and growled, *“Augeo.”*

STRRRRRRTCH

Growth knocked the air from her lungs before she could scream. Throwing her head back, she reeled in orgasmic delight as her breasts exploded with development.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Augeo!! AUGEIO!! AUGEIO!” she repeated.

Crreeaaaaaaak!!!

“MMMM!!! Fuck!! FUCKING BLOW MY BRA!!”

Crreeaaaaaa--SNAP!!

It burst at her command, stinging her breasts as it flung free like a breaking cable. Though as large as watermelons, Sabrina’s new growth kept her bust perky and firm. They billowed into her t-shirt like heavy teardrops. Their underbellies slipped into the open and tickled across her belly.

“AUGEIO!! AUGEIO AUGEIO AUGEIO!!” she yelled, burying the wand deep into her cleavage.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

POP!!! POP POP!!!

“GAAHH!!”

Stitches burst down her sides. Stress lines creased over her front. So tight, her t-shirt revealed the aroused pink of her strawberry nipples quivering below.

“A-A-AUGEEOOOO!!”

SHHRRRIIIIP!!!

POOMPH!

The fabric ruptured. A pair of breasts grown into supple, hanging beach balls fell into her lap.

Sabrina nearly fainted. The wand fell from her grasp when an orgasm overtook her motor functions. To see her once tiny breasts engorge large enough to leave her t-shirt in tatters was too much.

“AAUUUGH!!”

Her scream echoed through the empty house. Desire and greed swallowed her and she hugged her chest for dear life, feeling their heat pulse and throb against her face. Cleavage swallowed any screams that followed until she finally collapsed on her back gasping for air.

They rolled to the sides of her torso. Each like an erotic pillow waiting for a lover’s head.

“That...” She swallowed, her lungs not wanting to work right. The crotch of her jeans felt torn. “That was...”

Temptation remained. It wasn’t enough. Watching them wobble with her breaths, Sabrina whimpered with need. She wasn’t done. She wanted more.

Hand searching the floor next to her, she grasped the handle of her great-aunt’s wand.

To be continued