

Chapter Eight

Quickly we made our way to his room. I had forgotten about my mission, the quest to find the witch, I was too enthralled with satiating the feeling from within as well as the one in his pants. He led me into the room, it wasn't the cleanest place, but it smelt like his aftershave. He turned to me, slightly confused about what was happening and I pounced. I pushed him onto the sofa and quickly I was pressed against his knees. Looking down at him, I now had the size advantage. I spread my thick thighs and pointed at his pants.

“Get it out...”

I have no idea what I am doing...

I was on an autopilot of sorts. I saw Brad fumble to get his cock out. It took him a second, but it was there, pointed directly up and it was so very hard. I started to drool, it was a mixture of saliva and cum. Thankfully he didn't notice, nor did he notice I had grown since I first bumped into him. His cock looked close to bursting, there was precum leaking down from the slit at the top.

I slowly grabbed my skirt and lifted it up, exposing my swollen pussy to him. I saw his eyes go wide; he gawked.

I gave him no time to ask any questions, I placed a knee on one side of his wiry leg, I guided his cock towards my puffy labia and placed the other leg down slowly, ever so slowly I let him spear me with his dick. I was firmly now in control, his eyes rolled in his head, and he gripped the sofa for dear life as I took all of him inside of me. My soft and squishy lips pressed against his

groyne, I let out a moan when he twitched inside of me.

“Brad...” I paused. “This is my... First time...”

He looked at me shocked. “Could’ve fooled me Flo...”

How cute... He has a nickname for me.

I started to listen to my body and was now grinding against his member, feeling how he was filling my insides. My body crashed against him, I was already leaking cum, but I just hoped he thought that was my natural wetness. I could feel something building up within me again, despite how many times I came yesterday, here I was, so desperate for my next fix that I was fucking Brad.

My body jiggled and jostled as it sloshed about on top of Brad, his tall frame almost useless now as he was pinned to the sofa by my fat and growing body.

I could feel him struggling to hold on, his body was starting to tense. It felt like I did earlier.

Suddenly I felt him tense and grip onto my body. I felt a warmth filling me up, not too dissimilar to how I have been growing this whole time but there was something different about this time.

This was from the source.

It was pure.

*It was **much** more filling.*

I looked down at Brad who had his eyes closed, his face scrunched up but it wasn't long before my eyes were drawn to the swelling of my stomach, it was being pumped full of cum and I couldn't believe he was cumming that much, I was certainly being filled with that much that I could feel my belly become tight, round, it surged forward, pressing against his chest and flattening out against him, no room to grow and protrude any further thanks to his body blocking it's path. I rubbed it, trying to calm it down but it was no use. I only continued to grow rapidly. I felt my whole body being pumped, my belly was almost leaking into the rest of me, back rolls were forming, my arms thickening, my legs growing heavier and my ass exploding in size. I felt the weight of my body crushing Brad, I was so short, but my sudden surge of growth made me look more obscene.

I looked at Brad, who had opened his eyes and looked at me in shock and awe.

“What... What the fuck???” He stammered. “Get off me... Get the fuck off!” He sounded scared, it was hard to blame him, I had just expanded and gained about 50 lbs before his very eyes, my body was heavy and starting to sag from the weight.

I stood up, noticing that my top somehow remained intact, my boobs barely contained in the shirt, it had rolled up over my almost spherical stomach. My feed thudded on the floor. I felt so massive, so heavy but still so horny.

He scampered out from under my shadow as I stood over him.

“Out... Out... Now...” He rushed me out the door and I should’ve felt rejected, sad or more negative but there was still the excitement from being so big and full, having made him cum and fill me so much. I stood in the hallway, half naked, and I rubbed my bloated form before I waddled towards my room.

There was no way I could go out like this.

Walking past the lift I saw it open; I felt vulnerable, I was a big cum balloon, only growing bigger by the minute and I had just undergone such a drastic change, I was naked and just desperately wanting to find.

“Hey you.”

The Witch!

I stared at her, she was beaming, she looked down at my hugely inflated body and she gestured for me to join her. Seeing no other real option, I turned and moved my huge gut and waddled my giant ass towards the lift door. As soon as I entered I heard the doors close behind me.

“My my... you’ve certainly changed.” Her voice was different, she seemed oddly proud.

“What did you do to me...” I asked with venom in my voice, a moment of weakness, confronting the woman who had cursed me made me lash out.

“Brat. Silence.” Her voice boomed.

She pinched her fingers in the air, and I felt an unnatural pressure on my bloated lips, holding them shut. The fire within the witch had returned.

“You were a pitiful excuse of a person; you looked down on the very thing you just

enjoyed.” She took a step towards me, towering over my short form, she looked down at me and placed her palm on my belly, between my cleavage. “You are just so full...” Her anger fading, the husky voice returning. “Look at you...” she murmured, a lustful curiosity in her voice.

Her finger traced the swell of my belly and scooped up some of the cum that was dribbling from my nipple. Licking it from her finger, she moaned before pinning me to the wall of the lift.

“You are the product of the thing you despised but I can see now in your eyes... You yearn for it, you want more, don’t you.” She paused and smirked. “Your type is all the same.” She chuckled, letting me go and opening the lift door and she made her move to leave.

I grabbed her wrist and stopped her.

“Finish me off.” I barked at her.

The witch raised her eyebrow at me.

I was horny, desperate, my body did yearn for it, it did yearn for more. I wanted more cum, I wanted to grow, I was fully consumed by the curse, whether or not this was the intended outcome, I was now willing to throw myself towards this reality.

More than anything.

I wanted release.

“You fucking heard me. Make me cum.”

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