

Sugar Rush

BURSTING WARNING

A Halloween moon hung in the sky and cast a silver glow over the cottage of an aroused witch. Inside, she jittered with excitement at what was to come. It was a tradition at this point; every year, rather than partaking in the usual witchy activities of messing with wandering children, Alice would have a pleasure-filled night to herself. It was heavenly and an incredibly personal event she adored, having followed the same growth-filled ritual every year for decades.

“Oooh I can’t wait!” she exclaimed. Her servants were trickling into her cottage now and soon any stragglers would be present. This required all hands to be on deck.

Alice breathed in an attempt to bring herself patience. Following the same tradition every year was creating a lasting effect on her body. Curiously, she poked at her belly under her witch’s robe and felt a soft mass resist her prod. “Little chubbier every year,” she giggled, “I remember when I was a small witch with breasts like ripe apples. Now I’ve got a pair of melons year-round and a bouncing butt to match!”

She sank her hands into her chest and squeezed it greedily, grinning as she said, “All the more room to stretch.” The spell hadn’t even been cast yet and her nipples were already hard and jutting into her palms.

A dozen foggy-eyed faced stood before her and filled the cottage. The group consisted of a random assortment of people. Most were young adults who had had a little too much fun one night or another and wandered too close to Alice’s woodland cottage. Those unfortunate enough to get on her bad side found themselves put under her spell and resulting command.

“Everyone here??” she asked with glee, stomach rumbling for what was to come. The onlookers groaned but gave no other indication. “Let’s start then.”

Alice took a prepared vial from her robe. It was filled with a viscous purple fluid glowing with the spirit of Halloween fun. Her heart raced with the same excitement as every year when it rushed down her throat and spread warmth across her body. Tingling effects tickled her breasts and thighs as if teasing the horny witch.

Raising her hand, Alice directed her enslaved puppets. “*Bring me candy, bring me sweets, make my curves swell and squeak!*”

The spell was in full swing now. At her command, the ensnared wandered from her cottage in search of candy. Happy to let the anticipation build, Alice jumped onto her bed and allowed a hand to brush over a protruding nipple through her cloak before drifting lower between thick thighs. “Might be a little bit until my servants return,” she moaned, getting her body warmed up. “N-No sense in letting that time go to waste...”

It wasn’t long before shuffling steps returned to her cottage. The city was nearby and their search never took long. Once they got into a rhythm, Alice’s servants were like a fine-tuned machine running without interruption.

“Mmmmm bring on the candy!” she squealed with delight when the first stood over her bed. A hand brimming with stolen treats was brought to her mouth and she ate ravenously. The potion wasted no time.

Alice’s mouth swam in the arriving flow of sugar. Every sweet to grace her lips and tongue vanished before she even had a chance to swallow, as if the candy dissolved in her mouth into thin air.

A moan fell from her lips and she squirmed. “*M-Mmm...!*” She could already feel her robe shifting over her naked body. The black fabric hid her curves well, but from where she lay, Alice could see the potion’s effect changing her body. A gentle pressure fought between her legs when each thigh plumped and thickened like rising dough. Against an arm wrapped across her bust, two nipples throbbed to a new size and heralded the arrival of fresh cups.

“*Oooh yea,*” she munched, candy constantly being presented to her. “Fill me up!” Alice’s breasts, engorging beyond the size of her head and wobbling on top of her, pressed firmly into her fingers. The sensation made her inner thighs slick and wet with need. “*Mmmmm, more!!*”

The robe pulled tight around her body when it filled to capacity. Trying to contain twice the amount of curves as earlier was starting to prove difficult for the fabric and stress lines formed around her hips and across her bust. Feeling them pull into her skin was like a drug to Alice and an experience she looked forward to every year.

“Tighter... G-Get...tighter!”

An awkward slope was overtaking her body. Previously hidden on the other side of two pumpkin-sized tits, Alice’s hips rose now into view. They were propped upon an ass bloating large enough to draw an audible creak from her bed. Each of her legs angled themselves towards the mattress, but with only her heels touching, they started to spread apart from the size of her thighs.

The robe refused to stretch any more and it deformed Alice’s curves. Loud whimpers of self-indulgent ecstasy left her mouth between bites of candy. All the while she had been watching the line of quivering cleavage inching further from her collar. Nearing her chin, it finally pressed into it with all the tightness of pulled leather. Below, the curves of her breasts rubbed over her stomach and covered her belly button.

“Bigger!! *B-Bigger! Keep it coming!*” she encouraged her candy slaves. Alice’s body was swollen beyond a recognizable form and resembled a black hourglass lying in bed. “I want--”

POP!!

“MMM!!”

A seam blew open on her robe and released a striking bulge of skin to the world. The force sent shivers down Alice’s spine and threw her into the grip of an orgasm.

“I-I’m getting too big for my robe!!!” She began arching her back and thrusting a pair of massive knockers into the air, sending the fabric to its limits. “Burst...c-come on, *burst open!*”

BOOM!!!

At her command, the robe exploded into tatters and released a mountain range of swollen curves. They flattened into their natural shapes and filled the majority of her bed. Alice gasped aloud when skin rushed towards her face and overflowed her arms, pinning her down.

“Yes, yes!! Nnnngh!!! MORE!!”

Every motion rippling through her body was pleasure-filled. With breasts large enough to feed a village, Alice moaned at her tightening skin. “Oooo I’m getting full,” she cooed, feeling her legs spread further. “All this sugar...is just...blowing me up!”

The servants were relentless in their obedience. Candy was given bite after bite but Alice was slowing down. Every year she managed to grow a little bigger, but there was always a limit to what her body could handle.

“O-Ooohhh...” The pink of her nipples was starting to widen and spread out over her rounding breasts. Unable to move her arms, she shimmied her body.

SQUEAK! SQUEEEAAK!!

“I-I’m getting TIGHT!!” In unison, her wobbling curves released latex-like squeaks from her cleavage and thighs. Heels having left the bed long ago, her feet rested on the drum-like surface of her billowing ass. “Hehe, I think this witch is just about fu--”

GRRROOOOAAAN

Alice froze, her body complaining with rising pressures. A grimace crossed her face. “O-Ok, I *am* full,” she said with caution and a full mouth, “It’s time to stop!”

The servants continued their sugary assault of shoving candy into their master’s mouth regardless of her words. Ready to release the command, Alice tried to raise a hand but found it pinned beneath an immovable heap of flesh.

“O-O-Ok, maybe I overdid it...! S-Stop!!” she cried out, fear filling her almost as much as sugar. “I’m full!! I-I’m--”

GRRRROOOOOAAAANN

“Ooohhh it’s getting uncomfortable!! My...nnngh...m-my skin is stretching too much!!”

The candy didn’t stop coming. Even as quivering cleavage enveloped her face, the candy was shoved between her chest and into her gasping mouth. “Too much!!” Alice shook with pressure. With her nipples doming into pink mounds somewhere out of view, she could feel her capacity being dangerously ignored. *“It’s too tight!! I-I can’t...fit anymore!!”*

Her rear complained about the added weight of her body pressing on it. The slightest motion released high-pitch squeaks as if she were rubbing a group of over-inflated balloons together.

“N-No more candy! No more!! I can’t!!” Alice begged, her servants unresponsive without her magic. *“I-I’m going to burst at this rate!! My body...nnnghh...is too full!! T-Too TIGHT!!”*

A doom-filled handful passed by her eyes and the witch knew she couldn’t take another piece. Despite her best efforts, the servant shoved it passed her whimpering lips.

GRRROOOAAAAAN

“O-O-OOOOH NOOO!!” Alice’s body bloated wildly, overflowing her bed like an angry balloon. For the briefest of moments, her skin stretched and held her contents until the last bit of sugar dissolved in her mouth. Her surface turned light pink before stretch marks lined her surface.

GRRROOOAAAAAN

“OOOHHH I’M GONNA EXPLOOOO--”

BOOOOOOM!!!

Alice’s cottage was a flurry of magic and thick, pink candied goop. The servants were thrown to the ground from the force and drenched in the warm substance flung far enough to cover the walls and break the windows. Moments later they awoke from their enchantment to a scene they would never be able to explain.