

GRETTEL

A BREAST EXPANSION FAIRY TALE BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Gretel

Prologue

In a small rural village in medieval Europe there lived a family of four. A man and his wife, their eldest daughter Gretel, and their young son Hansel. The father worked as a woodsman felling trees and gathering firewood for the people of the village, and the few farmers who had the coin to trade for not having to gather their own firewood. With this labor the father was able to support his family, buying food and supplies as the children grew. The family was not wealthy, however, and while the father maintained a burly physique from his labor, Hansel and his mother stayed just on the lean side of healthy.

By contrast to his wife and son, his daughter Gretel had a healthy appetite, consuming nearly twice the amount of food her brother did. When they were young children this disparity was assumed to be natural due to the gap in their ages, but as they entered teenage years, their mother began to notice that Hansel's clothing occasionally needed only to be lengthened, while Gretel's needed to be let out in width.

When Gretel was 14, she was just below the weight that one might consider "plump," being less than five feet tall her skirt was regularly too tight, leaving a bulge of tummy above the waistband. By the date of her 15th birthday, however, her waist had grown no larger, while the rest of her body had. Her hips widened and she got ever so slightly taller, making her previously bulging torso seem almost slim. Few took notice of this, however, because the largest change to her body happened somewhat north of that region.

Yes, the young, healthy Gretel was developing breasts. Several times in her 15th year, Gretel's mother had to alter the bodice of her day dress to accommodate the girl's generous bosom. The change did not go unnoticed by her family, or the young (and some not-so-young) men of the village. The children accompanied their father on his firewood deliveries, and while Hansel helped unload and stack the wood, Gretel would frolic around whatever men were nearby, distracting them from their work with the way her body shook with every movement, sending her growing breasts quivering as much as her tight bodice would allow. The drawstring neckline of her blouses showed more and more cleavage as time went on, and rare was the male in the village who did not feast his eyes on the generous dishes she had on display.

By the time Gretel's mother was beginning to think (and hope) that her daughter's growth had reached its plateau, the girl's breasts were slightly larger than coconuts, easily the largest in the village, unless you counted the innkeeper's wife, who was so fat the size of her breasts hardly mattered.

No one would know whether Gretel's breasts would have gotten even larger, however, because a horrible drought swept the region, and in a matter of months nobody had any coin to spare to buy firewood. Even the fat innkeeper and the old herbalist were out in the woods gathering or cutting their own firewood.

The woodsman continued to gather firewood and stockpile it, partly for his own family and partly in the hopes that times would change and he'd be ready to sell the minute people were able to buy. This went on for months, and as the family had to draw on their stored up food, and butcher the last of their chickens and cows, the woodsman's burly physique dwindled to be wiry, and then merely thin. His wife and son went from slightly below healthy to fully emaciated, as the mealtime portions got smaller and smaller.

As always the exception to the rule was young Gretel, who regularly complained of hunger but knew that there was not enough, even if she did continue to receive portions rivaling her father's. Her body diminished just as the rest of her family, though her healthy breasts seemed to be nearly immune to the process. Gretel's bodice and blouses remained full to capacity, even as her skirts started slipping off her disappearing hips and butt, and the bones of her arms and legs became visible. Eventually, however, even those overripe coconuts had to go, when there was not enough external fuel to keep her body running.

After two years of drought, the woodsman and his wife made a very difficult decision. They simply could not afford to feed them all, and there was little to no work to be had. The inn was running just enough to buy a pittance of firewood every week, and it did not buy enough food for four. The woodsman took his children with him into the woods, saying he would teach them about woodsman-ship, how to choose trees for firewood and forage for mushrooms and berries.

As the reader will anticipate, the trio wandered through the forest for hours, until the children were exhausted from malnourishment and their father said they should rest awhile. When Hansel and Gretel awoke, they were alone.

Chapter I

“Gretel, wake up!”

The young woman started awake as her brother shook her. It took a few moments to orient herself, as neither the tree she leaned against nor the canopy of leaves above matched the inside of their family cottage.

“Where are we?” She asked

“We’re in the woods, remember? Father was teaching us woodcraft. I wonder where he went.” Hansel took a few steps away from his sister and called out “Father! Father!”

The only reply was a stirring of forest wildlife as birds took flight and rodents scattered.

“Quit that, father obviously left us here to test our skills. We’ll have to find our own way back.” Gretel said.

“Hmm, you’re probably right.” her brother replied “Did you leave a trail of crumbs from that bread I gave you?”

“Erm...” the girl blushed slightly and the only reply was a soft rumbling in her middle.

“Ugh, you ate the whole thing?!”

“Sorry.. I was just so hungry.”

“Well, I’m pretty sure we came from this way,” Hansel said, pointing “let’s go.”

The pair wandered the woods for several hours, becoming increasingly lost as time went on and the light began to fade. Their father had not taught them any reliable ways to navigate the forest, and their hunger made their progress slow and concentration nearly impossible. Finally, as the last rays of light were nearly gone from the forest, they reached the edge of a clearing.

There, along the side of a babbling brook, was a cottage. In the dappled light of the sunset the pair could see that this was no ordinary cottage. They had only seen gingerbread houses a few times in their lives, when a noble visitor had come to the village for the Winter Festival and the bakers went all-out for the feast. This cottage put those to shame. It was easily double or even triple the size of their cottage back home, and appeared to be made completely of delicious, sweet food. Gingerbread bricks with vanilla frosting mortar, candy cane downspouts, roof thatch covered in sprinkles, and gumdrops edging every window or border. Not to mention flowerbeds, walkways and fences, all made of chocolate or candy of some kind.

Their mouths hung open and salivated at the sight before them. Gretel’s stomach let out its loudest rumble yet, and she licked her lips.

“So. Much. Food.” She said, almost in a trance, as she stepped into the clearing.

“No, Gretel, wait!” Hansel whispered loudly, clutching at his sister’s sleeve attempting to hold her back. She was determined, however, and her trance-walk became a quickstep as she dashed to the first bed of flowers, picked one and popped its head in her mouth.

“Mmm” she said through a mouthful of frosting-flower “amazing!” She moved almost in a blur from spot to spot; licking, tasting, chewing, and consuming some of everything she saw in the little clearing.

Slowly Hansel followed his sister toward the edible cottage, and sampled some of the items himself. They were indeed more delicious than anything he had ever tasted, if somewhat richer than he preferred. His hungry body would not let that stop him, however, and he snacked and sampled slowly in Gretel’s wake.

This went on for several minutes. Gretel shoveled food into her mouth, even pulling gumdrops off the house and scooping icing out of the gingerbread brick walls, while Hansel picked and ate at a normal pace, when a sweet, grandmotherly voice interrupted their feasting.

“Hello, young ones.”

The two stopped suddenly and flushed red, dropping whatever they had been about to eat and moving as if to run for it. The door to the cottage had been pulled open and a plump old woman stood in the doorway. She had on a bright floral dress and an apron with flour handprints covering the front. She didn't look at them, but rather near where they were, and Hansel and Gretel could see that the old woman must be blind.

“Don't be afraid.” She said in a sweet, comforting voice, and the two immediately felt their concern fading away. “Won't you come inside? I have even better food inside you can have, instead of eating my house.” She smiled with an expression that was only comfort and amusement, without a trace of anger at their actions.

The old woman's words and voice soothed them, and they accepted her invitation. “We got lost in the woods” Hansel said “we need to find our way back to the village.”

“Of course, of course. But it's nearly dark, you can't go back into the woods now.” The old woman said. “Come, sit and have some dinner, then in the morning I'll show you the way.”

Inside the house was darker than outside, save for a large table lit by candles. Hansel felt a whispering doubt in the back of his mind about this old woman and her cottage, but his sister had thoughts only for that table.

Chicken, steak, an entire roast pig, roasted potatoes with gravy, buttery rolls and all manner of vegetables sautéed in butter and garlic. The table was so loaded with food that its legs seemed to groan under the weight. All the candy and chocolate in Gretel's belly was forgotten, as the old woman pulled out chairs for each of them.

Hansel had only eaten a few sweets outside, so he spooned some potatoes and a slice of beef onto his plate, took his fork and lifted a piece to his mouth. The flavor explosion in his mouth erased any thoughts of witches in old stories, and he dug in enthusiastically.

Gretel needed no encouragement, or even flatware, as she pulled a drumstick off a nearby bird and began devouring it, taking breaks between bites to take bites of a large roll with butter. Potatoes were next in between slabs of beef and buttery fried greens.

The siblings ate for hours, and the old woman just watched and smiled. The load on the table grew lighter as their bellies bulged forward, and after awhile their emaciated forms began to change, ever so slightly. Very slowly flesh began to rebuild under their skin, making their ribs disappear. The clothes that had been hanging loosely on their bodies began to fill out, taking them a fraction of the way back to their appearances before the famine.

Over time as the candles guttered and burned down, the light at the table dimmed, and the old woman faded into the shadows. Eventually exhaustion and more than sated, Hansel dropped his head slowly to his recently emptied plate and slept. Gretel gorged herself a little longer, until even she succumbed to the need for sleep.

When morning came, things looked very different.

Chapter II

–CLANG CLANG–

“Wakey wakey, tasty morsels!”

The siblings were rudely awoken by a shrill scratchy voice and the sound of a cane knocking loudly against thick metal. As they awoke and gained awareness of their surroundings, they discovered with shock and terror that they were in some kind of cell. There were dirty stone walls on three sides, and heavy iron bars on the fourth. Inside the cell was nothing but two feather sack mattresses and a small low table bound to the bars.

They were now in a part of the cottage that no longer looked warm and inviting, but dark and dirty, with a large thick curtain blocking their view of anything but the cell. Gone was the sweet old woman who shared her table. In her place was a bent and haggard old woman, with a pointy black hat and solid white eyes.

“Come now, little ones, let me feel your arms” the old woman said, reaching forward with the hand not leaning on her cane.

Too bewildered to object or resist, the pair stepped forward slowly and stuck their hands through the bars.

The witch grabbed first Hansel, and then Gretel by the wrist, squeezing and inspecting their flesh. “Hmm, who has been caring for you poor dears? You,” she said, facing Hansel’s direction with her sightless eyes, “show some little progress, but you” turning to face the girl “are nothing but bones!”

Reaching over to a table behind her, the witch lifted a platter containing two small piles of forest debris, dirt and rocks, with a few twigs. Muttering something in a language neither of them recognized, there was a flash of blue light, and the platter suddenly contained two plates stacked high with pancakes, and large glasses of milk and juice.

Tapping the bars again with her cane, the witch found the rectangular opening in the bars of the cell and slid the platter on to the small table inside. “Eat up dearies, can’t have you wasting away now can we?”

Inside the cell, Hansel looked at his sister as she looked back, then both glanced at the witch and the twin mountains of pancakes on the small table. Hansel was now fully cognizant of all the stories he had heard of old witches, but Gretel was clearly struggling with the smell of buttery syrup.

“Gretel, I” Hansel began, just as the witch banged her cane against the bars loudly again.

-CLANG-

“EAT!” the witch commanded, her face flashing in unnatural anger.

Needing no further encouragement, Gretel dropped to her knees and began slicing and chewing large mouthfuls of carbs and sugar before the ringlet curls of her hair had stopped swaying. Hansel reluctantly matched her posture and took a small bite himself.

Content with the sounds of chewing emanating from within, the old woman tapped her cane on the floor and turned to leave. “I’ll be back in a while for your plates,” Her head swung partly back with the admonishment “clean plates!” Before pulling the curtain open and shuffling away, accompanied by the ‘clack, clack’ of her cane.

Before Hansel had made it even a third of the way into his pancake stack, Gretel had scraped her plate clean and gulped down her milk and juice. Leaning back against the bars and patting her slightly distended belly, she finally began to consider their situation.

As she watched her brother struggle his way through the massive breakfast, she compared the way their bodies had changed since the previous day. Being only 16, Hansel was already the taller sibling, which was not saying a lot as Gretel had stopped growing taller when she hit about 5’2” two years ago. The massive feast from the night before had caused her brother’s body to fill out to nearly his pre-famine size. His arms and legs had lost their skeletal appearance and his face was longer gaunt.

By contrast, Gretel’s own arms and legs looked nearly the same. Her skin had taken on a healthier, pink appearance, but the bones of her limbs were still visible. Aside from the bulge from her breakfast, her waist and hips also looked not much different than they had yesterday.

The young girl had to crane her neck to observe her midsection, however, because her view was blocked by two large shapes. For reasons Gretel could not begin to comprehend, her body had prioritized restoring her breasts above all else. They were not as big as they had been before the famine, but had swelled slightly larger than ripe peaches, pushing against the soft cotton of her drawstring bodice.

Gretel explored her body with her hands, giving her newly re-acquired breasts a squeeze, and the shape of a brilliant plan began forming in her mind.

Chapter III

Three quarters of an hour had passed and Hansel had still only eaten a little over half of his breakfast. He leaned back and took a sip of his juice, clearly struggling.

“Gretel, I think that witch wants to eat us!” he whispered.

Gretel maneuvered back to the table. “I think you’re right, why else would she be feeding us so much food?”

“She must be trying to fatten us up first, what should we do? She said we had to clean our plates!” Hansel slowly cut another bite of pancake and chewed laboriously.

“Okay, I have an idea, it’s just crazy enough to work.” Gretel began, then grabbed her own fork and cut into the other side of Hansel’s stack. “Here, let me help you, she’ll be back before you finish.”

Within minutes his stack was gone, his short older sister having consumed the lion’s share. The beverages were consumed, and before they could resume their conversation, the ‘clack clack’ returned and the curtain parted to admit the witch.

“Slide the dishes through dearies.” She instructed, and the pair complied. The witch ran a finger along each plate, licking the syrup off her bony finger then lifting each glass to confirm it empty.

“Goooooood” she cackled “now rest for a while, I’ll be back soon with your lunch.” The witch hobbled away yet again.

“Okay,” Hansel whispered “what’s your crazy plan?”

“Alright, so, the food is magical, right? We ate so much last night, and never had to, you know, go.”

“Eww, Gretel!”

“Shh! Just listen. Look at how we’ve changed since yesterday morning, in our bodies.”

Gretel watched as her brother went through the same self-examination and comparison she had done earlier. When his eyes searched her body, they paused at her chest and he blushed, before swallowing and looking back to her face.

“So, we’re healthy again, which is probably just the beginning of the witch fattening us up to eat, what’s your point?”

“Don’t you think you’ve gotten bigger pretty fast, in just one night?”

Hansel felt at his body then stole another glance at his sister’s chest, and said “yeah, so? You said the food was magic.”

“Okay but look,” Gretel said, holding her arms out and laying them on the table “compare my arms to yours.”

Hansel laid his arms beside hers and looked from one to the other. “So.. my arms are bigger than yours? It’s probably just because I’m taller.”

“Maybe, but didn’t you eat less than I did last night, *and* this morning?”

“I guess..”

“And I’m shorter, so I should be getting fatter than you.”

“That does make sense..” another sideways glance.

“Except for some reason, I’m only growing in one place. Well, two places.”

The glance was direct this time, then again he looked back to her face. “What!?”

His voice went slightly above a whisper, and they both paused, straining to hear any indication that the witch had heard.

“Hansel, I’m only gaining weight in my chest, can’t you tell?”

“I mean, I guess..”

“Alright so, here’s my plan.” she began, taking Hansel’s hands in hers. “The witch is only checking our arms to see how fat we are, right? And I’m not gaining weight in my arms, but you are. So I think what we should do is let you eat just enough to survive, like you did back home, and I’ll eat the rest of your food with mine. That way both of our arms will stay thin and that will buy us time until we get rescued, or figure out a way to escape!”

By the end of her explanation, Gretel had a gleam in her eye that Hansel mistook for compassion and self-sacrifice.

“But,” Hansel began, still processing the reality of their situation and the oddness of his sister’s plan. “What if we just don’t eat all of it?”

“She’s checking the dishes,” Gretel replied patiently “and if we just dump it out she’ll notice the smell.”

Hansel pondered some more, desperate for a more reasonable plan. “If you’re right about the food, though, won’t you get, like, really big?”

Gretel pushed down her elation at the concept and put on a reluctant tone. “I mean, I guess so. But I don’t know what choice we have. I’ll get bigger either way, but if you start to fatten up, she might decide to eat you first, and then I’ll be stuck here all alone!”

Hansel moved around the table to draw his sister into a hug.

Gretel pushed back to look Hansel in his eyes, which gleamed with emotion. “Please let me try this, for us?”

Hansel only nodded, embracing his sister again. Behind his head where he could not see, Gretel wore a slightly greedy grin. Her plan was going to work.

Chapter IV

A few hours later the witch came back, bearing another tray of dirt and stones, which she transformed into two massive servings of beef and potatoes before sliding them onto their table. Each plate contained over a pound of roast beef, with a mountain of cubed fried potato. Hansel looked at his uneasily as he put a hand on his stomach, but Gretel sat on the floor at the table and began to tuck in noisily. The witch nodded before leaving them alone again.

“Gretel how can you eat again so soon? We finished those pancakes like an hour ago.”

Gretel shrugged but did not stop forking big bites of lunch into her mouth.

“I guess I’m not as full as I should be.” Hansel mused to himself, rubbing his stomach. “I could try a little bit.”

He picked up his own fork, which finally got Gretel’s attention.

“No, wait!” she exclaimed in a loud whisper “You had so much pancake, I can’t let you get fat!” Expressing this concern, she reached across the table and slid his plate next to hers. She cut off a slice of beef barely the size of a single egg the scooped the rest of the beef and all the potatoes onto her own plate. Smiling at her little brother and patting his hand, she slid the plate back to him before resuming her meal.

Hansel took his time with his “lunch” but it still only lasted three bites. With nothing else to do with the fork in his hand, Hansel laid it back on the tray, then went to sit against the wall of the cell, trying to occupy his mind with anything other than the sight of his sister gorging herself.

When the second meal had arrived, Gretel’s stomach had only slightly withdrawn back to its original size, the enchanted food presumably digesting faster than normal. Now as she swallowed the last bite of her serving of beef from the plate, Gretel’s stomach domed outward, becoming visible against the cotton of her dress. She paused only a few moments to catch her breath and drain the second of four beverages that accompanied the meal, before rotating her plate and starting in on Hansel’s portion.

Hansel watched in astonishment as his tiny older sister inhaled her second lunch, her belly getting slightly more visible under her dress with each large bite. In less than half an hour, both plates were clean and all glasses emptied. Gretel again rubbed her swollen midsection and stifled a small burp.

As if called by a silent signal, the witch reappeared within moments to collect the dishes and tray. Again she checked that everything was empty and smiled broadly with disgusting teeth.

“Very good, such healthy appetites. You’ll be ready in no time.” She said in a whisper still loud enough for the siblings to hear. Then in a normal voice “rest up, dearies, afternoon tea isn’t too far away.”

Gretel laid on her bed to let the large meal digest, while Hansel paced the cell and started testing all the joints in the bars.

Nearly 4 hours later the witch returned, this time with two plates stacked high with meat and cheese finger sandwiches, 18 inch plates stacked 8 inches high. Gretel gave Hansel only one of the tiny sandwiches, insisting that he shouldn't eat any more and consumed the entire mountain of sandwiches herself, popping them into her mouth one by one.

Finally Hansel was tired enough to take a short nap, before the witch returned with supper. Two chicken halves each with an ear of corn and a fried beans. Once the witch left Hansel couldn't help himself and implored "come on, a little bit of chicken won't make me fat!"

Gretel relented and tore the drumstick off of Hansel's chicken, handing it to him. "Here you go!" Hansel looked at the small chicken piece in his hand, but decided he was still willing to go along with Gretel's plan until her theory was proven wrong or they thought of something better.

Gretel again ate with surprising voracity for a person who had already devoured enough food to feed a dozen people that day. Again her belly stretched as her half chicken, corn and beans disappeared, then a second pile of beans, second ear of corn, then finally she began to slow as the second half of chicken disappeared.

Hansel watched as Gretel cleaned the meat off the chicken bones, the bulge of her stomach pulling the fabric of her skirt tighter and tighter. Finally she leaned back with a sigh, then crawled over to her bed to rest as the witch retrieved the dishes.

Around 10pm (not that they could tell time or day in the windowless cell) the witch came back one last time with desert, two massive banana splits again in near-gallon size bowls. "Thi' wuh defnlee mae you fa" Gretel said through a mouthful of ice cream and chocolate syrup, as she used her free hand to slide Hansel's bowl on front of her while the other continued shoveling spoonful after spoonful into her mouth.

After scraping both bowls clean Gretel again leaned back against the cell wall. As she sighed in contentment relaxing her body there was a soft *POP* and clatter sound. One of the buttons on her worn blouse could no longer hold against the girl's bloated midsection, and clattered to a stop near Hansel.

He picked it up and reached to hand it back to his sister, who had both hands on the ball of her stomach contemplatively. Their mother had of course taken their clothing in as bodies diminished, and Gretel's stomach now resembled that of a woman halfway into pregnancy. "There's definitely an enchantment on this food little brother. I still don't feel as full as I should." she said, giving her swollen belly an experimental pat, and watching it wobble just slightly.

"I hope this plan works" Hansel said with concern, handing his sister her button.

"Me too" Gretel replied "tomorrow I'll figure out a way to alter my dress so I can stay decent."

Hansel only blushed and nodded, returning to his mattress.

Gretel passed moments later from her sugar crash, leaving Hansel to stare at the ceiling of their cage, listening to the rumble of her bloated belly as it worked with unnatural speed, digesting a mountain of pancakes, beef, potatoes, sandwiches, an entire chicken, and three quarts of ice cream and chocolate.

Chapter V

The next morning Hansel awoke to find that his normally lazy sister was awake already. She was buttoning up her blouse and he could see that she had cut the stitches that their mother had made when she altered it to fit to her formerly emaciated shape.

"Morning" Gretel said, seeing her brother rouse himself. "Did you sleep well?"

Gretel was tucking her newly enlarged blouse into the waistband of her skirt, which was similarly more loose than the day before, and Hansel tried to prevent his blush as his sister's growth was apparent in the two round shapes outlined under the blouse and emphasized further by her still narrow waist. If pushed to a comparison, Hansel would have said his sister's breasts were the size of apples, maybe slightly larger. Not that he would ever verbalize such things.

He shook himself from the observation, stood and stretched.

"Yeah, actually. I think these cots are softer than the ones back home."

"Of course, silly, these are feather beds, and ours were filled with straw."

"Oh.."

"Never mind," Gretel said quickly, smoothing her clothes down and giving her brother a reassuring pat on the arm.

A low rumble emanated from Gretel's stomach, and she started wondering what foods were in store for her that day. She mentally caught herself, however, and remembered her "plan."

"Any ideas on how to escape?"

Before Hansel could reply, they heard the *clack clack* of the witches cane, and fell silent.

"Good morning my little sweets!" the old woman cackled "Let me see how healthy you are becoming."

Hansel and Gretel obediently each presented an arm to the witch, who grabbed their wrists and squeezed.

"What?" The witch muttered in surprise, almost inaudibly, then recovered. "Slow progress I see, hmmm. Well, no matter. Rome wasn't built in a day."

Releasing their arms the witch grabbed her usual tray of forest debris and transformed it into two massive omelettes, sliding it in to the pair.

“You two keep eating like good little ones, and we’ll have you nice and healthy in no time.”

Each omelette was nearly the size of Gretel’s forearm, and would have taken at least 8 eggs to make. (if they weren’t magical) With her first bite she discovered that it was stuffed with sausage, bacon, and more fried potato chunks. The plates were accompanied by two large bowls of strawberries swimming in heavy cream.

After the curtain fell closed on the witches’ departure, Gretel poured all the cream and two-thirds of the berries from one bowl into the other and set the remaining bowl in front of Hansel, taking the rest for herself. Hansel didn’t bother to object as he slowly nibbled at his meager breakfast while his sister voraciously forked up mouthfuls of omelette punctuated by whole strawberries dripping with thick cream.

Lunch that day consisted of two pork chops and a mountain of applesauce. Hansel got a sliver of pork that he stretched out to last four tiny bites.

The afternoon meal was two plates with as much cheese and sausage as they would hold, and two more plates with crackers, most of which had been baked in cheese and other flavors. Gretel ate everything except one piece of sausage and two crackers.

Dinner was two giant bacon cheeseburgers with fries, mounds of potato salad and half a dozen cookies on each plate. Hansel took two bites from his burger before sliding his plate over to his sister, who’s belly was once again visibly swollen with food, growing larger with each meal.

Hansel noticed that today, his sister’s newly-enlarged blouse allowed her stomach to swell without restraint, and the loose waistband of her skirt was able to slip down under her bloated belly as the day progressed.

Desert that night was two large chocolate cupcakes, that were more like small cakes. Gretel of course ate them both.

Once again Gretel's body resembled that of a short pregnant woman, and she cradled her gluttonous belly with both hands before crawling to her cot. She laid on her back and massaged the mountain of flesh that rose from her middle, then fell asleep as her body converted magic-infused calories into flesh.

On day 3, Gretel woke up with grapefruit sized breasts. The menu was waffles with whipped cream and blueberries, fried chicken and buttery rolls for lunch, candied fruit for the afternoon snack, and a whole pan's worth of lasagna for dinner. Right before bed Gretel ate an entire peanut butter pie the size of a small pizza.

In between each meal Hansel continued to wrack his brain for solutions, and examine the cell for weaknesses. Gretel, meanwhile, would usually doze off in exhaustion for short naps between stuffing sessions.

The cycle continued for several more days. Every morning the witch would check their wrists, becoming more and more agitated with their apparent lack of growth. Every day Gretel's breasts became more clearly defined against her blouse. Every night Hansel fell asleep to the sounds of his sister's stomach, digesting more food in a single day than their entire family ate in a week, even before the famine.

By the morning of the 7th or 8th day - Hansel was starting to lose count - Gretel was undoing another set of hems on her blouse to accommodate her growing form. Hansel laid in his bed with eyes just barely open, so she did not know he was awake. He watched her pull the blouse back over her nightshift, and tuck it into her skirt, smoothing down the cotton of the blouse. Before Gretel's hands swept the surface of her breasts to smooth her blouse, she hefted them in her hands and seemed to admire them. They were larger than cantaloupes now, overflowing her hands and making them seem even smaller by comparison. Hansel estimated it would only be a few days before his sister's breasts reached the size of her head, if this pattern continued.

And Hansel could see no way for the pattern not to continue, for just as he began to stir from his cot he heard the *clack clack* of the witch. She was coming with more food for his growing sister.

Chapter VI

The witch approached the cell as usual and demanded to feel the sibling's wrists.

"Come now, dearies, don't be shy."

Hansel and Gretel complied, and the witch set aside her cane to roughly grip a wrist in each hand. As she judged that they had not gotten any larger than the first day, a low growl emanated from the tiny old woman.

"What are you little devils playing at? Are you hiding food in there?!"

The pair shrank back from her anger, and Gretel replied, in a frightened tone that was only a little feigned "N-no ma'am!"

"Hmm, we'll see about that." The witch gestured with her free hand and a pair of rats scurried in under the curtain and into the cell.

Hansel and Gretel huddled together away from the rodents as they scurried and sniffed their way throughout the cell. Under and around both mattresses, in every corner and under the table. They then ran back out of the cage and squeaked at the witch, who's expression did not improve upon hearing their "report."

"Bah!" she exclaimed in exasperation "Very well, perhaps an accelerated timetable will show some results." The witch croaked, rubbing her hands together deviously.

Before transforming and serving their breakfast, the witch ducked through the curtains and returned almost immediately with a bucket of dirt and sticks. She poured its contents onto the tray, doubling the amount of debris piled there. This time she slid the tray of dirt into the cage first, before muttering her incantation and performing the transformation.

Hansel could see why. The forest debris turned into two stacks of pancakes like the first day, but these stacks were over a foot high. They would not have fit through the opening in their cage if she had transformed them beforehand. Each stack was accompanied by a quart bowl of oatmeal and apple chunks with so much brown sugar it was more like pie filling. The customary orange juice was there, but instead of milk the second glasses contained chocolate milkshakes, and all four were half again as big as usual.

Gretel wasted no time sliding up to the table and digging in noisily. The witch, upon hearing the appreciative chewing and gulping, gave a satisfied 'hmpf' and hobbled out of the room.

As his sister worked her way through the first tower of pancakes, Hansel slipped a single one from near the top of his stack. He nibbled on it slowly and wondered if Gretel's unending appetite was a match for double rations, and how much longer they could keep this up.

The day continued as the days had since they first woke up in the cage. The only difference being the quantity of food. Lunch that day was two entire chickens, with four ears of corn and half a gallon of pasta salad. Afternoon tea was around two dozen hotdogs. Dinner was two mountains of spaghetti and meatballs, each plate more than enough to feed a family of four. Desert was an apple pie the size of a large pizza, nearly six inches deep.

As his body digested one pancake, half an ear of corn, a single hotdog and one meatball, Hansel watched his sister laboriously slide her bloated form back to the table when the pie arrived. The increased rations showed and Gretel's stomach was now beyond the size one would consider typical for a woman at full term pregnancy. Her fully let-out blouse was just beginning to come untucked from her skirt, as her swollen belly pushed the waistband down and demanded more and more cotton to cover itself.

“Gretel, I” Hansel began, lifting a fork as if to help his sister with the monumental pie.

“No!” she exclaimed, pulling the plate closer to her bloated gut. “I can’t let you get fat! I can’t let her eat you before we get rescued!”

Hansel relented and slumped back onto his cot and leaned against the wall. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, trying to ignore the sounds of Gretel, fuller than full, shoveling bite after bite of sugary apple and pastry into her greedy mouth.

When at last she scraped the pan clean, Hansel’s eyes opened and he watched her drop the fork and stand, with less effort than he would have thought possible. She was definitely overburdened, but she cradled the ball of her stomach, which looked rock-hard and was now exposed nearly to her navel, as she waddled across to her own cot. Gretel slowly lowered herself down then laid on her back, stroking and massaging her belly as her eyelids grew heavy.

The next morning, Gretel’s breasts were slightly larger than cantaloupes.

Two days later, they were the size of small watermelons and straining the buttons of her blouse. She would need a new creative wardrobe solution soon.

Chapter VII

After the witch left with the tray from breakfast, Gretel patted her slightly domed belly and reached for the hem at the bottom of her skirt.

“Gretel, what are you”

“Don’t look!” She exclaimed, as she bent with some difficulty, causing her breasts to squish against her knees, and reached the hem.

Gretel's dress had been long enough to nearly reach the ground, and was lower than it should have been with her waistband loosened. After a little fiddling with the fabric she eventually got the start she wanted and began to tear the sewn hem off the bottom. She stood and pulled the rest of the way around herself, ending up with a rope-like strip of fabric nearly seven feet long.

"Hand me my bodice" she instructed her brother, who grabbed the leather corset-like vest his sister had tossed in the corner their first day when she found it limited her eating capacity.

Hansel watched as she used the tools from her sewing kit (where had she hidden that?) to cut the back of the garment open and pulled the laces from the front of the vest pieces, replacing them with short lengths of skirt strips before lunch arrived.

Her belly plumped up from two full racks of ribs, Gretel continued her project. She punched holes at the corners of the opened back of the vest, then split the remaining skirt strip into four pieces to tie onto each corner. Hansel was beginning to get an idea of what his sister was doing, though he had never heard of a bikini. Gretel tied the two shorter strips together behind her neck, positioning the former vest over her swollen breasts. The longer strips went behind her back, where they also were tied in place and the entire apparatus adjusted until it hugged and supported his sister in a way he couldn't help but appreciate, before he caught himself.

Tea arrived and was consumed, followed by dinner and eventually desert. Gretel fell asleep as always, rubbing the swollen mountain of her belly.

The next morning, Hansel woke to his sister's stirring, but once again did not fully open his eyes right away. He could see as she sat and stood that her perfectly snug-fitting garment from the day before was now fairly tight, with breast flesh mounding from the top and oozing from the bottom. With little concern Gretel undid each of the top and bottom ties in the rope-like strips and retied them, allowing the 'cups' to hug her enlarged form without being constrictive.

Once again the witch's irritation continued to rise at the apparent lack of growth in her prisoners, and once again Gretel devoured more food in a day than the greediest, wealthiest noble could eat in a week.

The following day began with Gretel once again adjusting her new top, and Hansel could hear the *-POP-* of a button from the blouse underneath as she undid the ties. Gretel merely blushed slightly and continued her wardrobe adjustment.

The day afterward was uneventful, but the day after that brought another button tumbling out of Gretel's clothes.

For several more days Gretel continued to eat and grow, until one morning Hansel awoke to see she had removed both cotton garments beneath the bikini top, and was sewing them together into something else he could not identify. Both siblings blushed at Gretel's exposed back and midriff, and Hansel spent the day studiously observing the walls and ceiling of their cell.

Between tea and dinner, she seemed to finish and instructed Hansel to face the wall away from her. He complied willingly and when she said "Okay, you can turn around now" he could see that she had used the white cotton of her undershirt and blouse to make a new blouse without sleeves, like a very loose vest that did not close in the front. It went up over each shoulder to cover her back under the ties, and tuck loosely into her skirt to cover her middle, leaving the entire line of her cleavage visible.

According to Hansel's fairly uncertain estimate, they had been under the witch's "care" for a couple weeks at most, and Gretel's breasts were already slightly larger than her head. He was impressed with his sister's garment improvisation, but realized with some nervousness that she had modified her clothes in a way that would allow her to grow almost indefinitely. If his sister's breasts got so large she could not walk, this outfit would probably still cover the essential bits.

That day Hansel pocketed a fork from the dinner meal and began probing for weak boards in the floor or walls. If necessary he would scratch a hole through the wall to get out of this gluttonous nightmare.

Chapter VIII

Roughly a week after Gretel modified her undergarments, the witch had another outburst during their daily weight gain progress report. By this point Gretel's breasts were beyond any fruit analogy. If Hansel kept track of such things he would say that they were the size of the giant turkey they shared that first night in the witch's cottage. Though maybe it would have been more accurate to say she was the size of that turkey if it had just eaten its own thanksgiving dinner. Gretel was adjusting her improvised top every morning, and sometimes also before bed.

"Blood and ashes!" the witch cursed, holding a wrist in each hand. "I've never seen two children eat so much and *still* be so thin!" She fumed a moment then muttered "we'll just have to try even harder"

Once again the witch doubled their rations, sliding two trays piled with dirt and twigs onto their table. She transformed them into two massive stacks of pancakes, accompanied by two massive omelettes, two gallons of chocolate milk, and two half gallons of orange juice.

Hansel nibbled on a single pancake as Gretel set to work. This time the witch did not leave the room. The siblings shot each other meaningful looks as Gretel ate, though admittedly Hansel's looks were the meaningful ones, Gretel's mostly just conveyed how much she enjoyed eating. By the time she'd finished two thirds of the new breakfast feast size, Hansel could tell his sister was slowing down. Their eyes met once again and his held a question, to which Gretel shook her head in a firm negative before shoving a forkful of pancake into her waiting maw.

Hansel did end up drinking half of an orange juice, by the time Gretel pushed back from the table, sighing.

Once again the witch sent a rat into the cage to sniff around all over, then grunted her tentative approval when the rat gave her its report.

“Don’t you worry little piglets, we’ll have you fattened up in no time” she cackled, hobbling away through the curtain.

“Are you alright?” Hansel asked his sister.

“Yep, I guess the meals are getting a little more...filling” she replied, giving her bloated stomach a rub. It had only been one meal and already she looked like a six-month pregnant woman. Albeit one who could make enough milk for an entire village.

The day continued much like the weeks before. Lunch was an entire turkey with two gallons of mashed potatoes. Tea was a mountain of fudge chocolate chip cookies, at least ten dozen, and two gallon-sized milkshakes. Dinner was enough pasta to cater a small wedding reception, and desert was a pair of chocolate creme pies larger than Gretel’s breasts. Well, almost.

The only difference aside from the newer, even more ridiculous portion sizes, is that the witch stayed in the room while they ate, and had her rats check for crumbs after every meal. This process repeated for three days, until the witch began only watching breakfast, going back to her old pattern of leaving them to eat in peace. The rat checks continued, however, ensuring that every bite of each massive meal made its way into Gretel’s growing bosom.

Last week it could have been accurately said that the girl was growing larger by the day, but now it seemed she was almost growing larger by the hour. Though at this point she was getting so large that it was harder to tell. The giveaway was that between dinner and desert of the first day Gretel adjusted the straps on her top for the second time that day, the next day she let them out before dinner, and on the third day after lunch, and again before bed.

Based on the size of her belly at bedtime each night, Hansel also suspected that whatever magic was turning every bite into breast flesh was now working faster. He was pretty sure that a human stomach, even one as greedy as his sister’s, could not have held the quantity of food Gretel was now consuming each day without exploding.

He felt helpless. He was no closer to a way out now than he had been on day one. There was nothing he could do but sit and watch as his sister ate and ate and ate, meal after meal, flat stomach in the morning, impossibly bloated dome at bedtime. And day by day, meal by meal, her breasts grew, fuller and fatter with every bite of enchanted food she stuffed in her mouth.

She insisted that she did it for them both, to protect them, and Hansel believed her, but there were moments of doubt. Moments when, while rubbing her belly post-feast, she made what sounded more like moans of pleasure than groans of pain. Or when she adjusted her top while she thought he was sleeping, she often patted and hefted her engorged chest with pride.

Hansel just hoped and prayed that they would be rescued or find some miraculous escape, before Gretel's "plan" backfired.

Chapter IX

The days became a blur of hours to Hansel, with the only change being the types of food placed in their cage in massive quantities, and the size of his sister's breasts. Really the varieties of food were overshadowed by Gretel's chest... along with everything else.

Three days after the witch doubled their rations a second time, Gretel's breasts were as big as baby sheep. Four days later they were fatter than piglets nearly a year old. Two days after that they rested in her lap when she sat down to eat, and she had to sit facing sideways to the table in order to reach all that food.

A few days later she started lifting the tray and resting it across her cleavage to bring it closer to her mouth so she could eat faster. She told Hansel she was eating faster to not make the witch suspicious, but he wasn't sure he believed her.

Days went by, and Gretel ate, and grew, and ate, and grew, and kept eating, and kept growing.

Several weeks went by, and the cage was starting to feel cramped. Hansel was sure that each of Gretel's breasts weighed more than he did. Somehow through the mysteries of impossible metabolism and enchanted food, his sister was always able to move around, and leaning back was enough to hoist her massive glands off the floor and move. Though by this point her 'movement' consisted mostly of moving the rest of her body between the table and her bed, leaving the massive twins to merely rotate in the middle of the room.

Now if Hansel sat on his bed, he usually could see nothing but a curve of bloated tit-flesh blocking his view of the rest of his short older sister, its vast circumference contained by several lengths of fabric tied together. If he walked around and observed, Hansel would see that his sister's skirt, which once brushed the ground, now no longer reached her knees, so much of its material had been used to make her bikini straps longer and longer.

About the time Hansel was considering moving their beds to opposite corners so he could sleep out of the shadow of Mount Gretel, their fortunes finally changed.

The curtains blocking their cell flew apart, instead of their usual quiet parting, and the witch stormed in, markedly more energetic than normal.

"Enough! I've wasted far too much magic on you two. It's time to be done with this."

She stepped forward and gestured fingers at the bars of the cage. Hansel momentarily wondered whether Gretel would even fit through the door, but the entire wall of bars disappeared into motes of dust.

"It's my own fault, really... getting stubborn in my old age." The witch muttered to herself, stepping forward with hands out to grab the siblings.

Hansel quickly looked around for an escape, seeing that behind the witch, previously hidden by the curtain, was a brick oven the size of the entire wall. It was more than big enough for several grown adults, though he was fairly certain Gretel's enormous bosom would be a tight fit. He looked around for something to use as a weapon, but before he found anything his sister moved faster than he would have thought possible.

Gretel stood and hefted her incredible weight off the floor, and spun her torso, bringing all the mass of those swollen orbs slowly but inexorably swinging toward the old witch. A wall of flesh almost as tall as the witch herself, easily as tall as Gretel, collided with the woman, and she was slammed against the wall, causing flashes of bright light in her useless eyes.

"You know," Gretel began "your food is great, but you're not a very good host."

The witch pulled her arms free, but was pinned against the wall by Gretel's mass.

"What, is this?" She said to herself in astonishment, reaching out and pressing her fingers into the soft, pliant flesh in which she was trapped. Her voice went faint enough to be barely audible "It can't be" she began, "it's only a legend..."

"What –mmm– what legend?" Gretel asked, a flush suffusing her face as the witch's touch was having an unexpected effect on her.

"There was a legend of a girl, born once in a millennia, for whom an excess of food eaten would not make her entire body fat, as in most, but instead be absorbed only into her bosom."

"Heh, that must be Gretel, alright" Hansel interjected, somewhat stunned by what he was seeing.

"Still though," the witch began, stretching her arms out and judging the sheer size of her captive turned captor, "you should not have gotten so enormous, unless... oh I see what happened" she said slyly, turning her face

conspiratorially toward where she guessed Gretel's face to be, and giving the gigantic bosom a few pats "you've been eating your brothers share as well, you greedy little glutton you."

"Enough words!" Gretel exclaimed, seeing that Hansel had recovered himself and found a length of rope. "Into the oven with you! You won't be eating anymore

innocent people."

She shifted her bulk off the old woman enough for Hansel to reach out and bind her wrists, dragging her to her own giant oven.

Chapter X (Light Ending)

Hansel dragged the witch to the gigantic oven and swung open a massive door, pushing her inside.

As Hansel shut the over door on the witch, her visage changed. A single tear ran down her face and she smiled.

"At last, the curse is lifted."

The door slammed shut and the fires in the oven roared up on their own, and all the pair could hear of the witch was a very faint, very brief shriek, and then she was gone.

Gretel brushed the dust off of as much of her bosom as she could reach - which was less than a third of its surface - and was beginning to look around for some food when something strange happened.

A cloud of pink and white mist seeped out of the vents in the oven and began to float toward the pair. Hansel quickly dove behind a table fearing a revenge curse from the witch. Gretel, however, was too startled to move, and the mist touched the perimeter of her swollen frame, floated toward her head, and rushed into her mouth, completely disappearing as she threw her head back and seemed to inhale it.

“Gretel, what...” Hansel began, just as his sister’s head snapped back down and her eyes widened, her entire body seeming to glow.

“...what happened, are you alright, what was that?” Hansel asked in a barrage, moving around her mountainous breasts to stand near the rest of her.

“I think,” Gretel began slowly “I think I just got her magic..”

“What? Evil witch magic? Are you going to start eating people now?” Hansel asked, eyeing the girth of her breasts with a gulp.

Gretel frowned at her brother “Don’t be silly. Magic is just a tool, it’s only evil if you use it for evil.”

With that she opened her hand and a small rock flew from the floor nearby, as she caught it it became a cupcake, which she took a large bite out of.

“Um, maybe you shouldn’t eat any more until we get out of this cottage?” Hansel suggested, looking back and forth between his massive sister and the normal sized front door.

“Hmm, you’re probably right” Gretel said, licking the last frosting off her fingertips.

With a look of strained concentration she pressed all ten fingers to the sides of her breasts, and she began to change.

Hansel had thought nothing could surprise him anymore, but he watched in disbelief as his sister’s enormous breasts receded, the bikini top untying and pulling tight around her on its own. As her breasts became smaller, the rest of

her body swelled, hips and legs growing wider and her head becoming level with his as she even grew taller!

It seemed the magic Gretel now possessed could not reduce mass, only manipulate it, but she morphed into a shape that would have been more normal for a person who had eaten as much as she had the past few months. Assuming that person was over six and a half feet tall. Regardless she could now fit through the front door, with a good push from her brother, and then they were free of the witch's cottage.

When they got outside Gretel's fat returned to her breasts, but she maintained the extra height, claiming it was worth holding the enchantment for the added ease of walking. As the pair made their way back toward the village, guided by birds and chipmunks, Gretel munched happily on snacks made from twigs and stones off the forest floor.

EPILOGUE

Upon returning to the village, the local lord's eldest son spotted Gretel and proposed to her immediately. She used her magic to feed the castle staff, leaving much more food available for the rest of the village, and ending the famine.

When she fell pregnant with their first child, Gretel's breasts swelled to half again their current size, filling their king-sized bed to overflowing, and began to leak milk.

Gretel now has four milkmaids on staff to keep her emptied, while she lays in bed and snacks most of the day. One of the maids has taken a shine to Hansel and the two of them sneak off to cuddle on her off time, when he feeds her milk and cheese from "the Great Lady."

The milk and cheese made from Gretel's bounty is shared with the village, and over time the famine is long forgotten, as the economy flourishes, and everyone's belts and corsets get a little tight.

Alternate Ending

Chapter X (Dark Ending)

Hansel dragged the witch to the gigantic oven and swung open a massive door, pushing her inside.

As Hansel shut the oven door on the witch, her visage changed. Her milky white eyes cleared as she used magic to temporarily restore her sight, giving her a true vision of her handiwork in the form of Gretel and her enormous bosom. Her eyes widened in awe as she took in the enormous orbs, their top curves almost preventing her from meeting Gretel's eyes, even as they rested on the floor.

"I have a parting gift for you my greedy little one." The witch cackled, muttering an incantation and beginning to laugh, even as Hansel shoved her into her own oven.

The door slammed shut and the fires of the oven roared up on their own, and the witch continued her cackling laughter, until the children heard a very faint, very brief shriek, and then she was gone.

The siblings looked at each other, fearfully waiting for the witch's promised last laugh, but after a few minutes of nothing happening aside from the fires consuming their offering and dying back down, Hansel shrugged and said "Maybe she burned up before she could finish the curse?"

Gretel returned his shrug, sending a ripple of motion down the bulk of her "front"

The pair slowly moved into the open front room of the cottage, carefully making sure Gretel's endowments didn't knock over any more furniture than necessary. Hansel pulled open the front door, before the two of them at once noticed a

problem.

There was no chance of Gretel's gigantic breasts squeezing through the witch's single front door. Gretel looked around the main room as Hansel backtracked to check around the oven, but neither found an axe.

"She must make her cook fire with magic" Gretel suggested.

"Yeah, I guess" Hansel replied, "and besides I doubt I'm even strong enough to chop a hole in this wall anyway, and you obviously can't swing an axe."

Gretel nodded at this, momentarily regretting that she had not allowed Hansel to grow a tiny bit stronger, or maybe not let herself swell to quite such enormity. Oh well, she thought, sweet syrup under the bridge.

"I'd better go into the woods and find help, maybe a traveling woodsman." Hansel suggested, reaching for the door.

"Wait!" Gretel interrupted, "you should at least eat first, and take something to leave a trail!"

Hansel was not thrilled at the prospect of eating any of the witch's food, but could not deny the wisdom of his sister's suggestion.

"Look" Gretel said, noticing for the first time a large domed cover on the big dining table. She lifted it to reveal a big layer cake, three solid tiers of 24, 12, and 18 inches in diameter, each layer at least six inches thick and coated in deep frosting.

"This must be the desert she was going to feed us."

"Or maybe eat with us" Hansel muttered.

He looked around the room again, hoping against hope to find something of substance to eat instead, but Gretel was already cutting two generous slices and setting them on plates.

Hansel looked at the plate his sister set in front of herself then gave her a questioning look.

“What? We never had breakfast.”

With a sigh Hansel sat at the table, Gretel having already maneuvered herself to sit sideways at the table with her breasts extending into the open space in the room.

The pair ate the cake slices, which covered their plates when laid sideways, and Hansel exclaimed at the taste.

“Wow, this is really thick and moist. Even better than the desert she’s been feeding us.”

“Yeah, definitely. This must have been cake she was going to keep for herself.” Gretel replied sullenly, as if the girl’s bloated bosom needed any more cake.

Hansel struggled to finish his slice, reaching about two-thirds through when Gretel was scraping the frosting off her plate and reaching for the serving knife. He shot his sister a glare and when she met his gaze she set the knife back down with a pout.

“Here” he said, sliding his plate with the remaining quarter of his slice left. “you can finish mine, but no more” he scolded. “This stuff is way too rich, and I’d like to get you outside this damn cottage before you get any bigger off the witch’s enchanted food.” Hansel continued, giving one enormous gland a poke.

Gretel sat sullenly eyeing the cake while Hansel looked around the cottage again, eventually finding some bright blue tinted sand.

“I don’t know what this is for, but it will work perfectly for leaving a trail.” He picked up the bag of sand and headed for the door. “Alright, I’m going to find help. Just wait here, and remember, no more cake.”

“Yes, fine,” Gretel replied petulantly, “no more cake.”

She pouted at her brother again and he closed the cottage door.

Four Hours Later

The door to the cottage swung open and Hansel entered carrying a bucket of berries.

“Gretel, I’m back! I figured you’d be hungry by now and I found a bunch of berries growing up a hill not far from...” the bucket fell from his hand with a thud, spilling berries across the floor as Hansel stared up at a wall of skin that filled his entire field of vision.

“Gretel, what did you do?” He whispered in stunned awe, “Did you eat that entire cake?”

Quickly walking to the side, the long way around the room, and squeezing between his sister and the wall at one point. “That one cake still doesn’t explain all this” he muttered, pushing against the pliant flesh as he slid against it.

Hansel came within sight of the rest of Gretel’s body, which now had to make up less than 10% of her entire mass, and saw the spectacle.

Gretel’s face and some of her hair were covered in frosting and cake crumbs, along with her hands and arms, and the small section of breast that was still within reach of her arms. Gretel was frantically chewing pieces of cake and gulping them down like a girl possessed. She ate as if she were starving, no decorum or pretense left as she shoved cake into her mouth by the handful.

“Gretel, what..” Hansel began, but was interrupted by what happened next.

Gretel scraped the last of the crumbs and frosting off the cake platter with the sides of her hands and began licking them clean. Within moments of the cake being cleared, a flash of sparkling magic created a brand new cake in its place.

Hansel watched, stunned, as his sister gave a very brief squeal of excitement and reached out, grabbing a chunk of cake from the top layer. He wondered how long she had been eating this way, and how she was not getting full. Then he remembered something strange from squeezing his body next to one of her breasts and stepped forward, putting both hands and an ear against the room-filling orb extending from his sister as she continued gorging herself on enchanted cake.

He heard a rumbling gurgle, like the sound a hungry stomach makes. Only there was no stomach behind Hansel's hands, that part of his sister was a good 3 feet away being filled with cake. Hansel felt a slight pressure pushing the skin back against him, and realized with horror what he was witnessing.

"Gretel, you're getting bigger!"

Gretel did not respond or even react to her brother's words as she continued eating.

Hansel stepped forward and shook his sister by the shoulder, finally getting her to pause her feasting and look up at him with a questioning scowl.

"Gretel, the cake is cursed! It's being processed by your body into fat for your breasts as fast as you eat it!"

"So?" She replied, eyes constantly drifting back to her beloved desert.

Hansel bent over and felt for Gretel's stomach, which was as flat as it had been when he left, only slightly soft from her months of indulgence.

"Feel how flat your stomach is. This cursed cake will never fill you up, and never run out. You could outgrow this whole cottage, or even explode!"

"Don't be stupid, I'm just having a snack. Nobody ever exploded from eating a little cake."

Gretel grabbed another handful of cake, and shoved it in her mouth, but Hansel grabbed her wrist before she could take another.

“Gretel, you have to stop.”

Gretel gulped down her mouthful. “But. I’m. Hungry.” She replied, anger growing, as she pulled her arm free, grabbing another bite.

Hansel reached around behind her to snatch up the entire platter and pull it away from his sister’s reach.

“Look how big you are now, can you even move?”

Gretel jumped up from her chair, and Hansel took a step back, certain she could not even pivot her breasts at this size.

In a physics-defying display of strength, Gretel leaned back slightly and her breasts rose slightly in the cottage. Floorboards creaked in relief as the massive weights were lifted off them, and scraping could be heard in the roof boards as the top curves of Gretel’s enormity brushed against them.

“What the...” was all Hansel managed to get out, before Gretel moved, taking advantage of his stunned state to take two steps and grab the platter back from him, then pivoting her torso enough to send her bosom surging to the side, colliding with her brother and slamming him against the cottage wall. Hansel bounced off the wall and was propelled back against the side of Gretel’s bosom, falling unconscious to the floor.

Gretel took her prize back to her chair and sat down, the entire cottage making groans of protest as her enormity came to rest again as she resumed feasting.

One Hour Later

Hansel woke blearily to find that he could not move. Well, his head and arms could move, but his body from the waist down seemed to be trapped by an enormous weight. Opening his eyes to assess the situation, he realized that he had passed out not far from his sister’s body, and she had now grown large enough to pin him to the floor of the cottage. He could still hear, from where he

lay, the lip-smacking sounds of his sister shoveling handfuls of cursed cake into her mouth, the rumblings in the glands that held his legs, and could feel them swelling as she filled them with food.

“Gretel, I’m trapped, quit eating and get off me!”

Hansel pushed against the cottage floor, squirming and pressing against it and his sister’s mountain of breast flesh, in a vain attempt to free his legs. After a moment or two exhaustion came over him like a wave and he passed out again.

30 Minutes Later

Hansel woke again, able to assess his situation much more quickly, and discovered that he was now pinned to the lower edges of his ribcage. He pressed futilely against his sister again, calling out.

“Gretel, you’re crushing me! Please get off!” He shouted, pounding against his sister’s enormity.

There was a brief pause in the chewing, then a noisy sound of girl straining, and board of all kinds creaking. The pressure against Hansel’s hips and legs lessened slightly, but not enough for him to escape.

“I can’t move” Gretel called out “I think they’re up to the roof.”

The weight crashed back down on Hansel and his head hit the floor. As his consciousness faded again he could hear more chewing and swallowing, and could feel the rumbling of his sister continuing to grow.

40 Minutes Later

Hansel woke and immediately propped his arms between the cottage floor and his sister’s skin, which had reached his chin.

“Gretel! You have to stop eating!”

His cries fell on deaf ears.

The witch had gotten her last laugh, and Gretel would not, or could not, stop eating the rich, delicious, and very filling, cursed cake.

“Please, stop eating” Hansel whimpered, his arms beginning to tremble as the weight he held away from his mouth and nose grew ever larger, ever heavier.

The reply was the cottage creaking, licking and chewing, and the gurgling of Gretel growing.

“Please, just stop eating” he gasped, struggling to breathe, as his strength gave out and the weight crashed down on him, his vision going dark.