

## - Sienna -

For the umpteenth time that night, Samantha Hargrave studied the magic circle for mistakes.

This was harder than she thought, not only from having to match the instructions in the ancient leather-bound book exactly, but also having to peer over her milk-engorged breasts and huge pregnancy to check the circle's runes. She had to be close enough to see any errors in detail, but not so close as to smudge the chalk with her gravid bump. Thankfully, the heavy tome sat open upon the shelf of her breasts, so she could at least compare the diagram on the page to the design scribbled across this corner of the tennis court.

Others would question the purpose of performing this ritual in a college tennis court of all places, but it suited the needs of Samantha and her sorority sisters perfectly. The court was shielded from prying eyes by the tall wooden fence that penned it in on all sides. It also worked to block the wind and most any of the scattered autumn leaves fluttering through the breeze in this secluded part of campus. It was nearing midnight on Samhain, or All-Hallows-Eve, and Samantha and her fellow wiccans had to work quickly.

"Oof!" Or as quickly as they could work with wombs stuffed with nearly a dozen babies each. Samantha paused working to tenderly rub the side of her belly where a baby had kicked. Her bare hand nuzzled the straining polyester material of the cheap witch costume she'd purchased. It had fit well weeks ago, but the manufacturer hadn't factored in a woman of her sheer girth – even if the deep-purple gown had been designed as hyper-maternity wear. The material wasn't comfortable enough, especially since the chill in the autumn air had stiffened her dark nipples to nuzzle against the fabric. Samantha glanced up from under the broad-brim of her witch hat at Cathy and Ruth to see if they'd noticed, but both of her classmates were busy.

Ruth had squatted down, her legs spread wide to frame her own enormous belly that strained her own matching dress, carefully leaning over to look around her wobbling breasts in order to light the last of the candles spread around the circle. Cathy had ponderously stepped over the circle's edge, her plump, hyperpregnant body wobbling with the movement - threatening to pop her right out of her matching costume. Samantha watched Cathy squat as well, swearing she could see the seat of her blonde friend's dress strain alarmingly from the movement of the twin-spheres of her ass, the seams threatening to explode.

*'That wouldn't be so bad, actually.'* Samantha thought, brushing a wavy-auburn lock away from her face and daydreaming of Cathy's lime-green panties peeking from the ruined fabric of the dress. She shook herself from the fantasy, instead opting to waddle closer to address her sorority-mates. "Everything ready?"

“Ready!” Ruth exclaimed, slowly standing with a grunt, her bloated body wobbling with the movement. The pixie-cut brunette took a moment to steady herself, swaying in place and rubbing her belly to settle her balance.

“Almost done...” Cathy muttered absentmindedly, her single blonde braid swaying a bit off her shoulder as she carefully arranged the pumpkins at the center of the nine-foot-diameter circle.

Despite it being Halloween, only one pumpkin in the arrangement was a jack-o-lantern. The book didn’t specify the features of the being they were attempting to call, only that the top pumpkin had to have some sort of distinctly feminine facial features. The tome’s pages had listed previous accounts of failed rituals and dud summonings if the face wasn’t female enough; or indeed if a face had been even carved in the pumpkin at all. Despite tonight’s ritual being annual tradition in Tuμ, Tau-Upsilon-Mu (Or ‘Tum’, as was commonly known on campus), the sorority had only managed a smattering of successes in its long, 165 year history.

Even then the successful accounts had been hazy, as if the sorority’s wiccans were drunk at the time. Which wasn’t possible, Samantha mused: Tuμ was a Surrogacy Sorority, and girls who managed to land a place there were strictly forbidden from alcohol on-contract with the school’s surrogacy program. ‘Gestate Scholarships’ was what the bizarre cal-arts style flyer had read when Samantha found it during her high school graduation ceremony three years ago. Scholarships were awarded to ladies based on the length of their pregnancies and the number of babies they carried, with a bonus for a healthy litter. Hence why Samantha doubted the tome’s prior writers had been drunk. Tuμ was ‘alright’ in terms of their baby-output, with members pushing out batches of around a baker’s dozen on-average. But those smug bimbos over at Γαλ, Gamma-Alpha- Lambda (‘GAL’) regularly birthed 15 to 17 babies on-average.

Which is why Sam, Ruth, and Cathy were here; because in a week was the annual growth competition held on campus. It was an event monitoring the size and sheer fertility of every surrogate sorority participating in the program, alongside any solo surrogates who sought to join in. The *biggest, roundest, milkiest*, contestant won a free bonus scholarship for herself and any sorority she belonged to. But Γαλ had won first place in previous years – especially that fat-cow Cheryl who flaunted her big, beautiful, tits everywhere like she owned the-

“Finished!” Cathy called, breaking Samantha from her thoughts. The blonde wiccan was gingerly stepping over the edge of the circle with Ruth’s support. The two rotund witches looked expectantly at their leader as Samantha examined their labor. In the middle of the magic circle was arranged three uncarved pumpkins, and a jack-o-lantern. One pumpkin was the biggest, dwarfing the two others and the carved one in size. It dominated the exact middle of the ring. The two other uncarved gourds rested above it on the ground, they were chosen to be as exact in size and shape to each other as possible.

And resting above these, tilted on its side to face the moonlit sky, was the face. It was lit already, a single candle resting in the rear curve of the pumpkin, illuminating its features. *Cute* was the word that sprang to mind when Samantha looked at it. It possessed a pert triangular-cut for a nose, rounded crescents to represent wide eyes and pupils, rectangular cuts above these to be eyebrows, a happy, almost lopsided smile hung under the nose, with a single cartoonishly-square tooth in the upper-left

side of the smile. Ruth had seen fit to even poke triangular patterns of holes in the pumpkins 'cheeks' to represent freckles.

"Good work..." Samantha said, her hazel eyes sweeping along the runes inscribed around the edge:

XRMF↑ BIX R&N+M MIF<I XRFPIW ΣIM↑+F, RMFMI ↑& XIPM BIR↓

They were immaculately carved, with fat candles arranged between the letters so that not even the dripping wax would disturb the chalk.

"We're ready." Samantha gave a determined nod to her cohorts, and, after some awkward shuffling, the trio stood equidistant around the ritual site – but far back enough to clearly see the circle over their mountainous pregnancies.

Clearing her throat and taking book in hand, Samantha of Surrogate Sorority Tuμ looked at the moon and clearly, steadily, uttered the passage from the page:

*"Mé glaoch ar tú mháthair an fómhar! Teacht ar mo thaobh agus a sheirbheáil ar mo mhian! I malartú mé a thairiscint duit pléisiúir araon bia, bainne, agus an bog, dteagmháil sásta grá!"*

She half-expected them to do nothing, almost expecting the ancient tome be some elaborate prank set up by the baby-bloated founders of the sorority oh-so-long ago. But as she spoke, the words echoed strangely, undulating in the air as if the sounds reset every half-second or so. The white chalk of the circle began to glow as she spoke, gradually turning a soft orange in color. The flame in the jack-o-lantern burned brighter in contrast – so bright that Samantha feared the pumpkins would catch alight. But rather than burn, the flames sprouted forth in a licking pillar from the mouth of the pumpkin. Rising to eye level, the flames hovered in a softly crackling cloud the size of a basketball, bright enough to illuminate the three mothers but not bright enough to force them to look away. The shape of the flames took on soft facial features, indistinct but certainly humanoid. What served as the eyes were fixed on Samantha and a strong, female, voice echoed from the flame.

***"Who calls upon the Fey-World so on this Samhain-Night? What foolish mortals dare seek the wisdom and guidance of the Ether-Realm to where they risk the wrath of beings who have supped from the springs of stars and cavorted in the courts of gods?"***

With her mouth suddenly dry, and her hands cradling her jostling bump protectively, Samantha managed the answer outlined in the book.

"S- Sienna." She managed.

***"...Oh."*** The fire-voice replied in dull-surprise. "Well then," the gravitas of the voice changed, softening and becoming normal-sounding, reminding Sam of the bored, round, barista she met in the campus café earlier. "That changes things. Sennie! You have petitioners!" The voice called, sing-song, before giving the lead wiccan a nod and flowing down back into the jack-o-lantern in a flash of fiery

light. In that instant, Samantha briefly saw the face turn into a silhouette – a round, rotund, silhouette – as it returned to its source.

Upon entering the pumpkin's mouth, the flames flared and seemed to evaporate into a cloud of ochre smoke, obscuring the ritual circle and snuffing out the candles in the process. Catching a whiff of the smoke, dazzled the Wiccan's senses with the distinct feel of cinnamon... and pumpkin spice. There was movement in the cloud, the haze dissipating gradually to reveal a humanoid shape where the pumpkins had been. A big, round, wide, shape of bulbous curves.

A green hand stretched up out of the cloud, it was softly gnarled but slight and textured like a vine. "Aaaaahhhh~" came a bubbly mock-yawn, the shape arching its back and lifting slightly on the tips of its feet, the action causing the triad of spheres on the front of it to stick out even further. The cinnamon-smog finally faded to reveal their visitor.

She was shorter than the wiccans by about six inches, and Samantha wasn't particularly tall to begin with. Her skin was waxy-orange in color and with vertical ribbed lines running across the orange surface like the creases of a pumpkin. This comparison didn't stop there, as this woman's breasts wobbled with liquid fullness despite looking like two oversized pumpkins attached to her torso. Indeed they were the two even-sized pumpkins from the arrangement! Only nearly three times as large, with the stems having grown a bit longer and perched atop each round sphere – almost like nipples. This impressive rack outsized Samantha's own nearly twice over, almost three times the size of her head if she had to guess.

As huge as these tits were, they paled in comparison to the sheer mountain that served as this woman's womb. Samantha knew she and her sorority outsized most pregnancies, due to natural fertility and advanced surrogacy treatments; but this belly eclipsed even Gamma-Alpha-Lambda's proud sizes by nearly half-again in-size. It was a planetoid, stuffed with easily twenty past-due babies – *at least*. It hovered a bit over a foot off the ground, the underside of the ovaloid mound in-line with the woman's upper-calves. This belly too was a pumpkin, the popped-out navel represented by a nub of a stem at the mountain's peak. Her legs were thick, forming into knee-high 'boots' with curled-up toes seemingly formed from tightly packed foliage, tracing up to meet broad pumpkin-lined thighs and a wobbling shelf of an ass merely half-the-size of her breasts by-comparison.

The woman giggled, bubbly and cute, and Sam finally lifted her jaw-dropped face to look at the visitor's head. It was the jack-o-lantern only the once-rigid gaps that had formed the features moved and twisted organically, the mouth shrinking into an O-shape as she cooed. The crescent-eyes moved, the half-dots of the pupils moving smoothly along the edge of the eye-holes, the negative space acting as the sclera of her eyes as she beheld her body. The same went for her nose and mouth, the openings lit softly from within by the gently flickering candle flame, though Samantha couldn't see any candle when she looked directly. Thick green leaves had formed atop the woman's head, sprouting from around the stem to fold down and frame her pumpkin-line face like a shaggy-bob haircut.

"Oooh!" the woman cooed, then giggled as she ran her vine-hands down what little she could reach of her wide, pregnant pumpkin-bump. To Samantha's surprise, kicks formed briefly on the surface, the seemingly hard pumpkin-belly bulging outwards with the all-too-familiar elasticity of skin.

The Pumpkin-woman looked up, eyes locking on Samantha's own, and her smile broadened.

"Heya! I heard you big gals wanted to chat with me?" Her voice was girlish.

"Umm... yeah... we did." Ruth managed from the side, cautiously waddling forwards towards the new arrival, but pausing at the softly-flashing runes of the circle. Seeing her hesitation, the pumpkin-gal turned and took an exaggerated step from the circle, clearing it with confidence and gently pressing her belly into the side of the brunette's. She ignored Ruth's blushing face at the contact, and instead rocked gently in place, nuzzling their bumps together.

"No worries about this flashy circle!" The pumpkin-woman reassured with a nod to the runic site, "Just my portal home when we're all done here! I'm Sienna the Harvest Dryad, by the way!" she chirped, her beaming face looking back and forth at each of them as Cathy and Samantha gathered around.

"Sienna? ... from the book?" Cathy ventured with a quirked eyebrow and glance to the thick leather-bound tome Samantha had clutched to her leaking chest.

"Yuppers!" Sienna agreed, her eyes widening at seeing what Sam was holding. "Oh hey! I remember that! Olivia Hargrave held it when she called on me!"

Samantha blinked in confusion, then recognition, "W-wait, my Mom did-"

"*Big* gal she was!" the dryad continued, unnoticed Sam's question. "Not as big as me, but a fair bit bigger than you are now!" Sienna fanned a vine-hand dismissively. "But enough chat about the past! I'mma guess you ladies are from the Bum Sorority! Right?"

"Tau-Upsilon-Mu ... Tum." Samantha flatly replied, still trying to process the situation.

"Oh? Not Bum?" the dryad tilted her waist and leaned comically over on her heels, gravity apparently having no effect on her gravid mass, to peer past Samantha's belly and ogle the wiccan's broad hips and ass. Sienna straightened and shrugged, "Coulda fooled me! Oh well! Tum works too!" She grinned and stepped forwards to rub her belly against Samantha's. "So... what're your names?"

Despite herself the auburn-haired witch cooed. As she suspected, the surface of the dryad's belly wasn't hard like a pumpkin but instead firm and semi-flexible like any pregnant belly on campus. Even the stem-belly button was soft, almost rubbery, and not uncomfortable as it gently nuzzled Samantha's own. The heady cinnamon-and-pumpkin-spice scent still permeated the air around the harvest spirit, and the wiccans all fought to stay focused as they made introductions.

"We – *ahem* – we need a favor." Samantha managed to add, shaking herself loose from the fug and attempting to look as serious as possible while a hyperpreg orange woman cuddled her. "We need-"

"More babies, right?" Sienna finished, arching her back proudly, causing her breasts to bounce. "That's what all Tum-gals wanted!"

Samantha's mind flashed to her nineteen siblings and the photos of her mother's enormous first pregnancy of them. "Yeah, we would." She hefted the book and glanced at the ritual page before looking into the dryad's flickering eyes. "According to the summoning, we grant you a single night in the human realm and all the wonders that entails in-exchange for your powers and service. Since you have appeared, I take it you accept?"

The orange woman nodded energetically, her eyes closing into downward-pointing crescents that reminded Sam of text emojis she'd seen on the internet. "I'm here aren't I? Besides, I always like coming to the human world! It's different every-time! Like how in the forties, I showed up to help make the dorm's victory gardens grow! And one of the faculty too!" Sienna hypnotically rocked on the heels of her feet as she reminisced.

Cathy nodded after a moment of thought, stepping a bit closer to the fae. "That makes sense! You *are* a harvest deity after all!"

"Fertility and Farming!" Sienna chirped, her glowing smile looking smug as she planted her clenched fists on her hips and lifted her nonexistent chin triumphantly. "So you girls wanna grow, huh? But I only see three of you! Normally these summoning-shindigs have a good dozen or so mommas asking for me. What gives?" She clicked her fiery-tongue in annoyance, the action sounding like the snap from a campfire.

"It's for a competition..." Ruth began, before briefly explaining the surrogacy program and upcoming growth contest. "... and we three are the biggest in the sorority house – but not by much. We just have the highest chances in the competition."

"Hmm and you're wanting a boost to your batches to beat these other gals, eh?" Sienna thoughtfully rubbed her chin with a green hand. "That's simple enough! But!" She flicked a gnarled finger in the air, causing her round hosts to start in surprise. "But... I have some ground rules. First, adding extra babies isn't a fixed number the first time. It's totally random. You could get as little as a singleton added, or as most as a dozen or two–"

*"Or two!?"* Samantha thought, suppressing her giddy thrill.

"–I have no control over that! Rule Two, we switch off!" Sienna continued, counting off on her fingers, "Earthly delights first! Babies second! Then delights again! That way I can charge my powers to add another batch if you'd like! Or do other magic stuff you need. That leads to the Third rule: past certain sizes you ladies will be nearly immobile, if you want me to give you lifting-magic, that'll cost extra, okay? Spells need reagents tied to the season I'm summoned, and as you can see I specialize in Autumn." She slowly rubbed the upper curve of her immense bump. "And before you ask. No, your extra little ones aren't going to be dryads or anything fae, think of it as if you just gestated extra babies at the start of your pregnancies, 'kay?"

Samantha, Ruth, and Cathy exchanged looks before nodding in agreement.

"Sure," Samantha said, "We're ready – how do we begin?"

“Pumpkin Seeds!” Sienna crowed with a grin.

“S-seeds!?” Ruth huffed, “But you said-“

“Don’t worry! It’s both a reagent I need and part of the earthly delights thing.” The pumpkin-woman chided.

“The book mentioned something about roasted pumpkin seeds...” Cathy murmured, her fat little hand fishing through her pleather purse. “We used the ones we got from the jack-o-lantern we made for your head.” She pulled out a zip-loc baggie filled with golden-brown seeds and held it out for the harvest spirit to take.

“Good girl! Efficient use of ritual components!” Sienna then opened her mouth wide and unceremoniously stuffed the seeds – baggie and all – into it. She chewed thoughtfully, though Samantha didn’t see how given that the fae didn’t technically have teeth aside from her single carved one. Giving a wordless, muffled, moan of appreciation, Sienna swallowed. “You spiced them!”

“The book said so.” Samantha explained, now realizing that the note on including pumpkin seeds scribbled in the margin of the ritual page had been her mother’s handwriting.

“Good! That’ll improve the upcoming taste!” Sienna explained, her vine hands reaching out to heft her pumpkin breasts.

“Wait... what do you mean?” Ruth asked quizzically before the harvest-deity gave a squeak of pleasure. The pumpkin-spirit grappled and rubbed her breasts, her coos taking on a lustful edge. Vine-fingers managed to just reach her deep-brown stem-nipples and start twisting and tugging them lewdly. To no one’s surprise, the gnarled looking teats squished and moved like flesh rather than a hard gourd.

“Is... is she?” Cathy’s shocked expression melted into wonder as they all saw fat beads of orange liquid starting to form on Sienna’s nipples.

Giving a hitching moan, the pumpkin woman’s breasts fountained suddenly, squirting languid arcs of the liquid through the air. Since Samantha was the one standing directly in front of Sienna, she took the brunt of the streams before she could react. Fluid splattered on her cheap costume, drizzling her face and lips, and her surprised gasp allow some of it into her mouth. Rich creaminess with a hint of pumpkin spice spread like liquid gold across her tongue. Samantha took a moment to appreciate the taste, her tongue unconsciously licking more of the spatter from her lips. “It’s... heavenly!” She explained at her friends’ questioning looks.

Sienna panted, hands resting atop her heaving chest; it was clear she’d orgasmed during that first milk eruption. She winked at her hosts. “Earthly delights girls! C’mon!”

Samantha needed no coaxing, lumbering forwards to angle her huge belly parallel to the spirit’s, practically side-docking her own generous bust into Sienna’s one breast as she heaved up the heavy, wobbling, orb with both hands and greedily latching onto the thick nipple.

“Oooh!” Sienna’s jack-o-lantern eyes crossed as Samantha began to suck. The wiccan leader bobbed her head, practically inhaling the soft stem in an effort to stuff as much of it into her hungry mouth as possible, her lips soon meeting the outer edge of the brown areola. She guzzled; swallowing mouthful after creamy mouthful, too absorbed in this abundant feast to notice Sienna’s squeaks and cries of pleasure in response. Sam’s babies certainly appreciated it, and their kicks jostling against the broad sphere of the pumpkin woman’s own belly as the two mountains nuzzled together. This prompted a return barrage from Sienna’s fae-brood as well, the movement only heightening her pleasure.

Cathy and Ruth waddled close, still hesitant from this turn of events. Sienna beckoned dreamily, “Don’t be shy girls, come over here and join in...” she husked as Cathy stepped towards her unattended breast. The plump blonde smacked her lips, eyes locking on the stiff nub, now hardened in response to Sienna’s arousal. Docking herself opposite to Samantha, Cathy too took the pumpkin-breast and leaned in to lap at it. She traced her tongue from the base of the rough-looking stem up to the spurting tip, drinking as much of the excess as she could. She cleaned the tit, worshipped the tit, flicking it with her tongue with a familiarity and experience that the watching Ruth never knew even existed. The blonde witch finally slid the leaking teat into her mouth; soon mirroring Sam’s suckling – if not tempo.

Sienna bit her lower lip to keep from crying out, or at least her carved-mouth shaped itself into a cutout to approximate biting her nonexistent lower lip. She blinked as Ruth shyly stepped around to nuzzle her bump against the front of her pumpkin-belly, navel-to-navel. The brunette now filled the gap between her cohorts, penning Sienna’s baby-bloated womb in on all sides by walls of fabric-clad fertility. Ruth’s eyes were clouded with lust; and slow her deep breaths inhaled great lungfuls of the harvest-spirit’s spiced aura, “Wh-when it is *my* turn?” She panted, her hands lustfully rubbing her belly and pinching a nipple through the fabric of her costume.

“Right now!” Sienna winked, breathing heavily herself as pleasure rippled through her from the two suckling hosts. Tenderly she ran a hand through Samantha’s auburn locks under the brim of her witch hat, “C’mon Sammie, let’s let Ruthie have a turn, hm?” Blearily Samantha opened her eyes, slowly leaving the haze of sexual hunger she’d been lost in. Almost reluctantly, the lead wiccan released the abundant tit with a wet, audible, *pop* and slowly stepped to the side for Ruth’s access. Barely even nodding thanks to her friend, the brunette snuggled up and latched on. Drinking happily, she too was soon caught in the sexual thrall of the situation.

Still pent up, with her loins afire with unreached sexual release, Samantha waddled around the moaning group like a moon in orbit until she reached Sienna’s broad orange ass. Resting a hand on the taut, wobbling, pumpkin-ridged shelf; Sam was about to squat down to explore her guest’s nethers when the pumpkin-girl gave squeaked in surprise at her touch.

“Ah! N-now, I know you’re randy off of my milk, b-but that’ll have to wait until later, ‘kay!” A note of soft desperation entered Sienna’s normally chipper voice.

“But you’re so *wet* down here...” Samantha whined, tracing her fingers up along the pumpkin woman’s plump inner thigh, swirling the sticky, semi-transparent streams of her arousal with her fingertips.



"L-l-later!" Sienna *hmphe*d, managing to stamp a leaf- booted foot in emphasis, the movement jostling her two attendants from their drinking. Gently tapping the blonde and brunette's foreheads each with a vine finger, the spirit made it clear they had to stop. "C'mon, as fun as this is I'll need you off my titties for now!" Reluctantly the two wiccans relented and pulled back, brief strings of saliva connecting their mouths and tongues to the stem-nipples before snapping.

Sienna clapped her hands once as the triad of engorged witch mothers soon lined up before her. "Now then! The first part of the spell is complete!" As the human women exchanged curious looks, she continued. "Yes, yes, while it was certainly some earthly pleasure but you ladies just channeled the first step in having you three absolutely *bloat* with more babies!"

"So if that's part one," Samantha asked, "When do we start showing signs of growth?" she peered past her tits to rub her belly as if that would trigger the effect. Indeed, her costume seemed even more skin-tight now, her generous guzzling of pumpkin milk having added a few inches of diameter to her womb as it filled her stomach.

"Inna bit! That'll follow step two! A sacrifice!" The pumpkin-mother chirped. The witches blanched at this, prompting Sienna to hastily wave her hands in a flustered panic. "Nonono! Not *that* kinda sacrifice!" she rapidly amended, "It's a smutty one!" she paused thoughtfully, "Tell me... who is the biggest girl?"

"In the sorority? I am." Samantha raised her hand; she outshone her friends here by carrying an extra baby according to her last ultrasound.

"Oh, no, I meant on campus!" The dryad clarified, leaning forwards a bit to squarely look at her hosts.

"Ah... hmmm..." Ruth spoke up, a slow blush forming across her face, "That'd have to be... Miss Gardner, Lauren's her first name."

"Your economics professor?" Cathy asked, leaning gingerly over to look at Ruth from Samantha's other side, "I thought Professor Collins in the I.T. building had her beat?"

"Nope," Ruth shook her head, "I saw them having lunch together lunch in the campus café. Amber's *big*, sure; but Lauren's bigger, it's hard to notice unless you see them side by side. Plus, Lauren's due date is rumored a week behind Amber's anyway."

"Then that settles it!" Sienna chirped, stepping forward until her belly nuzzled Samantha's once again. "Does this Lauren live on campus, or in the surrounding town?"

"It's a city these days." Ruth cited, "And nope, she's got a place on the edge of campus. It shouldn't be too much of a walk, I think."

"A city now, hmm?" The harvest spirit mused, "It has been awhile, huh? It's good she's close then, I didn't wanna have to expend energy for a flight spell for all of us... or have to take a bus. I barely fit through the doors last time..." She rubbed the sides of her womb at the memory.

“We shouldn’t linger.” The lead witch replied, glancing up into the semi-cloudy, moonlit, sky. “The quicker we get there, the quicker we can finish the ritual.”

“Oof, so impatient!” Sienna chided playfully, her pumpkin-face shifting to shape her mouth with an outline of a stuck-out tongue and winking eye towards Samantha. “The night’s still young, so we’ll have plenty of time.”

“Yeah, but it’s not like we can move quickly either.” Sam replied with a sigh before slowly lumbering forwards towards the tennis court gate. “C’mon, let’s go. I’ve passed by Lauren’s place whenever I eat lunch at the campus café.”

They ponderously left the tennis area and slowly made their way across the campus grounds side-by-side. Despite it being Halloween, this part of the university was quiet, with only the muffled thump of music from the far-off dorms disturbing the night. Sienna trailed just behind the wiccan trio, her hands supporting her back as she let them lead. “Sounds like a party goin’ on?” She peered at the dimly lit windows of the dorm in-question.

Cathy followed the pumpkin-woman’s gaze and nodded, “Yeah plenty of costume parties happen tonight, both on and off campus. The rest of the sorority is probably squeezed into one or two, we stayed behind to summon you though.” She smiled at Sienna to show she meant no disrespect.

“Very generous of you.” The dryad grinned back, “Don’t you worry! We’ll head to a few of them after we finish up with this Lauren Gardner!”

They continued on, the music from the dorms growing fainter and being replaced with the rustling of autumn leaves from the line of trees on either side of red-brick sidewalk they traversed. Soon they came across a line of houses across a paved road at the edge of campus.

“It’s that one.” Ruth pointed to a single story home, painted white, and with a large front porch and series of steps leading down to a small garden area in the front yard. Most of the lights of the house were dark, but a soft flickering glow behind the curtains of a front room indicated someone was home watching TV. As the four hugely pregnant women approached, Samantha spied an indistinct shape to the side of the front door near the doorbell. The porch lights flared on shortly after, an external sensor noticing their presence and automatically activating the lights. This revealed the shape to be a large plastic bowl resting atop a stool. Naturally it was filled with candy, a smorgasbord of various wrapped chocolate bars of all types and sizes. Taped to the seat of the stool and facing the street was a piece of printer paper, hastily scribbled with a black marker.

“Take what you want, but don’t be too greedy. I’m too big to keep getting up and down to greet trick-or-treaters this year.” Sienna read, her flickering-fire eyes tracing the cursive writing. She noticed the sorority-sister’s surprised looks and huffed. “Yes, I can read human language. Why not? This isn’t my first rodeo in your realm y’know!”

“Sorry,” Samantha murmured, leading the way up the steps with the wood underneath groaning softly under her weight, “It’s not like the book explained a whole lot about you besides the summoning and price for your services.”

“It’s fine.” The dryad said dismissively as she lumbered up to inspect the candy bowl. “...the labels are all different than last time. And what, no Pom-Poms!?” her carved-pumpkin face shifted into an indigent pouty Cathy was sure she’d seen in anime sometimes. “Oh well, these still look tasty.” Sienna continued, scooping two big green handfuls of treats into her mouth, devouring them in the same way as the pumpkin seeds – wrappers and all. “Mmmph...” she chewed, “Lotta pretzel in some of these...” The trio of students watched their guest’s vine hands move up from rubbing her own mammoth bump to instead massage her breasts with a moan. Slowly, the two pumpkin boobs swelled outwards, gaining about two cup-sizes in as many seconds. The thick stem-nipples began leaking anew, fresh rivulets of spiced milk dribbling down the slope of Sienna’s womb to patter on the wood of the deck and garishly Halloween-style ‘Welcome’ mat.

The dryad dabbed a finger on a tit and brought the raw-umber colored cream to her lips with a soft smack of appreciation as she tasted it. “We’re ready.” She flashed a thumbs-up and a wink to her companions before smoothly arching her back and pressing the doorbell with her belly button. The bell chimed out, and the quartet heard a muffled movement from the television room, as if something heavy was stirring. After a moment of silence, Sienna rocked backwards and forwards to ring the doorbell again. This time the movement shifted and they all heard the soft creak of protesting floorboards followed by slow, heavy, footsteps. The pumpkin woman grinned impishly before ringing a third time.

They heard an annoyed huff before the door was opened and a mountain emerged.

Samantha didn’t use the term ‘Milf’ often. The only readily available person who qualified was her mother, and even then Samantha wouldn’t apply the term – though she guessed some of her sorority sisters had called Olivia Hargrave that when she wasn’t present. The term certainly fit Lauren Gardner though. She was a woman in her late thirties, with lime-green eyes looking groggily out from behind half-moon glasses and with her frizzy brown-black hair pulled back in a ponytail. Lauren the economics teacher certainly fit a milfy librarian look. She was plump, and short, and *wide*. Sam realized then that the door to her home was actually a set of double doors to allow Miss Gardner’s sheer bulk to pass. She rivalled the fey Sienna with her size and curves – actually exceeding her in places from what the students saw of the wobbling hills of Lauren’s ass as she lumbered to a stop in the doorway, her rotund body angled to the side slightly. Deep brown yoga pants stretched to near-bursting over pillowy thighs and a butt that managed to eclipse the dryad’s with their girth. She wore moccasin-style wool-lined slippers on her widely spaced feet, sure footed despite her sheer fertility.

She wore a green t-shirt with a yellow jack-o-lantern face on it, with the words ‘Not Ripe Yet’ written also in yellow beneath. This phrase could have fooled the onlookers, especially Ruth whose face turned a beet red and a sheepish smile crept across her face. This green pumpkin t-shirt was stretched tight across the professor’s abdomen, unable to cover the swell in-full so that the edge hovered a half-inch above her popped-out belly button. Onerous breasts rested atop this mountain of womb, the wobbling

orbs affording the ladies a wealth of tightly packed cleavage. Fat, damp, nipples tented the peaks of these udders, and it was clear to all that the woman had been leaking.

Leaking and sleeping, apparently. They watched the older mother stifle a yawn and rub one eye with her knuckles, her free hand resting tenderly atop her bump to rub a spot where a baby had kicked just a moment before. Lauren blinked slowly, eyes flickering to the trio of human women and then the great pumpkin girl filling her porch. "*Hmph*. It's past midnight, can't you girls read the sign..." she trailed off as she got a good look at Sienna's rotund pumpkin body, blinking rapidly as her mind cleared. "That's... a *really* elaborate costume."

"Thanks!" Sienna squeaked, striking a pose to curl her arms behind her head and thrust her belly and breasts forwards with a sharp arch of her back, "But I'm *au naturel* compared to that little number you're flaunting, hot stuff!"

Cathy, Ruth and Samantha all smelled it then: the cinnamon-pumpkin-spice scent of the dryad's fey hormones once-again seeping off her round body in invisible waves. It clouded their heads once more with a slow haze of arousal. It was affecting Lauren too, the mousy woman's follow up question halting in her throat as she took a breath of Sienna's mystical aura. The professor's slow breaths threatened to explode her top with each languid rise and fall of her mountainous chest.

"While it's a nice night and all," the dryad cooed, winking at the teacher filling the doorway, "It's still kinda crisp out here, can we come inside?"

While not brainwashed by any stretch, the fey hormones acted like an aphrodisiac to humans and Lauren was likewise affected, her eyes tracing up the bulbous swells of the women in front of her. She smiled slowly and huffed in amusement, "Sure..."

Moments later the five of them snuggled in a heap on the spacious carpeted floor of a living room with the television streaming 1941's *The Wolfman* at low volume. It seemed that Miss Gardner had originally dozed off watching a retro creature feature marathon. The mousy brunette's shirt was pulled up over her mounds to give Ruth and Samantha's lips access to her aching teats. What milk the duo couldn't suckle dribbled down the slope of Lauren's grand belly for Cathy to catch with her questing tongue as the blonde wiccan squatted down to practically worship the teacher's belly, peppering it with kisses and licks. Lauren felt a triad of ridged spheres nuzzle her back as Sienna leaned forwards behind her to whisper sweet nothings into her ear.

The dryad grazed her seeping teats over Lauren's t-shirt-clad back, dampening it with her rich cream while the fay woman's hands rubbed and teased the professor's plump sides. Slowly, she traced her way down over the teacher's hips to hook thumbs into the straining waistband of the yoga pants and slide them down over the tight curves of Lauren's thighs and ass. This revealed a black thong that was practically invisible in the canyon of her ass. This joined the yoga pants to drop to the floor in a heap. Sienna and her cohorts steadied the baby-bloated milf as Lauren stepped out of the garments.

"You're *big*..." Sienna murmured between soft kisses to the faculty member's neck and cheek, "So very *big, bigger* than most I've seen..." her vine hands groped and teased the older human's curves before dipping down to probe the sexual inferno building between her thighs. Lauren's voice hitched in her throat as she rested her head back on the dryad's shoulder. The professor moaned slowly, rocking back and forth slowly, not only to nuzzle Sienna behind her, but also Cathy's swollen form in front of her. Lauren's hands each rested atop the heads of the two other wiccans lapping and sucking from her spurting breasts.

"B-bliss!" Lauren managed, shivering with a minor orgasm and sending juices to cascade over Sienna's probing fingers.

"Yes... earthly delights..." The fae hissed playfully in Lauren's ear, and the pumpkin-woman's nonburning tongue of literal flame licked out to leave a glaze of saliva on the professor's earlobe. "Tell me, sweetie, you're pretty big hmm?" Sienna's hand reached out to rub what little of the teacher's vast swath of taut belly she could reach in the tangle of enormous women. Lauren nodded wordlessly, her eyes half-shut in lust.

"The biggest on campus I hear..." Sienna continued, nuzzling her ridged cheek into the woman's own, "But... wouldn't you want to be... even *bigger*? Hmm?"

Slowly, Lauren shifted to look the dryad in the eyes, her aroused expression taking on a quizzical feel. Sienna smiled and booped her new lover on the nose

"With my powers I can do it. But only with your permission of course! It isn't a pact. I'm more like a fairy than a succubus. Despite being summoned from a gnarly old book. It's a gift, given for free. You wanna be a *big girl* Laurie-poo?"

Through the veil of lust, Lauren did consider it. The surrogacy program extended to faculty as well, but in different ways, with bonus incentives and discounts provided to teachers who took on enormous loads of babies at once. She'd become this size after her singular artificial insemination treatment at the start; but there were program tiers she had so *nearly* reached in the program all the same! If she had been even a bit more fertile, Lauren could manage to just reach into the middle of that next incentive bracket. Plus she could get a leg-up on Amber Collins, who was closing the gap in their size since their last luncheon together.

"Yesss..." Lauren cooed, succumbing to her lust, with her eyes boring into the flickering hollows of the pumpkin-dryad's.

"Great!" Sienna giggled happily before leaning in to plant a kiss on the teacher's lips.

They slowly eased Lauren to the floor, flat on her back with her belly towering above her and her breasts dribbling ivory streams down into the carpet over the swells of her flesh. Lauren didn't care about the mess, absentmindedly noting to set her Roomba to carpet-scrubber mode in the morning. The three students had switched positions on her, with Ruth, Cathy, and Samantha each taking up a third of her planet of a belly to grind their own curves on it and worship the mountainous fertility with loving

mouths and tender fingers. As nice as this was, Lauren licked her lips in anticipation for the main event that was to come.

Sienna stood above her, facing away from the professor's massive swell and squatting down slowly, vine-hands resting atop fat orange thighs as she descended. From the flickering light of the tv, Lauren was able to see the plump, hairless, mound of Sienna's pussy as it was lowered toward her face. The slit glistened with arousal, a clear-ish orange fluid seeping in its depths. The dryad's clit was itself a pumpkin stem, a small nub that Lauren couldn't wait to taste. Then with a soft huff from Sienna, her lower lips met Lauren's, and the faculty member began to eat her out.

It was both heavenly and raw. And Sienna bit lightly on a knuckle to keep from screaming as the arousal that had been gradually building since her summoning burst forth over the human's questing tongue. Her hips bucked, rocking her asscheeks into the big woman's wobbling breasts, eliciting a muffled moan from Lauren beneath her. Deeper and deeper, the milfy-human probed her tongue into the yellow folds, lapping away at the endless nectar spilling forth from the fae's nethers. The professor could feel her own pleasure mounting, her vagina hot with arousal as the wiccans went to town on her mammoth belly. Lauren screamed in molten release as the three students fingers explored her wet cave, the set of digits on her left – Ruth's – expertly flicking and teasing her clit until she gushed forth in orgasm.

They were a pile of womanhood. Their fertile, round, baby-bloated bodies rocked together in a sweat-slick heap as they rode the waves of pleasure. The Roomba would have to scrub more than just milk from the carpets tomorrow as Samantha's, Lauren's, Ruth's, and Cathy's fingers and tongues explored each other's bodied. Still, above it all, with her pumpkin-jugs heaving up and down with her breaths, Sienna clung to the plateau of her desire for as long as possible. Building her explosive release with practice built over centuries. For the larger built up her orgasm, the stronger this spell effect would be. Still though, she was young for a dryad, and Sienna squeaked and squealed and screamed along with her human hosts. Finally, the pumpkin woman's breath hitched, gasping as she could hold off no longer.

Bobbing her hips rapidly and grinding her sopping pussy into Lauren's happy mouth, Sienna finally erupted like a thunderbolt with a scream, arching her back to point her fountaining breasts to the ceiling and drizzling all five of them in her creamy rain. A sheer torrent of femcum splashed the professor's face, and Lauren drank it down as best she could. It was spiced like cinnamon, but not uncomfortably so, and reminded her of egg-nog in texture. Slowly, the quintet's pleasure ebbs away, replaced with a dull ache of rough sex. Standing on shaky legs, Sienna waddled over to pivot and plant her huge butt down on the couch, breathing heavily with half-lidded eyes as she watched the human women.

"You'll want to - *huff* – get her up." She gestured to Lauren's giddy form. Reluctantly, the wiccans heaved themselves to their feet, steadying each other a moment before helping the tired teacher up as well.

"Alright, let's begin." Sienna grinned and snapped her fingers.

In an instant, all of the fae's bright-ochre milk that had dotted and streaked the women's rotund bodies flashed brightly and disappeared. Samantha looked expectantly at the pumpkin woman, who only nodded in reply.

Slowly, a warm tingle spread through the four women's bodies. It emanated from their core, in what felt like the center of their wombs, seeping pleasantly along their extremities. Once it had buzzed softly throughout their bodies it faded.

After a heartbeat, the growth began.

Samantha felt a snugness in her belly, only realizing also that the already-tight witch dress she wore was becoming even tighter. Before her astonished eyes, the wiccan leader watched her breasts and belly slowly rise further than before. Her hands shook as she reached out to probe the growing mass, feeling the soft patter of new kicks as more babies were added to her crowded uterus. A series of snaps and pops followed as the sides of the dress split at the seams and her wobbling ass gained an extra four inches of mass. The dress practically peeled off her, the seams failing and dangling in a tattered heap from her shoulders by the intact sleeves. Sam slid it off like a bathrobe and admired her new physique.

Her breasts had gained about three cup sizes, resting high, proud, and *tight* with abundance atop her freshly swollen belly. A glance at Ruth and Cathy showed her that they had grown too – now exceeding Samantha's size before her own growth spurt. But now Sam knew she was still the largest, the most fertile of her little clique. The diameter of her ovaloid swell had increased by about two feet. The flurry of movement of her babies, both old and new, caused her to shiver in arousal and joy. Experimentally, Sam leaned forwards and almost immediately the underside of her swell met the wet carpet. She had – at most – three inches of empty space before her belly reached the ground.

Surprisingly, Sam didn't feel tired or weighed down by her boosted charge. Despite the layer of fat gracing her hips and legs, she sensed strong muscle beneath. Her physical capacity had been enhanced to better carry her swollen mass. While a boon, Samantha wondered idly if any further growth would turn her immobile by this point. Breathing deeply, contentedly, she lovingly explored her newfound curves. By her guess she and her friends had gained half-again as many extra babies compared to their previous amounts, placing the count in the mid to late twenties – well past what the haughty girls over at Gamma-Alpha- Lambda regularly managed.

Lauren's low moan broke her reverie.

Samantha and her turned to regard the professor. Lauren Garnder had grown as well, adding on a similar amount of mass to the trio of students and her belly firmly rested on the ground due to her increased size beforehand. Only now, even as the trio watched, Lauren was *still growing*.

Moaning in pleasure, the frizzy-haired milf swelled. Not only in her still-leaking breasts or juddering belly, but also along her arms and legs as well. Slowly, miraculously; Lauren inflated like a balloon, layers of fat and who-knew-what-else stretching her body outwards, her belly seemingly building its mass all around her torso, leaving her breasts untouched and perched like parked blimps to wobble and leak

atop the swelling surface. Her once-creamy skin built up an orange tint as she grew. Her arms and legs disappeared gradually as the swelling continued, turning the pudgy limbs into cone-shaped protrusions before becoming shallow rounded bumps with plaintively flapping hands and feet on the ends. Her neck and shoulders were gone too, absorbed in the spherical depths of her swollen body her cheeks puffed with fat and her head sinking down into the swell of her ballooned body until the pudgy chin was hidden in the crevasse.

Far from afraid, Lauren moaned in approval and pleasure throughout the swelling, riding several orgasms that further drenched the floor beneath her. Finally the growth slowed, then stopped. She was enormous, and had all that spherical mass not been there, Sam could guess the teacher's skeleton was spread in an X-shape like Da Vinci Vitruvian Man. It reminded her of Violet's blueberry sequence in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, only even bigger, bulgier, and *much* more lewd. Lauren's skin was now a waxy orange in color, and her spherical body had taken on the pumpkin-crease ridges that ringed Sienna's own pregnant curves.

But while the dryad was still a humanoid-looking pumpkin, Laura Gardner was a spherical one. A great, massive, prize winner of a pumpkin with hands and feet sitting atop small mound of pudge, and titanic pumpkin breasts with dark green nipples lazily squirting fat streams of orange milk as she slowly breathed. Lauren's face remained the same however, smiling dopily from what Sam could see between the bulbous breasts. While her cheeks had taken on the soft pumpkin creases, the teacher's eyes, nose, and mouth remained human rather than becoming flaming hollows like what Sienna sported. Her hair, while still, frizzy had taken on a greenish quality to it. Here and there small leaves sprouted along the waves and curls like on a pumpkin stem.

"Ooooooh!" the now-pumpkin-milf moaned loudly, her perky spherical breasts expelling another gush of milk as her body rocked in orgasmic bliss. "*This... feels... wondrous...*". Sam then noticed the kicks, dozen of them pattering across the rounded surface of Lauren's body. The new pumpkingirl attempted to rub these spots instinctively, but her hands flapped ineffectively from their perches. Sharing a look, Samantha, Ruth and Cathy stepped up to begin rubbing the kicking surface of Lauren, the act requiring clever angling of their own baby-laden bodies to reach.

Cathy opened her mouth as Sienna slowly rocked herself into a standing position, "Wha-"

"Don't worry!" the dryad mother waddled forward and booped the flabbergasted blonde on the nose to halt her questions. "I know what you're gonna ask. No, the babies she's carrying aren't pumpkins. They're human, just like yours. No, she won't stick this way forever. When she giving birth she'll gradually turn back with each darling little one she pushes out during." Sienna smiled again, stretching much as she had when she'd first been summoned. "It adds about a month to her original due date. I'd warrant the size of her brood has tripled and her body naturally transformed as part of the spell to compensate. I mean, she'd be fine if she hadn't turned, all the extra babies would just wind up in her womb but she'd be super immobile then. At least now you gals can roll her."

"Roll her? Where?" Samantha quipped, regarding pumpkin woman while her hands tenderly rubbed Lauren's swollen side.



Sienna smiled broadly with a soft giggle. "She may have been our 'sacrifice' but there's no reason to leave her behind! The night's still young, and as-I-recall there're a few fraternities on campus full of virile, studly, men who gravitate to this school due to their preggo fetishes." She winked, "It's been a good long while since I last chugged human cock."