

A Kinky Witch's Handbook: Foreword

Greetings, fellow adventurer! Hm, that sounds cheesy. Hello, fellow... pervert? Christ, this book is going to have some heavy revision periods. Let's start from the top, maybe?

My name is Millicent Mavilios, though people just call me Millie. I'm a graduate of The Aetheric Academy of Transformative Arts.

I majored in Morphomagical Studies - the art and science of bodily transformation - elasticity, augmentation, reconfiguration, expansion, and everything in between.

I minored in Enchanted Anthropology, where I focused on cross-cultural magical practices, rituals, and intimate customs. Heavy on field work. Very hands on. So very hands on...

Ahem. I forget myself. I'm writing a book, you see. Though you probably know that, considering you're reading it's foreword right now. I've received a generous stipend from the Academy in order to fund a project. I'm going to travel the continent and document every single piece of size-changing, expansive, transformative magic I can find.

If I have to get a little hands on to find out what things are really about, then so be it. It's all academic, of course. That's what I told the Masters when I pitched this field research to them. None of them bought it, of course, but... none of them will complain much either, when I return with an encyclopaedia of spells, potions, plants and creatures that can change them in every way possible.

Within this book, you'll find my *detailed* first hand experiences with every kinky piece of magic and culture that this engorged continent has to offer. I'll be cataloguing everything with as much academic professionalism as I can muster. And a few detours along the way.

Yours magically,

Millie

Field Scholar, Wandering Witch, and Recurring Exhibitionist

A Kinky Witch's Handbook Chapter 1: A Milky Bell

It was less than a week after I had set out from the academy when I caught wind of a tavern serving what people of all species described as 'maiden's milk'.

I asked around as I made my way to the town in question, but people oddly weren't keen to elaborate. I usually got sly smiles, winks, and was told to 'find out for myself'. I would soon learn that this was because Lucille and Denel simply told customers to behave this way in order to drum up some mystery. I'll admit, it worked on me.

I could have flown, but I made the journey on foot with my broom strapped to my back and by cart when I could find folk willing to take me. My reasoning was simple. I wanted to interrogate everybody I met about any shred of kinky magic they might know about.

This wasn't a difficult challenge either. When a cute, petite, red-headed witch cozies up to someone and starts asking them spicy questions, more often than not they find themselves willing to share. It's nothing at all to do with the amulet I wear around my neck, the one I've enchanted to relax the nerves and tongues of those in my vicinity. No, no. It's all my natural charm, baby.

After a couple days' journey west, I came to the town, Tarvest. It was a modest, cozy place with a bustling market square. Several of the Queen's Roads passed by it in varying directions, so it was a micro hub of commerce and trade. I asked around for a bit and pretty quickly learned that the appropriately named 'Suckled Teat' was the tavern I was looking for. I did not have to wonder whether I was headed to the right place.

I found it easily enough, nestled a couple streets back from the main market square. It was about mid-afternoon and was quiet when I arrived, the lunch rush having presumably passed. I walked up to the bar and clambered up onto the stool with all the grace of a cross-eyed climbing goat. Once I had smoothly untangled my bag and broom from the stool I sat and grinned at the man at the bar.

He was tall and somewhat slender with a mop of blonde hair. He walked over and we chatted for a while. Eventually he asked me why I was in town and I told him truthfully that I'd heard of a special drink that they were serving here, and he nodded and pointed to the specials board above the bar, which had the Maiden's Milk highlighted in large chalk letters as the main event.

I asked for a mug, but he told me it was a drink they generally only served in the evenings as it had to be 'fresh'. He didn't elaborate but I flashed my doe eyes at him and flicked my wand under the table to cast a very mild spell of endearment. He conceded and told me to give him a minute. The swinging door to the kitchen swung open at his push and he slipped out back.

Through the door I heard some murmuring between him and a female voice, followed by a giggle and some more murmuring. Then I heard what sounded like the gentle ringing of a bell, and... moaning? No... mooing?

After a couple minutes the man, who had introduced himself as Denel, came back out with a mug of white liquid. He planted it in front of me with a wink and then went back to cleaning his various glasses and tools.

I took a moment to cast what one of my Masters had referred to as a 'my eyes are down here' spell. When active, people who look at you will generally find themselves staring at your chest or ass, to the point that they don't even process what you're doing. Now in my... default state, for lack of a better word, I don't have much of a chest or ass to speak of, but that doesn't make a difference to the magic.

I pulled up my bag and set to work pulling out tools and experimenting on the liquid. From a simple sniff I knew it was breast milk - god knows I'd seen, smelled and tasted enough of the stuff at the academy. My goal was to figure out what about it was so special, and why word of it had spread so far. My tests found nothing, and I would later conclude that Lucille's breast milk was just really fucking good.

Denel glanced at me a few times, completely missing the fact that I was testing my mug with a hastily set up mini-lab, and just stared at my chest each time instead. Eventually I shrugged, put away my tools and dropped the spell. I hadn't found anything out of the ordinary with the milk, and certainly nothing malicious.

I downed it quickly, finding myself drawn back for more mouthfuls after the first sip. It was *good* milk, and I know milk. At the academy breast milk competitions are our version of pie baking competitions. Students and Masters alike bloated and modified themselves with all manner of magic to try and produce the best milk possible, and I'd sweet talked my way onto the judges table more than once. Okay, it might be a bit of a kink of mine, I admit. Still, this milk was some of the best I'd ever had.

It wasn't long after I'd finished it when a woman came out from the back. She was tall and slender with silky brown hair. I thought she must be the source of the milk, but she seemed to be as flat-chested as I was. She introduced herself as Lucille, Denel's wife and co-owner of the tavern and inn.

We chatted for a while, during which time I booked a room upstairs, and eventually got onto the topic of the milk. Lucille seemed hesitant to give much away, and it was only with much convincing (and telling her the entire story of who I was, what I was doing, and suggesting repeatedly that a chapter in my book would be good for business) did she agree to show me where it came from.

I excused myself after a while and made my way up to my room for the night to wash and start making notes. It's entirely possible that I also passed the time summoning and... 'relaxing' with a certain well hung futa succubus I knew, but that's just conjecture.

Eventually it was approaching evening. The tavern was closed for the afternoon and would be opening again in an hour or so, but Lucille had told me to come down and let myself into the kitchen. As I left the stairs and walked through the empty tavern, I could hear the moaning again, and the ringing of what sounded like a cow bell. As I got closer to the door I realised the moaning was closer to mooing.

I slowly pushed open the door and my jaw dropped. Lucille was leant over a table, her... hmm. Okay, let me explain this properly. The woman I saw in front of me was Lucille, though it took me a moment to realise this. She was completely naked save for a cow bell tied around her neck with a black leather strap. Her body was... well, the reason I didn't recognise her at first.

She was unbelievably curvy, with thick thighs and hips as wide as my outstretched arms. They led into a narrow waist, barely changed from the waist of the slender Lucille I'd met earlier. The tits that hung down from her chest were enormous, easily triple the size of the average pumpkin.

Denel sat underneath the table in front of Lucille, squeezing her nipples. Each squeeze caused a torrent of milk to spray from that teat into a waiting bucket. I glanced to the side to see several of the large buckets had already been filled to the brim.

Lucille looked up at me and smiled through the expression of pleasure that covered her. It was then I noticed the soft black & white ears protruding from the sides of her head, and the tail swishing around in the air behind her.

She greeted me surprisingly casually, though her sentences were punctuated by pleasure-filled moos. She explained to me that they were nearly done, and I didn't need much convincing to take a seat and watched as Denel filled the last buckets with her milk. He climbed from under the table and stretched, then began pouring the milk buckets into a waiting barrel. The barrel had a tap affixed to the bottom for filling drinks, I noticed.

Lucille stood and stretched and I took in her hyper-curved figure. Her fist-sized nipples still dripped milk as she wrapped herself in a robe and then pulled up a chair by me. It creaked under her weight but held fast.

I asked her if she was a cowgirl, as I'd met and, ahem... 'studied' with several in my time at the academy. If she was, how come she was so slender before? Was she a shapeshifter, or was it a curse? Was she a cowgirl at sunset only?

Lucille laughed and hushed my barrage of questions. Then she reached up and unclasped the strap of the little bell she wore around her neck. My eyes widened as she took it off and her body seemed to deflate back down to its original proportions.

She explained to me that no, she was entirely human, though her height and slenderness made her suspect there was an Elvish great-grandparent somewhere. The transformation came from the bell, which was a family heirloom. She explained that it had been passed down through her family for generations, and a lineage of women had made their way in the world by selling milk.

After much convincing, promising and doe-eyeing, Lucille let me inspect the bell. Let me tell you, that thing was a masterpiece of erotic transformation magic. Master Lianna at the academy would have creamed herself if she'd seen it. And no, that wasn't a gross sexual innuendo, she was a slime woman who tended to 'gush' when overexcited.

The bell itself was pretty typical, but it was lined with little engraved runes. They were a mishmash of layered spells and enchantments designed to give the wearer all sorts of effects and transformations in just the right amounts.

I noticed there was no accounting for the size of the wearer, meaning that anyone who put it on would create the same amount of milk and grow to the same proportions. I mentioned it to Lucille and she laughed, telling me she let a female goblin friend of hers try it on after a long night of drinking once, and the poor girl had ended up more boob & ass than person. Well, I say poor girl... I'd be lying if I said anyone at the academy didn't find themselves in that position on at least a bi-monthly basis.

I nodded, biting my lip, and after much more convincing, doe-eyeing and begging (another skill I think I'm quite good at) Lucille agreed to let me copy down the runes etched around the bell. I did so quickly, thanking her profusely. If they were found to be real and effective (and not dangerous), then the Academy would pay Lucille and her husband a generous sum to use the runes to make & sell their own bells. This was the main thing that convinced Lucille to let me take a copy, I think. That, and I'd agreed to do one other thing...

So, it turns out that after years of magically bloating into a cowgirl to be milked night after night, things get a little tedious. Lucille explained this to me as she pitched me the other half of her deal.

I stayed at the Suckled Teat for a full month, my room free of charge. Every afternoon, an hour before the tavern opened for the evening, I would make my way down to the kitchen. I would undress and then slip a little bell around my neck.

I would revel in the sensations as my body swelled. My thighs would thicken and my petite hips would widen until they were several times the width of my torso. My breasts would swell and bloat beneath my fingers until they dominated my torso. Some nights I'd end up immobilised on top of them, thanks to an extra bell of my own making tied around my wrist. Denel and Lucille would milk me and the whole street would hear my mooing, though nobody complained.

Eventually, unfortunately for me, each afternoon I would have filled every bucket in the tavern. I'd take the bells off and shrink back to normal. Then I would spend the evening flirting my way around the tavern, quizzing people on whatever erotic magic they could tell me about. They never knew that the boobs of the petite red-headed witch opposite them were the ones that had produced the milk they were drinking, but I knew. I'd always get a little rush when they went for seconds, and thirds, and every now and then I'd take a cute patron up to my room for a drink straight from the tap.

Eventually it was time to move on from the town. Places to be, bodies to see, and so forth. If you're reading this book, the Academy likely already has bells like Lucille's you can purchase. Of course, you can't sell the milk you make - that clause from Lucille was clear. But letting a partner have a drink from the tap? Trust me, it feels amoozing. Ha.