

Elathia

Part 1 & 2



Breast expansion
Lip expansion
Feet modification
Enhanced privates
Enhanced sensitivity
Domination



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INTRODUCTION

Elathia was born and raised in a beautiful forest town of Aledine. Since her earliest childhood she knew that settlement in one place is not for her. She always yearned to taste true adventure. When she reached adulthood and became independent of her guardians, she decided to set out on a journey. The world is a dangerous place, and the young elf quickly learned it the hard way, for her greatest adventure started a month after she had left her home town

In the Neverhope wood she came upon the ruins of an old fortress. Carelessly, she decided to explore them. It turned out that they were a hideout of two dark elven sorceresses. They ambushed her and locked her in a cage.

Terrified and angry at her carelessness, she wondered what fate awaits her. Wood elves and dark elves were never fond of each other. At home Elathia often heard stories of their dark cousins who abused sorcery to indulge their hedonist desires.





The sorceresses like to experiment with the weirdest magic. When a hated wood elf fell into their hands, they immediately came up with an idea for new devious experiments. From an underground library they took a long forgotten tome "Azina at El-rethea". By an anonymous master of demonology and perverse erotic magic.

Following the instructions from the book, they prepared a concoction, which upon its consumption would make the victim vulnerable to devious magic of pleasure demons.



PART 1

Sorceresses, Lhinnel and Triweth were browsing through the pages of the dark book with fascination, bursting with an ominous laughter every now and then. Elathia, cowered in the corner of her cage was trying to overhear snippets of their conversation.

“Look, thanks to this spell our little female elf would become completely helpless.” Triweth said, pointing at one of the pages. Her voice was filled with disturbing excitement.

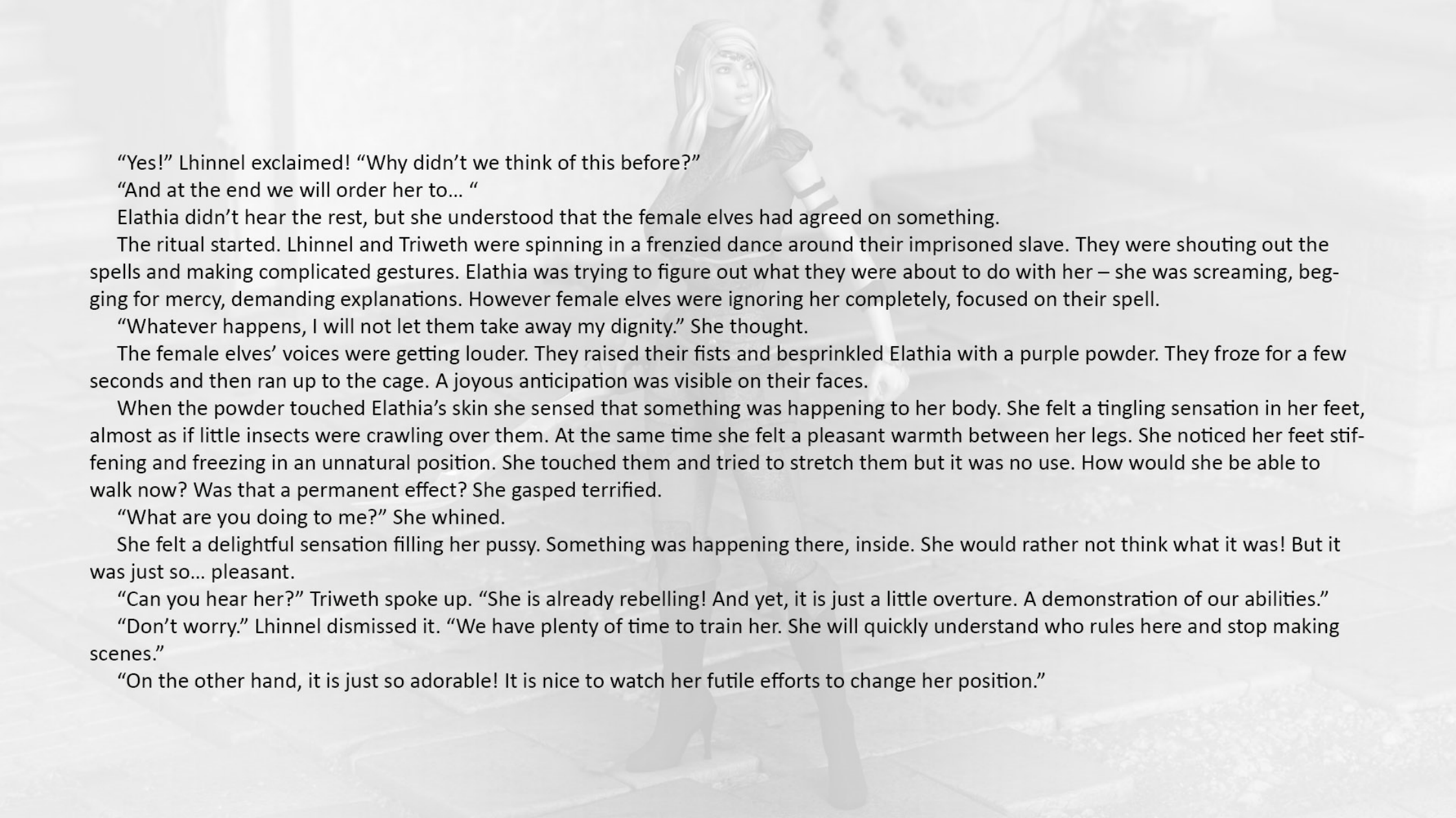
“Hmm... tempting, indeed.” Lhinnel agreed. “But, wouldn’t it be better to use the magic powder on this? It changes the look completely and increases sensitivity...”

The discussion had been going on for a very long and was making Elathia more and more concerned.

The female elves wanted to modify her body so that it would satisfy even the filthiest erotic fantasies. Their sick imagination was suggesting more and more freakish scenarios.



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“Yes!” Lhinnel exclaimed! “Why didn’t we think of this before?”

“And at the end we will order her to... “

Elathia didn’t hear the rest, but she understood that the female elves had agreed on something.

The ritual started. Lhinnel and Triweth were spinning in a frenzied dance around their imprisoned slave. They were shouting out the spells and making complicated gestures. Elathia was trying to figure out what they were about to do with her – she was screaming, begging for mercy, demanding explanations. However female elves were ignoring her completely, focused on their spell.

“Whatever happens, I will not let them take away my dignity.” She thought.

The female elves’ voices were getting louder. They raised their fists and besprinkled Elathia with a purple powder. They froze for a few seconds and then ran up to the cage. A joyous anticipation was visible on their faces.

When the powder touched Elathia’s skin she sensed that something was happening to her body. She felt a tingling sensation in her feet, almost as if little insects were crawling over them. At the same time she felt a pleasant warmth between her legs. She noticed her feet stiffening and freezing in an unnatural position. She touched them and tried to stretch them but it was no use. How would she be able to walk now? Was that a permanent effect? She gasped terrified.

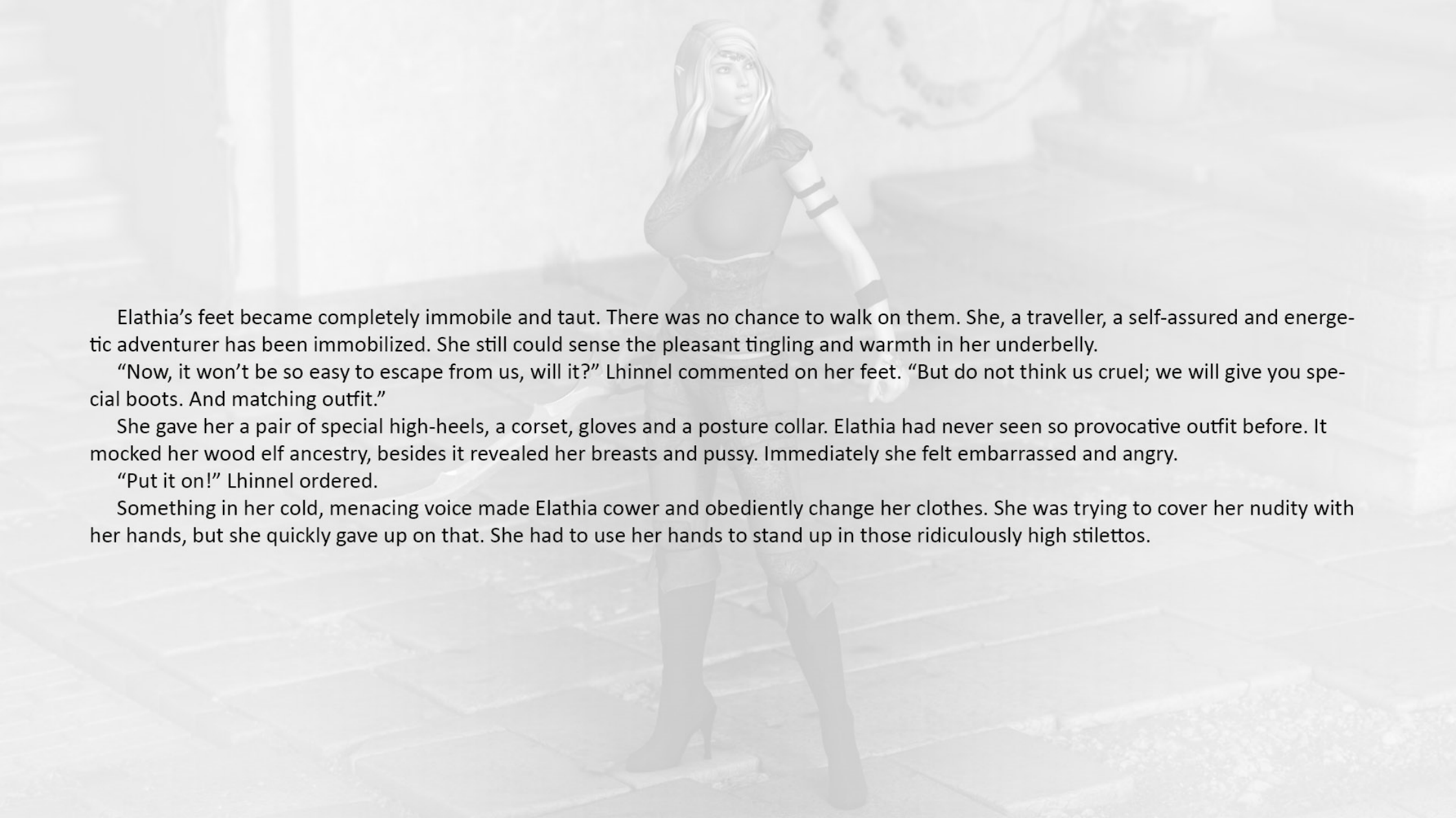
“What are you doing to me?” She whined.

She felt a delightful sensation filling her pussy. Something was happening there, inside. She would rather not think what it was! But it was just so... pleasant.

“Can you hear her?” Triweth spoke up. “She is already rebelling! And yet, it is just a little overture. A demonstration of our abilities.”

“Don’t worry.” Lhinnel dismissed it. “We have plenty of time to train her. She will quickly understand who rules here and stop making scenes.”

“On the other hand, it is just so adorable! It is nice to watch her futile efforts to change her position.”



Elathia's feet became completely immobile and taut. There was no chance to walk on them. She, a traveller, a self-assured and energetic adventurer has been immobilized. She still could sense the pleasant tingling and warmth in her underbelly.

"Now, it won't be so easy to escape from us, will it?" Lhinnel commented on her feet. "But do not think us cruel; we will give you special boots. And matching outfit."

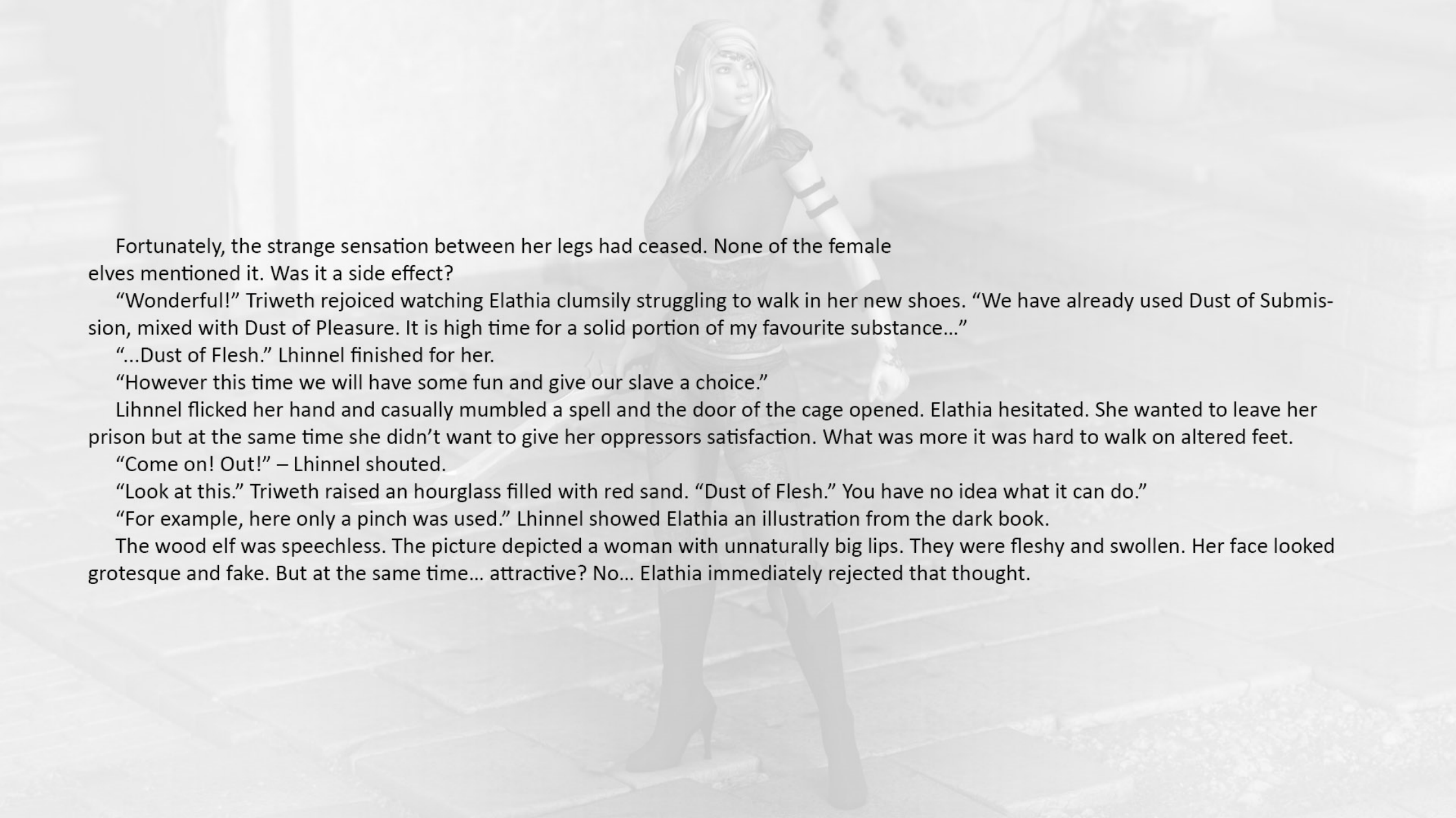
She gave her a pair of special high-heels, a corset, gloves and a posture collar. Elathia had never seen so provocative outfit before. It mocked her wood elf ancestry, besides it revealed her breasts and pussy. Immediately she felt embarrassed and angry.

"Put it on!" Lhinnel ordered.

Something in her cold, menacing voice made Elathia cower and obediently change her clothes. She was trying to cover her nudity with her hands, but she quickly gave up on that. She had to use her hands to stand up in those ridiculously high stilettos.



She took a few clumsy steps, holding the bars of her cage. She was walking slowly, in small, careful steps. It was so difficult to maintain balance in those bizarre high-heels! The sound they made echoed from the naked walls. She could only hope that the change was not permanent... Otherwise, walking would be a torment, and escape from the dungeon would become completely impossible.



Fortunately, the strange sensation between her legs had ceased. None of the female elves mentioned it. Was it a side effect?

“Wonderful!” Triweth rejoiced watching Elathia clumsily struggling to walk in her new shoes. “We have already used Dust of Submission, mixed with Dust of Pleasure. It is high time for a solid portion of my favourite substance...”

“...Dust of Flesh.” Lhinnel finished for her.

“However this time we will have some fun and give our slave a choice.”

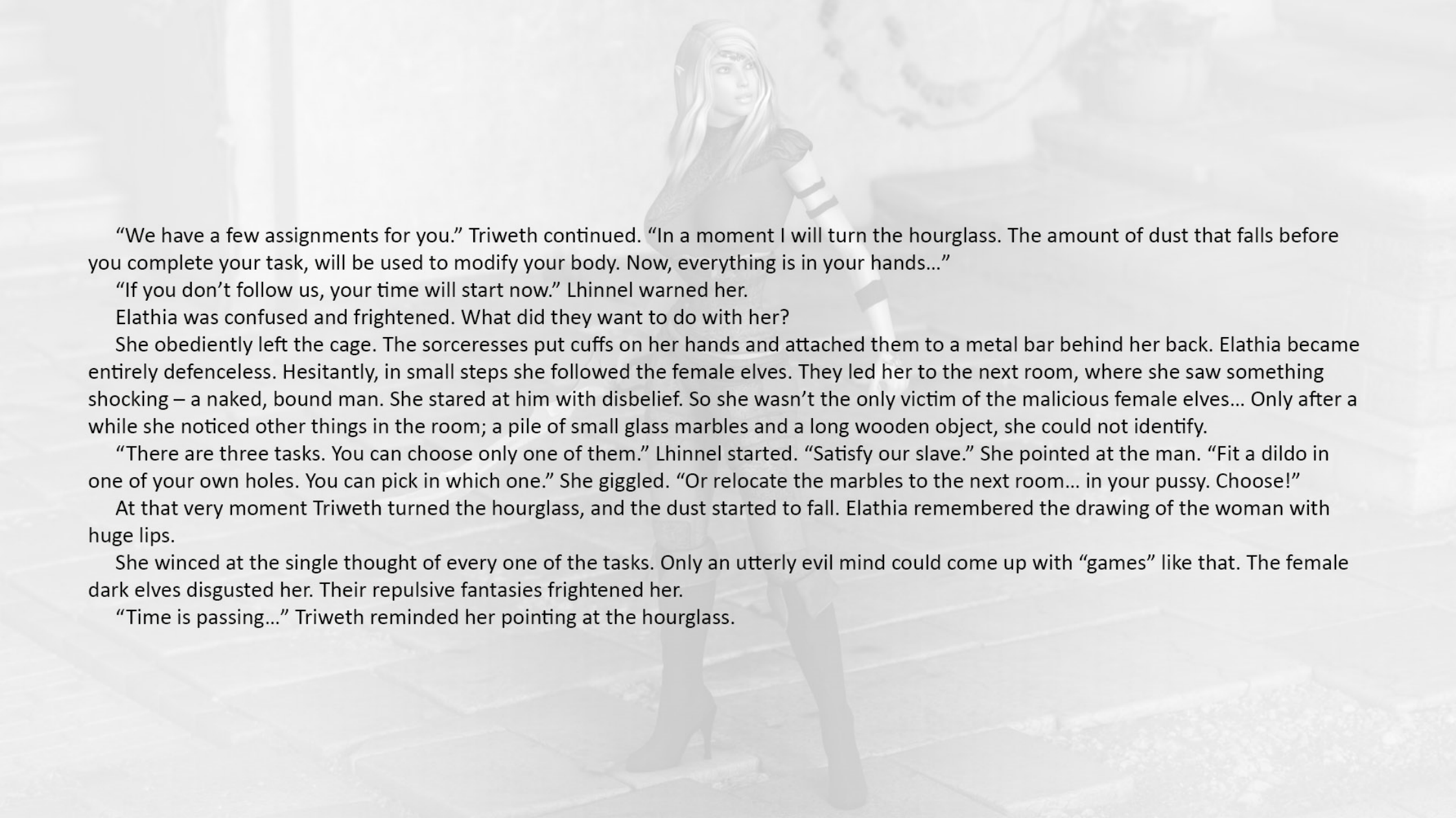
Lhinnel flicked her hand and casually mumbled a spell and the door of the cage opened. Elathia hesitated. She wanted to leave her prison but at the same time she didn’t want to give her oppressors satisfaction. What was more it was hard to walk on altered feet.

“Come on! Out!” – Lhinnel shouted.

“Look at this.” Triweth raised an hourglass filled with red sand. “Dust of Flesh.” You have no idea what it can do.”

“For example, here only a pinch was used.” Lhinnel showed Elathia an illustration from the dark book.

The wood elf was speechless. The picture depicted a woman with unnaturally big lips. They were fleshy and swollen. Her face looked grotesque and fake. But at the same time... attractive? No... Elathia immediately rejected that thought.



“We have a few assignments for you.” Triweth continued. “In a moment I will turn the hourglass. The amount of dust that falls before you complete your task, will be used to modify your body. Now, everything is in your hands...”

“If you don’t follow us, your time will start now.” Lhinnel warned her.

Elathia was confused and frightened. What did they want to do with her?

She obediently left the cage. The sorceresses put cuffs on her hands and attached them to a metal bar behind her back. Elathia became entirely defenceless. Hesitantly, in small steps she followed the female elves. They led her to the next room, where she saw something shocking – a naked, bound man. She stared at him with disbelief. So she wasn’t the only victim of the malicious female elves... Only after a while she noticed other things in the room; a pile of small glass marbles and a long wooden object, she could not identify.

“There are three tasks. You can choose only one of them.” Lhinnel started. “Satisfy our slave.” She pointed at the man. “Fit a dildo in one of your own holes. You can pick in which one.” She giggled. “Or relocate the marbles to the next room... in your pussy. Choose!”

At that very moment Triweth turned the hourglass, and the dust started to fall. Elathia remembered the drawing of the woman with huge lips.

She winced at the single thought of every one of the tasks. Only an utterly evil mind could come up with “games” like that. The female dark elves disgusted her. Their repulsive fantasies frightened her.

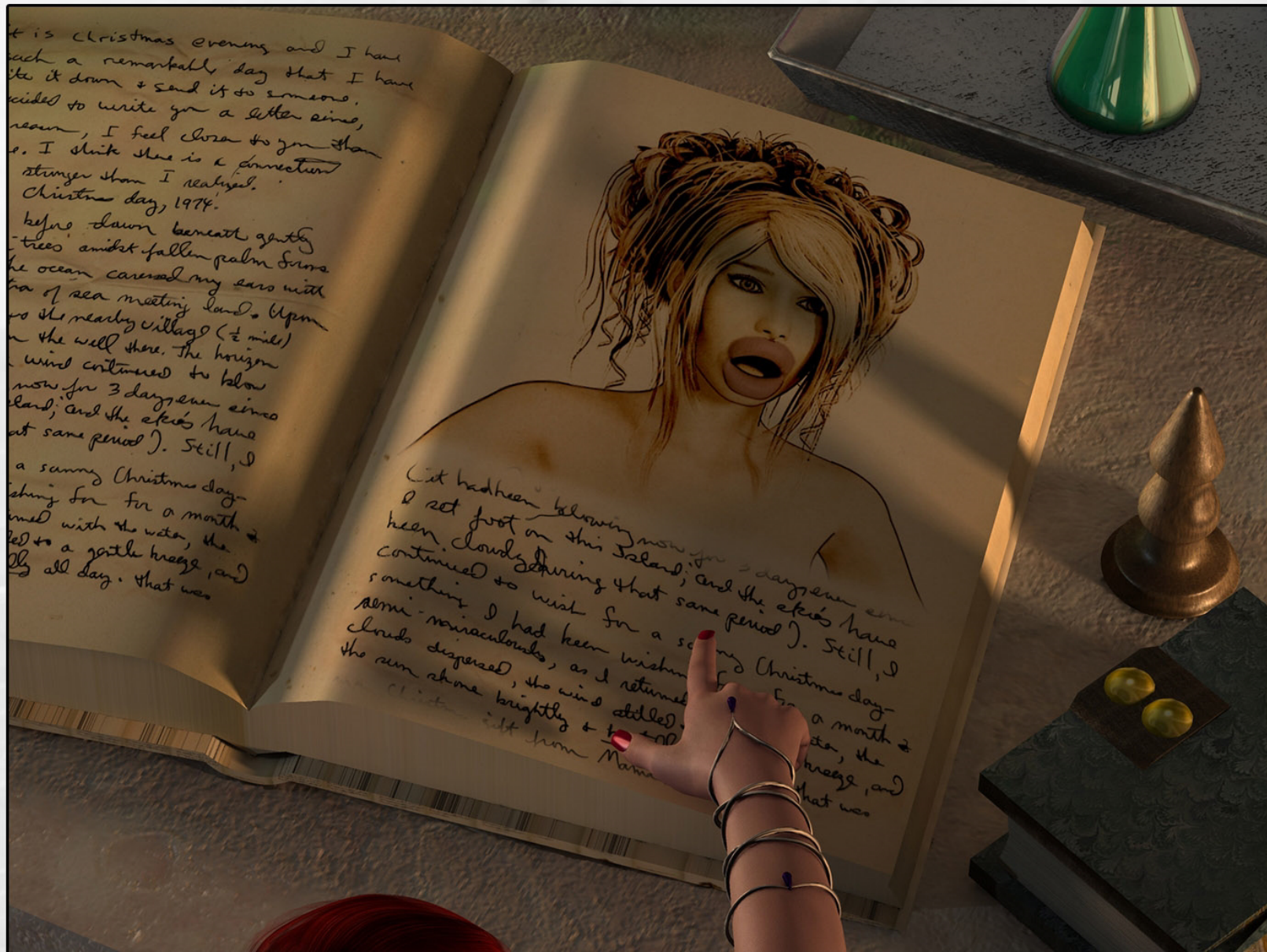
“Time is passing...” Triweth reminded her pointing at the hourglass.

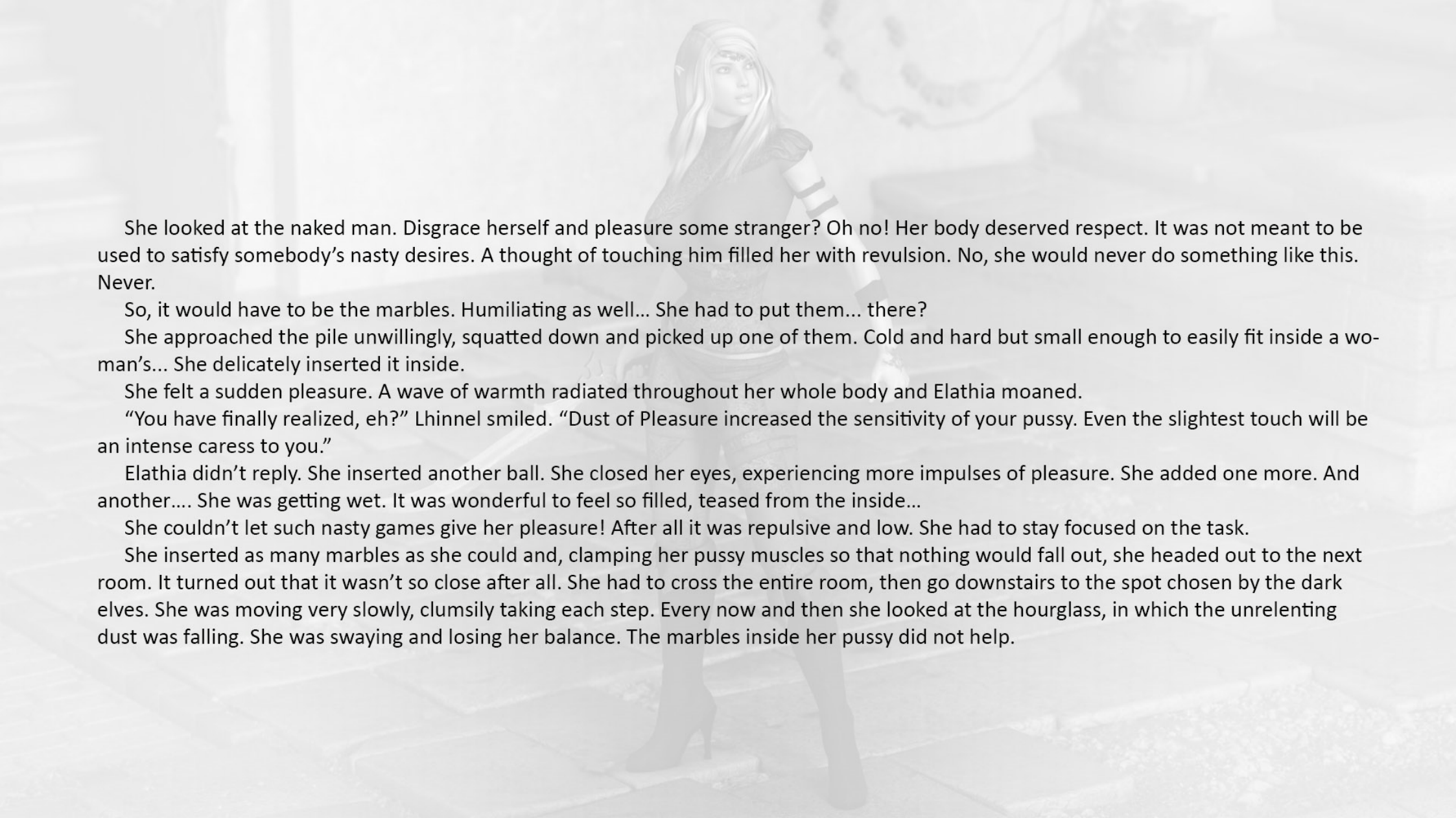


Elathia sighed heavily. What to choose? Slowly, staggering, she walked over to the wooden toy. She had to put it in one of her holes? Was it even possible to fit it there...? She would have to stretch her chosen hole to an incredible size. No... She didn't have any chance to go through with it. Not to mention how humiliating it would be.

“Look.” Lhinnel walked over to her and showed her another picture from the book. “A few more minutes and we will reach that level.” She said.

The drawing presented a woman with exceptionally large buttocks. Her bottom formed two ideally round mounds, prominent below her waist. Elathia couldn't imagine her flat, slim buttocks changing into something like that!





She looked at the naked man. Disgrace herself and pleasure some stranger? Oh no! Her body deserved respect. It was not meant to be used to satisfy somebody's nasty desires. A thought of touching him filled her with revulsion. No, she would never do something like this. Never.

So, it would have to be the marbles. Humiliating as well... She had to put them... there?

She approached the pile unwillingly, squatted down and picked up one of them. Cold and hard but small enough to easily fit inside a woman's... She delicately inserted it inside.

She felt a sudden pleasure. A wave of warmth radiated throughout her whole body and Elathia moaned.

"You have finally realized, eh?" Lhinnel smiled. "Dust of Pleasure increased the sensitivity of your pussy. Even the slightest touch will be an intense caress to you."

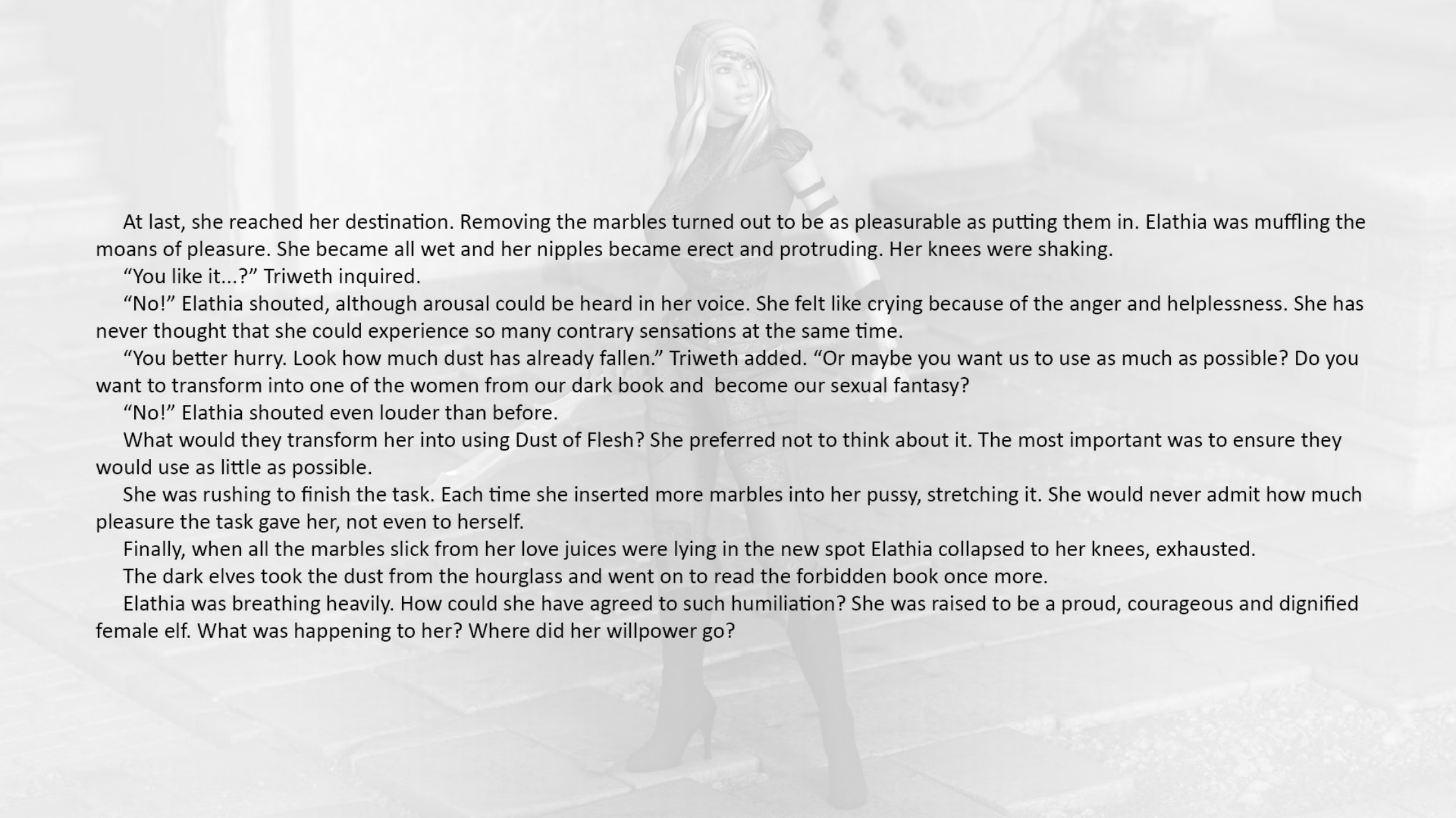
Elathia didn't reply. She inserted another ball. She closed her eyes, experiencing more impulses of pleasure. She added one more. And another.... She was getting wet. It was wonderful to feel so filled, teased from the inside...

She couldn't let such nasty games give her pleasure! After all it was repulsive and low. She had to stay focused on the task.

She inserted as many marbles as she could and, clamping her pussy muscles so that nothing would fall out, she headed out to the next room. It turned out that it wasn't so close after all. She had to cross the entire room, then go downstairs to the spot chosen by the dark elves. She was moving very slowly, clumsily taking each step. Every now and then she looked at the hourglass, in which the unrelenting dust was falling. She was swaying and losing her balance. The marbles inside her pussy did not help.



She was suppressing the growing pleasure. She kept reproaching herself for enjoying the task. But she just couldn't help it. The inside of her pussy, made more sensitive by erotic magic was providing her with wonderful sensations.



At last, she reached her destination. Removing the marbles turned out to be as pleasurable as putting them in. Elathia was muffling the moans of pleasure. She became all wet and her nipples became erect and protruding. Her knees were shaking.

“You like it...?” Triweth inquired.

“No!” Elathia shouted, although arousal could be heard in her voice. She felt like crying because of the anger and helplessness. She has never thought that she could experience so many contrary sensations at the same time.

“You better hurry. Look how much dust has already fallen.” Triweth added. “Or maybe you want us to use as much as possible? Do you want to transform into one of the women from our dark book and become our sexual fantasy?”

“No!” Elathia shouted even louder than before.

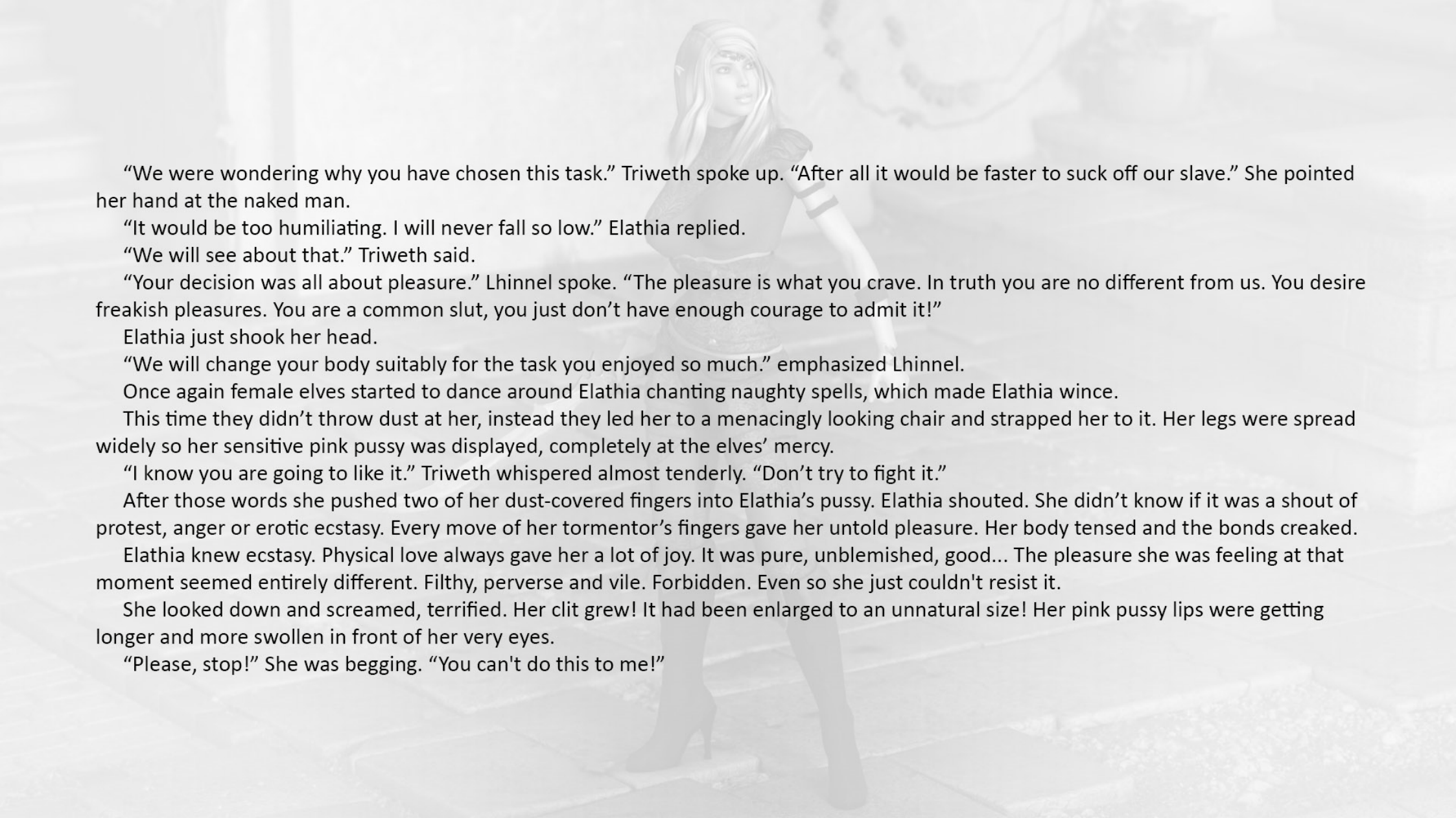
What would they transform her into using Dust of Flesh? She preferred not to think about it. The most important was to ensure they would use as little as possible.

She was rushing to finish the task. Each time she inserted more marbles into her pussy, stretching it. She would never admit how much pleasure the task gave her, not even to herself.

Finally, when all the marbles slick from her love juices were lying in the new spot Elathia collapsed to her knees, exhausted.

The dark elves took the dust from the hourglass and went on to read the forbidden book once more.

Elathia was breathing heavily. How could she have agreed to such humiliation? She was raised to be a proud, courageous and dignified female elf. What was happening to her? Where did her willpower go?



“We were wondering why you have chosen this task.” Triweth spoke up. “After all it would be faster to suck off our slave.” She pointed her hand at the naked man.

“It would be too humiliating. I will never fall so low.” Elathia replied.

“We will see about that.” Triweth said.

“Your decision was all about pleasure.” Lhinnel spoke. “The pleasure is what you crave. In truth you are no different from us. You desire freakish pleasures. You are a common slut, you just don’t have enough courage to admit it!”

Elathia just shook her head.

“We will change your body suitably for the task you enjoyed so much.” emphasized Lhinnel.

Once again female elves started to dance around Elathia chanting naughty spells, which made Elathia wince.

This time they didn’t throw dust at her, instead they led her to a menacingly looking chair and strapped her to it. Her legs were spread widely so her sensitive pink pussy was displayed, completely at the elves’ mercy.

“I know you are going to like it.” Triweth whispered almost tenderly. “Don’t try to fight it.”

After those words she pushed two of her dust-covered fingers into Elathia’s pussy. Elathia shouted. She didn’t know if it was a shout of protest, anger or erotic ecstasy. Every move of her tormentor’s fingers gave her untold pleasure. Her body tensed and the bonds creaked.

Elathia knew ecstasy. Physical love always gave her a lot of joy. It was pure, unblemished, good... The pleasure she was feeling at that moment seemed entirely different. Filthy, perverse and vile. Forbidden. Even so she just couldn't resist it.

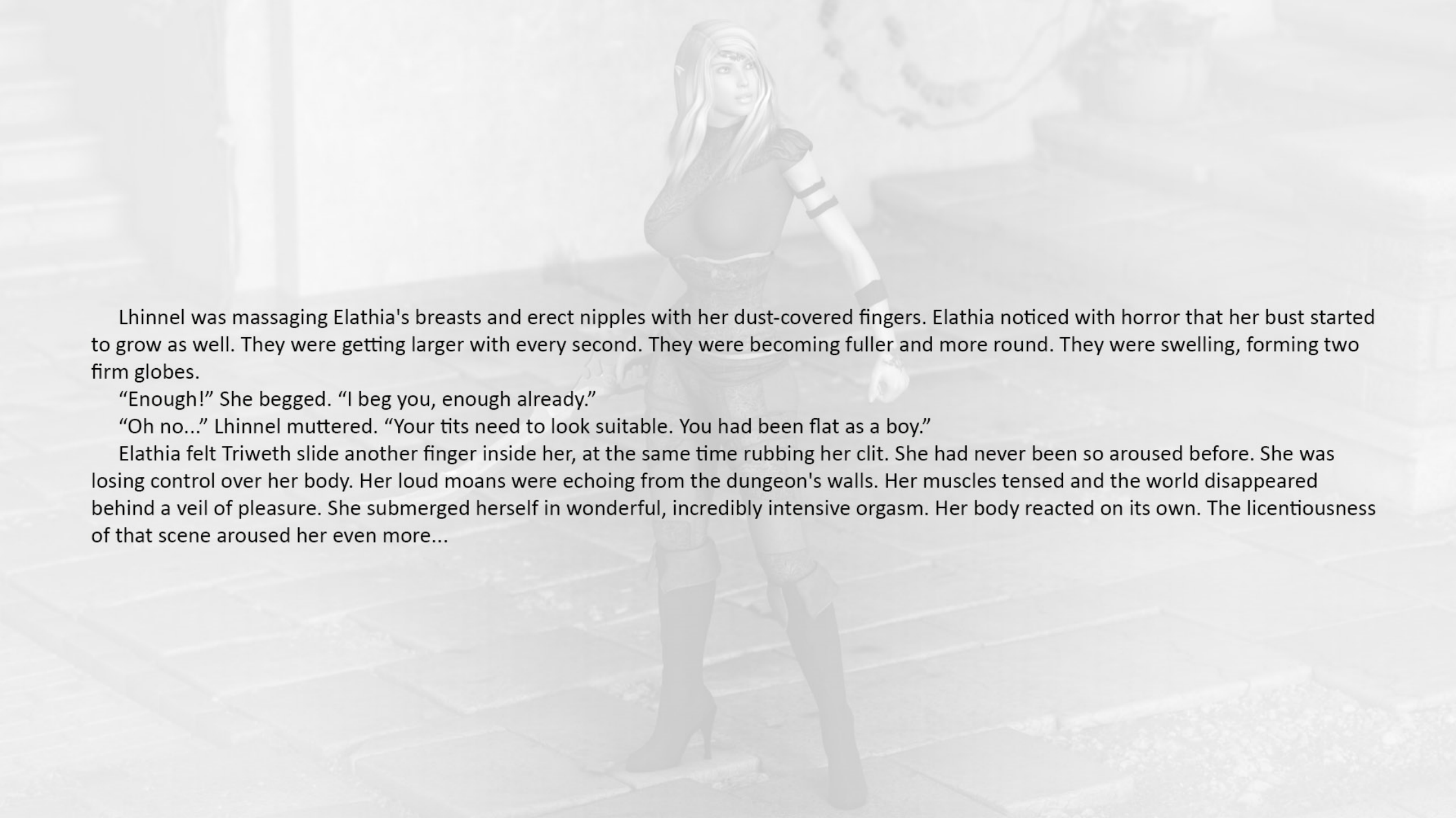
She looked down and screamed, terrified. Her clit grew! It had been enlarged to an unnatural size! Her pink pussy lips were getting longer and more swollen in front of her very eyes.

“Please, stop!” She was begging. “You can't do this to me!”



She was screaming, struggling to break free, but nobody cared. Triweth was pleasuring her inside, forcing her fingers deeper and deeper. Elathia didn't know how they could fit in there. She wasn't that deep after all!

The pleasure was taking hold of her. She had never felt so wonderfully, completely filled.



Lhinnel was massaging Elathia's breasts and erect nipples with her dust-covered fingers. Elathia noticed with horror that her bust started to grow as well. They were getting larger with every second. They were becoming fuller and more round. They were swelling, forming two firm globes.

“Enough!” She begged. “I beg you, enough already.”

“Oh no...” Lhinnel muttered. “Your tits need to look suitable. You had been flat as a boy.”

Elathia felt Triweth slide another finger inside her, at the same time rubbing her clit. She had never been so aroused before. She was losing control over her body. Her loud moans were echoing from the dungeon's walls. Her muscles tensed and the world disappeared behind a veil of pleasure. She submerged herself in wonderful, incredibly intensive orgasm. Her body reacted on its own. The licentiousness of that scene aroused her even more...

“Yes, just like that” Li-hinnel said content.

“There is no point in resisting your nature. I knew, that such a whore like you would enjoy our game. I am sure that your growing breasts and pussy are turning you on...”





When she came back to her senses, she felt both terror and disgust. What had they done to her body? Her boobs had grown to gigantic sizes. She could feel their weight on her chest. They obstructed her vision. She could barely see what had been done to her pussy. Actually, she'd rather not see it... It had become obscenely big, its lips and clit were prominent, jutting out a few centimetres. Dust of Flesh... And the other thing were her feet, that could only fit in specially profiled shoes...

Elathia whined, resigned. She should have picked a different task. One, that would have taken less time! She lost her dignity anyway. She could have saved her body instead.

However, the memory of the marbles inside her sent an impulse of pleasure through her pussy. Elathia winced with revulsion. What had they turned her into?!



PART 2

Elathia could not get used to her new body. She had always been proud of her slim silhouette and natural beauty; her agility and swiftness of movements. It was the thing of the past. Her feet were only good for incredibly high heels, which made walking a nightmare. Her large breasts were heavy and swayed to the sides with every step, and her enlarged pussy looked vulgar. She'd rather not look at it.

Escape seemed less and less possible. And even if she managed to escape... how would her friends and family react? How would she live on?

When the sorceresses opened the cage and told her to go to the next room, her senses sharpened immediately. Maybe it was her chance to run away? On the other hand she was terrified. She didn't want to think what they'd do to her this time.

In the room, on a dais there was a large dildo. Elathia winced with disgust. Some foul games again...

"The task is very simple" said Lhinnel, getting straight to the point. "You have to satisfy it."

"With your tits" added Triweth.

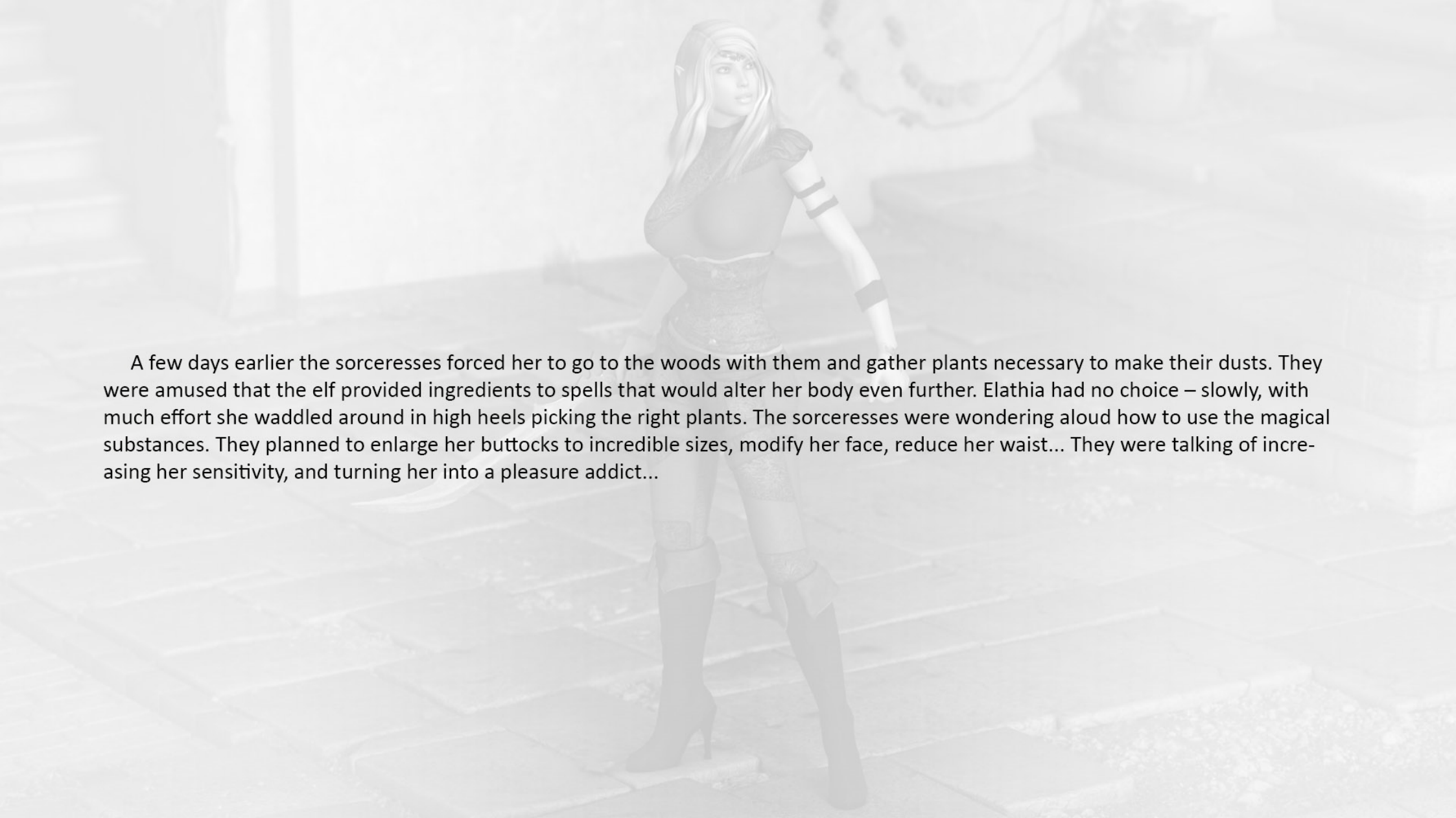
"We know from experience you will resist" continued Lhinnel. "Maybe this will change your mind."

She showed Elathia a flask of powder and put some of it on her gloved hand. The elf moved away abruptly and nearly tripped and fell. The sorceresses laughed maliciously.



“Thanks to your help we gathered a lot of ingredients” said Lhinnel. “Now we have enough dust to turn you into a slave of your own body. You know what will happen if I rub this on your tits, don’t you?”

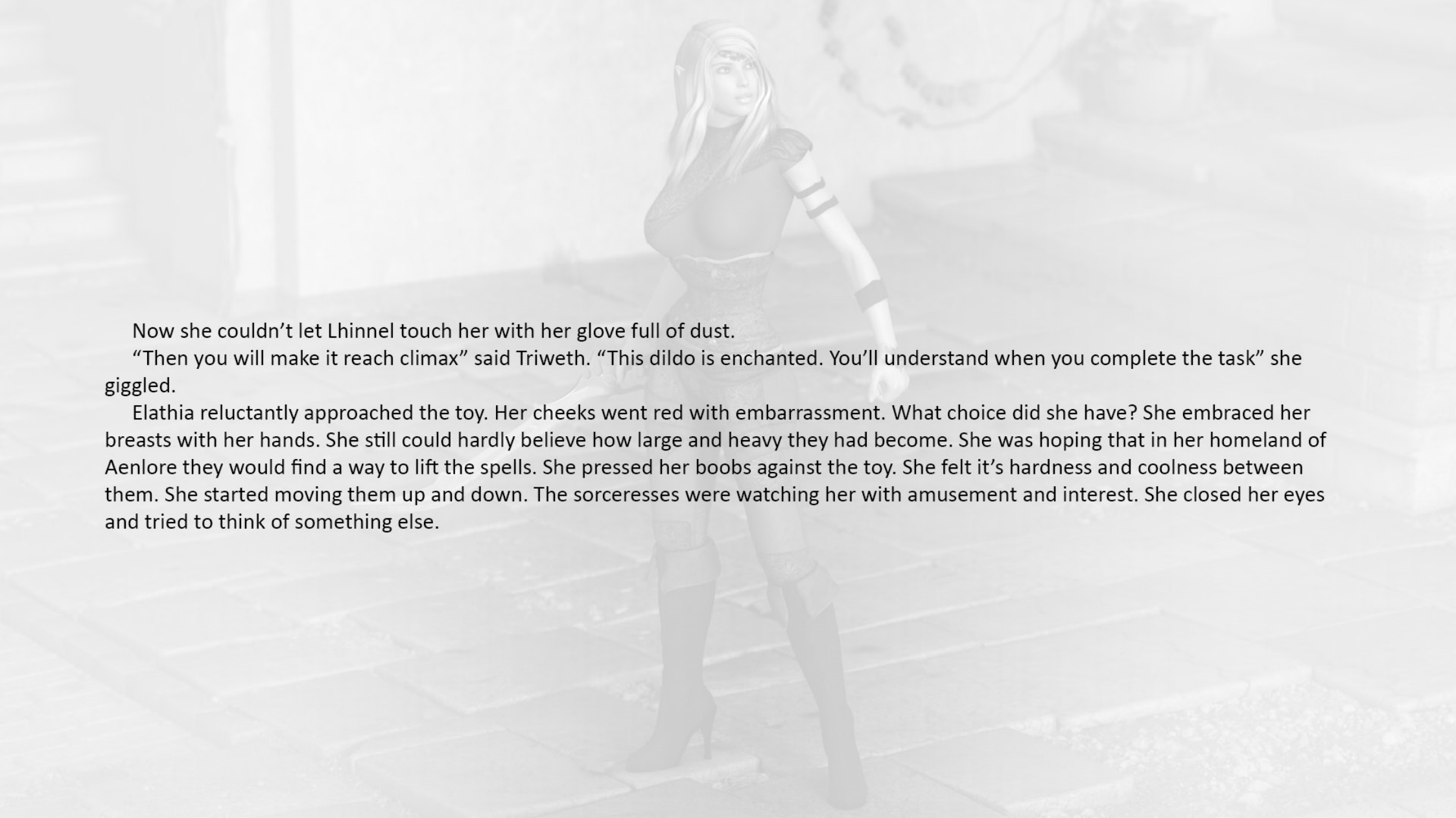
“No, please...” begged Elathia, hating herself for her powerlessness.



A few days earlier the sorceresses forced her to go to the woods with them and gather plants necessary to make their dusts. They were amused that the elf provided ingredients to spells that would alter her body even further. Elathia had no choice – slowly, with much effort she waddled around in high heels picking the right plants. The sorceresses were wondering aloud how to use the magical substances. They planned to enlarge her buttocks to incredible sizes, modify her face, reduce her waist... They were talking of increasing her sensitivity, and turning her into a pleasure addict...

Elathia shuddered at the mere mention of those changes. Fortunately they were unable to break her, turn her into a mindless sex-slave. Even if they modified her body, her mind would remain unaltered. She was plotting her revenge while picking herbs.





Now she couldn't let Lhinnel touch her with her glove full of dust.

"Then you will make it reach climax" said Triweth. "This dildo is enchanted. You'll understand when you complete the task" she giggled.

Elathia reluctantly approached the toy. Her cheeks went red with embarrassment. What choice did she have? She embraced her breasts with her hands. She still could hardly believe how large and heavy they had become. She was hoping that in her homeland of Aenlore they would find a way to lift the spells. She pressed her boobs against the toy. She felt it's hardness and coolness between them. She started moving them up and down. The sorceresses were watching her with amusement and interest. She closed her eyes and tried to think of something else.

After a few moments she felt warmth on her chest. The dildo had started to heat up. She wanted to be done with it as soon as possible so she kept moving faster and faster.

“You’re not doing too well” Commented Triweth smiling diabolically.

“This show is to entertain us, and you are behaving as if someone wanted to hurt you. Put more feeling into it.”

Elathia gave her a hateful look.

“Don’t worry” Lhinnel said to her friend. “It will start working in a moment, then it should become more interesting.”

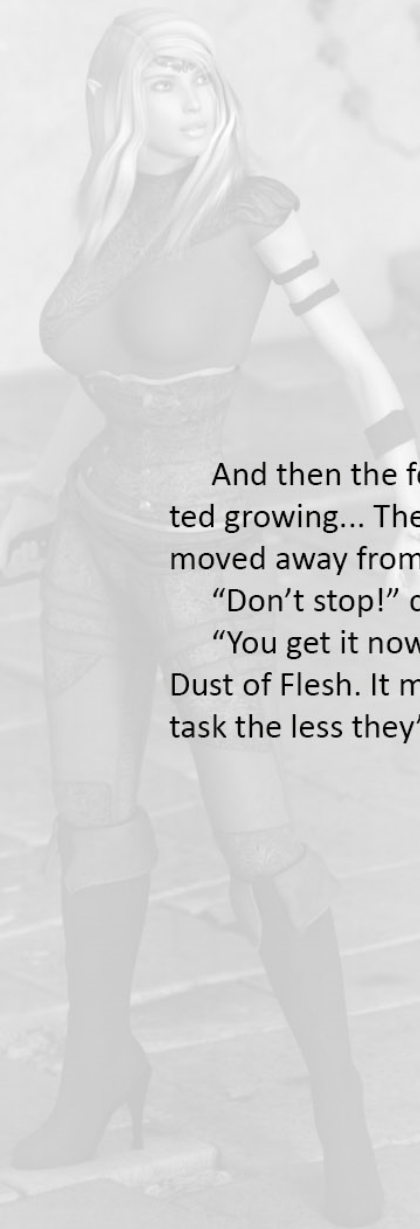


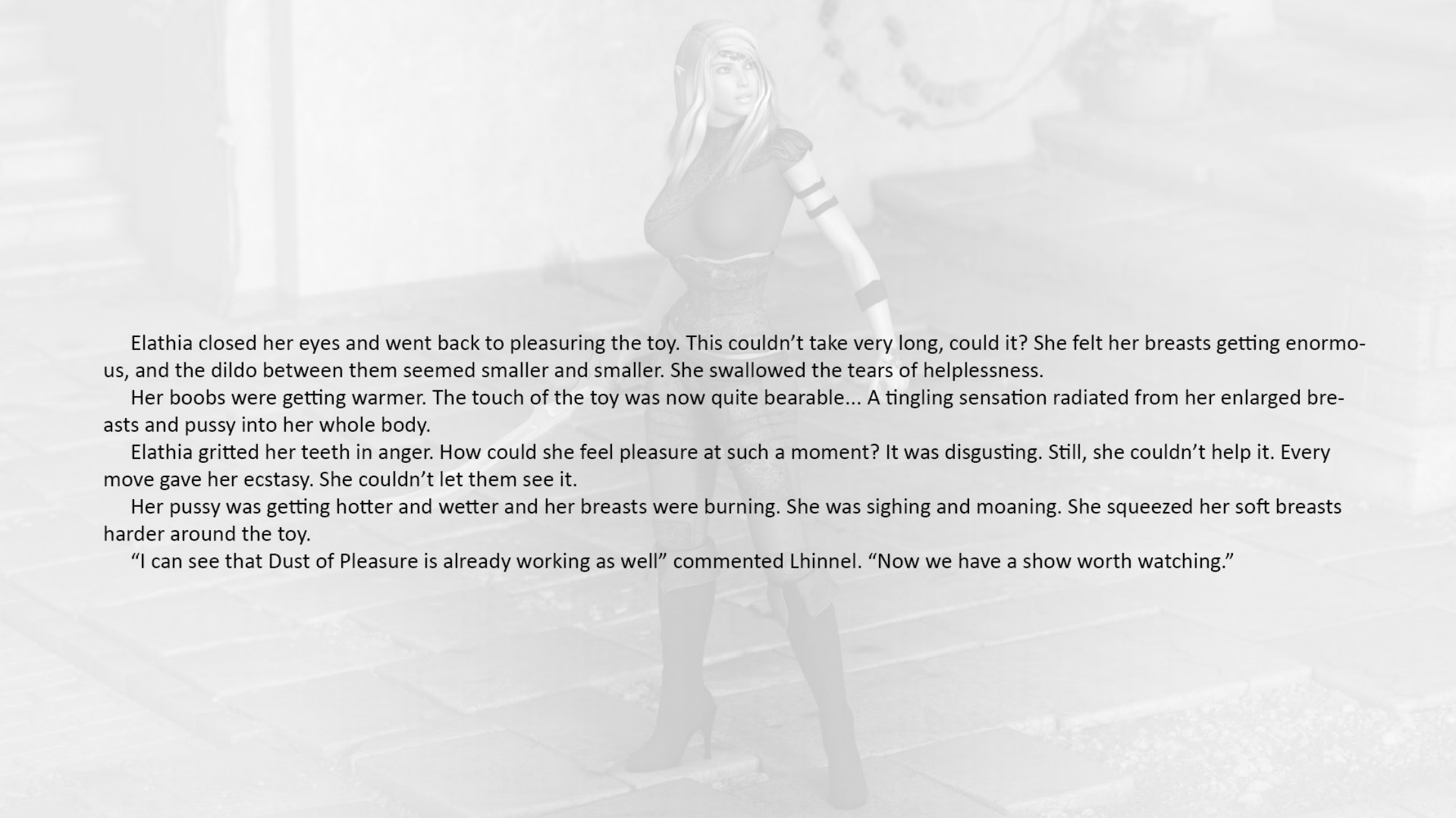


And then the female elf felt it. Her breasts embracing the toy started growing... They were getting larger with every second. She moved away from the dildo terrified.

“Don’t stop!” commanded Lhinnel, gesturing at Elathia.

“You get it now, don’t you?” laughed Triweth. “It’s covered with Dust of Flesh. It makes your tits grow. The faster you complete your task the less they’ll grow.”






Elathia closed her eyes and went back to pleasuring the toy. This couldn't take very long, could it? She felt her breasts getting enormous, and the dildo between them seemed smaller and smaller. She swallowed the tears of helplessness.

Her boobs were getting warmer. The touch of the toy was now quite bearable... A tingling sensation radiated from her enlarged breasts and pussy into her whole body.

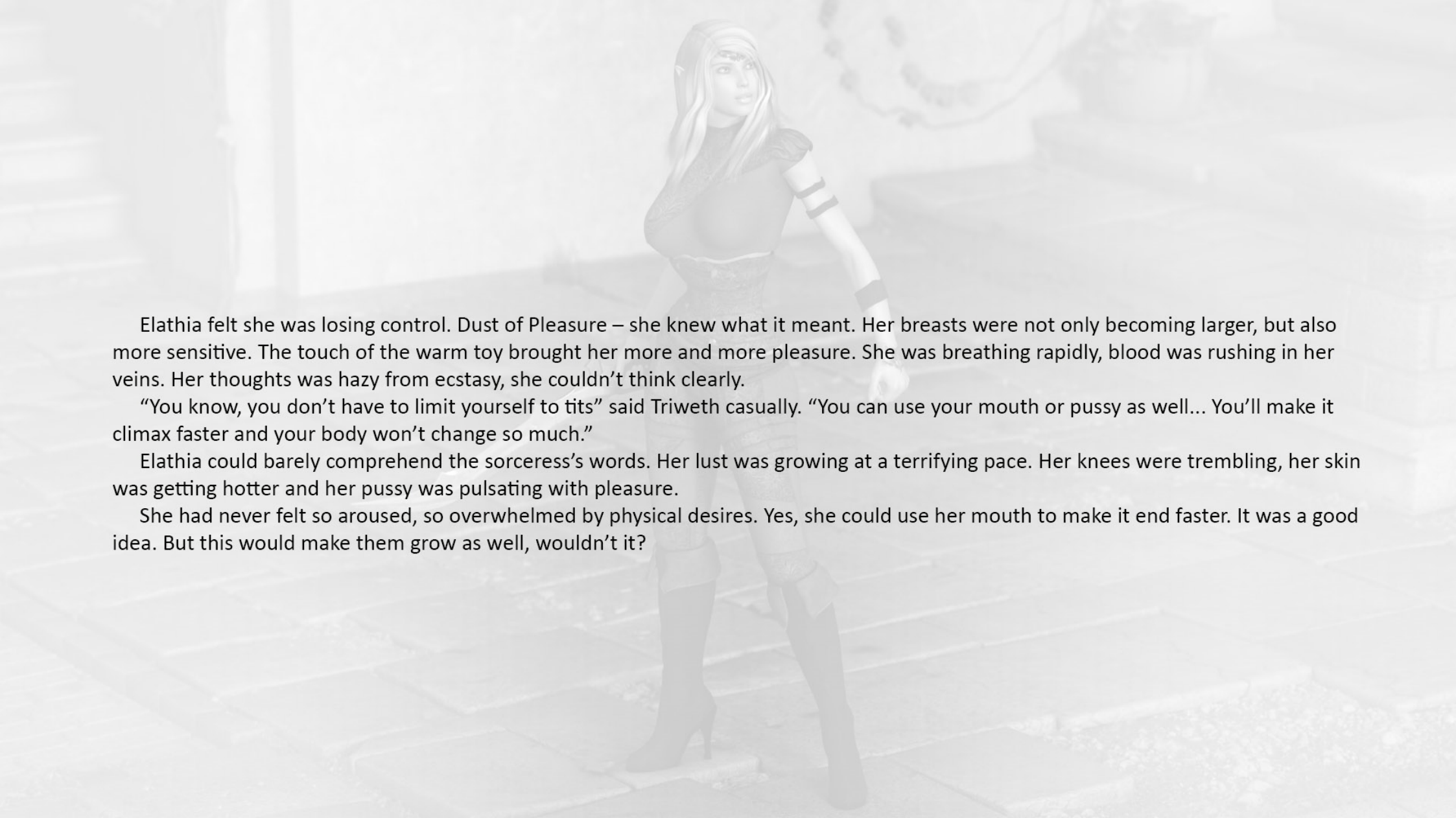
Elathia gritted her teeth in anger. How could she feel pleasure at such a moment? It was disgusting. Still, she couldn't help it. Every move gave her ecstasy. She couldn't let them see it.

Her pussy was getting hotter and wetter and her breasts were burning. She was sighing and moaning. She squeezed her soft breasts harder around the toy.

"I can see that Dust of Pleasure is already working as well" commented Lhinnel. "Now we have a show worth watching."



The sorceresses were glad to see how with the growing pleasure, the elf's lust was slowly winning with her resolve. She was moaning louder and louder fervently pleasuring the dildo. Her face showed pleasure and effort. Her breasts continued to grow, getting larger and fuller with every passing moment.



Elathia felt she was losing control. Dust of Pleasure – she knew what it meant. Her breasts were not only becoming larger, but also more sensitive. The touch of the warm toy brought her more and more pleasure. She was breathing rapidly, blood was rushing in her veins. Her thoughts were hazy from ecstasy, she couldn't think clearly.

“You know, you don't have to limit yourself to tits” said Triweth casually. “You can use your mouth or pussy as well... You'll make it climax faster and your body won't change so much.”

Elathia could barely comprehend the sorceress's words. Her lust was growing at a terrifying pace. Her knees were trembling, her skin was getting hotter and her pussy was pulsating with pleasure.

She had never felt so aroused, so overwhelmed by physical desires. Yes, she could use her mouth to make it end faster. It was a good idea. But this would make them grow as well, wouldn't it?

She embraced the tip of the toy with her lips. She felt another wave of pleasure washing over her mind and body.

And even if she didn't admit it to herself, deep inside she knew she wasn't doing it to finish sooner. She enjoyed it. Perverse game in front of her captors, overwhelming arousal and letting go of all constraints. It aroused her how low she could fall and still draw pleasure from it. She hated herself for feeling like this. She had promised herself she wouldn't let her mind become corrupt...

She felt her lips growing. Ever fuller, they tightly embraced the toy. A wonderful pleasure radiated from them. Her whole body was hot. Her head was empty, no thought could pierce the veil of ecstasy that surrounded her.



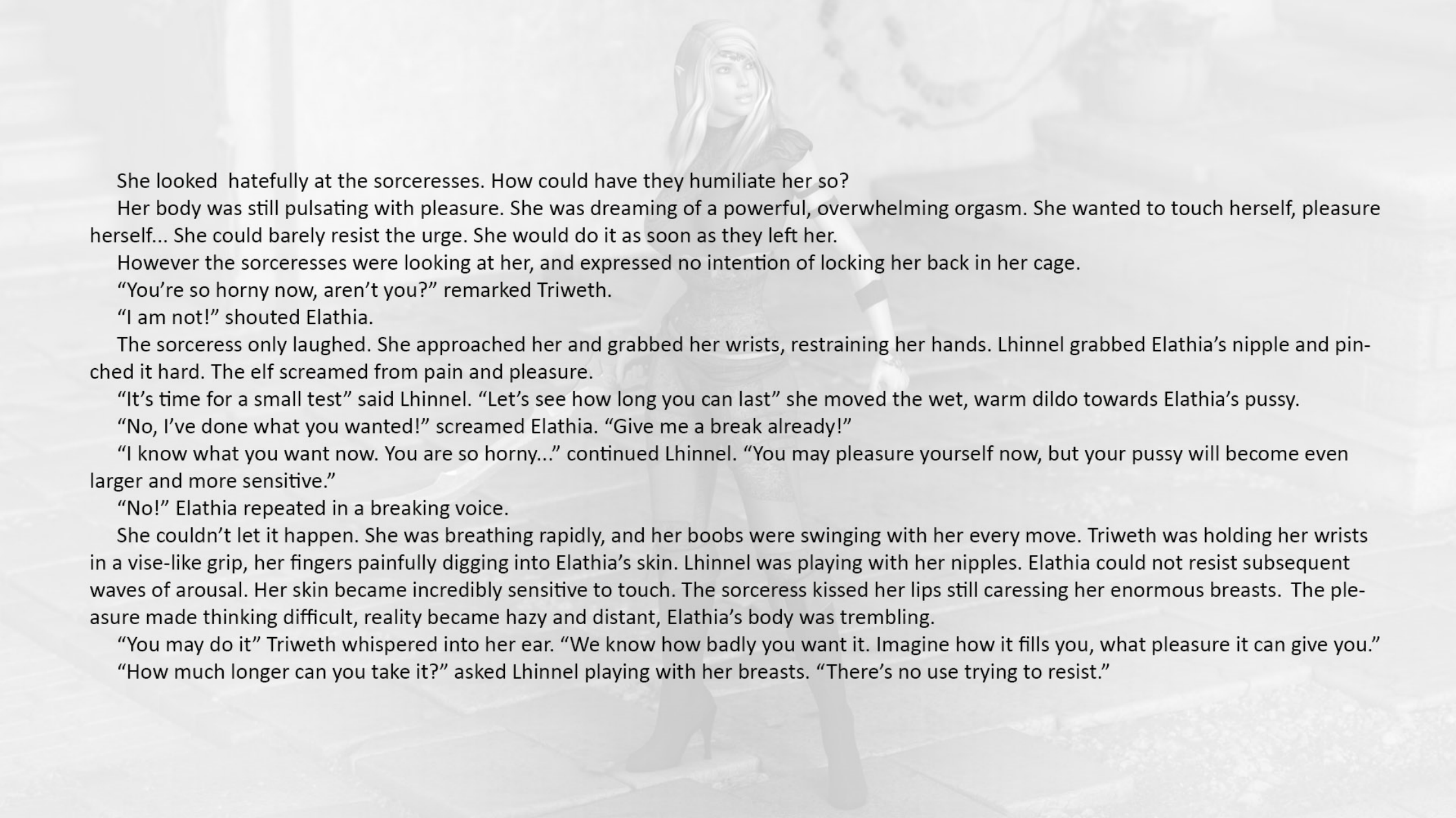
The sorceresses were having a great time. They had finally broken their slave. Her eyes became hazy with pleasure, she was rocking her head vigorously sucking on the dildo with perverse satisfaction. Triweth spread her legs and started playing with her pussy. Lhinnel watched Elathia with pleasure and caressed her own breasts lost in thought.





The female elf felt the toy was very hot. It seemed to her it was growing in size, pulsating lightly. Suddenly hot semen spurted straight into her throat. She moved away and spat it out. She had no intention of swallowing it...

She sighed with relief and fell onto the cold floor. Finally. She was terrified to realise how enormous her breasts had become. When she rested on her elbows, they nearly reached the floor. She touched them and felt electrifying pleasure piercing her body. She bit her plump lip and trembled from arousal.



She looked hatefully at the sorceresses. How could have they humiliate her so?

Her body was still pulsating with pleasure. She was dreaming of a powerful, overwhelming orgasm. She wanted to touch herself, pleasure herself... She could barely resist the urge. She would do it as soon as they left her.

However the sorceresses were looking at her, and expressed no intention of locking her back in her cage.

“You’re so horny now, aren’t you?” remarked Triweth.

“I am not!” shouted Elathia.

The sorceress only laughed. She approached her and grabbed her wrists, restraining her hands. Lhinnel grabbed Elathia’s nipple and pinched it hard. The elf screamed from pain and pleasure.

“It’s time for a small test” said Lhinnel. “Let’s see how long you can last” she moved the wet, warm dildo towards Elathia’s pussy.

“No, I’ve done what you wanted!” screamed Elathia. “Give me a break already!”

“I know what you want now. You are so horny...” continued Lhinnel. “You may pleasure yourself now, but your pussy will become even larger and more sensitive.”

“No!” Elathia repeated in a breaking voice.

She couldn’t let it happen. She was breathing rapidly, and her boobs were swinging with her every move. Triweth was holding her wrists in a vise-like grip, her fingers painfully digging into Elathia’s skin. Lhinnel was playing with her nipples. Elathia could not resist subsequent waves of arousal. Her skin became incredibly sensitive to touch. The sorceress kissed her lips still caressing her enormous breasts. The pleasure made thinking difficult, reality became hazy and distant, Elathia’s body was trembling.

“You may do it” Triweth whispered into her ear. “We know how badly you want it. Imagine how it fills you, what pleasure it can give you.”

“How much longer can you take it?” asked Lhinnel playing with her breasts. “There’s no use trying to resist.”

Elathia knew she was no longer controlling her body. Tears of helplessness ran down her cheeks. Her pussy demanded touch, it itched, it almost hurt. If only she could touch herself... she struggled but Triweth's grip was too powerful. She must've used some dark magic to enhance her strenght.





She surrendered and pressed her pussy against the toy. With a lot of effort she pushed the huge thing inside. The feeling of being filled so completely gave her untold pleasure. Bliss showed on her face and her muscles flexed. That was exactly what she needed. Triweth's hands were sliding on her slick, sweaty skin. She pushed the dildo deeper and deeper. With her every move she was closer and closer to the climax she craved so much. It was the only thing that mattered and to hell with consequences. She felt ecstasy wracking her body, filling her every cell, exploding in her mind, leaving blissful void. She was screaming, experiencing the most wonderful orgasm of her life.

Triweth let go of her hands allowing the elf's body to limp onto the floor. The large, thick dildo was still embedded in her pussy, and wetness was dripping from between her legs. The sorceress pulled the toy out examining Elathia's pink flower with satisfaction. It was even larger, more pink and wetter. When she touched it, the elf moaned softly and another spasm wracked her body.

"Splendid!" rejoiced Triweth.

"Better than we had expected" agreed Lhinnel.
"Even such a prune like her can provide us with lots of entertainment."

"With the right incentive" said Triweth.

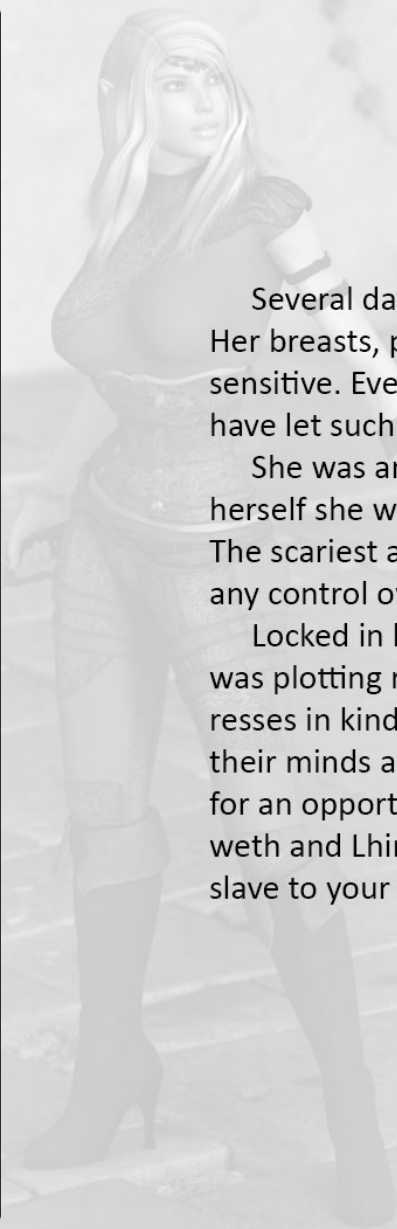




Several days later Elathia was examining her body with horror. Her breasts, pussy and lips had become enormous and extremely sensitive. Even the lightest touch aroused her. How could she have let such a thing happen to her?

She was angry at herself for losing control. She had promised herself she wouldn't let it happen, but her body betrayed her. The scariest and most humiliating thing was, she no longer had any control over it.

Locked in her cage she wasn't planning escape any more. She was plotting revenge. She was wondering how to pay the sorceresses in kind. She fantasised about dark spells she could cast on their minds and bodies. She considered various scenarios waiting for an opportunity to strike. She had to succeed. And then, Triweth and Lhinnel will realise themselves what it means to be a slave to your own body.





END OF PART 2

Thank you for reading!

Elathia

Part 3



- Breast expansion ☆☆☆
- Milking ☆☆☆
- Enhanced privates ☆☆
- Enhanced sensitivity ☆☆
- Domination ☆☆
- Bondage ☆



Elathia

Part 3

Breast expansion

Milking

Enhanced privates


Enhanced sensitivity

Domination

Bondage

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A grayscale illustration of an elf woman with large breasts and a man's hands touching them. The woman has long, light-colored hair styled in a bun, pointed ears, and a serious expression. She is wearing a dark, low-cut top. The man's hands are visible, one on each breast, with fingers spread. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light gray.

Elathia had the impression, that her body was no longer her own. It changed beyond recognition and seemed alien. Before she became the sorceresses' captive it had been slim, agile and strong. Her breasts were small, her lips thin and her feet ordinary. The Dark Elves modified them all to sate their depraved pleasures. Elathia's boobs grew to an enormous size, they were heavy, soft and very, very sensitive. The slightest touch made her instantly horny, which was why she was trying not to tease her boobs – she slept on her back and avoided incidentally touching them. She was even thankful that Lhinnel and Triweth told her to wear humiliating breast-revealing clothes – it meant that the fabric did not tease her delicate skin. Her lips became plump and sensitive. They became a new erogenous zone, touching of which made her whole body react. Her feet froze in an unnatural position, and walking became very difficult for Elathia. Her pussy swelled and her labia became bloated and enlarged. She looked vulgar and obscene, as if she were constantly horny. And frankly... she actually was.

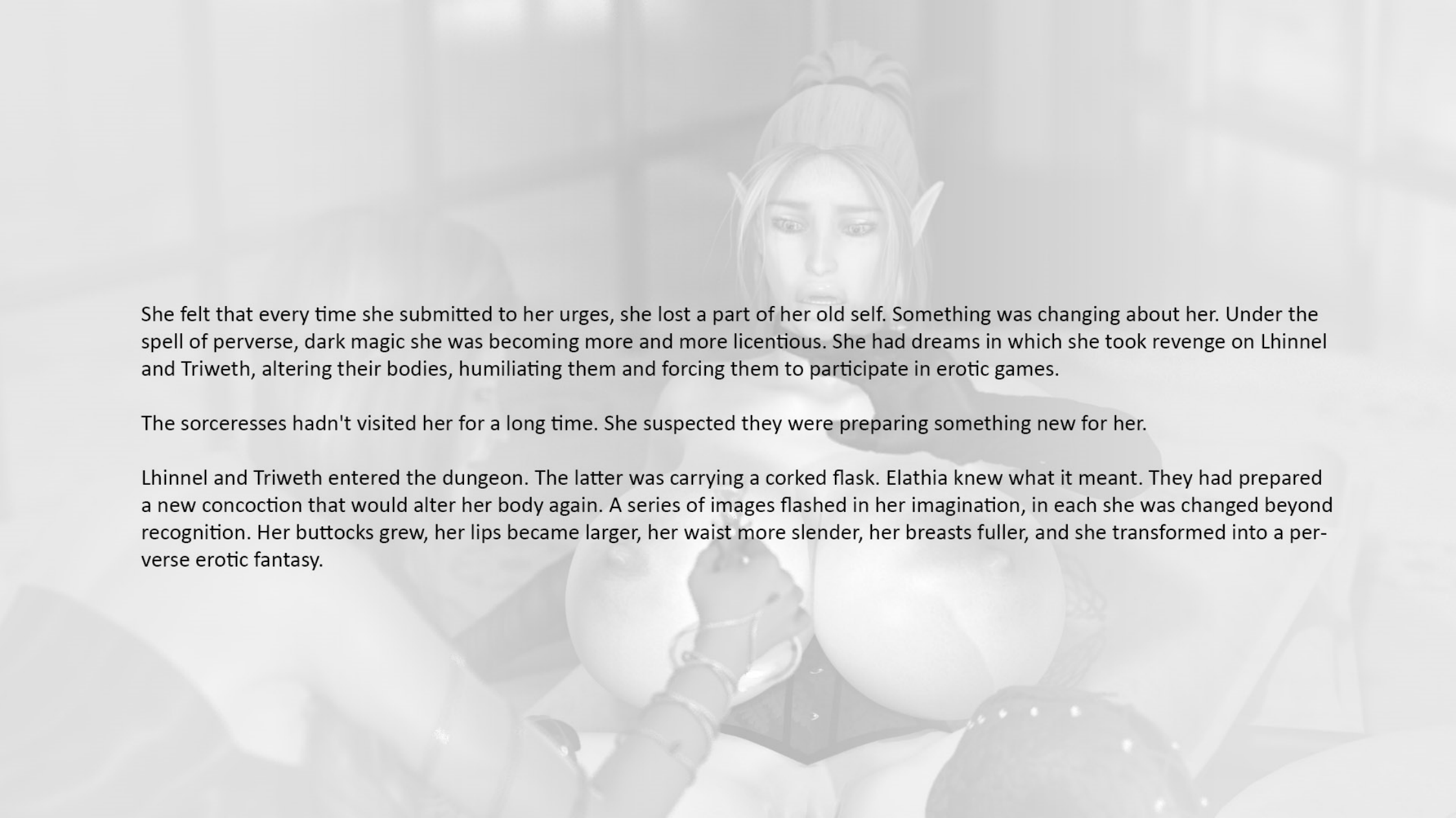


Her private parts also became hypersensitive to touch. Even the lightest brushing of thighs when she was walking made her arousal grow, and her pussy wet, warm and even more swollen. Elathia could not control her altered body's reactions.

Her life became a daily struggle against desire. She put whole her energy into retaining the shreds of dignity she had left. But sometimes she just couldn't take it any longer. Her pussy got wet, breasts became warm, nipples hardened, and skin felt as if it were electrified. Elathia was breathing hard, struggling to ignore these impulses. Alas, at some point her hands unwittingly reached towards her sensitive spots. She was so aroused, her first orgasm came after just a few seconds.

Loud moans of ecstasy summoned Lhinnel and Triweth. The Dark Elves watched their slave touching herself, commented on her every move and laughed at her new body, which they had created. Elathia didn't care, she sank deep into sexual trans and masturbated until she dropped.





She felt that every time she submitted to her urges, she lost a part of her old self. Something was changing about her. Under the spell of perverse, dark magic she was becoming more and more licentious. She had dreams in which she took revenge on Lhinnel and Triweth, altering their bodies, humiliating them and forcing them to participate in erotic games.

The sorceresses hadn't visited her for a long time. She suspected they were preparing something new for her.

Lhinnel and Triweth entered the dungeon. The latter was carrying a corked flask. Elathia knew what it meant. They had prepared a new concoction that would alter her body again. A series of images flashed in her imagination, in each she was changed beyond recognition. Her buttocks grew, her lips became larger, her waist more slender, her breasts fuller, and she transformed into a perverse erotic fantasy.

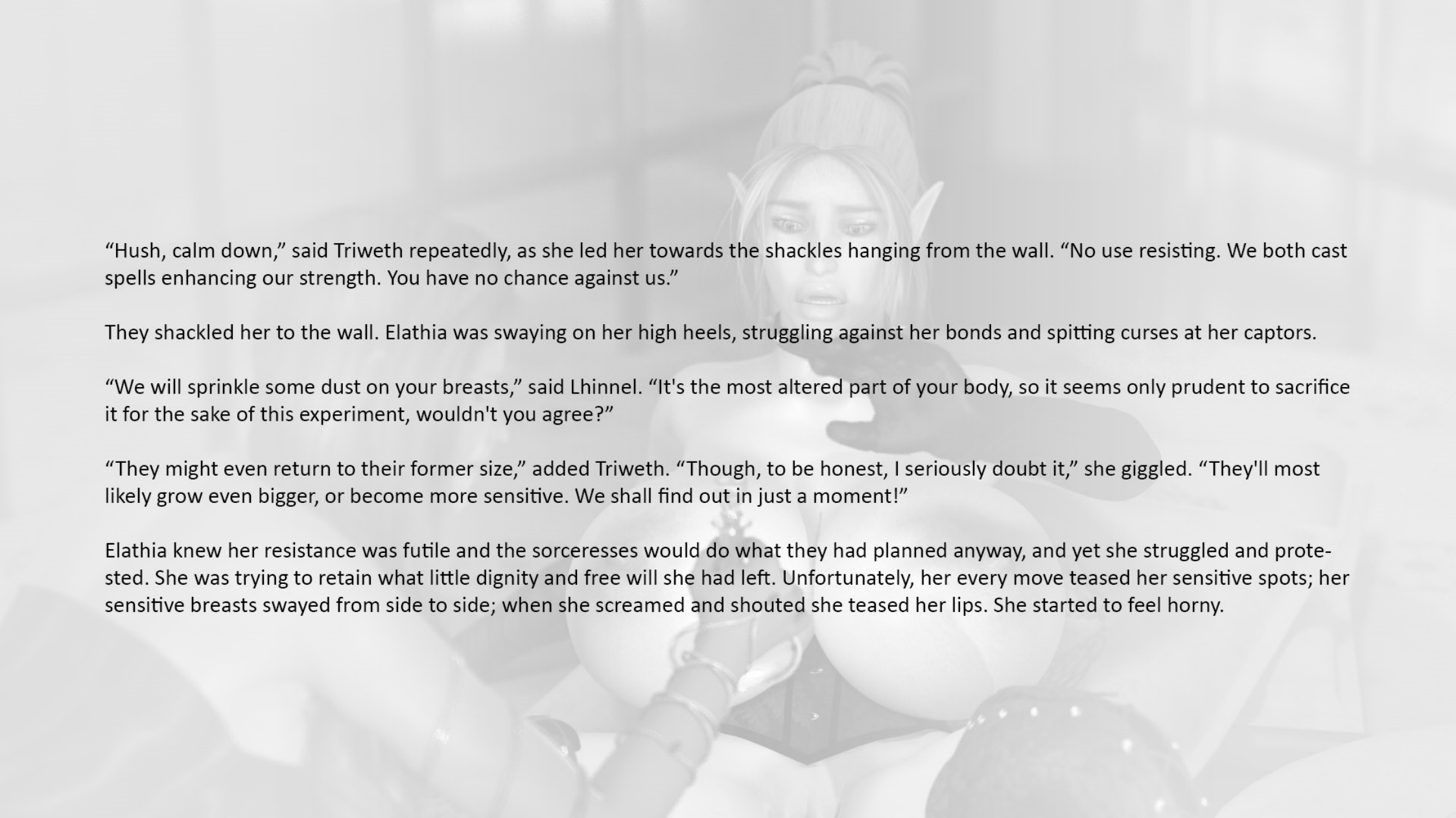
“You know what this is, don't you?” asked Triweth upon seeing the expression of horror on Elathia's face.

“This time we experimented,” said Lhinnel. “We mixed the ingredients in a new way. No one can tell what effect this substance will have on you!”

Elathia watched them with disbelief. They were experimenting on her! How far they would go?

The sorceresses pulled her out of her cage. She resisted with all her might. She stumbled and tripped on her impossibly high heels.





“Hush, calm down,” said Triweth repeatedly, as she led her towards the shackles hanging from the wall. “No use resisting. We both cast spells enhancing our strength. You have no chance against us.”

They shackled her to the wall. Elathia was swaying on her high heels, struggling against her bonds and spitting curses at her captors.

“We will sprinkle some dust on your breasts,” said Lhinnel. “It's the most altered part of your body, so it seems only prudent to sacrifice it for the sake of this experiment, wouldn't you agree?”

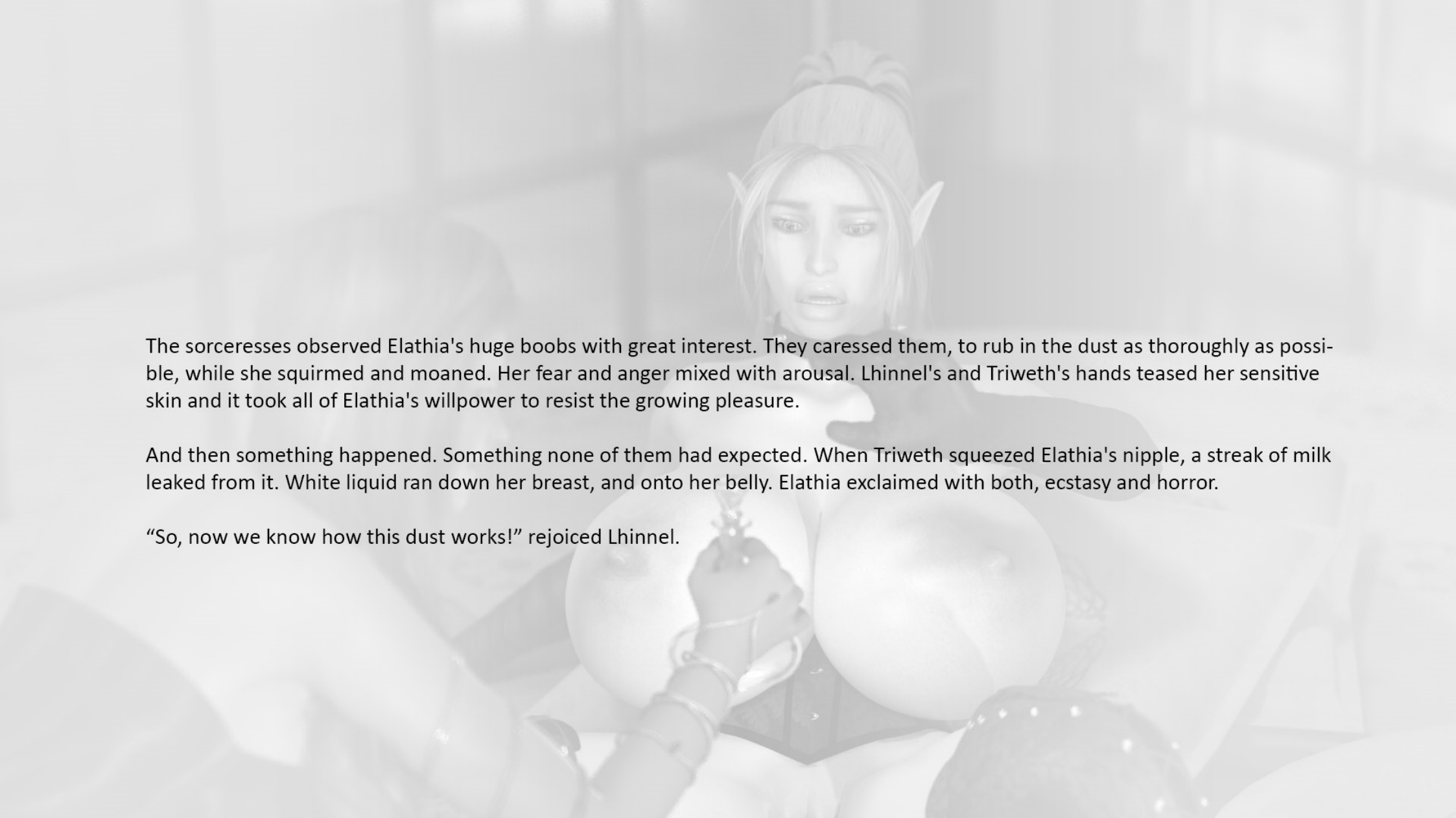
“They might even return to their former size,” added Triweth. “Though, to be honest, I seriously doubt it,” she giggled. “They'll most likely grow even bigger, or become more sensitive. We shall find out in just a moment!”

Elathia knew her resistance was futile and the sorceresses would do what they had planned anyway, and yet she struggled and protested. She was trying to retain what little dignity and free will she had left. Unfortunately, her every move teased her sensitive spots; her sensitive breasts swayed from side to side; when she screamed and shouted she teased her lips. She started to feel horny.



The sorceresses sprinkled the dust on her boobs. Elathia watched as it landed on the top of her bulging breasts. They rubbed it into her skin, exchanging remarks and wondering what the result would be.

Elathia saw her breasts grow and swell. They were getting larger and larger. She was helpless to prevent it.



The sorceresses observed Elathia's huge boobs with great interest. They caressed them, to rub in the dust as thoroughly as possible, while she squirmed and moaned. Her fear and anger mixed with arousal. Lhinnel's and Triweth's hands teased her sensitive skin and it took all of Elathia's willpower to resist the growing pleasure.

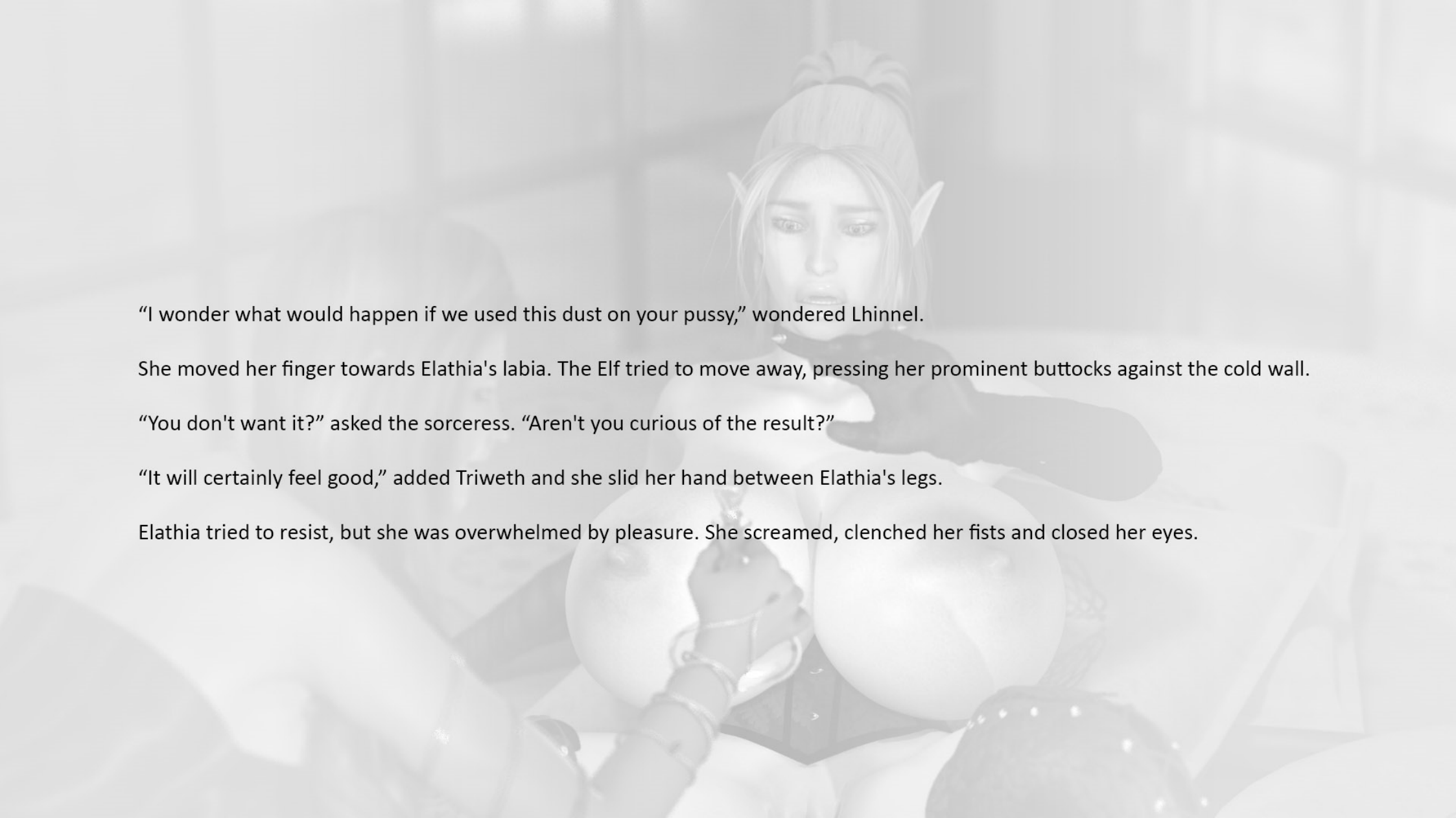
And then something happened. Something none of them had expected. When Triweth squeezed Elathia's nipple, a streak of milk leaked from it. White liquid ran down her breast, and onto her belly. Elathia exclaimed with both, ecstasy and horror.

“So, now we know how this dust works!” rejoiced Lhinnel.

“Feels nice, doesn't it?” inquired Triweth.

It did. Elathia felt a new kind of pleasure, when the sorceresses were squeezing milk out of her nipples. Every time ecstasy ran through her body, and cumulated between her legs.





“I wonder what would happen if we used this dust on your pussy,” wondered Lhinnel.

She moved her finger towards Elathia's labia. The Elf tried to move away, pressing her prominent buttocks against the cold wall.

“You don't want it?” asked the sorceress. “Aren't you curious of the result?”

“It will certainly feel good,” added Triweth and she slid her hand between Elathia's legs.

Elathia tried to resist, but she was overwhelmed by pleasure. She screamed, clenched her fists and closed her eyes.



The sorceress's fingers fondled her ever more intensely, invading her pussy deeper and deeper.


Lhinnel was still playing with Elathia's breasts, which continued to grow. She squeezed the swollen nipples, making milk spurt from them.

Elathia's body tensed and she got lost in bliss. She trembled and screamed, overwhelmed by the powerful orgasm she craved so much. She could hear the sorceresses laugh at her, she felt their fingers on her boobs and between her thighs. She couldn't resist. She surrendered to ecstasy.

Several days later Elathia knew exactly how her body changed. Her humongous boobs were strikingly out of place when compared to her slender silhouette. When she looked at them, tears of helplessness welled up in her eyes. They used to be small and firm, she almost didn't feel them when she was running, and now... it was a burden all the time, even when she wasn't moving.

Lactation did not stop. Her tits swelled if they weren't milked, they hurt and became even more sensitive. Every couple of hours she had to squeeze milk into the containers that the sorceresses gave her. She went about it slowly and deliberately, trying not to give in to arousal, that appeared each time she touched her breasts. Every minute of milking was a struggle against desire.





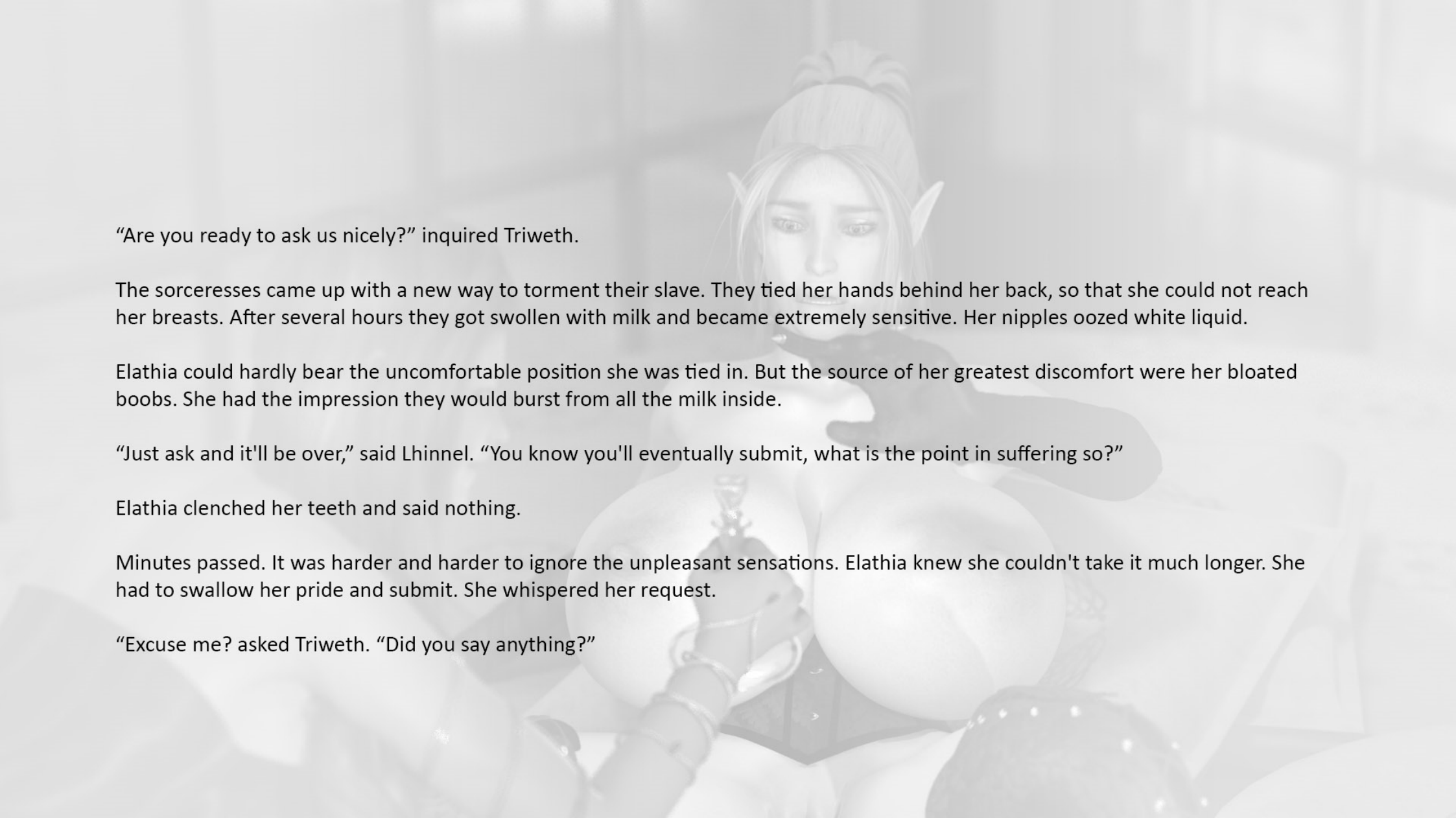
But the worst was what happened to her pussy. It got even larger and rubbed against her thighs when she was walking. It was constantly visible and swollen. Elathai dreamt of lingerie that would cover her bloated clit and labia. She wondered if she could stand the incessant rubbing of fabric against her private parts. On top of that, the dust made her pussy wet all the time. Colourless liquid stained her thighs, trickled down her legs and onto the floor. She looked horny and ready round the clock.



The Dark Elves didn't lose interest in their captive and played cruel games with her. They commanded her to fulfil their most perverse fantasies. They fondled her enlarged boobs and pussy, they forced her to have sex and humiliated her. They threatened her with new spells and magical dusts that they were preparing for her.

Before & After





“Are you ready to ask us nicely?” inquired Triweth.

The sorceresses came up with a new way to torment their slave. They tied her hands behind her back, so that she could not reach her breasts. After several hours they got swollen with milk and became extremely sensitive. Her nipples oozed white liquid.

Elathia could hardly bear the uncomfortable position she was tied in. But the source of her greatest discomfort were her bloated boobs. She had the impression they would burst from all the milk inside.

“Just ask and it'll be over,” said Lhinnel. “You know you'll eventually submit, what is the point in suffering so?”

Elathia clenched her teeth and said nothing.

Minutes passed. It was harder and harder to ignore the unpleasant sensations. Elathia knew she couldn't take it much longer. She had to swallow her pride and submit. She whispered her request.

“Excuse me? asked Triweth. “Did you say anything?”

“Please,” repeated Elathia, this time louder.

Her face blushed with shame. She felt cold sweat on her skin.

“Please what?” the sorceress tormented her.

“Please untie me...”

“Oh no!” laughed Lhinnel. “That is out of the question, but we can milk you.”

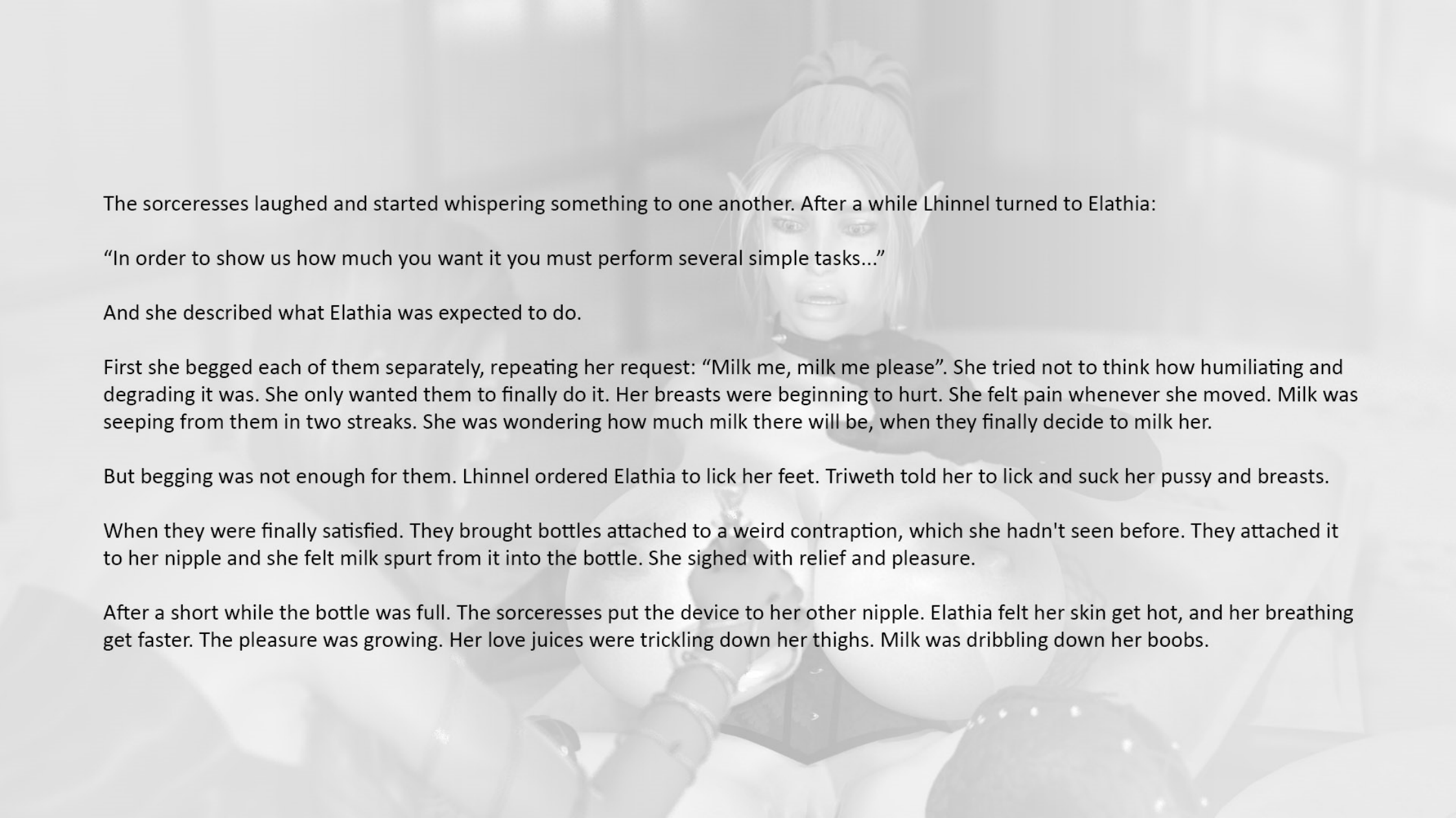
“Then do it!” exclaimed Elathia.

“Do... what?” inquired Triweth.

Elathia gulped and sighed.

“Please, milk me,” she said without looking either of them in the eyes.





The sorceresses laughed and started whispering something to one another. After a while Lhinnel turned to Elathia:

“In order to show us how much you want it you must perform several simple tasks...”

And she described what Elathia was expected to do.

First she begged each of them separately, repeating her request: “Milk me, milk me please”. She tried not to think how humiliating and degrading it was. She only wanted them to finally do it. Her breasts were beginning to hurt. She felt pain whenever she moved. Milk was seeping from them in two streaks. She was wondering how much milk there will be, when they finally decide to milk her.

But begging was not enough for them. Lhinnel ordered Elathia to lick her feet. Triweth told her to lick and suck her pussy and breasts.

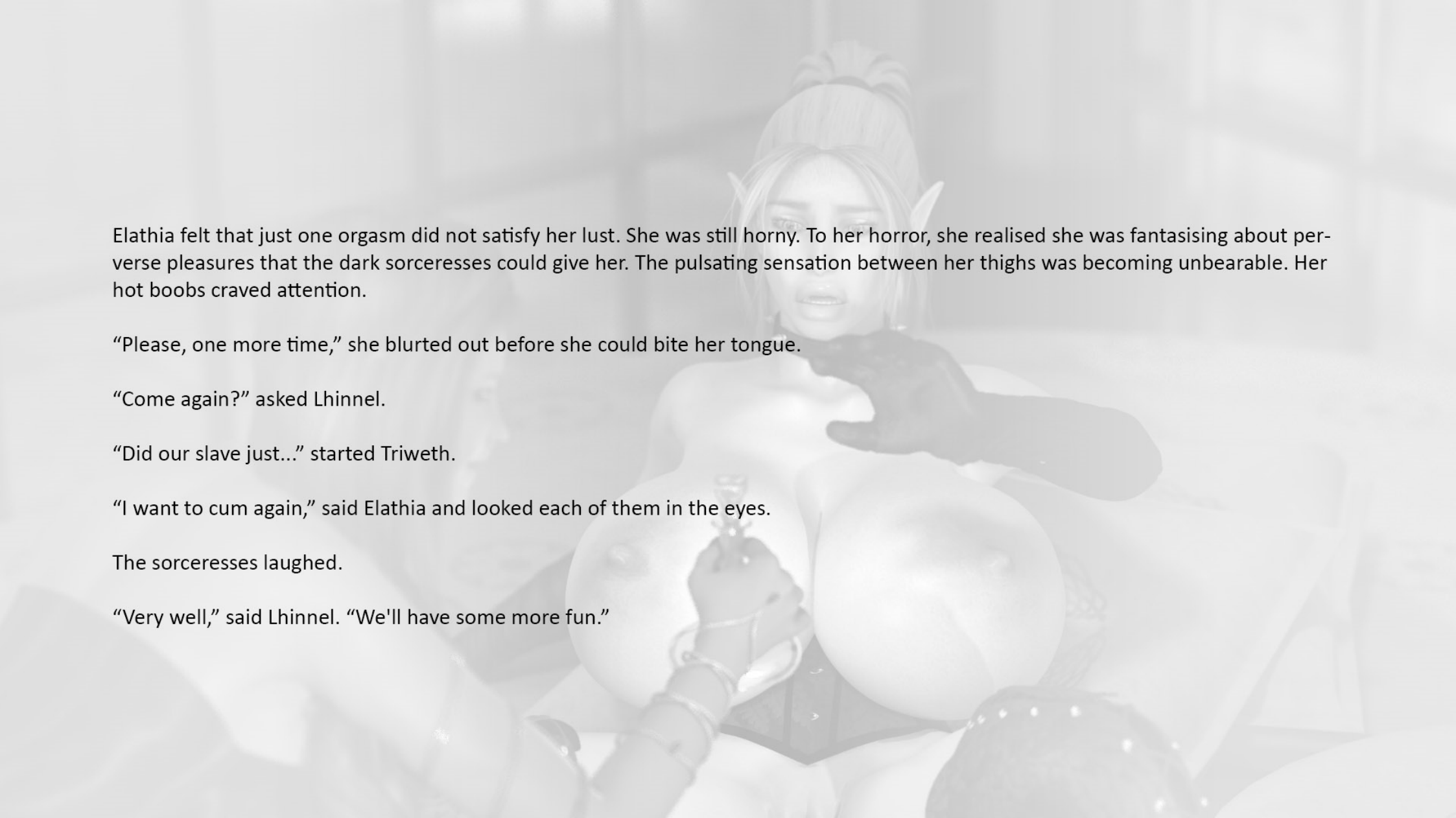
When they were finally satisfied. They brought bottles attached to a weird contraption, which she hadn't seen before. They attached it to her nipple and she felt milk spurt from it into the bottle. She sighed with relief and pleasure.

After a short while the bottle was full. The sorceresses put the device to her other nipple. Elathia felt her skin get hot, and her breathing get faster. The pleasure was growing. Her love juices were trickling down her thighs. Milk was dribbling down her boobs.



White liquid filled one bottle after another. Elathia hadn't expected that there would be so much of it. Her boobs were rising and falling as her breathing got faster. Unpleasant sensations were giving way to pleasure. Every drop of milk squeezed out of her body made her more aroused. Elathia was moaning softly. Lhinnel was caressing her sensitive breasts, and Triweth touched her wet pussy. Elathia knew there was no use resisting. She was on the edge of climax. A couple more moves were enough to make her cum and lose herself in blissful oblivion.

The sorceresses kept milking her. They were discussing what they would do with her milk. They planned to use it in their twisted experiments.



Elathia felt that just one orgasm did not satisfy her lust. She was still horny. To her horror, she realised she was fantasising about perverse pleasures that the dark sorceresses could give her. The pulsating sensation between her thighs was becoming unbearable. Her hot boobs craved attention.

“Please, one more time,” she blurted out before she could bite her tongue.

“Come again?” asked Lhinnel.

“Did our slave just...” started Triweth.

“I want to cum again,” said Elathia and looked each of them in the eyes.

The sorceresses laughed.

“Very well,” said Lhinnel. “We'll have some more fun.”



“Please...” whispered Elathia, fantasising about another orgasm, and then another, and another...

“But not now,” said Lhinnel with a wicked glitter in her eye. “If you're so horny, we will prepare something really special for you.”

A grayscale illustration of a woman with large breasts and pointed ears, looking distressed. She is wearing a dark corset. Another woman's hands are visible, one holding a small glass and the other touching her chest. The background is a blurred interior.

END OF PART 3

Thank you for reading!