

Mama Bear Part 3

It was now two days later, and, things had been kinda weird between the two. Bernie had hoped that by confiding in Melissa, that the two would have become closer. But, the exact opposite happened. Melissa had become a lot more distant now, spending her free time locked away in her room. On occasion Bernie had listened at the door, but she must've used magic to block out noise, as he could not hear a single thing from her. She also rarely talked during meal times, or when performing housework, preferring to mumble to herself as she worked and cooked. He had no illusions that there was something bothering her, but sadly, she wasn't being forthcoming about it.

The paradigm shift in their life had been quite an... experience though. It was pretty impressive to see that Melissa lit every fire she used for cooking via fireball. No matter how many times she did it, it was still pretty cool to watch it. In fact, Melissa used magic for every mundane task she could not be bothered to do by hand. The grime on dishes could be wiped away in an instant, and the same went for clothes. She just, waved her hands and the clothes were fresh as the day they were made. Bernie tried to voice his admiration for her, but, she still kept her distance. It was starting to really drive a wedge between them. Even now the tension ran thick as the two shared breakfast together. Bernie had slowed down his eating to pay attention to Melissa, who had barely even touched her meal. She just sat there, leaning on her hand as she stared into the table, her mouth moving slowly, muttering to herself as usual. Her eyes had lost their sparkle. They were dim like mud, as if, she wasn't all there. A good comparison to the plain white dress she wore.

"Say Melissa" Bernie spoke up.

Melissa's mouth stopped moving, her head slowly moving up to stare at Bernie. "Seeing how you've lived for such a long time, have you ever gotten up to weird moments with your magic?" he questioned awkwardly, like he was interviewing her or something.

Melissa stared through him by that question. "Well..." she began in a tired tone, "many years ago I used in a pawn shop. It was a really random knick-knack sort of thing, run by this nice old man who only had me on at the counter. You got to see the most bizarre items go through that place. Hell if I know how many swords I sold and bought. After a few weeks working there, I got kinda bored. So, I decided to start enchanting random items, to make the customers feel as if they got value for buying pointless crap" she sighed.

“Like?” he pressed her.

“Well, I enchanted this magic eight ball item to be very forthcoming with answers. You would shake it and ask it a question, and it would basically give you an honest answer. I think I went a little too far on the attitude though, as the thing got pretty uppity if you shook it too many times. If I remember right, some rabbit-lookin fella bought it as a novelty gift for his son. He went on and on about how great his kid was too. Said he was about nine, and *oh so clever*. Well, I hope wherever he is now, that that eight ball is still giving him decent advice” she continued airily, kinda drifting off as she stared at one of her cabinets.

“Did you enchant anything else?” Bernie requested, desperate for her to keep talking.

“Well, this Asian fella once sold me a sumo mawashi belt. You know, that jockstrap looking thing for sumo wrestlers? Hell only knows why I bought it, or, why he was selling it. But, well, I guess I was feeling pretty cheeky with it really” she snickered, the memory amusing her.

“What did you do to it?”

“Well, I honestly don’t know what fancy I was fulfilling, but I enchanted it so whoever wore it would blow up like a sumo. I think I set it so the wearer would become like, four hundred pounds. They would also get that sumo hairstyle as well, not matter their current length. I didn’t quite account for elasticity of that belt though... or that people would buy it. At least four people bought it, and they all returned it either that same day, or the day after. And it would always be covered with something like oil or butter. Seems it got stuck” she smirked in amusement, her right brow raised knowingly.

“Were they, well, still fat?” Bernie questioned, his face wrenched in horror.

“What? No, no. I’m not *that* mean. No, once you got it off you’d revert back to normal. Hence the oily substances on the thing; to get it off. Although, I never saw it again after the fifth person who bought it. I guess maybe it fulfilled some sick fancy for him, or, he was too embarrassed to return it. Either way, there’s now a Mexican Donkey out there with a magic pair of underpants that makes you fat when you wear it. The world takes all sorts y’know?” she sighed with a shrug.

“Okay, I, I think I’ve heard enough now. I’m sorry for asking really” Bernie grimaced, really, truly sorry for asking now.

“Eh, it’s fine Bernie. That... that was a weird point in my life. I really don’t know what I was thinking with that belt. Boredom does funny things to ya, I just wish my life was only just funny” she sighed dryly, her frown sagging all the way down to her chin.

“You have a lot of photos with other men Melissa. Are... are they all past boyfriends?” Bernie observed curiously.

Melissa’s eyes fluttered ditzily, before focusing intently on Bernie. “Very perceptive. Sadly, yes, yes they are. Well, except for the ones with my dad, my uncles, my three brothers, and my grandparents. I’ve kept a mental note now. Forty-nine boyfriends in all, now that I think about it” she surmised coldly.

“What happened?” Bernie wondered aloud.

“The truth happened Bernie, the truth happened” Melissa answered bitterly, an angry sneer on her face.

“You mean, you told them you were a witch? I guess they... didn’t take it well” Bernie added hesitantly.

“No shit they didn’t Bernie” Melissa growled angrily, incensed at the obvious being pointed out. Bernie shrunk a little in his chair as Melissa’s body was literally steaming, as if she was about to burst into flames. “After those bastards finally stopped screaming, many of them called me a monster, or an abomination, or just a demon and stormed out. In fact, forty-eight of them did that, now that I recall. You think I would’ve learned after number one, but I stupidly assumed I could find someone from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who could handle the existence of magic. If the world couldn’t accept gay people how the fuck were they going to accept someone who is literally demonic? I had to move every single god damn fucking time, because, Witch Hunts? They’re very real Bernie. And if I wanted to keep enjoying life, I had to leave town as soon as possible. Just as well the world will always be sceptical, as everyone else’s allowed me the time to make my getaway. I guess I can sympathize with you Bernie, you’re not the only person wanted in multiple places” she sneered.

“The last man was the only who didn’t leave me was because he was too fucking old to do so. The last man I fell in love with was a seventy-year old, and I never told him my secret. I was afraid that if I *did*, he would’ve had a heart-attack and died right on the spot. I got to enjoy eight wonderful years, before he finally snuffed it from pneumonia. I could’ve used my magic to save him, but that would’ve given me away. His family were always watching me like hawks, thinking I was some slutty gold digger. I always heard them whispering behind my back to him, refusing to believe I sincerely loved him. I’ll tell you something for nothing Bernie, there is a very unsubtle feeling you get when you get to watch the one you love slowly dying before your very eyes, and you can’t do a single damn thing to stop it. I got to watch the man I loved die because I was too chicken-shit to be myself” she quavered, her eyes watering as her stiff upper lip faltered.

She tried to push it down, but Melissa let out a loud sob as she collapsed, sobbing pitifully in her hands. Bernie was dumbstruck by how flippant her emotions were, but, it was kinda justified. Rejected for being herself, and heartbroken when she couldn’t be. It must’ve been so brutal having to live a life where you just couldn’t win.

Sneaking shrewdly under the table, Bernie popped up under Melissa, who was still crying into her hands. The position was kinda awkward, but Bernie managed to just barely arch himself around so he could give Melissa a clumsy hug. The Bear ceased crying just from his touch, pausing mid sob as he awkwardly tried to hand onto her. “That’s why you live alone, so you don’t have to be rejected anymore” he whispered to her, trying his best to hug her tighter.

“I can understand that. Those guys were idiots for running out on a wonderful woman like you Melissa. They had no idea what they were throwing away” he added in a caring tone, though he could’ve chosen better words.

“Yeah... yeah, they’re a bunch of idiots” Melissa agreed wearily.

Bernie’s lost his tenuous grip on Melissa as she straightened herself back up, a thick arm wiping away any errant tears. She smiled to herself as Bernie slunk back under the table back to his chair. “I learned after number forty-nine that I didn’t need a man Bernie. I decided to be happy by myself. But, I needed some time away from everything, which is why I’m out here, in this forest. I needed to get away from the pollutants of the world” she explained, her gentle demeanour returning.

“Do you actually like being out here?” Bernie questioned dubiously, not exactly certain she did.

“Well, the atmosphere is good, but sometimes you just miss the closeness of the world. I have been thinking about returning to civilization, but I haven’t found a good place yet. In time I will” she answered.

“I guess I’ll probably be gone by the time you decide where you want to go” Bernie admitted in a sad tone.

“Maybe...” Melissa agreed thoughtfully.

Well, the breakfast conversation was ruined. The air had grown even tenser than before as Melissa pushed herself away from the table, her breakfast completely untouched. “Excuse me” she announced distantly as she wandered back to her room, and locked it behind.

Bernie sighed as she left, suddenly, he wasn’t very hungry either as he abandoned his own half-eaten breakfast. As he brought both bowls over to the sink, he noticed something peculiar. All those glass jars with plants in them, all of them were missing. And, now that he thought about it, Melissa had acted in a very secretive manner after they had left the cave, as she had constantly been trying to hide something in her hands. Had she found one of her herbs in that cave? Why was she trying to hide it from him? And what were they all for? There had been so many, what on earth could she be making, unless... Bernie looked over his shoulder to the hallway, and, at Melissa’s room.

If those herbs had been gone since two days ago, she must have been working on something of a magical nature. Was that what she was so worried about? Making sure whatever it was she was making went right? If so, then it was at least a fair bit of relief then, as he had been concerned that it was knowing his past that was distracting her so much. Of course he felt guilty about his criminal record. It’s not as if he *wanted* to steal, he just, didn’t have a choice.... Wait, what the hell was he even thinking? Melissa wouldn’t give two shits for that sort of thing. Obviously it was... the other harsh part that could have put her off.

He sighed in frustration; what wasn’t she telling him? This was going to annoy him well until lunch time, when he could confront Melissa about it. They... they were on the level with each other, surely? Surely she would tell him if he asked right? No, that couldn’t be right. Why did he feel so wrong about asking that? If she was deliberately keeping it from him,

maybe, maybe it was something he wasn't supposed to know? "Argh!" Bernie cried out, shaking his head in annoyance and frustration that he couldn't let this point go. Whatever was going on in her room, it was none of his business... right?

It was well past lunch time when Melissa finally surfaced from her cave. She approached Bernie, who was sitting at the table finishing off a sandwich he had made himself. "Bernie" she said gently, attracting the Otter's attention.

"Mm?" he grumbled mid-bite.

"Please come with me" she requested quietly, gesturing to her room.

Bernie swallowed hard. She as actually offering to let her go into her room? Whatever the issue was, it must've been pretty serious. He followed her obediently, but, he could feel a lot of apprehension building in the pit of his stomach. He was now actually kinda worried that his crass questioning during the morning might have ticked her off. Now he was very worried that she might be throwing him out. Oh please god no. He didn't want to have to go back on the run, being on the run sucks.

He paused by her open door, staring at her with concern; uncertain if he should enter. She silently nodded to him, her arm guiding him into her domicile. The room was completely cut off from sunlight, as thick black curtains covered every possible window. The room was lit up by thick candles with curious purple flames, giving the room a mystical feel. Though, the lighting wasn't needed for that, as man magical looking items filled the room. A quintet of shrunken heads were sitting pretty on her dresser, and many charms made from bones hung from the ceiling. And, barely noticeable on the walls, were a large number of magical symbols and signs. The only normal part of the room was the large double bed parked by the wall. If Bernie had seen this room on the first day... he probably would have run screaming from her house as fast as he possibly could. At least now, he was ready for it.

Melissa gently closed the door behind her, auspiciously locking it before guiding Bernie over to her bed, and she gestured for him to sit. There was something very wrong about her. She was fidgeting quite a fair bit, and she was looking around constantly, as if looking for people that weren't there. She was suffering a large amount of discomfort, and it was unsettling to Bernie. "Umm... Bernie" she began slowly, trying her best to remain still.

Bernie was silent, a silence she took as confirmation. “You see, I have invited you into my room, to offer you a choice. No, not a choice, a proposition” she stumbled, her fingers irritably meshing into each other.

“A, proposition?” Bernie mumbled, very certain what it was she was going to ask him: ‘Will you stay with me forever?’

“Yes. You see Bernie, those herbs we’ve been gathering, they aren’t exactly cooking ingredients” she explained awkwardly, her fidgeting increasing. “You see, I kinda... lied, about, why I’m out here. While it is true I wanted time away from people, y’see, well, these woods are magical. Something of a magical nature occurred in these woods, and a lot of that ambient magic took root in this forest. All these herbs are magical in nature, and, I’ve been hunting them down for a special potion” she continued awkwardly, deliberately trying to avoid saying what she wanted to say.

“A *potion*?” Bernie thought, now very unsure about what it is Melissa wanted. Why would she need a potion?

“You see, Bernie. This potion, well, it’s a very special potion Bernie. And it’s very important to something I’ve been trying to achieve for some time” she rambled.

“And, what exactly have you been trying to achieve?” Bernie questioned in a fearful tone, not really wanting the answer.

“A baby” Melissa answered.

Bernie’s body seized up. She wanted a baby. From where? Was that why she was keeping him here? To dope him up with a potion to have her way with him? To pump him for his baby gravy? Oh god oh god oh god. Now he was starting to hyperventilate. Breathe through your nose, breathe through your nose. Oh god, now you’re sniffing incredibly loudly. Through your mouth man. Through your mouth. Oh no now you’re having a panic attack. Melissa gritted her teeth as she watched Bernie justifiably freak out. That was really not the best way to explain it. “Not with you” she confirmed.

Bernie sighed in (unnecessarily loud) relief. “But, if not with me, then, what does a baby have to do with me?” Bernie questioned.

Melissa sighed. "This potion, when ingested by a female, it endows her with a once-in-a-lifetime chance. After taking it, if one person were to err, 'partake', of her breast milk, well. Umm, how do I put this? It basically makes breast milk the 'Fountain of Youth'" she tried to explain.

"Fountain of Youth?" Bernie repeated, the cogs suddenly moving in his head.

He jumped off the bed in shock, pushing himself away from the Melissa with everything he had. "You mean... you want to make ME your baby?!" he shrieked loudly.

"Basically, yes" Melissa confirmed, her face turned with shame.

"That's... that's insane!" Bernie screamed loudly.

"Yes, yes it is" Melissa said seriously. "That's why I'm just making it an offer" she explained, running a thick hand through her hair. She sighed loudly. "Look Bernie, I'm not going to force you into this situation. I just... I just thought you could appreciate the offer" she admitted sincerely.

"How could I appreciate being turned into a fucking baby?" Bernie scoffed indignantly.

"You told me yourself, in that cave. You said you had always dreamed of having a second chance. That is what I'm offering you. Isn't this what you've always wanted?" she implored.

"Well, yeah. But now that I have this offer, I'm starting to very seriously reconsider my stance on that dream. It's just, incredibly insane. I suck on your tits, and suddenly I'm a baby?! Even saying it aloud doesn't make it any more enticing. Why even ASK this sort of thing? If you don't want a boyfriend, why not just adopt, or, use a sperm donation? That's a thing" he suggested hysterically.

"I can't" Melissa revealed bitterly. "Adoption agencies take a dim view to single parents, no matter how good their credentials are. And as for the other thing... Bernie... I'm barren.

Always have been. I can't have kids no matter how hard I try, and no amount of magic will be able to change that" she admitted through grit teeth.

This, this was all insane. But, so was she, sometimes. "So, why do this. Why have a baby when you'd outlive it anyways?!" Bernie demanded.

"Because I'm tired of being abandoned!" Melissa screeched. "I'm tired of being alone. I'm tired of everyone running out on me all the time. All the people I dated did; all my friends did. Even you will eventually. I want someone who *can't* abandon me. Someone I can love with all my heart, and someone who can love me back in turn. That's why I've chosen you. You told me yourself that no one would care if you just vanished. Well *I* care Bernie. I would care if you left my life" Melissa snapped.

"Then I'll stay with you. I don't have to leave you Melissa" Bernie offered helpfully.

Melissa shook her head. "No, in the end, you'd have to leave me. By either the front door, or in a box. I'd outlive you Bernie, or you'd outlive your need for me" she rebuked.

"Then what difference does it make if I'm eighteen years or eighteen months?" Bernie demanded.

"Because, this potion is more than just that, it's a ritual Bernie. Through the bond we would share, my blood would mix with yours. It will be as if you were born from my own loins, Bernie. My blood will become yours, so... you would gain more than a new life. My power would become yours as well" Melissa revealed.

Bernie perked up a little. "I... I would be a warlock?" he uttered in shock.

"Yes, you would be. I studied this ritual quite extensively, and, yes, by sharing my blood with you, you will gain the power of a warlock" she confirmed, excitement rising in her voice.

"That's... that's incredibly tempting" he had to admit. "But, ahh, no. I can't. What about who I am Melissa? What if I remember my past as I'm growing up?" Bernie worried.

"You wouldn't" Melissa confessed guiltily. "You would be regressed back to six months old. All your memories, well, you wouldn't have any. Your mental state wouldn't be advanced enough. So you'd lose all your memories as your nerve cells degenerate back into their younger state."

"Then, what about who I am? I can't just throw myself away like that just to fit *your* fancy" Bernie spat indignantly. "I can't just erase myself like that!"

"You wouldn't be! Your memories didn't make you the person standing before me Bernie, YOU did. You make yourself you. All you would be losing is the baggage that almost killed you! You are a good person Bernie, and I know in my heart that yours will lead you on the same path as before. I know you won't change the second time around Bernie, you're too nice for that to happen" Melissa sincerely avowed.

"This is... it's just... too much" Bernie shuddered.

"I know it is Bernie. To be given such an offer, well, it's surreal. But I wouldn't be making it to you if I didn't think you wouldn't be able to handle the pressure of it. I know you will be able to come to the right conclusion. And, if that right conclusion is to deny the offer, then I won't force you to reconsider it Bernie. Your life is your own, and it's your choice if you wish to intertwine it with mine" Melissa said with finality, her words hanging thickly in the air.

"But..." Bernie muttered, "I'm somewhat sceptical. Really, this seems more like you're doing this for you than me" he pointed out.

"I know, it's incredibly selfish on my part to ask you to do this just to make me happy. It's, such a throwaway thing to demand of you. I know it seems like I'm just preying on some poor sap nobody would miss, and I'm trying to remind myself that I'm not doing this purely for my own reasons. We've both hurt Bernie, we've both hurt deeply. In ways that felt like the wounds would never heal. That was, until we had each other. You confided in me your miserable past, and your deepest wish. I want to make that wish a reality Bernie. I want to give you your second chance at a childhood. I want to be the mother you never had. I don't just want this to be about me Bernie. Which is why it's your decision Bernie; and, I will accept whatever outcome you desire" Melissa promised bravely.

"Can... can you give me time to think about it?" Bernie inquired.

"I will give you all the time in the world" Melissa answered.

"Thank you... Melissa" Bernie thanked quietly as he unlocked the door and left, closing it gently behind him, leaving Melissa alone in the gloom of her room.

How many hours had it been now? Four, five? It was not the answer that honestly frightened Melissa, it was the waiting. That god forsaken waiting. Bernie had holed up in his room, and it was just driving her mad wondering what he was thinking. Many times she had been tempted to see into his room, just to check up on him. Yes, just to check up on him... not to sneak a peek at his decision. No siree, just making sure he was alright... yeah right.

Her hand was gripping the petit teacup a little too tightly, so much that the fragile thing shattered in her hands, spilling tea everywhere. And she didn't care. *"He's going to say no"* she thought grimly. *"I mean, why would he even want to say yes? This is all for my own selfish fancy after all. I can't believe I tried to manipulate him like that. Of course I could have adopted a child, but... ahh, what am I doing? This was stupid. And I already made the potion too, and it'll only last a few more days. I just wasted so much effort because I just **assumed** he'd accept. He's right, this is just insane."*

Her foot was tapping impatiently, going thump thump thump on the floor. Her fingers tapped irritably on the table, taptaptaptap in sequence. This was almost killing her in anticipation. What was she going to do if he said no? Hell, what was she going to do if he said yes? Were they going to do it immediately, or were they going to wait? She had just thrown it out there so suddenly now she wasn't even sure this was what she wanted. Her nervous twitches were building up and rallying against her, she just couldn't sit still anymore. She was the one who was supposed to be in control of the situation. She was the one who was supposed to be calm about. She stood up so suddenly it knocked her chair to the ground. Some, some fresh air was what she needed. Yes, some fresh air. That's what the doctor ordered.

A rocking chair was already waiting outside for her as she camped in it, roughly pushing herself backwards and forwards, the chair groaning from the abuse. He was such a nice boy, why would he ever want to go through life again? Especially go through puberty again? God, she must've sounded like such a twat when she mentioned the magic thing. It sounded like she was tempting him into saying yes, like a stranger luring a child into their van with candy.

Great, now she wasn't just a manipulator, but a metaphor for a paedophile as well.
"Melissa?" a voice came suddenly.

Melissa yelped loudly, throwing herself from her chair, twisting mid-leap to face off with Bernie, who was looking incredibly sullen. "Bernie," Melissa gasped, her heart beating a hundred miles an hour, "you gave me a real fright there."

Bernie guiltily stared at her feet, to hide the fact that he was smiling because he had finally snuck up on her. "I'm sorry" he apologised quietly.

Melissa shook her head. "You don't have to be sorry for anything Bernie. Not a single damn thing" she said passionately.

"I know, it's just habit. I've felt like I've had to apologise for a lot of things in my life. Being a burden to everyone I've come across. Stealing from so many places.... Being born.... But, I'm not sorry for having known you Melissa" he smiled weakly.

"So, does that mean...?" Melissa whispered, suddenly very aware of what was coming.

"It means... I accept Melissa" Bernie confirmed, tears forming in his eyes.

"Oh Bernie..." Melissa gasped, her hands clasped to her face in joy as she stumbled towards him, but, he held his hands out to stop her.

"Wait" he said suddenly, and she did. "Before you do anything, I want to explain why I've chosen this" he informed her.

Melissa nodded, retreating to her rocking chair so she was certainly all eyes and ears. Bernie inhaled slowly. "Melissa, I was thinking this over constantly. Sense has already been made, so, I've been thinking about the pros, and the cons of this. I'm... I'm completely terrified of having to re-do so many years of my life. Just, the idea of doing that, it's, it's so unreal. But, you've helped me to realize something: Who cares if I do? No one is going to miss me, except you. Out of my eighteen miserable years of life, you're the first person who I have **EVER** felt as if they gave two shits about me. You didn't see me as a burden, or just some piece of trash to be kicked to the curb. You saw me as a person who you happily accepted

into her home, and treated me as if they were their own son right from the start. Of course, I know some of that was just well... leading up to this, but, Melissa, you're the greatest person who I have ever met. You're sweet, you're caring and kind; you're the mother every kid WISHED they could have. I've never been so happy in my entire life since I've been with you. You are where my happiness is. So if, if I'm going to have a second chance, I'd be glad to have you as a mother. You've done so much for me, it's only fair that I give back just as much" he vowed.

Melissa's hands slowly dripped from her face, which was held aghast. "Bernie, noooo... Don't do it just to make me happy. I don't want that" she protested.

"I know you don't Melissa, but, well, maybe it's my own selfishness. You said it yourself that you're afraid that you're just doing this for your own sake. Well, I feel the same way. This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance for me. If I take it, I not only get to have a much happier life, but, I'll also become something exceptional. I won't lie, the idea of having magic of my own was so incredibly tempting; how could anyone not take such a wondrous offer? To become something else entirely compared to the ordinary people. I don't want it to be about my own selfish desires either. I want to not only do this for me, but for you as well" Bernie rebuked solemnly, a tear rolling down his face.

Melissa's eyes misted gently, and they twinkled gently as tears rolled down her face. She didn't deserve this wonderful young man. She didn't deserve him one bit and she was so glad she had him. "You... you're wonderful" she wept into her hands.

Bernie shook his head. "No, you're wonderful Melissa" he retorted.

Melissa freed a hand, using it to gesture Bernie towards her. Knowing this single quite well, Bernie reached in for a hug, Melissa's free hand cradling him gently against herself. "We're both incredibly selfish" Melissa whispered.

"Let's be selfish together then" Bernie whispered back.

"Yes, let's" Melissa repeated awkwardly.

They continued to hold onto each other, it, it was getting kinda awkward now. Melissa sighed politely, and the two, sorta, released each other at the same time. They stared at

each other intensely, the sky slowly turning orange behind them. "So, when do you feel you're ready?" Melissa questioned after a while.

"Well," Bernie said, scratching the back of his head, "it's probably best if we do it now. I don't want to overthink this and then bail out later. It's better if we do it here and now, since, well, once I go through with it, it's not as if I'll be able to regret it" Bernie said with a wry grin.

"Alright, then, let us make haste" Melissa affirmed, pushing herself from her rocking chair.

She held onto Bernie's hand tightly as she lead him to her room, but, this time, she didn't lock the door. She didn't need to, he wasn't going to run. A lot of clutter that had been in the room had been cleared away (most likely by magic Bernie surmised), and it was a bit brighter now, though, only barely. A very large and comfortable looking chair was sitting pretty in the middle of her room, with a conical flask filled with a slimy-looking yellow fluid inside. Despite how dim the room was, the substance was practically luminescent. "Is... is that it?" Bernie questioned fearfully, pointing at the flask.

"Indeed" Melissa confirmed grimly as she released Bernie's hand. "Please wait here" she commanded to Bernie as she moved for the chair.

Melissa held the bottle daintily with two fingers as she reclined into the chair. The flask was brought hesitantly to her mouth, the flask shaking violently as she was very much reconsidering putting that fluid in her mouth. But, it was for Bernie. She downed the fluid in one go, and gagged from the revolting flavour. "Oh Jesus that's disgusting" she rasped, trying to claw the flavour from her tongue.

"How long does it take for the potion to work?" Bernie questioned nervously.

"Well, it never mentioned anything beyond immedi-OH MOO!" she mooed loudly, a powerful feeling building in her chest.

"Melissa!?" Bernie cried out in concern.

"I'm fine, I'm finooooh!" Melissa moaned.

She could feel it in her tits. She could feel them bloating with each surge of the potion going to work. They gurgle and churned with every shake. One good swing would knock down ten people. The front of her dress was crying out as its stitching was tested. She moaned with each additional surge that went through her chest, and with each surge her tits pumped up larger, and larger. It was starting to feel really good now as her nipples poked out the top of her dress, and they shone like headlights. Melissa felt so hot in her dress, her hands running along her luscious melons as her nipples grew larger, steadily leaking milk as they wobbled and bounced.

Bernie's face turned a deep crimson as he just stood there and watched this spectacle. It was... incredibly arousing to watch a woman's boobs get bigger, especially when they were so big to begin with. His jaw dropped and his tongue flopped out as with the loudest scream Melissa could muster, her tits surged with such scale that they completely destroyed the front of her dress. They, they were even bigger than watermelons, and her nipples had the same diameter as apples. He placed his hands guiltily in front of his crotch, to hide his awkward boner as he swallowed hard. Those were the biggest breasts he had ever seen... and... he was going to suck on them. This was almost a dream come true.

Melissa sighed in relief, the growth having finally ceased. Her chest was so heavy now, especially without her dress to support it. And every movement was awkward to her, as her jugs jiggled and wobbled with every movement. And they constantly made that loud gurgling noise, as if there were waves crashing down in her tits. "Phew... that was a rush" she groaned.

"I'll bet" Bernie gasped, biting on his hand to stop himself from panting loudly.

Melissa breathed heavily, her huge chest bouncing and jiggling with each rise and fall. "Okay, now, remove your clothes" she ordered.

"What, why?!" Bernie objected.

He wasn't ashamed of his body, it was just, well, her seeing him in the buff, and, well, that was a very arousing moment. It was, well, not humiliating, just embarrassing to know she kinda turned him on. "I don't want you getting tangled up and lost within your clothes" Melissa reasoned.

Well, she had a point; he'd need to be subtle about this. "Can I just keep my underpants on?" he protested.

"Bernie, I know what you just saw must've been quite, stimulating, for you, but we don't have time for this. I'll be seeing a lot of it when I'm changing your diapers anyways" Melissa said shortly and unashamed.

"Okay" Bernie conceded, stripping his clothes away quickly.

He froze at his underpants though. His hands held onto the waistband so tightly, but they refused to go any lower in front of Melisa. "Bernie..." Melissa said slowly.

Bernie grit his teeth as pulled his underpants clean off, baring it all to the world for three seconds as he cupped himself awkwardly. He waddled slowly over to Melissa. It was, quite the bizarre thing really. Like, a naked slave boy standing before his well-endowed female master for 'punishment'. Melissa gingerly held her arms out for Bernie, and, he had no idea how to move into them without moving his hands. "Can't I kneel and do it?" he suggested.

"Bernie!" Melissa snapped.

Against everything, his hands left his front, revealing his Otter boner to her. And, she said nothing. With some help from Bernie she picked him up and cradled him in her arms, and she gently hummed to him as his face was smooshed up against one of her enormous tits. "Before I do this," Bernie whimpered, "please promise me you'll be the best mother ever."

"I promise" Melissa said serenely.

"Then, see you later" Bernie said as his arms manoeuvred Melissa's breast before his mouth.

It felt so soft, his dick was throbbing from touching the beautiful thing. He swallowed a hard rock as he slowly brought it to his mouth, and crammed it in. Melissa rocked Bernie gently as he sucked on her nipple, her rich creamy milk flowing into his mouth. It, it tasted like pure happiness. A tear ran down his face it tasted and felt so good. He couldn't help but suck harder, greedily wanting the joy to fill him up. And as he continued, a golden sheen

overtook him. Small particles danced on him gently as he started to recede. It was subtle at first, but very soon Bernie was already at $\frac{3}{4}$ his original size, and he kept shrinking. He had to lean forward just to be able to hang on to Melissa's breast, and he kept shrinking. His fur became softer and fluffier as his face gained a youthful tone. His tail was much trimmer now, and half its usual length.

But, something was amiss, though Melissa didn't know it yet. As Bernie regained his youth, the bridge of his nose widened, with his nose also widening to accommodate. His hands and feet plumped up, though you couldn't tell as he was now the size of a toddler. His fur was much thicker, much lusher and softer. His tail was also much shorter than it should have been, and, his ears were larger, more circular. For a baby, he seemed certainly quite larger than your average baby Otter.

But to Melissa though, Bernie was still so small now, especially since he was only six months old. Melissa's nipples were now far too big for him, his suckling lips being torn away from the generous bosom, and he brayed loudly. His wailing pierced the air, and Melissa just gently shushed the small infant, placing him to her enormous shoulder as she gently batted his back, until he let out the cutest little wisp of a burp. She giggled to herself. "Don't worry my sweet Bernie," she said gently to the infant, "Mama's here, and Mama's never going to let you go" she whispered to him as a basinet formed by her side.

Without even needing to thinking it, a diaper and booties formed on Melissa's little man as she gently placed him on top of a blanket. It was at this point, that she gave pause to *really* inspect her child. She was very certain his nose shouldn't be so wide, or his hands and feet so large... for an infant. Nor should he be so fluffy. Her eyes narrowed as she visualized the potion's page in her mind. It hadn't said anywhere that the ritual would cause unusual changes in the process, beyond, well, being a baby. Nor should he have picked up her traits. True they shared blood, but still... well, it's not that she minded of course, it was just... *odd*. Yes, odd was a good word. Her thoughts were disrupted by a sharp little yawn from her little man, and she was butter once again.

The little guy was wriggling about slowly, and his eyes were half-closed, he was so close to nodding off it was adorable. Melissa swaddled the small creature with expert ease, tucking him in so perfectly that he couldn't escape. His little face was the only thing poking out of the blanket cocoon, and he yawned loudly again. His eyes fluttered gently, before finally falling asleep. Melissa's smile couldn't get any bigger as a tear splattered onto the soft fabric of the basinet. "You're so small" she whispered with a teary-eyed smile. "And the woods is no place to be growing up. No, not at all. I think, we're going to need to move my sweet Bernie. And, I think I know just the city to move too..."