

Seven candles of violet flame

Hear my wish, heed my name

Summon forth, in bounty claim'd

Thy slime swell inside my frame

She finished the chant with a flourish, wand crackling with power, dark skirts billowing in an even darker room. The pentagram upon the floor, carefully marked out in red, shone faintly as the words of power were loosed upon the world.

For a moment, nothing happened. The witch held her breath, air trapped within her bosom as if she was afraid to let it out, to spoil that precious in-between, where dream and reality fought for dominance.

She could hold for only so long though, and when at last she released her breath with a huff, the young woman all but deflated.

“Damn it, how hard can it be to pump up my girlish figure a lit-”

There came a drowning **whoosh** from all around her, a wind that would’ve fit well upon a dank and scabby moor, except she was in a basement, surrounded by stone walls. It was still dank, but hardly outside where wind was supposed to blow.

The candles guttered, and the first one winked out. Pressure built in the room, and she could *feel* the portal open beneath her feet- and she spread her legs wide as if to welcome her new arrival.

She needn’t have bothered, as *something* burbles up around her bare feet, tickling at her toes and causing a giggle to bubble from her lips. It felt good, like a lover’s tender touch along her soles, moving to her

ankles and calves, and as the second candle winked out- it rose to caress her thighs.

Finally, she looked down, finding a roiling and bubbling mass of goo where she'd once had feet and calves; though an experimental wiggle proved she still *had* them, underneath all that she had summoned. It was a friendly looking stuff, she decided, hardly like those gelatin cubes she'd heard the Northern Wizards capable of conjuring. Those tended to devour people whole, and while she was certainly a kinky witch- being eaten alive was not on the agenda for today.

Her third candle guttered and died as the slime rose to envelop her ass now, the glittering red mass now filling an ample amount of the room, and she almost wished it would hurry up and-

Before she could finish the thought, it responded, slithering straight up the tiny, pert ass it had been fondling and rending a surprised squeak from her!

"Aah! W-warn a girl next time before you go up...nngghh, oh Goddess that feels *good*."

The goop filled her with warmth, a blossoming and spreading coziness that happily meandered through her insides, and her stomach bulged into a proper tummy in mere heartbeats. The fourth candle winked out, and she scarcely noticed as her tummy continued to swell up and out, more and more of the red goop winding its' merry way inside her.

A hand went to caress her fulsome swell, and by the time she noticed it too was coated in red slime, the fifth candle had been extinguished and the sixth wavered. She let out a long, low moan as her hips blossomed forth, once slim curves ballooning into ample and beyond. She looked and felt pregnant, stuffed with life, bloated and fat alike- and there was a curious sensation as the slime clambered over her bosom while filling

it from inside.

A breathless gasp was all she could manage as her breasts rounded and swelled like balloons, like soap bubbles caught up in some truly expansive spell.

The sixth candle went out, and she could barely see the last remaining one holding on valiantly, the glow of her own bloated, bioluminescent figure easily drowning it out. She was *huge* now, swollen tits and a belly easily the match of the largest pregnancy she'd ever seen, a lovingly fattened ass and thighs that could crush an army.

She felt the goop filling her insides, surrounding her, cradling her, and as the red slime crested her head and swamped her vision- the final candle flickered, one last valiant stand against the night.

The red-suited witch waddled forward to blow out the candle herself, plump lips parting for a moment, the loving embrace of her new body- her new partner, even- retreating from her head at the barest thought.

She giggled slightly, basement walls cast in an eerie and yet comforting red from her ballooned body, and sent a single mental command to the goop that swelled her into what she'd long dreamt of.

"Bigger..."