

Witch Tricks and Candle Sticks

By Stravix



"Should be nearly there...or did I miss a moss covered stone I should have kicked?"

Walking while holding her hand out like a blind person never failed to feel odd. It was the third Witchmoot Lilian had attended in her life, and three times now she felt she read the instructions wrong.

"Find the twisted fir and turn past the leaves, find the canyon, descend, and where the frogs rest the way shall open," she muttered the directions to herself. She was sure she was on the right track as she had followed the path to the letter, and now trudged along a narrow strip of land bordered by what appeared to be a frog kingdom. Hundreds of the amphibians watched and judged the red-haired witch as she stomped through their dank, shadowy domain, laden with a massive, clinking pack that bulged out past her sides and above her head.

"Whose idea was it to have this entranceway be in *mud*." She grumbled. The location of the magical pathways shifted every time for protection. Lilian understood the need. Having hundreds of women being seen wandering off into corners and canyons only to vanish *would* seem suspicious, but she still seethed at the choice of pathing.

She was about to turn around and retrace her steps when her outstretched hand vanished.

"Finally!" she sighed. Lowering her arm once more returned her hand to her side.

Turning to the frogs she gave a small wave. "Sorry to disturb you!" she said happily. Before she took a step forward and dissolved into nothing.

Lilian now stood in a bright rich forest, which was far flung from the dark, damp locale she had been walking through previously. There, perched like an enormous, stone birds' nest at the edge of a cliff face, was Crowhaven. The moss and nature covered castle was now a familiar sight to her, having been the chosen location for the Witchmoot for generations long before she was born.

"Big turnout this year..." Lilian muttered as she looked around. Dozens of young women mingled amongst the trees. Some were busy stuffing their packs with herbs and other reagents, while others mingled in small circles likely catching up on gossip from their part of the world. Some met her gaze with widened eyes as recognition dawned on them.

Lilian paid them no mind, as her attention was now focused on the figure posing on the steps to the castle above her. The sable hair and glamorous, tightly fitted black dress entirely unsuitable for travel could only belong to her nemesis. Lilian couldn't help but smile as she started climbing the stairs towards her.

Noir smiled back silently. Waiting for Lilian to alight the final step and stand face to face. The two witches shared a wordless, knowing gaze as they weighed each other up.

Noir broke the silence first and opened her arms wide. "Lily! I'm so happy to see you! Hard to believe it has been three years already."

Lilian smiled cordially and stepped into the hug. "Noir! It really has been too long. Though you look like you haven't changed a bit."

Noir released the hug, laying her hands over her heart in mock surprise. "Oh my dear, I've changed *plenty* if I do say so. You have no idea how many new outfits I've had to buy just to keep up with my *maturement*." Her hands slid and cupped her chest that pushed out the fabric of her dress. "Unlike you it seems, still slim and slight as a birch tree I see."

Lilian snorted derisively. "It must be the food they serve in the city. Careful you don't eat too much tonight at the feast or you might just burst out of that dress right in front of the Crowmother, and wouldn't *that* be a scandal."

Noir shifted her hands to her hips. "Oh, you can't still be mad at me about last time."

"Oh no I'm not mad at you Noir, I'm just a little miffed that a good amount of the witch community now knows exactly where my birthmarks are." Lilian said, doing her best to look hurt. She didn't last long before laughter broke her features. Noir let out a restrained giggle before joining in laughing in tandem with her.

Throughout the conversation the other witches mingling outside the walls had walked past and into the castle doors, leaving the pair alone on the steps. Silence settled around them.

Noir's eyes narrowed. "I assume you are prepared for this year, Lilian. My measurements are not *all* that have improved. My hexes are more potent than ever and I have added a few more into my repertoire. That misfortune hex will pale in comparison."

Lilian patted her backpack. "Oh, I expected as much Noir. Just you wait, you are going to *wish* you stood naked before the hall after you get a taste of what I have in store. I've got potions and concoctions that'll leave you blue in the face".

Noir perused her enormous luggage up and down with a sigh. "Still focused on brewing? Come now, Lily. You should branch out a bit and attain some *actual* magic skill. You won't be a real witch otherwise."

"*Magic* alone does not make a witch, Noir. Besides, unlike you I have to earn for a living, and there's always a need for lotions and potions." Lilian nodded to herself, reciting her mothers saying.

"I do thank my good fortune for being born into wealth every day... I even bought a bag of holding just recently!" Noir bragged. She extended a hand outwards. "May the best witch triumph."

"May the best witch triumph." Lilian extended her own to seal the deal but stopped short. "Though, if you mind a small addendum to the usual rules, do you mind if we save the start till tomorrow? I'm bushed."

Noir placed a tentative finger on her lips and tilted her head in thought for a moment before giving a dismissive wave. "Oh, fine. Though honestly Lily you should shake that habit of traveling on foot. Buy a broom and learn to fly for your own sake. Soon you will be all muscle."

Lilian snorted as they finally clasped hands and shook. "Oh of course. Why didn't I think of that. It's not as if I'd have to master illusion magic, enchantment for the broom *and* learn to fly it all at once for that to work *while* maintaining a steady business."

Noir sighed and starting walking towards the doors. "Ah, the life of the hedge witch"

"Oh don't start" Lilian muttered as she followed.

And thus started their personal competition. Ever since they met on their first Witchmoot the pair had formed a rivalry of sorts. What began as a conflict of two witches of opposing backgrounds soon gave way to a mutual respect and friendship as the pair decided the best way to improve was to challenge one another in bouts of pranks and hijinks that steadily grew more elaborate as their skills increased.

The pair walked past the large metal doors, and as if sensing the last of the guests had finally arrived the doors swung inwards and closed with a bang. The pair found themselves at the far back of the bustling main hall. Much like the outside the interior was a blend of stonework and organized nature as tree roots and vines snaked their way around the walls. Witches of all walks of life milled about in their respective circles as they waited for the beginning. Lilian watched as a number of witches hurried back into the hall from the various lower entrances leading to the wings, harried by a small flock of crows.

"Let's get closer." Noir was already walking forward into the crowd, urging her to follow. Lilian fell into step behind her as they walked near the large, dry fountain dominating the centre of the hall. It's statues showcasing a trio of witches cussing a perfectly round sphere, which Lilian supposed was meant to represent magic.

The two neared the front of the crowd just as a silence fell on the witches. Attention turned to the shadows coalescing at the far stairs leading to the dining hall. Small at first, the shadowy ball grew until the castle's master, the Crowmother, rose out of it. Stepping to the railing she loomed over the assembled like an angry shadow. A crooked black witch's hat poured sleek black hair that ran over her shoulders, further covered in a sleek black dress that hugged her slim form from neck to toe. Looking very much like someone dumped a pot of tar over a porcelain doll and then animated it to walk.

She opened her mouth and her voice spread throughout the halls. "Let us begin!"

The speech was long and drawn out, much like always. Lilian felt her mind drift off like a cloud as the Crowmother spoke.

"... I hope all of you have a productive and fulfilling week exchanging knowledge with your sister's and peers from across the kingdoms. Our enemies are becoming more active, and there are challenges every day for our kind. But it is only through nurturing our new saplings and ourselves that mighty trees can grow to weather the oncoming storms for Witchkind!"

Lilian let out a sigh and stretched. Sensing that the ending to her long speech was finally arriving.

The Crowmother's voice shot out once more. "As a *final* note. Any and all attempts to *disrupt* the proceedings in any manner shall have the perpetrator forced to explain to their coven why they are a toad until the next Witchmoot. Is. That. Clear."

The final words resonated throughout the assembly as several witches turned their gaze to Lilian. The young witch merely nodded firmly with her arms folded. The Crowmother stood in silence for a moment, letting her warning sink in, before raising her arm in a small gesture. Suddenly the air was filled with black feathers as crows materialized from thin air.

"Now then, Sisters, let us prepare. As our forebears did, we all must do our part to prepare for tonight. This castle has slept in the passing years and it is time to wake it up. Listen to my familiars for your role and carry them out." With her own role apparently completed her form wavered and then sunk into the floor like a splotch of ink evaporating in the sun.

The moment the crows descended the air was filled with the raspy squawks of orders as each one commanded their assigned witch to fulfil some chore throughout the castle. Servants poured in from

the surrounding wings as they moved to assist. As the focus of the crowd turned to their cackled assignments Lilian let out a breath she had been holding in since the Crowmother's last words.

Only for her to suck it in again as a crow landed roughly on her head and opened its beak.

"WITCH LILIAN! WITCH NOIR! YOU ARE BOTH ASSIGNED TO THE WATER SOURCE. LILIAN, YOU ARE CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE SUMMON AND BINDING OF A WATER NYMPH, CORRECT?"

She fought the urge to shake the ear-splitting corvid from her hair. "Y-yes. H-however I didn't bring the required candles...so..." She glanced at Noir who merely shrugged.

The bird straightened and stared off into the distance. Cocking its head this way and that as it relayed information. It let out what sounded like a growl before it spoke again.

"THEY WILL BE PROVIDED. YOU WILL WAIT HERE"

She didn't have to wait long as a bustle in the crowd heralded the arrival of a chestnut-haired servant girl. Her outfit matched that of the others, a simple tunic and pants, but Lilian couldn't help but notice she was weighed down by a backpack that rivalled her own. As soon as she stopped before the pair she bent over in exhaustion. The crow regarded her coldly.

"ZOE, YOU WILL ASSIST THIS WITCH WITH HER TASK."

The girl somehow bent over further in a bow that caused her backpack to slide down her back and her braided ponytail to fling down haphazardly. Quickly straightening to save the contents she brushed sweat from her brow to finally look at the two. Seeing her up close Lilian noted the girl was strongly built.

"Ah, hello. I'm Zoe. Lilian and Noir, yes?"

Lilian nodded, eliciting a squawk from the crow that was still sitting on top of her head.

"Nice to meet you, Zoe. We need to get the water going?"

Zoe glanced at the crow. "Y-Yes, I was told. Follow me! I'll take you to the well."

The crow opened its wings and finally took off to hover in front of the girl.

"DO NOT DAUDLE CHILD, YOU STILL HAVE THE WEST WING TO FINISH. AND REMEMBER YOUR OTHER TASK"

Zoe pursed her lips as if she was about to reply but only nodded quietly. The crow flew off into the throng to no doubt deafen some other unfortunate witch. Gesturing to follow, Zoe walked off at a brisk pace.

Noir and Lilian hurried to keep up. "Ah, I also needed candles."

Zoe looked over her shoulder and smiled. She gave her backpack a firm pat. "No problem, love! That's all I'm carrying."

The surroundings grew quieter as they entered another part of the castle and down a staircase that descended into the depths.

Noir stared at the wobbling pack with a curious eye. "That's *all* candles? You can't be saving all of them for summoning rituals, surely."

Zoe slumped slightly as she trotted along. "Nope, I'm a normal. Same as the other girls running about. These things are just so you lot don't need to waste magic on lighting the halls yourselves when you need to go out."

"O-oh" Lilian felt a pang of empathy for the girl. 'Normal' individuals were a somewhat common case amongst witch families where they were incapable of any sort of casting. Instead, they were often relegated to menial work if they wished to live in their own circle.

Noir clicked her tongue. "No magic. Well, least you are contributing to a noble endeavour."

"Well, can't have your ladyship trip over a cobblestone in the dark now can we." Zoe let out a laugh as a flicker of annoyance crossed Noir's features. She stopped at a large door and fished around in her pockets to produce a keyring.

Lilian fidgeted as she watched her flick through the keys. "So, when the Crowmother said 'West Wing' does that mean you are putting *all* of the candles up?"

Zoe kept her eyes on her keys. "Yep, every single one. Including the rooms too." She said flatly.

"That would be hundreds!" Lilian exclaimed.

"Yep, but not like I'm doing it alone. As an undistinguished member of the Crowmother coven I am part of a large group of normals all scurrying about right now. We'll handle it, don't fret...aha!" Zoe finally found the key she was looking for and set about unlocking the door.

Noir looked at the heavy pack and snorted derisively. "They should at least give you a bag of holding rather than lug that thing around."

Zoe stopped as she pulled the door open. "Oh, we don't get those things. A little forbidden to play with magical tools and rituals. But it's fine, really! Gives me a nice strong body with all the work. Maybe a nice farmer will find it fetching enough to sweep me off my feet one day." She flexed an arm before gesturing forward.

"That's the spirit!" Noir said. Zoe gave her a scathing look as walked past.

Lilian followed through and immediately let out a small gasp of astonishment. Standing in the middle of the large circular room was a cauldron of enormous size, though more astonishingly was the myriad of pipes emerging out of the black metal that snaked their way across the floor and into the walls of the room. An equally enormous and heavy looking lid hung suspended on chains above. The cauldron's edge was ringed by a walkway that circled around it.

"This is amazing!" Lilian hopped over and climbed onto the walkway. Peering into the black depths of the contraption.

Noir remained at the bottom, arms folded. "Please, Lilian it is just a water system. Though, I admit I have never seen one quite so large"

Zoe walked up and gave the black metal a firm bang with her fist. "Biggest one in the kingdom I've been told. Just needs a source."

Lilian reached into pack to produce a small blue pouch. "That's my job! Noir, since you are looking bored would you mind grabbing Zoe's candles while I draw a circle?" Grabbing a stick of chalk from the small bag she started shuffling around the edge of the walkway, tracing a circle as she went.

Noir stared for a moment before raising an eyebrow. "Lily, I may not be an expert in familiars but isn't this process for a seal? I thought your job was to just call a water nymph here?"

Lilian kept scribbling as she answered. "It's a bit of both actually. I can call a nymph just fine... although.."

"You can't control it can you."

Lilian waved a hand dismissively. "It's fine! We just need it to produce water right? You'll see. Now those candles?"

Noir rolled her eyes, though she smiled all the same, before holding a hand out towards Zoe. "You heard the summoner. Candles, servant."

Zoe frowned a little at Noir but placed her large pack on the ground and pulled out a pair of thick, purple-coloured candles. The base of each filling her palms. "How many do you need anyway?" she shouted.

"For a circle this size? Give me...eight should do it!" Lilian's voice rang from the walkway.

Noir took one of the offered candles and turned it over in her hands. "Such a big candle. And what's with this garish choice in colour?"

"Crowmother's choice. It is an auspicious colour or something. Either way, here's your order, your ladyship." Zoe had rolled out a number of the equally large candles onto the floor.

"I wouldn't have chosen the colour. But she's the Head Witch..." she reached down to pick up the other candles before being stopped as Zoe scooped up the enormous wax cylinders into her arms.

Zoe gave a half-hearted smile. "Yeah, she's the boss. How about I carry the rest and you help with the witching?" She climbed up the stairs to the walkway without waiting for a reply. Noir shrugged, happy to avoid the minor menial labour.

Lilian's voice echoed around the chamber. "Almost done with the circle. Where's the candles?"

"Coming up!" Zoe replied as she bounded onto the walkway. "Where do you need them?"

Noir plucked one from the bundle in her arms as she sauntered past and after taking a moment to examine the circle place it down gingerly. "Let me handle that, what with you being forbidden and all. Just follow along and mind you don't step on the chalk."

Zoe let out a huff, but followed as instructed. Soon the cauldron was surrounded by an elaborate circle. Figures and patterns danced along the walkway with candles spaced evenly around the outer edges.

Lilian finished one last picture on the seal before dusting the chalk from her hands. "Okay! It's all ready. Now for the fun part." Reaching into the small bag against she produced a vial and some dried white petals. Noir stood at the bottom of the cauldron, well away from any sort of mishap that could occur, while Zoe stood side by side with Lilian on the top, watching the ritual with curiosity.

"What's all that?" Zoe asked. Looking at the items.

Lilian popped the cork off the vial and swirled the contents. "Just some fresh water and dried lilies. All to coax the nymph from her plain of existence into ours."

Zoe gestured around at the chalk. "And into a sealing circle?"

"Well, normally when you summon a familiar you must convince it to bind to you willingly. I can call one, but it doesn't like following orders so it can be a bit...mischievous. The seal is just there to keep her from running off into the plumbing at the first chance she gets and keep her power from flooding the castle." Zoe's eyebrows shot up as Lilian held the vial and petals out over the black depths of the cauldron and began to chant, reaching into herself to feel for the magic.

"Heed our contract, o-spirit of water. You who dance amongst the lakes and race within the reeds. Follow the scent of the lilies and find your place among us!"

As she finished the spell, she poured the contents and scattered the petals into the air. The water splashing into the hollow confines of the large pot echoed around the room. A few moments passed in silence.

Zoe peered into the cauldron cautiously. "Did it work? I don't see anything"

Lilian stood, holding the pose of the chant for a few moments before dropping her arms unceremoniously and investigated the cauldron as well. As her face leaned over the side a small jet of water shot up and blasted her in the face. Zoe jumped back as another jet followed suite that zoomed over her head and impacted the wall behind her.

"Yep, that'd be her..." Lilian straightened as she wiped the water from her face with a sleeve. "Now we need to get the seal up before..." Looking at the circle she noted the candles were already lit with a pale blue fire, signifying their connection with a spell.

Noir waved a hand. Her fingers still trailing smoke. "You're welcome! I just wanted to make sure I could say I did my part."

Lilian nodded her wordless thanks before standing on her toes to peer into the cauldron again. Sure enough what was once a small puddle of water had grown into a small pool that filled the bottom. A pool that was rising still.

"You got me good. Better aim this time!" She shouted down at the water. The surface bubbled for a moment before a swirl formed and climbed into the air. The churning liquid shrank and compressed to form what appeared to be a shapely young woman made entirely out of water. Zoe's face went red as she noted the nymph was entirely naked.

Lilian produced another pouch and shook the contents at the spirit. "I'm betting that shot meant you still aren't going to listen to me, but that's fine. I'm just going to need you to sit nicely in this cauldron and form up water like you love to do for a few days anyway. But I promise to give you a nice gift if you behave!" The nymph tossed her bubbly hair and crossed her arms. A pouting expression wobbled on her features.

"It's a great gift! Really!" Lilian pleaded, but quickly ducked as another jet of water shot out of the cauldron at her. "Okay, that's that I guess." She gave a wave at Noir who pulled a lever at the door. The lid hanging above the cauldron jerked and descended onto the pot with a ringing clang. A hollow gurgling started resonating around the chamber as the pipes churned to life.

Noir stretched languidly as she pivoted and started towards the door at a brisk pace. "Well, that is our job handled. I think I am going to test the water and have a nice bath. Do finish up, would you."

"Of course! Your beauty must come first!" Lilian quipped. Noir raised a hand and waved it lazily as she disappeared around the corner. Turning back to admire her handiwork Lilian noticed Zoe peering intently at the chalk work spiralling around the candles.

"Curious?" she asked.

Zoe jerked and stood up quickly. "Y-yeah. I was just wondering if even someone like me could manage this kind of work if I was allowed. It has got a kind of beauty to it." She stared at the blue flame flickering on the candles around the cauldron.

The two listened to the churning in the pipes before Zoe spoke up again. "Is she a friend of yours?"

Lilian nodded and smiled. "Mhmm! She acts high and mighty but if you dig a little deeper she's a decent witch."

Zoe tilted her head, looking doubtful. "Is that right? She's like every other city witch to me. She even left without offering to help more."

"Oh, she just doesn't want to admit she's tired. Infusing a candle for a seal requires a bit of magic, and she did this whole set on her own. Honestly, I'm glad." Lilian gave the seal one more once-over before nodding, satisfied, and turning to Zoe. "I still have a bit more energy in me. So do you need any help with your own work?"

Zoe's eyebrows shot up. "Are you serious? Crowmother would have my head if she caught me sharing work with a witch!"

Lilian waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, it'll be just one more grievance on a mountain. You look like you could use a hand and I'm a hands-on kinda witch, so how about it?"

"It's fine! Really. I can handle it." Zoe adjusted her pack and bounded down the stairs. "You should follow your friend and get some rest. You got your own haul to worry about looks like." She gave her bag a firm whack as she waited at the door.

"Okay, if you are sure." Lilian stepped down and followed her out the door. She waited as the door was locked once again before holding out her hand. "It was nice to meet you by the way, Zoe. Let's have tea sometime!"

Zoe looked at the hand for a moment before smiling and grasping it firmly. "Same to you. Have a good night...Oh, before you go!" She reached into her bag and pulled out a pair of her enormous candles. "You'll probably need these. I'm not sure if your room has been covered yet."

Lilian took the proffered candles from her and watched as Zoe trotted off down another corridor. As silence settled, she felt a feeling of utter exhaustion wash over her. The journey's exertions finally catching up to her and the promise of a soft bed beckoned to her mind. The following yawn sealed the deal and she started her walk back to her room.

As she crossed the main hall, she noted the chaotic bustle from before had died down as the witches finally finished their tasks and retired for the evening, though servants still bustled to and fro as they dealt with the various demands of the guests. She also noted with a little pride that the water fountain in the middle of the hall was flowing smoothly as enchanted liquid bubbled out of the sphere in the middle.

Before she could pass through to her side of the castle, she heard a familiar laugh from the second floor above her. Looking up she spied the Noir chatting with someone past her sight. As if sensing her gaze Noir turned back and locked Lilian's eyes.

Leaning on the railing as Lilian passed underneath, she twirled her finger before pointing it towards her face silently, giving a knowing wink. "Rest well, Lily. You'll need it." She called out.

At any other time Lilian would be suspicious of the hand gesture, but sensing nothing amiss she simply stuck out her tongue in reply as she walked out of Noir's vision. It wasn't long before she finally got into her room. Zoe was right, her room was dark as pitch now that the sun was gone, and there was still some work to do. Conjuring a tiny bit of flame at the ends of the two candles to light up the surroundings in a sea of flickering shadows, she set about unpacking the contents of her luggage. Tubes and alembics, pouches of catalysts and reagents, dried plants and animal parts. The entirety of the alchemical art emerged from her bag as she set up her makeshift brewing lab in whatever space available that wasn't dedicated to sleeping.

"That... should... do it." Finishing by placing the candles underneath some solutions that required heating before tomorrow's antics.

"Bring it on Noir," she declared, her voice dragging out the last word with a yawn that followed her as she collapsed into the bed. Not caring to change out of her traveling clothes as she snuggled up to the pillow and let the weight of the day's exertions drag her off to sleep.

She sat at a table in the grand hall. Witches of all backgrounds were around her, from well-dressed city witches to even the wild hermits whose clothes looked like they might have been walking around alive a day beforehand. No matter the path, they were all her sisters of a young generation of magic folk. Separate but still together. The celebration of the Witchmoot was full underway and displays of sorcery flew about the hall. The kind of freedom only ever seen away from the eyes of most of the world.

She was determined to showcase her own arts tonight. Reaching into her pouch she found her latest concoction. Poured out onto herself it would change her clothes into whatever her mind imagined until the midnight hour. Hopping up onto her chair she stood in full display for all to see.

"Here's to magic!" she declared as she popped the cork and doused herself in the contents. A smoke arose from her clothes and, closing her eyes, she imagined herself in an exquisite gown fit for royalty. She felt the fabric on her shift and warp...

Noir's cool voice pierced her thoughts. "Hey Lily, you have a really nice ass."

Opening her eyes, she realized the hall was now silent as all stared at the now naked witch standing on a table.

Lilian groaned as it dawned on her. "Oh, not this dream again!"

The hall erupted in laughter, as it always did in this dream, and she stood with her hands on her hips as she glared at the dream Noir. She sat across from her in a tight red dress that strained tightly around a voluptuous figure that jiggled from her laughing.

"Just you wait Noir...the real you anyway. Tomorrow morning you'll get your just deserts for haunting me with this nightmare."

The dream recreation of her friend and rival sat up and stood on the table with her. Lilian could swear her curves ballooned a few inches as she did so, her dress creaking to contain her maturing assets. "Oh really, Lily. Far as I can see you are *bereft* of anything of note, both as a witch and a woman."

Lilian snorted. "By the moon you are annoying even in my sleep."

The Not-Noir took another step onto the table. Her figure swelled, causing her dress to creak ominously as she looked down at her past an enlarged chest that bulged upwards to reach her chin. "Well, I hope those desserts are tasty. Cause I'll be sharing mine with you." She quipped as she produced an apple pie out of nowhere.

"Sure, sure. Go right ahead" Lilian had enough of this dream already. She sat down on her chair and folded her arms. As she watched her figment of a friend raise her arm to fling the pie at her face, she reminded herself to craft a dreamcatcher as soon as possible.

The confection sped towards her and impacted with surprising reality. She could feel it ooze over her head and hair, covering her nostrils in goop. She opened her mouth in surprise at the sensation but couldn't speak. Hurriedly she tried to scrape the pie off her face but found her fingers sliding across the cold, slimy surface as the confection slid over her tongue.

Cold? Slimy?

She felt herself back on her bed again. Her eyes shot open but were blocked by a translucent substance that shifted and wiggled with its own intent. The candles had gone out and her room was lit dimly by the moon through her small window, but with even that little light she saw the tell-tale core jiggling within the ooze.

"A MIMMIMBLE!?" she tried to shout, but found her mouth occupied by the creature. It was a small one, barely the size of her face. But any slime that had already attached to your face was a tricky opponent. Her fingers found no purchase on the blob and shaking her head did little but cause it to wobble.

She tried to stand and get to her potions, but a sudden pleasant sensation erupted from her pelvis as a similar cold sensation slid around her thighs. There were two of them, and as if sensing that their victim was attempting to escape increased their efforts. The one on her face jiggled violently and pressed into her mouth and started down her throat with a desperate energy. Similarly, the one between her thighs shifted and pressed into her most sensitive region. The wiggling of it's movements eliciting a moan from herself as she struggled to find her footing.

Lilian felt a pang of panic mixed with pleasure as she felt powerless against the assault, but just as quick as it started it stopped as the two slimes vanished into her body with a *schloomp*.

She laid there on the bed panting for breath as the reality of what transpired sunk in. "Did... that just happen...?" Partly out of disbelief, and partly in concern she might still be dreaming. A quick pinch of her thigh confirmed reality.

She had handled slimes before, but was never aware of any sort that were that small. Trying to recall all that she knew of the species she rolled off the bed and got to her feet. "How did it even get in here?"

GUUUUUUurgle

A grumbling noise rumbled from her body. She gasped as a combination of sensations shot through her. A hollowing sensation as she felt the magic in her body slowly seep away much like if she was casting a spell, while at the same time an unusual feeling grew within her. The slimes weren't done.

"Ooh. Where's that satchel..." she reached out to fumble in the moonlight. She wasn't sure what was occurring in her body but she was sure it had to be stopped. Seeking the candles she had placed earlier, her fingers soon touched upon the hard wax underneath an alembic. She was shocked to note the candle had split open. Cracks run from the top to the bottom and the wick had vanished into its recesses.

"Ah for Frigg's sake." Swearing under her breath she reached into her magic again. As she did however;

GUUUUUurgle.

She suppressed a shudder as the feeling grew. The slimes were feeding off her magic at a slow rate, but unmistakable now. She focused on her chant. "MMngh... Spirit of sun, moon and light unbound, shine your brilliance to my surrounds!"

A small shining light popped into existence and drove the shadows away into the corners of her room. Blinking as her eyes adjusted to the sudden change, she set about trying to find a particular satchel amongst the makeshift brewery.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"UGH!" A warm sensation filled her body followed by a tightening in her chest. She clutched her leather bodice as it suddenly grew painful. Pushing aside the immediate need for a cure she undid the lace that kept the garment together and pulled it off. As she raised the tough leather over her head, she became immediately aware of the sudden pull of gravity. Her white dress sprang forward and bounced with an entirely unfamiliar weight.

"What in the name of the Witchmother..."

Pulling her dress out she gasped as she laid eyes on a pair of breasts that filled out the white fabric. She never had any to speak of before.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Another rumbling inside her body. Lilian sucked in her breath as her new developments swelled outward visibly. Joining this odd sensation was a rubbing between her thighs. Her hands darted down and felt her lower body. Sure enough, the pulsing growth that matched the hollow, draining feeling was working its magic there as well.

"*Did the slimes decide to rest in there of all places!?*" she thought. Suddenly the need to find her cure sprang forward in her mind more urgently. Moving with desperation she shoved her newly formed brewery around haphazardly. Pushing aside books and knocking over glass to roll as she tried to find her quarry.

Finally, her eyes spied a telltale purple ribbon. "There it is!"

Snatching up the leather satchel, its contents clinking, she opened it and immediately grabbed one of the set of phials she had prepared before her journey. Giving thanks to her due diligence in preparing for every eventuality this year she downed the liquid in a single gulp and waited.

The hollowing sensation thankfully ceased as the magic drain stopped, as did the abnormal growth in her chest. The warmth receded, though the pain remained somewhat. Lilian breathed a sigh of relief.

“Slime Solution. Looks like it works fi-“

GuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrrrrGLE!

A bubbling sensation filled her body. A sudden surge rumbled up from her pelvis and resounding in her chest as a reaction between slime and potion came into effect within. Like someone set a cauldron to boil in her body she grew hot and shuddered uncontrollably. She felt her face redden as the feeling was not entirely unpleasant and she couldn't help but fall back onto her bed, her hands clasped over her mouth to stifle moans of pleasure as her body vibrated.

Thankfully the bubbling ceased just as quickly as it started. She laid there, once again in a daze from what transpired. Lilian decided it was best to stay there for a few minutes in case of any other developments, during which time her hands drifted over herself in an inspection.

She started from her head. Her mouth turned into a grimace as she felt the slimy residue of one of the invaders was slicked through her hair. “Nothing unusual... though need a bath.” Her hands slid down both sides of her face, noting her features are otherwise normal with no warts or elongated noses. Passing her neck, she let out a soft gasp as her hands confirmed that breasts remained enlarged as before.

Her hands pressed into her flesh, half expecting them to sink back into her like emptying a waterskin, but releasing them only allowed them to bounce back into their new fullness. She stared at them, her mind racing. “Will have to figure out these later...”

Continuing her inspection down her body she noted nothing unusual. Lilian then pursed her lips as she slid her hands slid down past her waist and onto her thighs. Inspecting the place feeling from before occurred.

“Oh, oh no no!” she whispered. All thought of caution vanished from her mind as she leapt out of bed and run over to her closet. Swinging the door open to look upon the full-length mirror installed inside she bundled her skirt up to her chest.

Standing in the reflection was a body entirely alien to her. Complementing her now respectable chest were a pair of legs that rivalled Noir's. Her once slender thighs and butt, shaped by years of walking and running in the country, were now so full and rounded that her panties had slid upwards to form a V shape to accommodate them.

She reached one hand down to press into her new fleshy developments. Her fingers sank into a softness unknown to her. Gradually her thoughts moved from panic to curiosity as she turned her body this way and that. Lilian started humming to herself. Despite the circumstances of the growth, her body came out looking good, and probably even sexy by Noir's standards of living, she thought.

Noir.

In the span of a second, curiosity sped to realisation and was promptly boiled to a red, hot anger.

"AHH! SHE GOT ME! That conniving, blackhearted WITCH." Storming over to her window to measure the moon's rise with her fingers she gritted her teeth as she confirmed her suspicion. It was past the middle of the night and well into the morrow. She broke nothing in their agreement at the door. It was already 'tomorrow.' The game was on.

"All those comments on my figure before. She must have felt so smart about it. Arrrgh!" Sucking in a breath as she calmed herself down, she started thinking. She might have come out ahead on this. Noir might have expected her to be so ballooned out of shape she would be unable to move in the morning, and she likely would be if not for her underestimating a great amount of alchemy preparations for all eventualities.

"Time for a counterattack..." as she turned from the window she felt the cold, slimy sensation of her hair sticking to her neck, as well as an unpleasant sliding feeling between her thighs as goop dripped down her new legs. "...After a quick wash."

A swift clean and a change of clothes later Lilian exited her room and into the corridor. Much to her chagrin none of her normal clothes fit her new figure, so she had to wear the classical unflattering witch robe given to all guests for certain occasions, thought she forwent the pointy hat.

Lilian shifted the bag on her as she stepped out into the brightly lit corridor. Thankfully small and lighter than during her journey, the pack was now stuffed with every slime cure she had made as well as a selection of her most heinous concoctions. Slinking down the corridor towards the main hall she listened for any signs of more tricks, but the only sound was the wind blowing outside and the clinking of glass from her bag.

Her thoughts struggled not to focus on the unusual feeling of her thicker thighs rubbing against each other as she moved. "How do they walk with these things in the city?" she whispered. As she neared a corner her contemplating stopped as she heard the telltale sloughing noise of thick liquid on stone, but more surprising was the sound of something swishing in tandem with it. Pressing herself against the wall she peeked cautiously around the corner.

There, holding a broom outward like it was a sword, was Zoe. Facing her, or at least sliding towards her, was one of Noir's new pets.

Zoe had her back against the wall as the slime slinked over the stone. The servant girl watched it silently, waiting. Her eyes narrowed as the slime bunched up and, in an unexpected move, *jumped*. The blue blob of gelatinous goo flew through the air directly towards the girl's face. As it neared, Zoe sidestepped out of its path and brought the wooden handle of her makeshift weapon down on it in one smooth motion.

THWOMP

The cleaning tool sunk into the slime's body with a wet splat and met the slime's core. Shattering it into pieces. Now just a lifeless mass the remainder splatted against the wall beside her. Zoe let out an irritated huff.

Lilian was awestruck. "That was amazing!"

Zoe looked as if she almost jumped out of her clothes. "FRIGG'S SAKE girl, you just about scared my soul out of me."

"Ah, sorry, but you looked so gallant just now." Lilian stepped out of her hiding spot and walked over sheepishly. As she looked around, she spied the remains of several other slimes splattered all around. "You really know how to handle these things."

Zoe spun and planted her broom on the floor in a swift motion with a laugh. "Hah! Well, you get some experience here. All sorts of 'pets' can run wild from time to time. Though, I really have no idea why so many are about though..."

"That's... kind of our fault" Lilian looked around at the small battlefield. "Noir has gone above and beyond in our game this year and you just got caught up in it."

Zoe tilted her head. "Game?"

Lilian sighed. "It's just our way of testing each other every year. I had no clue she got into monster summoning." She pressed a hand into her hip. "She got me good in my sleep."

Zoe leaned on her broom, her face puzzled. "Got you good? You look fine to me?"

Lilian blushed as she reached back and pulled her robe. The cloth sank and outlined her new body in the candlelight.

To her surprise, Zoe merely whistled. "Still stand by what I said before, you look fine."

"Thanks to my preparations!" Lilian patted her bag. "So, now I'm hoping to give a little payback. Can I ask you to...keep this between us? I promise I'll clean up all this after." She said, gesturing to the dead slimes strewn about.

After looking around at her own handiwork for a moment, Zoe huffed and looked at Lilian with a firm stare. "I'll take you up on that. So, if you mind me asking. What is your plan?"

Lilian shifted her bag around as she thought. "I was thinking about sneaking into her room and stuffing her face with some of my choice brews while she's asleep."

Zoe glanced from Lilian to her bag. "I assume you are going to use something to open her lock then?"

"Y-yes, open, in a manner of speaking." Lilian said sheepishly. The truth being it was likely to simply melt the lock off its frame.

Zoe hoisted her broom and immediately walked off towards the main hall at a brisk walk. "I'll save you the trouble. I have a master key."

Lilian opened her mouth as if to protest but could only start after her as the burly woman strode away. "Wait wait wait! Look I appreciate the offer but you don't have to get involved in this"

Zoe jerked a hand back behind her towards her battlefield. "Already am."

"And I'm sorry for that, but..."

Zoe spun and poked a finger into Lilian's chest, eliciting a startled yelp as the enlarged breasts proved surprisingly sensitive. She pulled back her finger immediately and held a hand to her mouth. "Oh, sorry! Just wanted to make a point."

Lilian pressed her hands gingerly into her assets. She noted with a mild concern that hadn't gotten any smaller in the short time since the attack. "I-it's okay. Go ahead."

Zoe nodded. "Well, I just wanted to point out that, one; Your friend already made me clean up a mess tonight, and two; I kind feel she deserves a bit of a wake-up call. She has an attitude that rubs me the wrong way. So, if opening a door tonight makes me feel a little better, I'll be all for it!"

The two shared a smile and with a nod moved forward in unison. From the corridor into the main hall, they met no other souls, neither witch, servant, or slime. As they climbed the stairs to the second level Lilian stopped suddenly and clapped a hand to her forehead. "Ah, I just realized. I don't know what room Noir's in!"

A snorting laugh echoed around the hall from Zoe. "So you were going to spend all night finding her first? Don't worry though, I know where she is."

Lilian stopped with her last foot on the stairs. "That's...kind of impressive. Aren't there hundreds of rooms in the castle?"

"A few hundred, but servants got to know every single one to serve all your witchy whims. Your friend is down the hall, a right turn at the corner and third door on the left. It's in the fancy wing."

Zoe beckoned Lilian onward. "Come on. *Her* sort all sleep on this level and we don't want to get noticed."

Lilian frowned at Zoe's tone, but had to agree with the last part. Quickening their pace as much as they dared, they slunk through the wing. Glancing around she noted it certainly was more towards Noir's tastes. Art and finely woven tapestries depicting witches engaging in all manner of glorified rituals were brightly illuminated by intricate chandeliers burning with dozens of the thick purple candles.

"Still can't believe you all put these up in a short time. You are pretty amazing." Lilian remarked as they turned a corner.

Zoe, walking ahead of her, glanced up briefly. "Well thanks, nice of you to say so. But truth be told me and the other 'normals' are usually here a few days before the rest of you. We do more than our fair share of preparations for the Witchmoot to help our sisters."

She stopped and turned around. "Only difference is we don't get a grand speech about it."

"Oh..." Lilian felt a pang of sympathy for her.

Zoe turned and nodded her head at a door while producing a key from her pocket. "This is hers. Ready?"

Lilian looked at the door and listened quietly. No noise from within. Nodding, she opened her bag and pulled out a pair of vials. One of her Slime Solutions as a precaution, and the other a concentration of a brew she often sells to new mothers needing a little boost.

"I'm not the only one who is going to have trouble fitting into her clothes this Witchmoot." She muttered to herself. She gave a nod to Zoe, who was busy staring at her bag.

"You sure you want to carry that in? All that clinking? Might wake her up." Zoe offered a hand. "How about I hold onto it out here?"

Lilian pursed her lips. As far as being a witch went her alchemy was her main strength, so she was loathe to be separated from her potions, but couldn't deny the wisdom in it. She gently lifted the strap off her and handed the bag over.

Zoe hoisted the bag onto one shoulder. "Now we are both holding secrets. You keep quiet about me holding a witches concoctions, right? That is forbidden too."

Lilian nodded. "Hopefully I won't need any more anyway. Just in and out." She gave a firm nod at the door. Zoe bent down and gently inserted the key into the lock and turned. The mechanism unlocked itself quietly.

"Good luck," Zoe whispered back. She tiptoed back while Lilian moved forward and put her hand on the door. Pushing it open gingerly. The interior of the room matched the rest of the wing with lavish décor and woven rugs. Lilian noted it was also big enough that she could probably fit her own room into it twice over.

Dominating the middle of the space was a massive four poster bed covered with soft looking sheets and equally soft looking pillows. All of which were empty of their occupant, with no signs she had even laid there in the evening.

"She's not here?" Zoe whispered as she peered in from the door.

Lilian sucked in her breath and edged further into the room. Looking closer there *were* signs that she was in the room at one point. Some clothes were thrown haphazardly onto the floor near the side of the bed. Additionally, the rooms candles were lit.

As her thoughts roiled around in her head, she heard a muffled splash of water. She froze in place and waited. Looking to the source she noticed another door on the side of the massive room. Straining her ears, she waited. No further noises.

"A late night bath?" she pondered. Knowing Noir's pride on her looks it wasn't an impossibility, despite the time of night, which unfortunately meant she was awake and thus probably wasn't receptive to a potion being poured on her. That said, having no clothes on *would* make it easier to douse her. Nodding to herself, she would take the risk.

Slinking across the floor she slowly pressed her ear up against the door. The soft noise of water lapping against the sides of a tub emanated from within. She grasped the door handle and popped the cork of the vial in her other hand. She drew her arm back and pushed the door open. As it swung in Lilian decided to forgo any sort of subtlety she stepped into the bathroom.

"HOPE YOU LIKE MIL..WAAHA!" Her makeshift war cry changed to a yelp of surprise as a thin slimy tendril wrapped itself the base of her shoe. Jerking it back hurriedly she stumbled back from the door just as several more reached out to her. There glimmering blue in the flicking candle lights was a large slime, much larger than the ones that woke her up. It's oozing mass dominated the small room as it filled the bathtub and overflowed towards the door.

"MMHMMMMGH!"

The sudden muffled cry brought her attention upwards to the top of the slime. Held above the mass by dozens of gooey tentacles, her wet sable hair swaying as she struggled against her bonds, was the utterly naked form of Noir. The slime had bound itself around her several times over like someone overwrapping a present and suspended the witch close to the ceiling.

She twisted her body trying to escape. Lilian saw that the slime had already entered her in much the same way as her earlier experience, with both Noir's mouth and pussy engorged with the wiggling mass.

The slime already well into it's work as the witch's curves were far more pronounced than before. Her hips and butt had bloated considerably and were equally matched by her watermelon sized breasts that bulged out against their slimy bonds. More alarmingly was her belly. Once flat and fit, her midsection was now rounded as if she was early in the months of expecting.

For a moment her struggles allowed her to lock gazes with Lilian at the door. Noir's struggling increased as hope blossomed in her. "MMMIGH MGHH!...NNNGH!"

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Her yelling was cut into a pleased moan as the slime pulsed. It's tentacles expanding and contracting as it's mass shifted. Noir tensed and moaned as her own body swelled outwards. Her curves filling even more with her new guest. Her tits rose closer to the ceiling while her ass and thighs ballooned outwards like a waterskin dipped in a river.

Lilian gasped as her brain finally processed the situation. "D-do-don't worry Noir. I have something that'll help!". She closed the potion in her hand with a cork and fished out her Slime Solution. Flicking off the stopper she prepared to throw it but stopped herself.

Was this just another trick? Did Noir make a mistake and get caught in her own prank?

Noir apparently noticed Lilian's hesitation. "MMMM...MMGGGGGHH!...NNNNGH", she yelled before succumbing to another moan.

Lilian admitted to herself that Noir wasn't the type to make mistakes like this.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

As the slime surged and her friend's ass bloated further, she decided it was better to get to the bottom of this and splashed the contents of the potion onto the creature.

Having only experienced the effects internally Lilian found the whole process interesting to watch. The reaction was immediate as the silvery liquid touched the slime. The mass of goop shimmered as a change in colour spread across it, changing it from blue to white. It ceased moving entirely as if it was waiting for something. It was then she recalled the climax of her experience.

Taking another step back from the door she called out. "Ah...just a bit more Noir... the last part is a bit...strange. You might like it though!"

Noir's muffled protest as Lilian made for a safe distance told her she did not believe that.

Suddenly the slime quivered and bloated larger. Bubbles were rapidly filling it from the point of contact and spreading within it's entire body. The tentacles binding Noir thickened as the reaction spread up and around them.

"NNNGH! MMMMMGH!" Noir let out a pleased moan as the bubbling surged up the tentacles and erupting into her. Her body swelled in size in concert with the slime. Her breasts filled and squished as they pressed up against the stone ceiling. Her ass and thighs pulsed fuller and rounder. Her pussy stretched as the tentacles grew wider. The slime's quivering only increased as it swelled in size and forced a series of ecstasy filled moans from their victim as it shook. Suddenly it's growth ceased, but the bubbles continued to roil inside.

GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAN

An ominous sound resonated throughout the room and Lilian forced herself to stand firm rather than cower behind the bedsheets. Partly out of curiosity, and concern for her friend as the slime quivered from the internal pressure.

BLOOOOSH

The slime burst into a bubbly wave of frothy liquid that flooded out of the bathroom and across the floor of the room. Lilian hopped out of the way as it spread and soaked into every conceivable surface. Soapy bubbles flew out and danced around the ceiling in a flickering array of colours as the light of the candles reflected on them.

The alchemist in her watched it all with fascination. She brewed the Slime Solution from a recipe found in her covens' modest library. It was one thing to read about the whole reaction and another to see it in such a quantity. A splash from the bathroom brought her to her senses just as Noir, soaked in soapy water and flustered, stepped out into the room like a hunched zombie. Lilian couldn't help but blush as Noir leaned on a wall and straightened up. As expected, her body kept the proportions even after the slime was vanquished. With a wide hourglass figure and bloated belly, she looked much like the statues of fertility goddesses.

"Lilian..." Noir whispered. Her voice like ice.

The tone caused Lilian to freeze. "Y-yes, Noir?"

"I admit... you got me good... Lily." Noir flicked her soaked hair out of her face as she pushed herself off the wall and stood, hands at the ready.

"Wait? Me?! No, you..." Lilian started a rebuttal as she took another step back and towards the exit.

Noir was hearing none of it. "You had to go after my beautiful figure. You must certainly be feeling good about yourself. That horrid thing had me in its clutches after I fell asleep in the bath from the exertions from casting *your* seal. You *knew* I would be tired." Noir took a step forward.

Lilian reached into her pocket for the lactation potion, even though she knew it might not do much good in this situation. "Oh, come off it. You cast that seal without my say so anyway! Besides why would I fall prey to my own prank."

Noir scoffed. "You certainly don't look like you fell prey to anything."

"What?" Lilian reached down and pulled her witch robe tight from the back. Her new curves pushed the fabric out and she posed. "I certainly didn't have these before tonight, Noir!"

Noir stopped her advance, though her hands still were held up menacingly. Then, after exhaling in frustration she dropped them completely and placed a hand across her face as she examined Lilian completely from between her fingers. "No, you didn't. And it *isn't* like you to make mistakes in your own work either. You were always proud of your slim figure."

She rubbed her temples and leaned back against the doorframe once again. "You are better than that."

"Great that you think so...I thought the same thing of you earlier." Lilian relaxed. The tension leaving her body immediately she slumped back on the bed.

"So, if neither of us did this, then who. Where did these slimes even come from?"

Noir had stepped over to a drawer and had fetched out a luxurious looking towel and was busily drying herself off. "I have some suspicions, *and* a method to find out right here. Do be a dear and fetch me that candlestick by the bed?"

Lilian did as instructed just as Noir vanished into the bathroom. Only to reappear a moment later with a filled washbowl.

A candlestick and a bowl of water. "Carromancy? I had no idea you did such...mundane witchery"

Noir looked offended as she accepted the candlestick. "I dabble in many things Lily... though being honest this is mostly just a fun thing I do at parties. But my scrying is as accurate as they come. Now shush while I work."

Lilian watched as she held the burning candle over the water in the bowl and let the wax drip into the cold liquid. Supposedly one could glean truths from examining the shapes that the wax formed as it cooled. Future telling was a finicky craft at best, but it could gain some coin in a pinch from regular folk.

Lilian blinked as she realized something. "Oh, Zoe! It's safe! You can come in now." She shouted towards the door, which to her surprise was closed.

She must have closed the door to keep things a little secret. She thought to herself.

"She most certainly is *not* coming in." Noir shouted immediately after so Zoe could hear. Speaking more quietly she turned to Lilian. "Lily, I know it's wrong of me to say this considering what I put you through last time, but I do *not* want everybody to know what I look like naked. Zoe is lovely but I do have my pride."

Lilian sighed and nodded. "Alright, but I need to tell her it's all okay."

"By all means then, I'll be busy with the important job of trying to find out who got us." Noir waved her away. Lilian hopped off the bed and walked over to the door. Placing herself to block Noir was being seen she turned the door handle and pushed, only to be met with resistance.

"What?" The door was locked.

A laugh from behind her. "There! Now show yourself to me you wretched trickster!" Noir shouted triumphantly, though no doubt annoyed she was probably excited to find a new opponent. Her work completed she gazed at the bowl eagerly as the wax swirled.

Pop

Splash!

"EEEEK!" Noir screamed. Lilian turned back from the door. Noir had dropped the washbowl and was holding an empty candlestick out like a sword at the culprit.

"*Where's the candle?*" Lilian's thoughts moved rapidly as she looked at the washbowl and her breath caught in her throat.

Soaking up the water. Gooley body swelling and rapidly changing colour to blue was a slime.

"T-the candle. It came OUT of the candle!"

"The candle?!"

Lilian's thoughts accelerated into a flurry of images. The cracked candle in her darkened room. The slimes appearance. Her exiting her room and finding Zoe in the dead of night. The one who gave her the candles and whose job this Witchmoot was distributing them. Zoe, who carried a master key.

A key to a door that was now locked. She didn't want to believe it.

Lilian pounded on the door. "Zoe? Zoe! Are you out there!"

No answer came. She pulled and pushed at the door hoping it was some problem with the mechanism to no avail.

"LILY!"

Noir's shout brought her to her senses. She turned just as the slime leapt at her. She couldn't move out of the way in time as the cold slick mass impacted with her face. Lilian flailed as she attempted to scrap off the monster as it inched into her mouth.

"Keep still, Lily. I can remove it but..." Noir didn't get to finish her sentence.

SHLOOMP

Lilian stood. Her hair once again wet with goop and once again facing an unfortunately familiar situation. "Uugh...not agaaaain.." she groaned.

Guuuuuuuuurgle

The effect was immediate. The hallowing feeling as her magic reserves were sucked out of her, followed by a growing pressure inside her as the slime began to swell. She felt the cloth of her loose witch robe begin to shift as her breasts started pushing the fabric out further, along with the tightening of her underwear as her hips and butt rounded. Bit by bit the robe slid up her body.

Her thoughts turned to her stash of slime cures. "Nnngh...and Zoe has my bag..."

She slumped against the door as the weight of the realization finally sank in. She was chasing the wrong trickster this whole time. Before she could mull over Zoe's reason the lights from the candles in the room vanished with in a flash.

"...Noir!" Lilian shouted. Her mind leaping to a dozen slimes falling from their candle homes.

Noir's voice sounded out in the darkness. "Shush, I just extinguished them." A conjured light appeared with a flourish of magic that illuminated the room like a small sun. It spun about before settling in an orbit high above Noir's head. She looked at Lilian with a solemn expression.

"...Are you alright Lily...aside from the obvious just now. You looked as if your spirit left your body so bad that you didn't hear my warnings."

Lilian rubbed her face. "I was stuck in a sudden realization."

Noir folded her arms underneath her melon-sized chest. "That Zoe is the likely culprit for all this? I surmised. The carromancy told me 'someone close'." She turned and opened a nearby wardrobe and started tossing a variety of expensive looking clothes onto her bed.

"I think so, but maybe she's just a minion for someone else or.." Lilian muttered.

"Possibly. But we won't find out being locked inside my room and..."

Guuuuuuuurgle

“MMMngh” Lilian gasped as another few centimetres were added to her measurements.

“...you being forced into actually having a figure worth note.” Noir finished. She decided to swiftly don her own witch robe, matching Lilian, though more complete with her magic bag of holding. Her figure filled the normally loose garment so much that it looked like it was just a small dress clinging to her.

“Why are you bringing your bag?” Lilian queried.

Noir shrugged. “It matches, and one can never know when it’s boundless usefulness will come into play.” Holding a palm out her eyes flashed blue momentarily as the doorknob froze solid along with a good portion of the door.

Lilian forced herself not to gape. “Chantless magic? Since when? And why didn’t you use that before when you were being gagged and pumped?”

Noir beamed with pride before raising a foot and kicking the door unceremoniously, shattering the lock clean off and swinging the door outward with a bang. “Since I wanted to impress someone...and as to why I didn’t, it is because it takes considerable concentration. I’d like to see you manage it when you have a slime pulsing between your legs. Now let’s get that trickster and your cure.”

Stepping out into the hallway Lilian could hear a general unease sweeping through the corridors. Distant panicked voices echoed up and down the hallways, as well as the occasional shriek. The castle was waking up to a surprise. Looking up and down the stone brick halls the only sign of Zoe that remained was an abandoned broom left forgotten on the floor.

“She can’t have done that to every room, right?” Lilian pondered. The noises were growing louder as more voices joined in.

Noir pursed her lips as she looked up at the candles hanging in the corridor. “I don’t wish to find out.” Reaching down she picked up the abandoned broom and focused. “Now, if I were a trickster attempting to assail several covens worth of witches with magic-sucking slimes, where would I go during the golden hour?”

Lilian attempted to ponder the question for a moment, but found it hard to concentrate as her hourglass figure swelled in another burst of growth. She felt the cloth of her robe ride itself up to accommodate her swelling breasts. Her hands could no longer cup her chest entirely as the flesh grew and stretched.

GUUUUUrrrgle.

“I-ughh...I’d want to get out of here.”

Noir shook her head and let go of the broom. Rather than clatter to the floor it hovered at about hip height, now enchanted to fly. She gingerly tested it with her weight as she sat on the rear end. Thankfully it remained floating.

“And I’d want to be somewhere where I could see my labours come to fruition. But fortunately for both of our theories, that place is the same, which would be...” Noir added. She patting the broom, inviting Lilian to sit on with her.

“...The main hall.” Lilian finished as she looked at the enchanted broom. She had never flown one before. She never felt the need, nor had the time to learn. As she sat on the smooth wood behind Noir, she worried it wouldn’t be able to bear the weight of two enlarged witches, but to her amazement it stayed solidly in the air without budging an inch. As soon as she settled on it the broom lifted off the ground and sped forward, much to her surprise.

“Eeeek! Noooir!” Lilian shrieked. She fell back as the acceleration hit her. Her head sank into one of Noir’s swollen tits.

“Speed is necessity here, Lily. Consider this a crash course in broom flying.” Noir kept her eyes forward as she spoke. As they swerved around the corner the broom suddenly ascended closer to the ceiling.

“...Grip tight and hold, Lily.” Noir’s voice was tinged with a little uncharacteristic worry.

Lilian’s eyes stopped focusing on the broom for a moment as she shifted her gaze to what was ahead. The floors and walls were oozing with slimes. They slid across the floors and climbed the ceiling. Here and there she spied some squeezing underneath doorways to sneak into the rooms within.

POP!

Noir forced the broom to swerve suddenly as a slime popped out of a candle from the chandeliers and fell past them as they sped through the hall.

POP POPPOP POP!

The rain of slimes went from a drizzle to a full-on rain as more candles released their contents. Noir’s face became a mask of concentration as she danced through them as they fell. Some on the floor sensed their approach and attempted to leap at them, forcing the broom up to the ceiling, only to bring them closer to the chandeliers and repeat the process. Between clinging to the broom and being astounded by the chaos Lilian couldn’t speak. She gripped the wood till her hands turned white.

“Someone! Help!” A voice called out ahead. A trio of witches had found themselves cornered by an encroaching wall of slimes. A flash of magic and several slimes were engulfed in flames before slumping to the floor in a pile of charred jelly, only for their remains to be absorbed by another slime which grew in size and continued to advance.

As they sped over the top of them Lilian watched as one of their number moaned suddenly and collapsed to her knees. Her clothes tightened around her and several rips emerged across their chest as their breasts swelled larger. Her figure rose rose from the stone floor as her ass ballooned out from underneath.

Guuuuuuuuuuuurgle

Lilian bit her lips as a similar surge of growth engorged her curves. Her witch robe continued to ride up her hips as the fabric shifted to accommodate her tits and ass. She shifted her balance on the broom as her chest pulled down on her.

Lilian pursed her lips. “C-can we do anything for them?”

Noir shook her head. “We already are. Retrieve the bag, and we will have an effective defence against them. From there, we can have you make more.”

"Noir, those potions take a few days each at least. I will need components too." Lilian looked around at the mass of slimes. "A lot of them."

"Regardless, we will have need of them in time." The sable haired witch nodded quietly. "Besides, we have another target tonight."

Lilian admired her cool personality, even with the state of herself and the things around them. "You know, I'm actually surprised you are going about this so calmly, Noir."

Noir looked at her, smiling, and suddenly Lilian felt a chill up her spine as she looked into her eyes. "Oh, that's all just part of life in the city, Lily. Outwardly one must look nonplussed about all manner of things, but on the inside..."

Noir raised a hand and pressed it into one oversized breast. "Zoe will regret making me incapable of wearing my favourite clothes."

"Can we give her a chance to explain at least?" Lilian pleaded.

Noir huffed. "Do you think she'll want to? This seems awfully extravagant for a mere prank."

Lilian opened her mouth to continue the conversation but was silenced by a growing cacophony up ahead. Speeding towards an archway they shot out into the main hall. The floor below was chaos. Witches of all walks of life formed circles and battled a hopping hoard of slimes illuminated under a constellation of Light spells. Spells of every colour and intent flew out, from straight blasts of elemental power to transmogrification spells that changed a pile of slimes into confused forest creatures. Spread within the circles were more unfortunate witches who weren't so lucky. Their clothes were mere tatters of cloth adorning bulging mounds of hourglass figures that continued to swell, but overall, they were in the minority.

Hope sprung in Lilian's heart. The witches looked to be holding their own, so maybe it wasn't all bad. But more slimes were popping free of their candle confines every moment, with reinforcements slipping out of the wings and into the main hall.

Noir halted the broom above the chaos at a safe height. "Look there, the door."

Lilian squinted. The front door was absolutely covered in slimes both on the surface and congregating in front of it in an enormous gelatinous mass. Battling the blockade was a good portion of the castle's servants who fought with every tool they apparently could lay their hands on. An army armed with cooking implements and brooms swung wildly at the throbbing blob of slimes, and, to her surprise, were doing rather well. Not one of their number had got trapped, or immobilised by their own figures.

"They've had practice too it seems" she thought, just as her eyes spied one individual in the middle of it all who caught her attention.

"There she is!" she cried. Zoe had placed herself at the centre of the group and was fishing through her stolen bag and flinging vials, flasks, and pouches of catalysts at the slimes entirely at random. She watched as glass shattered and all manner of effects sprang forth. One slime starting shining in rainbow hues. Another sprouted a mane of hair. Other potions impacted and never triggered, their effects designed for something entirely different.

Lilian felt her hands grip the broom tighter. A mix of anger and frustration overtook her as she watched her weeks of preparations for the Witchmoot get tossed fruitlessly around like trash.

"ZOE!" she screamed.

Noir was already tilting the broom and accelerating it down when their quarry turned in surprise. Lilian shared a fleeting glance before Zoe turned back around and dropped the bag to the floor, before grasping the bottom and upending the entire contents onto the stone. Her body vanished as the battling crowd shifted around her.

Lilian immediately knew what she was after. "She's going for the Slime Solution."

Noir clicked her tongue. "Of course she is... but does she even know what it looks like? She was throwing things blindly just now"

"I...think she might...she was with me when I was outside your room and preparing for what I thought was a Noir brand slime ambush."

Noir sighed. "Of course she was..."

Guuuuuuuuuuuuuurgle....creeeek.

Lilian bent forward and tensed as the hollowing feeling increased. Another burst of growth was accompanied by worrying sound of the seams of her robe beginning to strain. What used to be a garment comfortably reached her knees now hovered embarrassingly close to her rear, hoisted high by voluptuous thighs.

"Now is not the time for being worried about modesty" Lilian thought, pushing her embarrassment down. The broom brushed the ground as they alighted near the fighting. Hopping off the broom forcibly acquainted her with her new legs as she stumbled awkwardly before running forward into the thick of it. Noir walked behind, keeping a careful eye. Lilian ducked underneath swinging utensils while sweeping the crowd for any signs of Zoe or her potions.

CRUNCH

Crunching glass resounded out just ahead. Her heart racing, she pushed through a line and finally saw her quarry, right at the moment Zoe found the small satchel wrapped in a purple ribbon. She dove her hand right into it to pull out what looked like the entire contents in a fistful.

"Zoe! Wait!" Lilian cried fruitlessly as Zoe ripped off the corks in one rough motion and hurled the contents at the enormous slime blob. The effect was immediate as the silvery liquid splashed over the creature. Much like before a white sheen spread across it's skin as the reaction took place. It's waving tendrils ceased movement as it tensed.

Lilian shook herself out of shock and reached out to roughly pull Zoe by the shoulder to face her.

Lilian's mind was lost in a whirl of emotions as she tried to form a cohesive thought. "Zoe! You... why...ugh! You only needed to use one vial! You wasted my entire stock!"

Zoe was seemingly as stunned as she was, and could only stare with a bewildered expression on her face. "Lilian, look...we...I needed..." her own words were cut short as a hovering broom shot between the two, Noir already sitting on top of it.

Noir's kept her eyes ahead as she spoke. "We can *all* exchange our thoughts in full in a moment. But might I urge you to shut your mouths and grab on..."

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!

“Now would be preferable.”

A deep, churning noise echoed throughout the hall as the large slime completed changing white. Remembering the finale of the slime the size of a bathtub earlier Lilian sucked in her breath and immediately hopped on.

She held out her hand towards Zoe. “Hop on!”

Zoe looked apprehensive glancing between the other servants, the slime and the broom. “W-what? No! What’s going to happen?!”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!

The slime began to bubble up like a boiling cauldron. Roiling and thickening. Panic spread among the servants as they turned and started to run as it started to expand outward. Zoe glanced again between the bloating slime, the running women, and the broom for a moment before hopping onto the stick herself.

RRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMBLE

The slime had already turned into an enormous bubble that pressed into the walls surrounded the door when the three women were lifted into the air by the broomstick. Noir flew as quickly as she dared to get away from what was about to occur.

RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMBLE

The monstrous blob ceased its growth and trembled. Bubbles rushing about within itself in a chaotic frenzy.

KAAAAABLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

In a climactic explosion the slime burst into a tide of foamy liquid and bubbles that spread across the floor. A few unfortunate witches who were battling too close to the door found themselves swept up in a wave of foam and sent them sprawling. From her floating vantage point Lilian watched with fascination and a little bit of pride as the soapy water caught a few stray slimes and caused them to bubble and pop in tiny displays of the former.

Lilian couldn’t help but smile a little. “Hah! See, exactly as the recipe said! Only needed one”

Noir however was a cold mask of fury as she looked to Zoe who was sitting at the end of the broom in front of Lilian. “I was going to be furious for what transpired in my bath, but this has gone *far* beyond the bounds of a prank. Explain.”

Zoe clung to the broom nervously, but stared back at Noir with a fierce expression. “I don’t need to explain anything.”

Noir’s brow furrowed as she opened her mouth again, but Lilian leaned forward to place her head between their staring contest. “Please, Zoe? I want to hear your reason.”

Her eyes locked onto Lilian for a moment as she quietly wrestled with her thoughts. Eventually, her expression softened. “I just...we wanted to get back at all of them. You don’t know how it is being a normal living in a circle of magic users. Everyday it’s ‘clean this’ and ‘carry that’ and ‘faster faster faster’.

Zoe looked down at the chaos below. "This whole celebration of witchkind is built off our backs, but we don't get much of a party, so we wanted to make it one to remember...though, it got out of hand. Turns out mage-eater slimes are a bit rowdy. They normally ignore us but turns out after our little trick they aren't as picky..."

"Just how *did* you get them in the candles, and just how many did you make?" Noir looked like she was about to erupt as she watched the door open wide and the cold night air rush through the hall.

"Oh, stick them in a hot kiln till they go into a dry hibernation and then push them in the wax. They won't wake up unless there is water or some magic to suck nearby nearby and the candle is melted a little enough for them to break out." Zoe hoisted the ribboned satchel and held it out. "As to the amount...an entire castle's worth..."

Noir finally exploded. "An ENTIRE CASTLES worth?! Of mage-eaters!? Are you out of your mind! That is enough to bring down our whole society much less a single Witchmoot. This isn't a prank it's a full-on assault on Witchkind!"

Zoe bristled, but then slumped as she looked over the continuing battles between witches and slimes. "Can't disagree now. We got a bit too zealous."

Lilian pursed her lips as she accepted her satchel back. "So, you saw my potion and thought you'd need it." Opening it and feeling around inside she felt a wave of relief as her fingers touched glass. "Just one left, oh thank Frigg."

Zoe nodded again, her gaze watching the other servants wade through the soapy remnants to start pushing the enormous door open. "Sorry. I wanted to make sure the others could get away safely after I spotted the slimes breaking out much earlier than we expected. We were hoping they'd hop out during the feast when we were all out of here."

Noir let out an exasperated sigh.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE....creeeeeeek!

A churning rumble in her body heralded another growth spurt. "Ngh, well, we have the potion back, and not a moment too soon." Her outfit was now bursting at the seams. Rips spread across the front of her robe as her bulging chest filled every available tear. Her hips swelled full and round, sliding the remaining fabric up and presenting her strained panties for the world to see.

Before she could grasp the vial her stomach suddenly lurched up as the broom began a descent. "I'd hold off on drinking it for now lest you bubble off into bliss and lose your balance." Noir advised.

Remembering the pleasurable sensation of her first time she cured herself she blushed and nodded quietly, closing the lip of the satchel tightly. They landed amidst the gathering of servants and even some witches as they headed towards the open door.

"NOBODY IS GOING ANYWHERE!"

The door flashed a dark black sheen before it starting swinging in. The cawing of crows heralded a ceaseless mass of flapping wings that flowed through from the outside like a storm of feathers. Cries of astonishment and surprise flowed from within the flock as several women were unceremoniously dropped onto the stone floor from out of the flock of birds. The door closed with an echoing slam.

The pitched battle suddenly went dead silent. The remaining slimes present in the hall ceased all movement, bewitched by some unseen spell. Shadows slid across the floor towards the fountain and started to coalesce.

Zoe cowered as the voice of the Crowmother boomed again.

**"UNTIL THE CULPRIT IS DRAGGED OUT BEFORE ME NOT A SOUL
WILL LEAVE THESE WALLS!"**

The pulsing shadows subsided to reveal the Head Witch as she hovered above the stone statues of the water fountain.

Noir stifled a giggle. While it was all Lilian could do to not gape. The Crowmother had surpassed even Noir's growth in size. A dress of shadows wrapped precariously to an hourglass figure that rivalled even the most libidinous' artists interpretation of a woman. With a set of breasts and behind that could fill a wagon jutting out from her once slim frame.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

A rumbled resounded throughout the silent hall as the Head Witch's body swelled even larger. The slime was eating well.

Lilian whispered. "She got caught too..."

"She's going to flay me alive..." Zoe whispered.

The Crowmother's glare centred on their little trio. "Zoe!"

Zoe jumped at the command. Bowing deeply. "Y-yes, Crowmother!"

The Head Witch pointed at Lilian and Noir. "Were those two responsible?"

Lilian's eyes widened and looked at Zoe like she had sprouted horns, while Noir kept a straight face while staring back at the Head Witch coldly.

"You think we did this. Don't be absurd!" Noir yelled back.

The Crowmother's voice shook the walls. "BE QUIET! Both you and Lilian have been a bane upon this hallowed event since you stepped through it's doors. Nobody else in the *entire* history of the Witchmoot has been as disruptive. It must have been you!"

Her eyes swept back to Zoe, who was frozen on the spot. "Now, my daughter. You've kept an eye on them as I instructed, yes?"

"Daughter?!" Lilian mouthed.

"Ah. That explains a bit" Noir whispered.

Lilian whispered back, even softer, as if expecting the Crowmother to hear. "Explains what?!"

Zoe looked side-eyed to the pair. "A...I...Y-yes, mother."

"Don't address me so, child! And? Did they do it?" Despite the Head Witches proportions her authority rang just as strongly as ever. Lilian's heart chilled. She looked between Zoe and the Crowmother as the silence dragged on. With a word from her they could be punished beyond

imagination. They could be transmogrified into trees for life, or petrified, or transformed into hags, or...

Zoe sucked in a breath. "N-no. I watched them the whole time. After fixing the water they went to sleep. Only coming out just now."

The Head Witch's eyes narrowed. "Well then, will wonders never cease, then the next likely culprit will be the servants, and you. Who else handled the candles?"

"A-wha..I" Zoe stammered. Seemingly shrinking underneath the gaze of her own mother.

The Crowmother's voice grew as she swept her gaze on the servants, who were all huddled together. "Once this situation is dealt with you and the rest will undergo a thorough examination by me personally. A name will arise, no doubt about it."

Noir's voice cut through the Crowmother's speech like a dagger. "How absurd!"

"I told you be silent, girl!" The Head Witch glared at Noir, who had stepped over and stood in front of Zoe.

Noir was unperturbed. "Which is all fair to you, Crowmother. For who else *ordered* all the candles for this event, with a strict instruction for the unusual colour I hear."

The ancient witch bristled. "I've requested them every Witchmoot for as long as I've led it, which is long before you were even born, child!"

"You've requested *regular* candles for every Witchmoot. Such a daring change of colour is nothing but conspicuous, and in this age our adversaries would no doubt have noticed such a thing. Candles and Witchkind are as entwined as a swamp Hag and her cauldron."

Noir swept her arms wide to gesture at the room. "By forcing a change in colour, you made all our coven-made candles useless, which no doubt meant you went to outside sources. It would not be hard for anyone to be suspicious of such a colour and such a quantity."

Lilian watched nervously as the Crowmother's eyes narrowed, though her voice fell from it's commanding tone. "I fail to see your point..."

"The point, is that you are ultimately responsible for the exposure of the Witchmoot to outsiders, even but a glimpse, and in this age as you so eloquently spoke about in the address is fraught with new enemies."

The Crowmother stared silently as Noir pointed an imperious finger at her. "This debacle is on you alone, and you are trying to pass the blame! My mother will hear about this!"

RRRUUUUUUMBLE!

All present in the main hall felt the floor shake as a tremendous noise rose from beneath their feet. Lilian looked around. The other witches had noticed it too and a quiet murmur was building through the crowd.

Tiptoeing over to her friend Lilian whispered. "Noir, great speech, but I think you may have pushed her a bit too far..."

Noir looked at the Crowmother, then at the floor. "I actually don't think that's her doing...but what..."

The only one who didn't feel the rumble was the Head Witch herself who floated high above the fountain. "You insolent child! My coven has managed the Witchmoot for centuries and *you* think I made a mistake?! If you wish to bring Glinda into this then by all means! I..."

KABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

Her last word was cut off when the fountain underneath her exploded.

Both stone and statue gave way to an eruption of water that shot up to the ceiling. The last Lilian saw of the Crowmother was her being flung forcibly into a group of witches further out. Released from the spell cast earlier the slimes began to move again, their colours becoming a more vibrant hue as they drunk on the enchanted water flooding the hall. The slimes swelled and set upon the gathered witches once again with new strength.

One leapt directly at Noir who gestured with a hand and froze it solid mid-air, stepping out of the way as the icy statue flew past her and clattered to the floor. Zoe equipped herself with a frying pan and readied a stance while watching the chaos unfold with bewilderment.

"This is NOT my fault." Zoe cried out.

Noir nodded. "No, I didn't think it was."

Lilian thought for a moment, then it dawned on her. "I...think I know."

The gushing tower of water twisted and compressed as the form of her water nymph took shape. No longer the small figure sitting in the cauldron below, she rose and filled out the space from the bottom floor and rising to the second. Free from the sealing circle, its candles snuffed and turned into slimes, the nymph was now free to wreck its vengeance on her imprisonment.

Her face was a cruel smile as she raised her arms and, pointing to groups of witches and slimes alike, shunted torrents of water at them. Witches were bowled over, and slimes drank deep. Their tentacles reaching out and catching the soaked women as they were sent sliding across the floor.

"Lily, I think you should desummon it now." Noir's voice was tinged with worry.

Lilian was already holding up her hands and concentrating. Feeling for the connection.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Her concentration snapped and she clutched her chest as she felt another surge build up within. Her breasts and ass throbbed as the growth started. But the hollowing feeling was different this time. Stronger.

Zoe looked over. "Lilian?!"

"NNNNGH...not now" Any thought of casting was pushed aside as she stifled a moan. The tightness of her clothes was becoming unbearable. Tears spread across the failing fabric. A canyon of cleavage springing forth as her chest tore a sizable hole in the front. Lilian felt her hips widen further. Her panties digging into her skin as she her ass bulged outward.

CRREEEAK... SNAP!

A horrid sound heralded a sense of relief as she felt the string of her panties break entirely. The remains falling into the water underneath her.

The growth finally ceased. Her dress was little more than a thin corset squeezing her body tightly. Zoe blushed and hid her gaze behind her frying pan. Noir looked at her nonplussed about it. "Lily, desummon?"

Lilian pushed down her embarrassment and concentrated, but where she once felt a connection there was only nothing. Staring at her hands she felt a cold dread form in her stomach.

"Ah. I can't."

Noir's mask finally broke. She stared at Lilian incredulously. "What do you mean you can't?!"

Lilian held up her hands and wiggled her fingers. "No magic left..."

Noir opened her mouth to say something, only for a torrent of water to blast her aside while she was distracted. She slid across the floor until she bumped into the closed door behind them. Keeping one arm hosing her friend, the water nymph leaned over towards Lilian and Zoe.

Lilian swallowed. Bereft of magic, her store of potions, and most of her clothes, she felt powerless.

But at least I shouldn't swell any bigger... she thought.

"O-okay. You've had your fun. But this game has gone on far enough. Now you best calm down and sit back in that cauldron downstairs or you'll be going back to your realm without your reward."

The nymph merely stared, it's expression hard to read. It looked from Lilian, to looking at the ribboned satchel she was carrying. Lilian stared back, trying her best to emulate Noir's technique from earlier of stoic glaring.

It was hard for Lilian to tell the status of the battle around her. But the growing sound of tearing clothes and gurgling liquids informed her that more were getting caught. Faint cries turned to moans as more witches were being pumped up in the slimes eagerness to drain their magic. Behind the nymph she could see a pile of swelling flesh as tits, asses and bellies were forced larger and larger by hungry slimes. Still, she kept her focus on the nymph.

Zoe's cry broke her concentration. "Lilian! Watch it!"

Hearing the slime leap before she saw it she instinctively ducked, which, combined with her unfamiliar body, caused her to fall forward and onto her chest. The slime sailed over her and landed in front of her face. It's gelatinous form already tensing up for another leap just as Zoe appeared and brought her frying pan down on it's body, smashing it's core.

"Thanks Zoe."

"Y-yeah. No problem..." Zoe helped Lilian to her feet, but her nervousness around the giant nymph was easily seen. Though it's focus was now on the slime that was just crushed in front of it. Seemingly coming to a decision, she ceased her hosing of Noir and rose back up to her full height.

"D-did it work?" Zoe whispered.

Pop pop pop poppop pop

Drips of water starting pattering from the second floor. Drips turned into trickles, before flowing strong enough to form full on waterfalls. Similarly the ground floor halls were filled with rushing water as it all flowed to the main hall.

“She’s flooding the whole castle...” Lilian’s eyes widened as the implication dawned on her. Looking up at the nymph, she could see a wicked smile on it’s face as it turned away. It was ignoring her?

A sloughing, horrible sound emanated from the halls as the lights dimmed from them dimmed. Splashing and pops could be heard above the water as all around her as the hundreds of slimes throughout the castle were awakened and carried by the current towards them. All hungry and eager for magic. They fell on the remaining women standing in a tidal wave. Lilian felt the water level creep up her legs as the main hall was turned into a churning pool.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

“MMMngh! H-Heelp...AAAHN” An unfortunate witch moaned as she floated past Lilian. Her arms reached out feebly. Her naked body bloated by several slimes that clung and funneled themselves into her. All pulsing and feasting on her magic as they forced their victim to grow bigger and rounder in their eagerness. Lilian’s thoughts drifted to the worst-case scenario. If all the women here were immobilised and empty of their magic, who would come to save them? Would anyone come in time? They’d be trapped and feasted on for days, maybe even weeks.

“W-what can we do?!” Zoe huddled next to Lilian who wracked her head for a solution. The nymph was too powerful. There were too many slimes, and she had only one slime solution potion left. She had no magic. What *could* she even do?

“I can see you trying to think, Lily.” Noir was still coughing and spluttering from her forced shower as she waded through the waters over to them. Her robe clung to her skin and displayed her figure for all, but she paid it no mind as she watched the hoard of slimes fill the room around them warily.

Lilian however was lost for words. “I-I have no idea. There’s too much...I have no magic, my potion stock is lost, and there’s no tricks left to pull.”

“If I haven’t said it before. I am VERY sorry.” Zoe shouted as she watched servants and witches alike being swept up in a current of slimes. Engulfing anyone they could land their grasping tendrils on; many women were already nothing more than tits and ass floating around in a pool as they were forced to stretch.

Noir shook her wet hair and tried in vain to correct it to something presentable. “So, what else is new? You’ve always been the one to do a lot with less. The fact the slime has *already* drained you dry means you had little to begin with.”

Zoe bristled. “Hey! Now’s not the time to have that smarmy city attitude! There’s a crisis in case it hasn’t dawned on you!”

Lilian saw through Noir’s comment. It was true, she was always a practical witch to make up for her lack of mana, and caught the skilled city witch in a prank on more than one occasion. She starting looking around for anything she could use. There had to be something. *Anything*.

BLOOSH

An enormous slime fell from the top floor and landed in the water with a splash nearby. Noir spun, her eyes flashing blue, and flicked a hand. Frost spread across the surface as the jelly monster slowly turned to ice. Despite that however still it swelled, gorging itself on the enchanted water.

Lilian watched the spectacle. And an idea formed.

“Noir, can Zoe use your magic bag? And we need your flying skills.”

Noir frowned at her, then looked at her bag of holding, then over at Zoe. A pained look crossed her face before she reluctantly handed it over. “I’m going to regret this aren’t I.” she moaned. Still, she unshouldered and held the enchanted container out to the burley girl.

“I’ve always wanted to use one of these!” Zoe took hold of the bag like it was a pound of gold, and it practically was. “What do you need me to use it for?”

“How good are you at catching slimes?” Lilian asked as she guided Zoe to the front end of Noir’s broomstick.

Zoe mulled for a moment. “About as good as one could get. We were nabbing those things for months in secret.”

Noir let out a groan as the plan dawned on her. “Oh, now I *know* I will regret this. You have any clue how long it’ll take to clean?”

Lilian nodded. “Fly and nab as many as you can. Noir, go low and goad them into jumping. You need to stuff as many into that bag as you can!”

“Sounds simple enough. I won’t need this then.” Zoe tossed her frying pan over to Lilian. Catching the cooking implement she stepped away from the broomstick and started wading over to the remains of the fountain and the water nymph seated on it.

“What are you going to do?” Noir called out as she guided the broom up and out of the waters.

“Giving her a reason to stay put and focused on something else” Lilian shouted back, waving both the frying pan and the satchel in the air.

Noir stared forward and urged the broom onward. They shot off across the surface of the water towards one of the castle’s wings. A constant flow of freshly awakened slimes bobbed across the surface of the makeshift river, and sensing the pairs approach, all began to hop and bounce hungrily.

Lilian trusted they would do their job as she turned her focus on the nymph. She noted that even as the watery creature was happily drenching witches and slimes alike it kept a chaotic flow around the base of the fountain it was seated on. Anything that got too close would be swept away from it.

“You don’t want the slimes to get on you either, that’s good. I hope this works...” she muttered to herself. As she neared the nymph the number of slimes flowing about increased. A few drifting perilously close as she clambered up on some rubble from the fountain. It formed a makeshift island amidst the chaotic tide and Lilian chose it as her stage.

Gathering her courage, and mimicking the knights she has seen paintings of, she held up her frypan in challenge as she shouted. “You call all this mischief? I’ve seen better shows from a countryside jester!”

She wasn’t sure the nymph knew what a jester was, but the defiance came across just fine. The water spirit spun and pointed a finger imperiously at her face. She ducked behind the flat surface of the frypan just as the torrent struck and threatened to push her into the slime filled waters once more.

“Oh, come on, all that size and you can’t knock me off, come now!” Lilian cried. She quietly thanked the added bulge to her body giving her the means to stand firm. Out of the corner of her high she

spotted Noir and Zoe dancing through the air. They maintained a pattern of diving down low to bait the slimes into leaping forth, only to be caught into the bag of holding that Zoe swung about like it was a magical butterfly net.

The torrent stopped. She stood up once more and put her hands on her oversized hips. "Already finished? How disappointing."

Her eyes widened as the nymph raised her arms grandly. Lilian heard the wave form up behind her. Lacking any other options, she fell onto her back and gripped the rubble tightly as the water crashed down on her.

GLORP

The wet sound accompanied the feeling of weight on her legs. Clearing the water out of her eyes she looked down to see the massive slime already inching itself up her prone body. It was as big as the island of rubble she stood on. Tendrils already stretching out of its form like a dozen oozing fingers. Glancing up she saw the wry smile on the nymph as she watched.

"Not playing fair...as expected." Lilian muttered as she brandished her frypan. Waiting until the slime had slid up her hips, she aimed for the core deep within the gelatinous mass as she brought it down.

Only for a blast of water to shoot her weapon out of her hands mid-swing and send it clattering into the waters.

"No! You..MHGH" Lilian's attempt at a verbal rebuttal fell short when the slime plunged a tendril into her exposed pussy. A warm sensation filled her as it pushed itself further into her nethers as the main body crept steadily up her waist. She felt herself stretch to accommodate it as it spread more tendrils outwards. Warm slime reaching and feeling her skin as it searched blindly for a feast. Her eyes widened as it slid into her strained dress and slipped up towards her engorged breasts.

"N-no way. It can't...NNGH." A pleasurable feeling shot through her as the slime slid itself around her nipples. She felt its curiosity grow as a pressure formed around them. A warm sensation began to fill her breasts as the creature started funnelling itself into her.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE...Creeeeeeeeeek.

Lilian couldn't help but writhe as her skin began to stretch. Her body being completely drained of magic seemingly only drove the slime to search harder. She felt it ooze into her with every pulse of its gooey form. Her tits bulged up towards her face, forced upwards by the remains of her failing robe. Her body began to lift itself off the rock as her ass and hips filled and widened.

"H-urry N-noir!" she moaned. She felt a sudden weight on her midsection as the slime shunted itself deeper in.

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

She bit her lip as the monster began to fill her belly in its search for magic. Her once flat midriff puffed out like bread rising in a stone oven. It grew and stretched till she could see it swelling over her swaying mounds.

Still, she kept her eyes up at the nymph. She watched as her attention shifted for a moment to another group of bloating witches. "S-still n-not imp-impressed!" Lilian shouted at the top of her lungs.

The watery face of the nymph turned back to her and flashed with annoyance. Raising her hand she sent a torrent of water at Lilian's slime captor. The slime's body squashed under the pressure of the spout.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

The slime vibrated and swelled. It's magic hungry body drinking in the enchanted liquid like a sponge. With every pulsing growth it shunted itself more into her body.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

CRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAK....BAMPH!

Her tits burst free as the poor remains of her robe exploded off her body. Lilian felt brief relief from the constricting tightness mix with ecstasy as her skin stretched. Now free of any restraint her breasts bounced and rose above her like a pair of volcanos building towards an eruption. Her belly filled and rounded out below her.

Tried as she might to focus, Lilian couldn't help but moan and squirm as her body filled up. "J-just how b-big...can...I-I get?!"

She felt an answer near as she felt her whole body ceased it's growth. Her nipples puffed out and spread as the very last of her body's space was filled to the brim. Her breasts stopped their swelling up and instead grew rounder and firmer. The stretching sensation of her skin was instead replaced by a growing pressure within her. Still, the slime pumped.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Her hips groaned and rounded. She felt her balance shift as her legs bloated around the edge of her rubble island amidst the water below. Panic began to set in as her grip on the stone began to falter from her own weight.

"Lily! We are ready!"

The water ceased suddenly as Noir's voice pierced through her rush of feelings. Above the nymph Noir flew, with Zoe already poised and upturning the bag of holding above the creature's head.

Lilian shouted. "Do it! I don't know how much...m-more I can take iiiiin!"

SHLLOOOOMP

Lilian watched as an enormous mass of slime slid out of the bag with a sickening noise. Seemingly tiny at first as it emerged from the magical recesses, it swiftly bloated several times larger as more of itself followed.

The nymph only had time to look up before the enormous ball of goop crashed onto her. The slime sank into her watery body and immediately began to drink. The rich magic that formed the nymph proving a delectable treat as it grew and spread throughout her watery insides.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

The water spirit twisted and shifted it's body in vain. The slime matched and moved along with her as it swelled rapidly. Within such a rich magical body it soon filled every available inch of the nymph from head to toe.

Lilian felt a pang of empathy as the nymph looked at her body in apparent disbelief. Now entirely composed of throbbing blobs with a thin layer of water flowing across it, one could mistake her as a slime herself shaped into a human woman. Fighting through the sensations she reached over and lunged into her satchel, her hands grasping the last Slime Solution vial and popping the cork.

“Sorry about this!” Lilian shouted as she hurled the contents at the amorphous body. “I’ll give you that treat later I promise!”

The silvery liquid splashed into the outer layer and became mingled with the watery current that formed the nymph’s body. She struggled briefly as the slime blob within started to freeze in place as the reaction began, changing colour swiftly to a white sheen. Unable to change shape, and unable to move, she was at the mercy of what came next.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!

A thundering noise filled the hall as bubbles popped into existence within the nymph’s body. Her small breasts puffed out and began filling rapidly with soapy mixture in a soft rumble which steadily grew louder. Her hips bloated outward several times over in angry, sloshing pulses. Soon bridging the hall from side to side.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Lilian could only watch as the Nymphs face vanished behind a set of roiling tits that filled and bloated out in front of her body like two angry bubbles. Soon her vision was encompassed by the enormous orbs as they pressed out onto the railings above and slid into the waters below.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE

The growth creased in the water spirit and an ominous rumble resonated from within. Bubbles roiled around like a boiling pot throughout every inch of the nymph that struggled to retain its shape from the chaotic pressure building inside. A feeling Lilian felt herself as her slime captor continued to force itself into her straining body.

“C-come on. I c-can’t...”

GROOOOOOOOAN

PWHOOOOOOOSH

Lilian vision became engulfed in white bubbles as the nymph’s breasts erupted into twin geysers of foam. A cascade of soapy bubbles and solution rushed into every corner of the hall. As the wave washed over her, she braced.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Her slime captor bubbled and swelled. Her own body stretched in concert with it. Already stretched to her limit, Lilian tensed up as the pressure fought within her for an escape. The slime’s tendrils still plugged into her and blocking any relief.

“NNNNGH...I CAN’T...I CAN’T...I’M GONNA...”

GROOOOOOOOAN

The slime finally burst into a blast of soap. Relief turned into a sudden tidal wave of pleasure racing up her spine as her nipples engorged and pulsed.

PWOOOOOOOOOSH

Like the nymph's climax in miniature Lilian gushed forth a fountain of bubbles and foam as the pressure finally found an escape. Her mind was driven into a foggy ecstasy as the geyser of her body disgorged it's contents into the chaotic mess that was already around her.

She laid on the floor staring into a pile of foam for what seemed like ages when a gust of air formed a hole in the bubbles above her face. Noir's face peered over the edge.

"There you are, Lily. My, you look dreadful." Her hand slid into the hole to help her up. Lilian waved her away.

"Thanks for your observation... And if it's all the same I'm happy to stay down here for a little while." Whether out of bliss, or her engorged body, she wasn't entirely sure she could even walk.

Noir huffed and started shooing away masses of foam with her broom. "It's certainly not the same! We have no way of telling how many more afflicted witches or slimes are still wobbling around the castle. Until they are removed many can't cast magic to even heat a bathtub. We need as many brewers as we can get, and I'd trust no other."

"Where's Zoe?" Lilian asked as the foam parted to allow her to see the hall. It looked as if someone exploded a bathtub of soap. Witches of various body shapes were being busily helped to their feet by servants as they combed the froth. As she was looking, she noticed a path in the foam rushing towards her, which soon revealed itself to be Zoe running with a jar tucked under her arm.

Zoe looked as if she just ran a marathon. "Found her?"

Noir nodded. "Of course. Found yours?"

"Yep!" Zoe hoisted the jar up. Within the glass recess was the tiny form of the water nymph. Dazed and apparently drained of magic it laid flat on her back much like Lilian herself.

Noir smiled. "You work quickly, I am impressed...thank you Zoe."

"Aww, look the Ladyship *can* thank people." Zoe quipped.

Noir let out a snort. "I won't apologise for my earlier attitude...but, I will promise to do better... when we are in our own company, I can't have anyone thinking I've grown soft."

Zoe shrugged. "Softer than that bloated barge of a body? Nawwww."

Noir sucked in a breath but simply let it out in a huff. "Attitudes, bodies, and thoughts of *revenge* aside. It still leaves the problem of the brewing..."

Lilian pondered for a moment. "Hey Zoe, how many of your friends would like to learn a bit of alchemy?"

END.