

Friendly Familiar

“Hey Amala, can you bring me some sugar from the kitchen?” Kerina called out, her eyes glued to the cauldron she was stirring.

Setting down her latest experiment, Amala quickly disappeared before returning with a pouch of sugar.

“What are you doing with it? This doesn’t look like any potion I’ve ever seen.” The redhead remarked, studying the mysterious goop in the pot.

“Because it’s not a potion, it’s the basis for a familiar I came up with.” The cowgirl spirit said as she tossed in a couple spoonfuls of the sweet powder, “It’s supposed to be a changeling, and it needs to be fed with sugar...or anything sweet really.”

“You’re an all-powerful mage, what do you need a familiar for?” Amala queried as she returned to her desk.

Stepping away from the cauldron, Keri began flipping through the pages of an old, tattered book from her collection, “I figured it would help with the basic chores around the shop, though it might be smart enough to handle more advanced tasks.”

“I suppose having an extra hand around wouldn’t hurt.” Amala said, her focus diverting back to her project.

Lost in thought, Amala scratched intently at the leather glove. It had been half a year since she’d gotten herself magically bound to Keri’s spirit, and she decided it was finally time to combat the condition that she developed since their meeting. Using a nullification rune she learned from Keri she would finally be able to confidently work with magic devices again without swelling up.

Growing ecstatic about being able to finally build with magic again, Amala barely heard the roar of flame cease behind her. Practically deaf to the world, it took Kerina several tries to get her attention.

“Amala!”

Nearly jumping out of her seat, she turned back to face her friend, “*EEP!* What!?”

“Turns out I need more stabilizer for the familiar. Without that it’ll just stay as a blob of slime.” Keri said, “It should stay a vibrant blue, if you see it growing pale just feed it more sugar. I’ll be back!”

With a creak and closing of the door, Amala found herself alone. Etching out the last of the markings on her glove, she excitedly slipped a drained mana crystal into the vacant slot. The gem pulsed once before growing dark once more. Holding her breath, she slipped her hand into the leather gauntlet. Cautiously, she picked up one of the glowing crystals from her desk. When no odd pressures or tightening of clothes struck her, she knew she’d succeeded. Amala began to dance around her lab, picking up all sorts of mana-infused contraptions she normally would’ve swelled at

the thought of touching. Coming down from the high of her success, she began prepping the markings on her second glove when she heard a strange sound from Keri's cauldron.

"Ch...chu!"

Looking over her shoulder, the room appeared empty. Chalking it up to her imagination she turned back around. She had barely put the chisel to the glove when the noise met her ears again.

"Blrbpplblb..."

Growing concerned, Amala stood up to check the room when she realized it was coming from the cauldron. Rushing over to the familiar, she peered over the rim of the pot to see the bubbling cerulean mixture. As it swirled, she could almost feel the powerful mana churning within. Hoping to save herself from any passive growth, she picked up the lid and covered the solution. Just as she did, the strange noise made itself known for a third time.

"Oouu...chu!!!"

Muffled by the lid, Amala quickly realized the blue familiar was the source of the odd noises. Removing the lid, instead of being greeted by the spinning goop, she found herself looking eye to eye with it. A pair of small eyes had appeared on the surface of the mixture, accompanied by what she assumed to be a mouth as well.

"Awwww!" Amala said to the blob, "Keri didn't say you would be so cute!"

The slime bubbled in response and smiled. It seemed to understand her enough to know it was being complimented. Small tendrils poked out from its body, trying to pull itself out of its containment. Putting her glove to the test once more, Amala held out a finger for the bubbly creature. Small blue strings floated up from the slime's body before inspecting the redhead's hand. It began lacing itself around her fingers, gurgling happily at the new experience.

"Hehe...she didn't say you'd be this friendly either."

As she pulled her hand away, Amala saw the slime grow stagnant. Its expression resembled that of a pouty child. Hoping to dispel any ill will, she grabbed a large pinch of sugar and sprinkled it over the tiny blob. It smiled at her as it absorbed the sweet powder.

"Oouuu?" The slime asked, the pouty expression painting its face once again.

Amala watched as thin blue tendrils stretched outwards in an attempt to ask for more sugar.

"Not right now little guy, I don't wanna accidentally overfeed you. I'm sorry..."

The gooey vines reluctantly retreated back into the cauldron. Not wanting to take any chances, Amala grabbed the pouch of sugar before returning to her desk hoping to avoid being guilt-tripped into giving it more sugar.

As she began to carve away at the second glove, the world around her dissolved as her goal became her only focus. Engaged solely on the thought of being able to work to her fullest again, she failed to notice the clinking sound of the cauldron rocking back and forth on the table before it was too late.

CRASHHH

Jumping out of her skin, Amala turned to see the slime and the cauldron scattered on the floor of the lab. Rushing over to the creature, she reached out for it instinctually before realizing her mistake. As her unprotected hand touched the soft slime, her chest immediately grew tight as her breasts surged outwards several cup sizes to hold the excess mana. Pulling back, she crossed her arms over her chest in a futile attempt to prevent the growth. By the time the surge stopped her bust had completely filled her bra. Reaching back out with her gloved hand this time, she picked up the surprisingly light melon-sized blob before making eye contact with it.

“Well you’re a little troublemaker aren’t you?” Amala asked rhetorically.

“...oo...ouu.....” The slime bubbled slightly in her hand before sending tiny tendrils to wrap around her fingers.

Grabbing an empty bowl from Keri’s workstation, the redhead returned to her desk with the familiar in tow.

“This –” She said as she tried to pet the slime, “Will make it easier to watch you now.”

It bubbled quizzically at her before settling into its new container. Hoping that her lab would stay quiet until Keri returned, Amala returned to her project. Carefully cutting into the leather, the redhead’s mind wandered to future projects involving these magic-inhibiting runes. Deftly carving away, Amala almost failed to notice the thin blue tendrils that seemed to stretch towards the pouch of sugar. Redirecting the slime with her protected hand, she took notice that it seemed paler than before.

“Weird, I just fed you...though I guess it makes sense, you must still be growing.”

“...ouuoo!”

Gathering up the strands of light blue slime, Amala deposited the mass back into the bowl before giving it another sprinkle of sugar. It chirped happily as the sweet crystals dissolved in its ocean blue form. As the last of the sugar disappeared, she watched it grow slightly before settling back into its familiar bubble shape.

“I suppose if we’re gonna be friends then you should probably have a name, right?”

The slime looked at her curiously, as if trying to think of an answer. Its thin tentacles played around the edge of the bowl for a moment before it responded. “...blblbb.....ou?”

“Hmmm...how does Raine sound?”

A few moments passed as the slime sat motionless, mulling over the idea. After some thought, it flashed her a big smile before bubbling happily. “Ou...chu!”

“Raine it is then!” Amala said, petting the slime with her gloved hand.

As Raine’s small celebration came to a rest, a faint chime began to emanate from across the lab. Looking over her shoulder, Amala realized it was her sending stone. Leaving her desk

unattended, she rushed over to grab the stone. Amethyst colored veins danced along its surface as it activated, and the background ambience of a city street broke the silence of the shop.

“Hey! Every store I’ve been to so far hasn’t had what I needed, I just wanted to check in and see if everything’s alright.” Keri’s voice said through the stone.

“Oh! Everything’s great so far, Raine is so cute by the way.” Amala replied.

“Raine? You mean the familiar, right?” Keri said, her tone shifting to reveal her piqued curiosity.

“Yeah! I named him that since he kinda looks like water.” The redhead replied, taking a quick glance over her shoulder at the slime, “He also grew eyes and a mouth, I figured that was normal since he was supposed to be a familiar.”

Kerina thought to herself for a moment, leaving the sounds of a bustling street to fill the void. She finally replied after a handful of seconds.

“Weird, it shouldn’t have taken a form yet. It’s possible it could be going through some kind of mutation. Let me know if it undergoes any other changes, okay?” The cowgirl asked.

After giving her companion a brief confirmation Amala deactivated the stone, leaving the room in silence once more. Turning around to head back to her desk, she froze at the sight that befell her.

Plssshhhhhh

Sugar spilled all across the desk and onto the floor as Raine found the opening to the bag. Happy chirps and blurbs soon filled the room as the slime devoured his prize. Rushing over to her desk, Amala stole the bag away from the eager familiar before trying to remove him from the sweet powder. Nearly two feet across now, holding Raine back from his prize became impossible with just one hand as several thick tendrils slithered past her in search of more sweets. Without any other options, Amala tossed the nearly empty pouch to the ground and grabbed the slime with her uncovered hand.

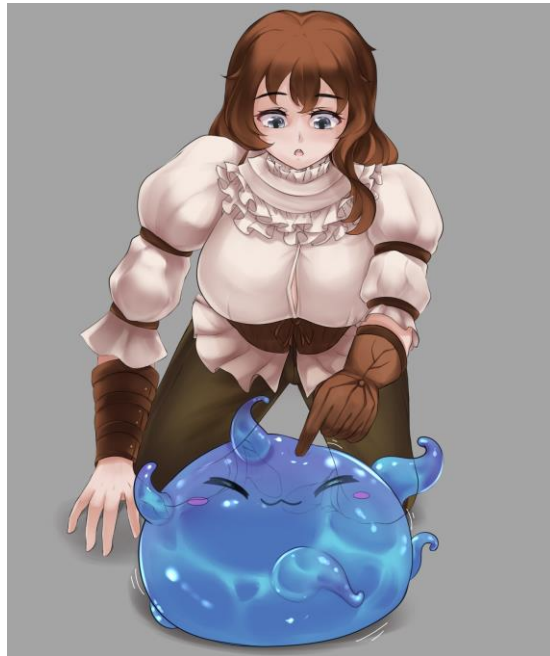
Sssttttrrrrrr—RRIPPP

The growth came on fast. Her bra was brought to bursting within moments and snapped beneath her shirt as inches poured into her bust from the intense magic packed within the slime’s growing form. Her breasts began to ache from the pressure as she finally claimed victory over the ooze. Setting Raine on the floor far away from the sugar-coated desk, she began to inspect her over-stuffed outfit.

“*ngh...well...I n-needed a new one anyways...*” Amala mused to herself as she pulled the busted bra out from under her shirt.

“Ouu?”

Despite the newly increase size and hunger for anything sweet, Amala could sense no ill will from the slime as it stared at her. It seemed more curious than anything.



Keeping a careful eye on her goeey companion, she allowed herself to feel the swollen masses tucked into her shirt. Each breast was wider across than both her hands could hold. Her nipples throbbed as her shirt rubbed against them when she inspected the window created between the buttons. Just as she began to let her guard down, Amala felt an all-too-familiar feeling build within her.

Gggguuuuuurrrrgggllleeee

Welling pressure forced her skin tighter. Clutching her swollen breasts, Amala dug her fingers in hoping to stop the pleasurable feeling. After several aching seconds the swelling finally stopped as thick cream began to flow free. Her letdown left her front completely drenched in sweet dairy as it pooled around her.

“hah...ngh...o-okay...you’ve got more mana in you...t-than I thought...”

Head swimming, she looked towards the mass of slime in front of her. It cautiously slithered forward, inspecting the white liquid that slowly spread across the floor. Still trembling from her overly arousing growth, Amala couldn’t find the strength to stop Raine before he tasted the sweet cream.

“D-don’t drink that! T-that’s...”

“Ouu!!”

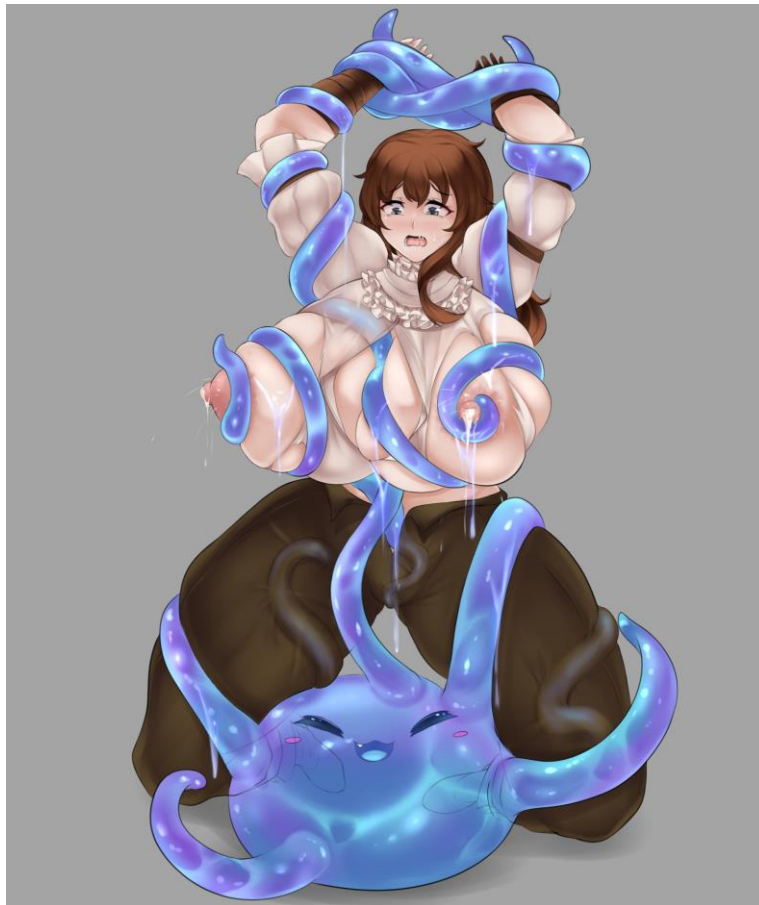
Chirping happily at his find, Raine immediately spread out more tendrils to absorb as much of the dairy as possible. Scooting back, Amala distanced herself from the slime expecting that it would grow again. Within moments most of the milk had been devoured.

When the slime's form remained unchanged, Amala's concern shifted to curiosity. She watched as the tendrils began to shrink down and flutter around Raine's body almost like seagrass. As he remained almost motionless, Amala failed to glean what it could be doing. Deciding it would be best to inform Keri, she started to rise to her feet when the slime started to move again. A thick tentacle shot towards her, rapidly winding itself around the back of her leg and creeping up her torso.

"W-wait...what are... nnnngahh!!!"

Held tight by the unwavering limb, Amala squirmed as she felt several slimy vines wrapped themselves around her waist. Waves of mana rushed over her like a flood as more and more of Raine's mana-rich form came into contact with her. The massive influx of magic energy proved to be too much as the buttons on her shirt burst open to reveal her milky white cleavage. Jumping at the newfound opportunity to explore, Raine began curling his tentacles in and around Amala's bust in search of more sweet nectar. Her heartbeat pounded in her chest. So much pleasure so fast was almost blinding as Amala tried desperately to remove the slime from her swelling body.

"Please...you have to...MMMMMM!!!! S-stop!!!"



Pleading seemed to get her nowhere as her milk flourished unabated. Streams of dairy danced down her front and dripped into the bubbling net of crystal blue slime. The more she pulled

at the slime, the harder it clung to her. Fearing her impending immobility, she began to doubt Keri would make it back in time to help her.

A war in her mind raged as secret desires bubbled into Amala's head, daring her to let Raine's magical onslaught continue. As her thoughts clashed, she remembered a dispelling device she'd built back when she first discovered her condition. Without any other immediate options, Amala picked up what she could of the slime and began to inch her way towards the basement of her shop.

What would've normally been mere seconds, each agonizingly blissful step downwards into the basement felt like an eternity as Raine continued to wrap around her tighter. Milk surged at the thought of giving into the advances, but Amala knew she'd need to stop this quickly if she intended to keep her unusual desires hidden.

Gracing the bottom floor with her burgeoning presence, Amala rushed as best she could over to her old desk. Precious seconds were consumed as her body devoured the slime's mana while she rifled through the drawers. Finally claiming her prize from beneath a stack of dusty blueprints, she began twisting the dials on the odd rectangular box. Unsure if a lack of mana would hurt Raine, she decided it best to only use it at partial power. With calibrations set, she wasted no time in pressing the button. The machine whirred as it activated, only to be followed by the sound of grinding gears and the pop of volatile mana escaping the internal mechanisms.

"No!!! C'mon, work for...MMMMMMNNNGGHHH...*work for me dammit!*" Amala begged, slapping her palm against the device.

No response came. The metal brick's latent whirring soon died down, leaving it as nothing more than a piece of junk.

Far too heavy to ascend the stairs, Amala was now at the mercy of the familiar. Invasive tentacles poked and pulled at her leaking nipples, pushing her to the edge of orgasm as her upper body was enveloped within the blue mass.

rrriiiipppp

Refusing to be held back by some flimsy cloth, Raine forced his tendrils into Amala's shirt until it tore down the middle, revealing her cauldron-sized assets. What was left of her shirt was pushed aside by Raine as he continued to knead and squeeze her overfilled bust. As the slime continued to devour the mana-rich milk, Amala noticed that he was also beginning to grow.

"R-raine...stop...I'm getting too—EEEK!!! N-not there!!!"

Putting the new mass to use, Raine slipped a curious tentacle down her legs hoping to find more of the creamy nectar. Discovering a growing wet spot, the tendril began to press itself past Amala's waistband and into her awaiting nethers. Try as she might to resist enjoying it, her mind melted at the sensation of the slime pulsing within her.

With her most sensitive areas in full contact with the slime, Amala's body billowed outwards as the intense mana forced her production into overdrive. Her chest surged in all directions, quickly

coming to rival her desk in size. Falling to her knees, she could feel her milk filling the basement floor of the shop as Raine failed to lap up the divine liquid fast enough.

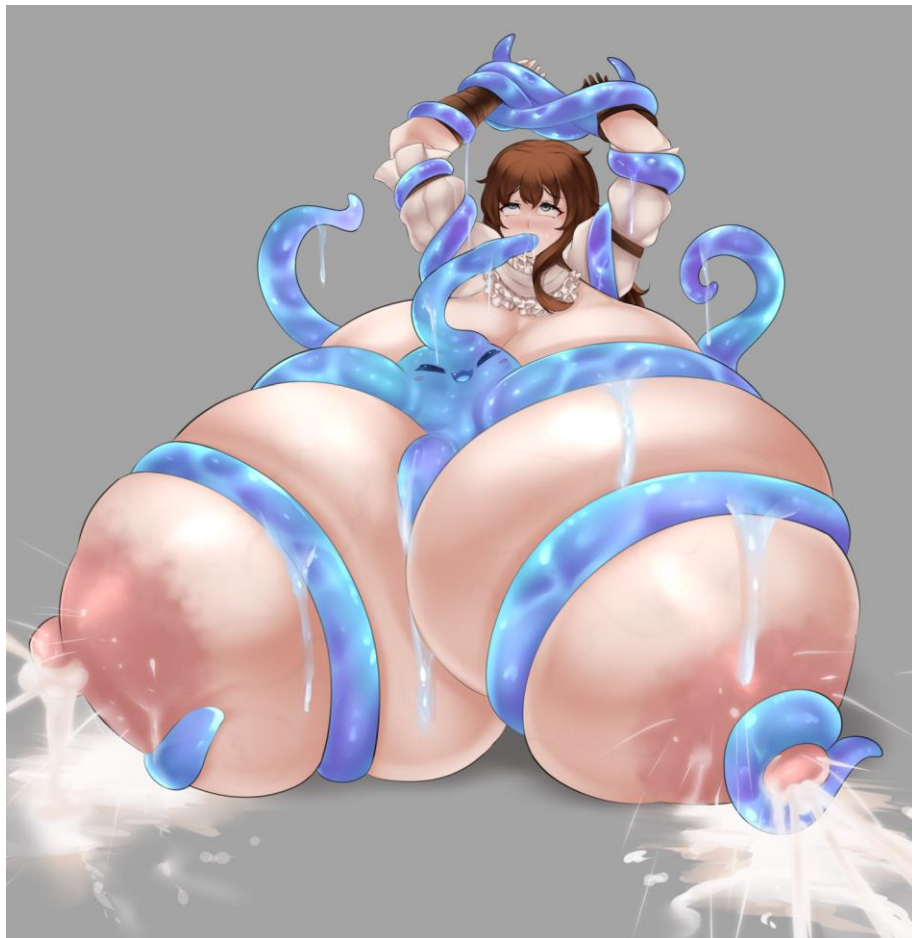
Not daring to let another drop go to waste, two large tentacles quickly looped around each milk-stuffed mound several times before latching onto her nipples. Within moments she could feel the sweet cream greedily pulled from the depths of her breasts and into the gooey bondage. Unable to flow freely, thick cream began to build up, forcing Amala to become ever larger.

Lust finally dominated the space in her mind as any solutions to her growing problems became distant thoughts. Gingerly testing her overgrown assets, Amala pressed her hands into the milky expanse. The pillow-like texture welcomed her grasp, bulging slightly between her fingers as she began to massage herself. With nothing else to stop her, she finally eked out her most carnal desire.

“mmmmnnnGAAHHH....mm...more!!”

Raine responded happily with several blurbs before coating more of her body in slime. Pale flesh exploded outwards in response, conquering the floor of the basement several tiles at a time. Her dairy production soon became too much for the slime as her increased production forced the tendrils free from her tankard-sized nipples.

“hah.....yes....bigger....plea—MMPPHH!!!”



Not daring to disappoint, Raine slipped an overeager tendril into Amala's mouth. Flesh billowed outwards large enough to lift the redhead atop her personal dairy farms. She pleaded wordlessly for release as her breasts grew wider around than she was tall. Pulling a hand free from kneading her massive bust, she thrust it between her thighs alongside Raine's tentacles. Release was all she craved. Milk splashed across her oversized chest as she was rocked back and forth by the blue tendrils.

The surrounding world began to fade. Both hands managed to fit between her legs, desperately trying to relieve her unending cravings. Nearing the edge, fireworks started to go off in her head as her production surged for a final time. Loud moans resounded through the shop. She didn't care if any passersby heard her. Her core began to tighten. Fingers worked faster.

"mm..mnggh..mmmMMMMMMMMNNNNNGGAAHHH"

As she finally reached her peak, Amala practically screamed as she reached an orgasm rivalling that of a cosmic explosion. Thick cream burst from her nipples like a raging river, daring to flood the rest of her shop. As her consciousness began to fade, she swore she could feel the squeezing embrace of the walls against her breasts.

Slowly stirring awake, Amala could make out the hazy shape of the basement walls. Rubbing her eyes into focus, she realized she was still massive as her assets dominated the suspiciously dry room. Looking up to gauge her current situation, she found herself eye to eye with a concerned looking Keri holding a very large and very sleepy Raine.

"I see you two are already becoming good friends." The cowgirl sassed.

Amala blushed, "Hey! It's kinda hard to control something that makes you swell just by looking at them!"

Keri snickered to herself before responding, "I know, I know. I'm gonna try to fix that. In the meantime though, we should try to get you back to size seeing as you were pretty close to flooding the shop."

As the spectral cowgirl ascended the stairs, Amala let out a deep breath, her thoughts a wild mix of the antics this new friend of hers could cause.

