

The Dark Arts

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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Thin clouds filtered the light of a waning phase of the moon. Two hooded figures were ascending a gentle slope towards the rocky crest of a small mountain. One's head turned and looked back at the distant, sprawling village in the heart of the forested valley amongst the leaf-barren autumn trees.

Cass, the young raven-haired woman in a long-sleeved midnight-blue dress and brighter blue cowl, thought the foliage was sparse enough to allow ample starlight to navigate, but her cloaked companion insisted on carrying a glass-paneled, candle-lit iron lantern for them.

The light was held suspended between a lithe thumb and index finger, hovering out from a velvety brown, shin-height cloak cinched at the collar and the bottom of the ribs. Ethyria's satchel crossed from her shoulder to her opposite hip, its strap pulling the young woman's garment closer and getting pinched between her enviably sized breasts.

Ethyria lived in a small cabin a twenty-minutes' walk in the other direction they came from. Cass had come across it a few nights earlier, and this eve, she was invited to tag along with the other woman in her mid-twenties for "a simple errand".

With the plans kept quiet, there was little to talk about, leaving Cass to try to steal glances of Ethyria's features and where her lavender-colored eyes were drawn — eventually, towards a yawning cave mouth formed from large arching slabs.

"So," Cass spoke up, her voice demure but far from helpless. "What does a witch need all the way out here?"

"Sorceress..." Ethyria corrected her immediately — kindly. "If I were older, uglier, and honest with myself, then I'd permit others to call me a witch, hee-hee." Her hair was colored a milky-white with loose, layered curls draping a few inches past her shoulders; their ends finished in half-circles like the heavenly crescent above.

Cass wore a thin smile. "Oh... And you're sure it's safe to enter a cave without any weapons...?"

Ethyria had freckles as fine as cocoa powder, sprinkled like fairy dust on her fetching features. "Do you trust me?" She pushed back her hood to offer a confident grin.

Cass nodded. "Since you're much wiser than me, yes." Throughout her memories as a schoolchild, all she had was reverence towards the enigmatic orphan who grew up in a public home.

Ethyria seemed immune to judgment even back at that age, always reading old books and muttering unknown words under her breath. She didn't mind being an outsider.

The mystery had left Cass fascinated. "I thought it was kind of neat that you were already starting to use magic when we were still in school," she continued.

Ethyria paused, then beamed like the moon upon reflecting on a memory. "Then you remember I gave one of those boys bullying me toad skin."

Cass swallowed what felt like a frog in her throat, and nodded slightly. That was the last time anyone bothered Ethyria. Although the magician-in-training did nothing else towards anyone, she was still exiled from the village at thirteen with nary a goodbye. The gossip died out within days.



But even as an adult now, Cass hadn't forgotten her, and recently let her curiosity of both what the world was like outside the village and what could have happened to the banished Ehyria coalesce into an aimless week-long search.

And now after their renewed encounter, Cass was being roped into helping the magician hunt for resources and facing new fears seemingly each night. She advanced forth with Ehyria as if stepping into a lion's den or a spider's web.

At first, as Cass' eyes adjusted to the gloom, there was nothing but a bumpy cave floor for their footwear to scuff upon — a faintly echoing emptiness. Cass looked upward to see an inky darkness deeper than the grimy gray on the cave's domed ceiling.

There appeared to be very faint reflections of the lantern's light in fractals like silver moonlight on choppy water. The glow that reached up there was unusually bending and blotching like an artist painted the stars with smudged streaks. "What in the world is this?" Cass pushed back her cowl.

"They are dark slimes. I'm sure you've heard of fire and water ones, so, of course, there are dark elemental ones."

"I-I've never known *any* slimes existed!" Cass began to tiptoe back towards the entrance. "Why would you bring me into a cave with monsters in it?!"

Ehyria caught the other's arm and spoke coolly, quietly. "They're docile. Sensitive to light and sound though. Which is why — if you could please lift your dress for me..." A smile crept onto her face as Cass hesitantly hitched up her skirt. "Higher. All the way up, please~"

Cass' frightened dark blue eyes peeped from behind her upheld hands, pinching the hem. "They're light pink, okay?!"

"I'm not looking for the color of your panties, Cass..." Ehyria purred as she brought the lantern closer; the light seemed to play a trick in casting warmth on the exposed, smooth, chilly skin. The sorceress' eyes emanated care; her voice soothing. "Your tummy's so cute. I'm just making a little sigil on it, hee-hee."

Cass remained still as Ehyria eased open the glass door of the lantern and dabbed her index finger in the shiny pool of melted candle. "With... the wax?! *Yahh...*!" Even with her eyes squeezed shut, Cass could trace the prickling smear being deftly drawn on her front.

"There, there, it'll cool." Ehyria's smile lingered. They both observed the crude vase-like teardrop shape that surrounded the assistant's shallow navel. Cass was slightly taken aback when Ehyria's expression grew cloudy in concentration.

Strange words erupted from the motherly magician. "Wyantoim... bibtoik!" And her pointer finger gestured at Cass' decorated middle with a flourish, but despite the theatrics, nothing appeared to happen.

"...There. Now you should be safe," the sorceress said. "Let's light some more candles."

Cass dropped her dress and accepted the lantern that she was offered. Ehyria began rummaging in the satchel and pulled out a handful of beeswax sticks that could stand tall in traditional holders, each the diameter of the cheapest coin in circulation. The dull bumping noises of at least a dozen more candles were heard before the flap clapped shut.



Ethyria lit one with the lantern, and beckoned for Cass to follow, soon wedging the stick between a fissure in the rock floor. It sat crooked and looking loose enough that Cass wanted to avoid nudging it with her leather shoe.

After the sorceress placed a second steady-glowing stick seemingly at random, she skipped quickly a few meters ahead, pirouetted, and halted Cass with an outstretched hand. A knowing smile remained.

The curious young woman's question on her mind was interrupted by a dark, heavy mass — like a bear cub falling out of a tree — splatting onto the cave floor. Cass cried shrilly as bits of unknown ichor splashed onto her face and front. Moist beads quivered imperceptibly on her skin and dress, then dropped to the ground, leaving her completely dry. Ethyria's persistent, level look convinced Cass she could slowly tilt her head towards her feet.

Beneath Cass, a laundry tub-sized mound of slime was crawling like a snail onto the toes of her shoes, sucking up chunks of itself that broke off on impact. The woman whimpered as it nosed her shins, gurgling in curiosity and emitting something like a snotty snarl as it elongated itself and bent underneath and up her dress.

“ETHYRI—“

“Cass!” The sorceress barely caught the falling lantern by the looped handle on the crook of an upturned finger and clapped her other hand on the assistant's shoulder. “Listen to me. I promise it won't hurt.” Ethyria's smile was at once gentle and intense, like a doctor about to administer a shot. She spoke ardently. “It just wants to find a dark place again.”

“Ooooh...!?” Cass pressed her thighs together as a rounded tip like a giant tongue probed clumsily against the fabric over her loins. It slid up higher, thinning itself into a film that slinked underneath the top of her panties. All the while as she locked eyes with the perverse, enchanting gaze of Ethyria, she felt the slime slickening the surface of her shaved sex, puddling itself in her underwear and using its own weight to slide the garment down.

Cass' teeth briefly grit, then fell open as her instinctive trembling stiffened for the first, forceful dart up her folds. It rolled into itself in the pit beneath her stomach, then dug it out into a larger and larger cavernous space, shifting out her skin and letting her see the lift and bulge of her dress with dreamlike slow-motion. But the weight was real, and it plapped when she brought her hands to it and tightened up when she took a deep breath to quell her emotions. As the last of the slime quietly slurped up, Cass felt like she had the weight and girth of a dozen children stretching her tummy into an ovalish shape, too firm to droop much, with the faintest of amorphous movements inside, just like the undulations she witnessed on the ceiling.

Cass found her gait was already a waddle as Ethyria tenderly took her hand and rotated her around. “H-Howww the...”

“The sigil, of course!” Ethyria reminded her. “With it drawn on you, you're like a big waterskin we can fill with anything that's even semi-liquid. Pretty clever way to collect slime as an ingredient, is it not?” Ethyria's finger innocently tapped her chin as she set down the lantern on the stones.

“It's... unlike anything I've ever felt,” Cass said, her voice tinged with wonder as the slimes and her shrunken dress put competing sensations of pressure on her skin. Feeling a draft, she tried to crane her neck around to see how far the skirt had rode up, as if the fabric made its own cave mouth. Her arms were slightly spread for balance as she took a toddling step and felt her weight glunking to and fro.



An ill thought crossed her mind. “Could I... you know... ka-sploosh?”

Ethyria grinned and held a candlestick in each hand like she was about to start drumming. Once they were lit, she stalked up to Cass with a mischievous hint to her allaying words. “The body is stretchier than you might think. I find the moisture of slimes keeps the skin quite flexible. You may even find they tickle.” The sorceress stooped over and held the candles up to Cass’ front.

Cass’ stomach was suddenly alive, agitated and rumbling from the orange glow slipped under the opening in her outfit. “O-Ohhh... Hhhnnnaahhh...” She clutched herself and stumbled backwards, nursing her middle as she looked apologetically at Ethyria for snuffing out a light with the sweep of her dress. “I th-think they do more than tickle...”

The magician touched the sticks together to reignite a wick, winking. “More, you say?”

Cass laughed nervously as Ethyria raised the candles high and circled from a distance around her. She jerked her head around and flipped her black hair from the wet splotches a few paces behind her. Two smaller slimy masses stole up to each heel.

“...I don’t think I want any more in my womb,” Cass winced as she gingerly stooped over.

“Then you know where they need to go~” Ethyria chirped, gesturing with the butt of a candlestick.

Cass cursed herself for her virginity and braced herself, cupping a hand around her skinny buttock through her dress and holding it aside. Like water defying logic and running up her fingers, she felt the slimes dance under the fabric and the pressure she exerted, and slip as a thin trickle into her pucker. She worried she’d have to blink back tears, but in moments found herself breathing easier at the languid, molasses-like pace the bubble pushed its way through the bends of her intestines.

“Uunf...!” There was a rather forceful shove as the slime popped into her stomach, like an underground spring breaking through the ground and starting to flood with a bubbling bounty. Cass felt and saw her lower torso widening, her gut creep larger and bow with the few extra pounds. Weird wasn’t even close to describing how it was to stagger around with her overtaxed dress up to her thighs and try to maneuver what was like a wheelbarrow full of jars of jelly in midair.

Cass had to set it down. She sank with one leg to the side and back and another flexing in front of her, enough to tear her garment up to her flanks. “Guhhh... My family’s going to think I was attacked out here...” She groaned as she worked on opening the rips further to relieve the squeeze upon her gut grazing the cave floor.

Ethyria didn’t seem to regard her and now had all but one quadrant of the cave in a white-orange glow. Just about every nook among each irregular plate of rock was visible now. The sorceress paused and looked up in Cass’ direction, and both women saw the cave ceiling was boiling with agitated slimes. They formed a column like a very thick spider thread, cautiously descending inches from reach, and then marching towards the exit.

Ethyria urged her softly. “Be quick, Cass. Try not to let any escape.”

With a shallow sigh, Cass grabbed the tendril of goo, eased it closer and took a big chomp like it was made of licorice. She almost gagged with her cheeks bulging; she hated the taste of blackberries. But the icky ichor seemed to like the darkness of her mouth and she had to work it down with her flicking tongue and constricting throat.



She leaned further to the side, propping herself on one palm, straining to stick out her emptied mouth and connect with the flow. Cass gorged herself as part of her duty, trusting the sigil's power and her own resolve to prove herself as a dutiful helper. Perhaps not as an apprentice, but as a friend — a lover? Someone getting aroused teetering on this precipice of fear and friskiness.

Her eyes closed and she cooed, feeling like she was reuniting the scared slimes in the warm confines of her ever-expanding boundaries. Her front was jiggling less over time from the weight constantly pulling at her.

Her hands worked automatically to peel away the disintegrating dress, hanging on only as frail bands that snapped seemingly with each large mouthful she sent pumping down into her growing volume. Her stomach was pressed to the ground, bulky as an anchor. Now, even as she collapsed back onto her rear, the near-perfect sphere of her gut just barely didn't extend past her ankles, which scabbled tiredly for purchase.

Ethyria stopped a stray mound of slime from leaving the cave with a candle smartly wielded like a dagger, forcing it to retreat all the way into the shadow of Cass' belly.

The living container huffed as the creature found its way up her nethers. "Am I going to be able to walk when this is done? *Is it done?*"

"Some extra wouldn't hurt, would it?" The white-haired woman surveyed the span between the less-populated ceiling and the mound of flesh up to her own stomach. Ethyria studied the exposed, groaning middle, the unsmudged sigil now completely out of Cass' view, and the delicate smallness of her bra with a flick upwards of the dress' remains on her shoulders — all with calculating intent. Grinning, she concluded, "I suppose we could balance you out some..."

Retrieving the lantern, Ethyria neatly drew a mobius shape above the dried teardrop-vase; being scrawled on tickled more than it stung now on Cass' remarkably stretched skin.

With yet another lit candle thrust into the rock, Ethyria took another and smoothed her empty satchel. She removed it from her shoulder to rest on the ground. The woman sang as she wavered the last candlestick. "Almost done!" She disappeared behind Cass with a laugh.

All Cass could do was watch groggily as the slimes practically melted from the light, drawn out and leaping to the cave floor in desperation and with no neighbors to support them. Like magnets repelled from the warding aura of the candles, they weaved their way around them in an instinctual advance to Cass' spacious shelter.

In swallowing and getting stuffed with more sludgy specimens, she realized while she petted her middle — attentive to any more of the crawling sensation she had gotten used to as it bloated — it was happening to her other, neglected curves.

She groped her sagging chest and inhaled deeply as her support grew snug. "Bloobs..." she squeaked around a mouthful.

The extra sigil's magic gave her new dimensions; with a calming, slushy sort of diffusion in her gut, her breasts stood out fuller, rounder, heftier from her ribcage and her back straightened by effect of her rear plumping up into a cushiony seat. Cass couldn't tell whether she looked less ridiculous or more alluring with this all, but a more-even distribution of pressure throughout her hide allowed her to relax, and revel.



She could effortlessly slurp up the gelatinous beings, the bad taste milder now, and be rewarded with more satisfying fullness. The slimes going up her behind had to thrust harder to worm underneath her hips, which stayed pliant and doughy while her whole body purred from the moist denseness everywhere she felt up.

After all this time, Cass' panties were bunched up just beneath her loins, but both women could tell when it surrendered. Ethyria perked up from the sound even at her slight distance. "Maybe you should have taken that off before you began drinking several barrels of slime. Hee-hee-hee...!"

Starving for any extra assets now, Cass sank her teeth into a blob that had perched itself on her breast, blocking her view of her magnificent self. The slime harmlessly followed its other half into the depths of her throat.

Ethyria continued to eye Cass as she shepherded the very last stragglers into her range. Her helper practically rode the wave of invaders disappearing between her crack, her pillow-sized cheeks settling with a fat slap against the rocks.

Cass' body shook from front to back as she folded her legs against the underside of her massive belly, gripped a smooth, turgid thigh and pushed the floor with her free hand. Her sonorous moans echoed out into the night as her immeasurable breasts slid around and bumped together, their expanded areolas as big as serving platters.

Humming, she eased back and let her tummy practically smother her, and massaged her chest as both oozed a bit to either side with gravity's help, yet retained their insurmountable rounded shapes. Cass breathed hard as she rested the back of a hand on her sweating brow. "Let me have a moment... I don't know what's gotten into me..."

Ethyria took a deep breath and sighed. "Right, let's..." She unceremoniously undid both clasps to her cloak and the material parted like loose double doors on their hinges. Cass flushed again with color. The other wore nothing underneath but a lacy black brassiere with matching garters and stockings possessing bewitchingly cute mini ribbons woven into the frills.

The sorceress collected the cover she shrugged off, and her tall, obsidian boots clunked rhythmically with her casual strides. Their buckles didn't even glint.

The slime-stuffed blimp thought she should've known Ethyria would have a weird kink for playing with her creations. Maybe the cave was all to hide a discreet session. What if it lasted all night and this place on top of the hill was so they could watch the morning sunrise? Much of it did seem magical...

In reality, Ethyria's eyes were half-lidded, shading their usually brighter-looking lavender hue. "Did you really find me to be my friend?" she asked, stone-faced.

"...Wh-What are you saying?"

Ethyria's voice rose slightly as she leaned down to speak closer to Cass' ear. "Did the village send you after me? Are you the damsel pretending to be naive, while collecting information to give to the church?" She frowned in simmering contempt. "And now that I've demonstrated my powers, you have all the proof you need I'm still dangerous...? Well?"

"Answer me!" Ethyria cried, and rather than strike, she blindly swept the balled-up cloak over Cass' doming middle.



Cass felt some of the caked-on wax around her navel dislodge and crumble away, and create a reverberating throb throughout her frame from her proportions suddenly growing. The extra foot or so of circumference made her scream, so too the fact the lady she trusted was now interrogating her. “A-Aaahh...! I’m not!”

“Ohh?” Ethyria stood up on tiptoe and looked to more deliberately clear away a part of the sigils this time. Cass couldn’t see, but judging by the steady surge, the horrifying, sloshing, gurgling push of her body outwards in all directions, it had to be a lot.

“I-I-I swear I wouldn’t!” Cass yelped, struggling to bring her broad shoulders together to keep Ethyria at bay, kick her legs to roll away. She moaned in discomfort as her belly’s apex, now too high for the sorceress to access, was simply hopped upon and her nearly-naked tormentor sunk into her sore skin.

The purple-eyed predator glared from just over the enormous chest, relaxed on all-fours like a cat, expression a true sourpuss. Her nails picked disinterestedly at the wax, the fractions the sigil shifted reflected as uncontrollable quivers of the slime threatening to break through. “If you’re lying to me, I’ll have you burst into a gooey mess here and now...!” she hissed.

“It’s the honest truth!” Cass belted out as she leaned up on her palms. “Cast a spell to read my mind... A-Anything! I agreed to this, *sacrificed* myself to it because I...”

She caught herself as she noticed a tear slip from Ethyria’s eye, which shone crystalline-like as an amethyst. The sorceress wiped it away and grinned again. “I understand. ...Sorry. I should ask before I get a little rough.”

Cass sniffled, going back to just laying there. “You *terrified* me.”

“I know how to bring you back if anything were to go wrong, though!” Ethyria protested. “All I need is a few strands of hair. You’re precious to me, Cassie.”

“After I started getting so into this, you almost ripped it all up...” came a whimpering reply.

“Oh come now, so all I need to do to win you back is show you all the other ways you can be enormous with my help?” Ethyria flopped forward, chin in her hands as she idly rolled her hips over the blimped belly, carefully to not disturb the wax. “You know, I’ve had a few of my toys tell me how tight and tingly air is, and it is limitless around us. We can even borrow the nearby lake sometime...”

“You make it sound like an okay time,” Cass relented. “...Can I ask what the point of the slime was, then?”

“To be honest, all I needed was a few droplets to make an eye color-changing elixir. Filling you with a whole cave of these squirmy little things is just how I wanted to play with you after a hard night of work~”

“Y-You’re a demon!” was all Cass spat out to rid her anxiety for relief. She watched Ethyria land on the ground.

“Nooo, I’m your master.” She tucked a foot behind the opposite heel and let herself lean back, arms folded, smooshing her pretty face into Cass’ side. With her gorgeous white hair masking half of her features, Ethyria slowly dragged her head along as her boots advanced, her elbows and her hips delivering gentle percussions that rippled throughout the other’s body. “And you’re my huge, heavy slimeball. That’s a compliment.” Her charming wink again. “But I’m not done with you yet.”



Cass' mouth parted as Ethyria sultrily continued while petting her disheveled locks of hair. "I'm going to roll you to my cabin, I'm going to find a way to cram you through my front door, and we're going to have you take up nearly every inch of my home while we have fun until the morning arrives...~" A pause. "...Will your family worry if you're missing at first?"

"...Maybe," Cass replied. "But I really wish I could introduce you to them."

Ethyria gracefully bent over on one leg and kissed her new companion on the lips. "Perhaps I'll fool them by disguising myself as an old crone. Just don't call me a witch."

Four years ago I invented a sorceress character for a brief 1,000-word story, and she turned out to carry one of my most favorited scrap works. I figured it'd be great to have her with a new companion for this magicked tale and an expansion method I haven't really flirted with much.

Thank you so much for reading.

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