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The preface is written in first person, while the rest of the story is in 3rd person. I'm setting up a lot of plot in the early chapters, but there's still a lot of transformation fun throughout. Feel free to contact me via Deviantart (<http://thighmaster.deviantart.com/>)

SRU: Part Time Witch

Preface

My name is William Quincy. Yes, the same Quincy of the famous cosmetics and fragrance line called, "Touch of the Succubus." You'd think my life would be set, huh? Well, not quite.

The company's premiere product was the special scent called "Kiss of the Succubus." Sure, it's a bit dark, but ladies claim it drives their men wild. "If you want to get noticed, just blow them a kiss," as the commercials say. Regardless of the gimmick, the product sells! Well, that would be great news for me, but my mom ignores me completely. My earliest memories of her are pretty bad. I always heard her on the phone saying things like, "yes, if only I had a daughter instead," or, "It's a shame I can't try for more kids."

My cousin, Ashley, however has been Mother's favorite child. Ashley is being groomed to take over the business. Why would she give it to her over me? Well, according to my mom, "What man could ever be the face of a cosmetics line? Succubus, not incubus, you imbecile!" That's the last time I spoke with her just a few years ago.

It's time to take action. Rumors about this weird shop swirled around town, but it continues to elude me. I've never met anyone who actually shopped at the mystery store, but I read about it online. People almost always had the same story. A person visits the place with a bad attitude, misreads or otherwise doesn't follow the instructions, and gets stuck. Stuck how, you ask? Well, a lot of these women end up with porn star bodies that they end up enjoying, as for the guys... they ended up as women. Now, I know you'll think I'm some sort of pervert here, wishing desperate to become a different person in order to sate some form of sexual desire, but that's not what I'm trying to do! I swear!

Perhaps I'll finally be able to be worthy of her, and inherit the family business, if I can just find this magical shop...

Chapter 1: Spells R Us

William lurked around the mall, looking at everyone's shopping bags. He was a pretty average guy, six feet tall, brown hair, brown eyes, with a five o'clock shadow. The very picture of the average college student, and he was enjoying his summer break with no classes for once.

"Perhaps all I need to do is find someone who visited the store today, and they can point it out for me!" thought William to himself. He knew the magic shop would be hard to find, and it might even be able to completely disappear if the rumors were true.

William walked slowly through the food court and saw a few potential options. He kept seeing people with a plain black bag with no label. Perhaps they might know of the mystery shop. William approached a man eating a slice of pizza.

"Excuse me sir, what sort of place uses a plain black bag with no logos? I'm looking for a specialty shop and I think that might be it," said William.

"Errmm," said the man chewing up some pizza. *Gulp* "Well, it's from the video store 'round the corner," said the man.

William knows he heard the words, "video store," but something didn't seem right. It's like the sounds from the man's voice was "video store," but his lips and teeth moved in a different way. You always close your mouth a bit and almost bite your lower lip with a "v" sound, but this guy made that sound with his lips separated completely. Surely, this might be too much detail to dig into for most people. William, however, suspected that if the store existed, it must be able to keep itself hidden in multiple ways. A lot of assumptions sure, but this one sentence from this random man stuck out to William.

"Video store?" asked William.

The man cocked his head and shook it as if saying no but instead said, "Yes, video store!"

William nodded, and walked away. Again the man said one thing with his body, but something else with his voice. William cracked his knuckles together and pulled out his phone.

"Okay, let's find another black bag and ask where they went, but this time I'll film them," thought William. William turned the camera on his phone on, and placed it in his pocket.

William saw a shy looking woman sitting alone in the corner of the food court with one of those unmarked bags and approached her. He kept the lens for the camera on the phone just barely visible.

"Excuse me mam. I heard a new store was in here and they use that very same black bag. Do you know which store that is from?" asked William.

The woman's face turned bright red as she clutched her chest. The button on her shirt popped off exposing some impressive cleavage. "I don't know what you're talking about!" she said as she quickly picked up her things and dashed away. As the woman sprinted out of the food court, William swore her hair was getting longer, and changing color from black to blonde.

"Holy shit! She was definitely there!" thought William to himself.

William ran after the woman. She turned to leave the mall, though she was quite a long ways ahead of him. William saw the mousey shy looking woman turning into a stunning, huge breasted idol. Her last buttons popped off as her giant breast squeezed out of her shirt. She lifted up her bag to cover herself, and blushed intensely. She ran out the door pulling something out of the black bag.

William made it outside, but the woman he was chasing was gone.

"Holy shit," William said quietly to himself. He looked around wondering if anyone had saw the woman, or what happened to her. Unfortunately, no one seemed to take note at all.

William felt annoyed for a moment, but then he remember his phone. Quickly, he pulled out his phone, and starting to review the footage.

He began watching as his phone's perspective was from his pocket. He heard himself say, "Excuse me madam..." then her button pops off. It's hard to tell, but her breast looked like they grew for a moment. Then, she jumps up and William jumped back causing the phone to sink back into his pocket. He lost the rest of the footage.

"Damn it!" William said. It wasn't quite enough to prove it. Some might suspect she was simply wearing a bra that was too tight that came undone. Regardless, he didn't need to prove anything to anyone really. Now he knew the store wasn't just a myth! William returned to the food court.

William spent the next hour looking at people around the food court and talking to folks with the black bag. Unfortunately, he didn't witness any other interesting transformations. He determined that two real places used the black bags (the comic book store, and the jewelry store) while the other answers he got gave him that odd feeling. The feeling where his ears told him one thing, but his eyes told him another. He went through all the videos he recorded over the past hour, deleting anyone mentioning the comic book store, or the jewelry store. He muted the sound, and watched their lips.

"Spells R... us?" mumbled William to himself. In all of the videos, they seem to mouth that same phrase again and again, but when he turns the sound on he heard all sorts of things, "video, fishing, games, camera, calendar, perfume," and so on.

"Incredible!" shouted William shaking his fist. He looks up and realized everyone around him was looking right at him. He turned a bit red, and looked for more people with the black bag. This time, he wanted to ask them where it was, though he knew he'd have to be sneaky about it.

"Excuse me sir," said William to a man with a black bag. "What stores are near the store that uses those black bags? I can't seem to find it,"

"Oh, check the Shoes and More," said the man.

The Shoes and More store was huge. It was really easy to find. Just to be certain, William continued, "That's not from the jewelry or comic place is it?" while pointing at the bag.

"No, it's from the Auto Parts store," said the man's voice though his lips didn't match.

"Perfect!" said William.

William asked a few other folks he saw with similar bags and determined he was on the right track. He finally left the food court and went to the Shoes and More store.

He saw Briggsby Toys to the left, a New Navy to the right, and Chi-Chi Tea straight across, a “coming soon” sign next to the left of the tea store, and a comic store to the right.

“Well, it’s no definitely not the shoe store itself, or the comic store. I bet it’s that closed store. If everything I read is real... that has to be it!” thought William.

Just then, he saw two young men appear out of nowhere just in front of the “coming soon” store that was completely fenced off.

“Hey guys,” shouted William as the two men looked up.

“Hey, is this the spells R us place, I left my glasses in there and can barely see. Can you help me inside?” said William trying to slightly stumble towards them.

“Uhh, okay dude,” said one of the young men as they took him by the arm and thrust him into the fenced off store.

Suddenly he found himself in a dimly lit store decorated in purples in blues. He saw a few people talking with an old man dressed in purple robes and a pointy hat whose head turned quickly as William crossed the threshold.

The old man turned and said, “Welcome to Spells R Us! I’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

Chapter 2 – Customer Service is Job One

The old man seemed awfully distracted with Williams's presence. Even though he spoke with the pair of people in front of him, he kept looking at William every few seconds. It made William feel a bit nervous... as if the man didn't trust William. Perhaps it's because he was able to find this store even though it was hidden.

"Ah yes, these earrings. You may each wear one and you'll soon have a better understanding of one another. Just be sure that both of you take them off. If one of you removes them, but the other doesn't bad things can happen," warned the old man.

"What sort of bad things," asked the young man.

"Well, taking off the earring signals that you're ready to go back to normal, while leaving it on mean's you prefer the changes. You know, I assume you can figure it out," said the old man with a smile.

The young woman looked up and said, "Okay, how much?"

"For you two, I think it will be on the house. I hope you find better understanding for each other when all of this comes to an end," he said as he slipped the earrings into a black bag with no label.

"Wow... it's crazy you'd have something like this. It's just what we needed, and it's almost like you knew we were coming," said the young man.

"Ah, ha! Well, I wouldn't be a very good wizard if I were surprised would I?" the old man said with a wink.

The young man shook the old shopkeeper's hand and the couple left the store.

"How can I help you?" asked the old man.

"This store was really hard to find, sir. How are you able to hide it like that?" said William.

"Whatever do you mean?" asked the old man looking a little nervous.

"Well, after enough investigating I knew for a fact this store was here, but my senses kept lying to me. Luckily, I had enough evidence and a bit of faith, or perhaps luck. Either way... I've read the stories about this place."

"Hold on a second," said the old man. "You've heard about this place, what did you hear?"

"To be honest... I've heard of men and women finding ways to umm... change themselves. I've read so many stories about women that claim they were men until finding this place," said William.

The shopkeeper turned a bit red, "preposterous!"

"Oh really? So are you trying to tell me that if those two people wear those earrings, they won't swap genders? And if the man decides to leave it on, he'll be stuck that way?" William said.

The shopkeeper turned his head to the side and said, "Why would you suspect that?"

"That's how all the stories go!" William said.

"Interesting... but I cannot help you. Whatever it is you're after, it won't be of any use to you," said the old man.

"What, why?" asked William.

"Well, the magic items that people leave with were made just for them. The magic calls to them, it brings them here, and it's all powered by..." the old man trailed off.

"By what?" asked William.

"By empowerment and irony of course!" said the old man.

"IRONY?" shouted William. He continued, "It only works if it would be ironic?!"

"Well, yes!" protested the old man. He continued, "You see, when people come inside here--"

A woman burst into the store just then, interrupting the shop keeper.

"You, mu-mu-mu-mister! I can't take this thing off!" said a well-endowed woman gesturing to a cow print mini-skirt, vest, and ear/horns costume.

"Now, I told you what to do didn't I madam? You're not allowed to drink any milk, or wear it for more than four hours. Which did you do?" said the old man.

"Well, I had a mu-mu-mu-milk shake and fell asleep after the party," said the woman meekly. She continued, "but I didn't mean to, I-I-I..." she trailed off as tears began to form. As her sobbing started, her vest popped open letting her giant G cup breasts hang down. In fact, they seemed slightly larger than before to William. That's when William noticed the dark spots forming on the vest, around her nipples.

"Oh no!" she shouted as milk started leaking from her massive breasts.

Instinctively, William went to the woman, grabbing a nearby robe from a costume rack. He held it up to her so she could use it as a towel. William saw the dressing rooms towards the rear of the store, and took her by the hand.

"Thank you... sir," said the huge busted woman.

The old man came to the back of the store as the woman shut the dressing room door.

"Well, I'm afraid there isn't much I can do to help you. Simply put, you'll need to be milked on a regular basis now, or else those breasts of yours will just keep on growing," said the old man matter-of-factly. He continued, "I'd suggested getting a pump, or perhaps finding a partner who's interested in suckling. I've met plenty of men who'd enjoy that."

William turned to the old man, "wait, so there's nothing we can do to stop it from getting worse?"

"We? We? What do you mean 'we'? You're just some ragamuffin who wandered in here. Leave the magic to the experts," said the old man.

The woman sobbed. "There's nothing you can do to help mu-mu-mu-me?" she said as milk started leaking across the floor from inside the dressing room.

"Well, I could take a look. I'll... check the books," he said as the old man turned away.

"Oh no, they won't stop growing!" she said in a defeated voice. She pipped up, "umm, mister are you still there?"

"Yeah," said William secretly hoping the woman needed a hand with her massive tits.

"I need you to mu-mu-mu-milk me," she said.

Without a moment's hesitation William threw open the door. Countless hours spent reading erotic fiction had prepared him for this moment. Her tits were even bigger! At least H cups, if not something larger. Her tits were starting to hang down on her slim frame. She was 5'5", brown hair, clear complexion, great looking, and now her tits were getting a bit out of hand. A few more minutes of this, and her tits would be hanging down to her belly button. They were easily each as big as William's head.

"Okay, what do you need me to do," said William.

The old man chimed in, "Hmm, the Bovine Curse. It looks like you're going to need to let them grow a bit more, if you'd like this to stop. It appears this magic will actually cease if you resist milking until milk sprays into the air. Then, and only then, you must be milked to the last drop. After that, the costume will come right off."

"Oh... oh no... mu-mu-mu-my tits are going to keep getting bigger!?" said the woman.

"I'm afraid so," said the old man.

William said, "I'll be right here. My name's William by the way,"

The woman stuck her back to the wall and slowly let herself drop down on the seat. She then said, "Mu-mu-mu my name's Brandy. It's nice to MOOOO-" she said as she let out a guttural mooing sound and immediately covered her mouth. Brandy turned bright red in her face, and her breasts.

William looked up and said, "Okay Brandy. We'll be right here to help when that time comes. Would you prefer to be left alone for now?"

Brandy looked down at her breasts, as they quickly grew warmer. She didn't say anything, she just started breathing quickly. Before their eyes, her breasts grew even larger, gaining at least two more inches. Perhaps J cups or something larger, but William was no expert. If she stood up, they'd definitely hang down to her belly. Brandy started smiling and looked up at William.

"They are actually really nice," she said. She started to rub her breasts, but avoided her nipples.

"Mu-mu-mu-maybe it wouldn't be so bad if they just kept growing. Mmmmmm. I love this feeling," she said as beads of sweat formed on her face.

William raised his hand up to feel her forehead - she was on fire. She probably couldn't think straight as she was running a dangerously high fever.

"Let me get you some water," said William.

"No, I think I'd like some..." said Brandy.

"Some what?" asked William.

With that, she started breathing heavily again. Her breast perked up and expanded right before his eyes. Stretching out in every direction, almost trapping them both in the dressing room.

"Mmm keep growing! BIGGER!" she shouted.

Almost as if by command. Her tits ballooned one more time, pushing William against the wall.

"Mmm, bring me some, mu-mu-mu-MOOO!" she shouted.

"Some what?!" shouted William.

"Some MILK!" she said as she finally started spraying hot, fresh milk into the air.

William ducked out from the dressing room, and tried to pull one of the giant tits towards the door. He started jerking and kneading the nipple as milk gushed out of it.

"OH YES!" shouted the woman from over her giant tits.

He kept squeezing and kneading her left tit until it finally stopped gushing. He tried to pull her out of the room, and began working on the other breast. It kept on gushing and dumping all over him. After a few milky minutes, she finally slowed down.

The shop keeper finally spoke, "Ahem, sir William. I'm afraid you need to get out every last drop... you need to apply suction, or else she'll go full bovine."

"Moooo! I don't MOOO! Wanna be a cow!" protested Brandy as she grabbed William and shoved his head to her nipple.

William kept suckling on her tits for a few minutes until every single last drop was finally gone. Finally the costume fell from her body. She was finally free.

"OH! Much better," said Brandy, as she swung around her enormous tits. She continued, "I... I thought they were so gaudy as first, but wow these are incredible. I was just so jealous of those other girls before... but now I can finally stop worrying about udders and get back to worrying about real life,"

Brandy said, "Wow, I didn't realize your staff was full service," while giving William a wink.

Brandy gestured towards the robe she used as a towel and said, "mind if I... cover up with that?"

The old man said, "By all means," as he gestured towards the door.

"Thanks!" she said, as she trotted out the door, unaware of the bovine tail she now had swishing behind her. Perhaps if she would have been milked a bit faster that change wouldn't have occurred... but either way, neither William nor the Old Man were going to say a word about it.

"Well thanks for the ECK-" shouted the old man as he noticed William's enormous erection.

"Oh shit! Sorry. I, uh, uh," he said as the old man conjured cold water just over his head. It came down with a crash and before long William was back to normal.

“Okay, well it’s silly of me to think a young man wouldn’t react like that to a woman being treated for a bovine curse,” said the old man.

“Ahem, thanks for your help keeping her calm, lad,” said the old man. He continued, “as I was saying before, I can’t really help you. You see, people come here for magical trinkets and I only service those with potential. If there isn’t potential, we lose magic. When they come into the store, I can hear the magic speak to me. I can hear the magic call to me, telling me which item will deliver the change they really need, and provide the greater empowerment and irony!”

The old man explained, “I can hear the magic coming from these items. When, these people come inside, I know what they will leave with, but I don’t want to scare them. I allow them to browse and be comfortable. I rarely charge them money, because the magic absorbed from them is far more useful.”

“You absorb magic from them?” asked William.

“Well yes. Imagine a man who is abusive, entitled, and hates women. If I were to sell him a magical ring that will help him find the perfect woman, it would probably turn him into said woman. He would find peace with his new life, and that zen-like state allows him or her to be the perfect conduit to gather the natural energies of the world. In that perfect moment of self-actualization, massive energies flow through you. These items capture that power as it goes through you, and sends it back to me. So I’m only interested in helping people who are very far away from meeting their potential. The bigger the change, the more energy I can gain from it!” said the old man with a smile.

“So what about Brandy?” asked William.

“Just when you finished helping her, and now on her way back to her home, she’s feeding us energy. She’s so pleased with her new lot in life. As she continues to feel more at peace with the universe, she’ll not only restore the magic used on her to cause her transformation, but probably produce ten times more magic than that before it’s all said and done. It’s not like mortals can use that energy anyways.”

“You mentioned it’s most potent based on potential, so how can you possibly tell who has yet to meet their potential,” I asked.

“Well, Madam Felsorrow is the seer I commission when creating these items, but in a pinch I can use these,” he said pulling out a pair of purple glasses. With these, you can see the colorful aura produced by most mortals. The bigger their aura, the more potential magic is lingering in them.”

“Oh!” said William. He continued, “can I see those?”

“Hah, well just don’t leave the counter,” said the shop keeper.

William put on the glasses. Everything immediately had a purple glow to it. He couldn’t see very far because everything was so fuzzy and purple. William took them off, but just before he could say anything a new customer opened the door.

William felt a strong gust of wind as time seemed to slow down. He saw the woman’s face, he could feel her desperation, and something on the top shelf behind the counter suddenly seemed to shimmer. A potion with the label, “Lover’s Elixir.”

As William stood there staring at the Lover's Elixir, the old man cocked his head. The old man's ear's perked and he looked up to the Lover's Elixir as well. His mouth slowly opened and his eyes went wide as he realized that William felt the very same magical calling to him.

Chapter 3 – A Part-Time Calling

“Um... hi?” said the young woman who walked in the store.

“Oh, uh, yes, welcome to Spells R Us!” said the old man.

“My old friend William and I were just catching up. What can I help you with today, madam?” said the old man.

“Uh, yes. I don’t know how to say this. I’ve had a friend for a long time, since grade school. He’s always been a good friend, but he sees me as his sister. I heard you might have something to really make me stand out,” she said.

“I see! How about something like this,” said the old man pointing at some jewelry.

“No, no I don’t really like wearing too much jewelry sir. I’m not saying it looks bad, but it’s not for me,” she said quietly.

“Oh, no problem, how about some of our new fragrances?” said the old man.

“Well, no, no... I’m allergic to most perfumes, I better not,” she said.

William couldn’t resist butting in at this point. The magic was shimmering and shining so bright. It demanded his attention.

“How about a love potion?” said William. William warned, “Just be sure to read the label mam.”

“A potion? Well, let me see it,” said the woman.

The old man seemed a bit annoyed that William was throwing off his groove, but he tried his best to move forward.

“Ah yes. For you madam, I think you will enjoy our Lover’s Elixir. Only share it with the person with whom you love deeply, and you will become the person they love as well. Yes, indeed, this potion may change you to be more to his... ahem, tastes. So be sure you truly know what you’re getting into before you give this to him, okay?” said the old man.

“Ah ha! That sounds perfect! I’ll do anything to be with him!” she said.

“I’m sure he will be very happy,” said the shop keeper as he slipped the potion into a black bag.

“How much?” she asked.

“Oh, don’t worry. This one is on the house,” said the old man.

The woman beamed with delight as she left the store. William sorely hoped things would turn out okay for her, because she seemed like a nice enough lady.

“Sonny, how did you know to recommend that potion?” asked the old man.

“Well, it started shimmering so brightly once that woman came in here. I couldn’t help but notice that. Didn’t you see it?” asked William.

“No... I heard it call to me eventually. Perhaps you are gifted after all...” mumbled the old man.

"These glasses didn't seem to do anything," said William handing them back.

"If you see someone with magical potential, they should give off a minor purple aura," said the old man.

"Huh? Everything looked purple to me," said William.

"That's foolish, let me-" said the old man as he put on the glasses looking towards William, "AAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!"

The old man fell backwards, flinging the glasses into the air and clutching his face. He sounded like he was in a lot of pain.

"Y-y-y-you!" said the old man wiping tears from his pained eyes. "I've never seen so much untapped potential!"

Just then, they both heard a loud THUD coming from the back of the store. The pair looked towards each other, then at the back of the store.

William whispered, "Is someone else here?"

The old man shook his head no.

They crept to the back of the store, passing all sorts of knick-knacks, sex toys, dice, costumes, lotions, and potions, until they found the door which read, "Employees only."

THUD *THUD* *THUD* they heard beating against the door faster and faster.

The old man pulled up the sleeves on his robes and quietly said, "Be ready for anything, sonny!"

Just as the old man reached for the door, it burst open, sending his pointy hat flying. The old man tumbled backwards, knocking right into William. The pair of them slammed into a nearby counter, sending magical dildo's flying across the room.

They slowly stood up from the pile of sexy toys, brushing themselves off to see a light blue robe and pointy hat floating in front of them. Much like the old man's except these robes weren't dark purple. On the front it read, "Spells R Us, Witch in Training."

"OH! OH! OH! It all makes so much sense now!" said the old man. He continued, "I haven't had an assistant in over 100 years!"

The small robe and pointy hat darted towards William and clung to his body.

"Welcome to the SRU family!" said the old man.

"Wait a second. I didn't come here for a job!" protested William.

William glowered downwards at the short old man as he was slowly becoming eye-level with him. He looked down to see the sleeves of his robe were now covering his hands. He tried to pull the sleeves back, revealing small, slender hands. His hair flowed downwards covering his face, turning a bright red color. He look down seeing his chest puff up.

"AYEEE!" shouted a high pitched feminine voice.

“Oh, I should mention, we always work in warlock/witch pairs. One male and female, of course. We can cover more magical crafts that way. Since I’m a warlock, I’ll need you to play the witch for now...” said the old man.

“YES!” shouted the new female assistant witch. She jumped in the air excitedly, which the old man found a bit surprising.

“Oh... um, I didn’t expect you to be so ready for this,” said the old man.

“Well, madam, what shall we call you? Perhaps something exotic to match your new witch status?” suggested the old man.

She cleared her throat and said, “Assistant Esmerelda reporting for duty! But you can just call me Ez!”

“You seem to be handling this rather well,” said the old man.

Esmerelda threw off the robe and hat and shouted, “Now I can – “ he covered his mouth. He was back to being William again.

“Oh, looks like you’re starting off as a part timer, eh?” said the old man.

Chapter 4 – Family History

“Just stay in your uniform for now and help me with the rest of the customers that come through today, then we’ll chat after closing time, okay? By the way, feel free to call me Bilius, or Bill for short. I’ve gone by so many names, but that’s the easiest one to say in English. So let’s go with that for now,” concluded Bilius.

William put the costume back on, and his body immediately shrunk down as he became Esmerelda again. As long as she wears the uniform, she gets to remain a witch.

“Aye, aye, captain,” said Ez giving a salute.

“You seem awfully spunky now that you’re a little lady, lad.. las... Ez,” said Bill.

Ez’s face turned bright red as a big grin grew across her face.

Ez said, “Excuse me for a minute!” as she dashed towards the dressing room.

Ez took a few minutes to completely examine her body without removing the uniform completely. She stood maybe five feet tall, long red hair, bright freckles, blue eyes, and an almost pixyish look about her. Her eyes seem a bit large, and she had huge wide grin. She loved the way she looked. If she could become a full time witch... perhaps she could go back to her –

DING the door alarm sounded as a customer walked into the door.

“Welcome to Spells R Us, how can I help you today?” asked Bill.

“Uh, I dunno, just browsing,” said a tall bald man who looks a tad out of shape.

Ez burst out of the changing room, and she saw a bunny outfit shining brightly.

She lifted it off the rack and confidentially walked up to the man.

“Excuse me mister, but I think you’re looking for this!” she blurted out.

The man looked down at the costume, looked back at her, and back down at the costume as a scowl came over his face.

“HMPH!” he said as Ez’s face turned red.

“Do I look like some sort of furry to you, bimbo?” he said as he turned to leave.

Bill simply shook his head.

“Come on mister. I don’t care if you are or not. Just try this on and you’ll look great at the costume party, or whatever you’re doing. Look, no one would expect a big tough guy like you to wear something like this! They’ll think it’s hilarious!” she said.

With that, the huge man turned around, picked up Ez by her collar and screamed in her face, “lady, you need to get your hearing checked,” as he tossed her backwards into the clothing rack knocking over all sorts of costumes.

The man left the store in a huff as Ez laid in a pile of clothing.

"That's assault buddy!" she shouted from underneath the pile of clothes.

"Well, Esmerelda," he said making it a point to over emphasize every syllable of her name, "do you understand why it's important to let them be comfortable with this stuff before forcing it down their throats? That poor fella probably wanted something in his life to change, but we'll never be able to help him now. Just follow my lead next time. Tone down the eagerness about 400 notches, okay?" said Bill.

Ez slowly stood up patting her head where she had just bumped it, "yes... yes Bill."

"Good. Remember, I've been doing this for a few hundred years after all," said Bill.

Ez spent the rest of the day shadowing Bill. Bill always kept his distance from the customers and allowed them to express their desires to him openly. He never forced them to say anything, and always let them speak their mind. If a customer left without buying anything, Bill said, "they'll come back when they're ready."

At the end of the day, Bill took Ez to the back of the store. Ez wasn't sure what to expect, but the back store room was vast. Inside, Ez saw racks of brightly colored orbs of varying sizes, a few bits of parchment, and a stuffed wolf. No wait, that's definitely a real wolf!

The wolf looked up at Bill and cocked his head towards Ez.

"Oh don't mind him. He's a nice fella once you get to know em," said Bill to Ez.

The wolf sorted, and laid back down to sleep.

"You see, these orbs house the raw magical energy I referred to earlier. I can use these mana orbs to create new magical items. I specialize in costumes, rings, and otherwise imbuing magical energies into inanimate objects. I'm not so good with potions however. Witches tend to have a knack for the magical brew, and I'd love to have your assistance. They also tend to be better at hexing. That is, creating magic for the sake of revenge. Some people will only feel peace when their rival is taken down a few pegs, but all hexes have a magical rebound. Whatever you do to someone else tends to rebound at you. Even with that warning, people still want it. I suppose they are pretty desperate," said Bill.

Ez nodded along trying her best to understand.

"Do you have any questions for me?" asked Bill.

"Yeah, how can I become a... how can I stay... how can I stay like this?" said Ez blushing.

"You want to have that magical power all the time, eh?" asked Bill with a smirk.

"I didn't even consider that," said Ez as Bill's smirk turned into a confused look.

"No, no, I wanted to find this place because I need to be female. I need to be a woman!" said Ez.

"What?!" said Bill.

"Yes! Then I can finally contribute to the family, and be welcomed into the fold. I can take my place by her side, as all the women in the family have done before me. I will proudly stand by her as she

passes the reigns to me. Almost all the stories about the men who came here end with them becoming women, and that's exactly what I need," said Ez.

"Wait, what? A family business?" asked Bill.

"Yes, the family business. You may have heard of, 'Touch of the Succubus' or our most popular scent, 'Kiss of the Succubus.' My great-grandmother created the product line when she emigrated to the U.S. a long time ago from Europe. It was exceptionally tough on her since women normally didn't hold jobs back then, but the patriarchy was okay with a woman selling products for women," explained Ez.

"She passed the company down to her eldest daughter, and my grandmother passed the company down to her first daughter, and my mom.... Well she's stuck with me. But that's no problem now! I can finally earn my birthright!" said Ez.

"So I take it she didn't have any other children?" said Bill.

"No, after me she was unable to have anymore. She made it very clear that I was a complete disappointment. She often complained that she needed to have a daughter. Well, now she's planning on leaving everything to my cousin. Ugh, can't stand her. My mom cares more about her than me," Ez said.

"Oh. So what does your dad think?" said Bill.

"Dad? Never met him. Mom doesn't like to talk about who he was or where he is..." said Ez.

Bill nodded solemnly and said, "Oh, I see." Bill felt confused at the situation. Bill thought, "surely using magic to change into the woman his mom wanted him to be, and realizing that he would never be good enough for her would be awfully ironic. When he finally realizes his mom's shortcomings, and decides to live his own life, then he'd be at peace. But... for some reason, the magical forces want something else for him. I wonder what destiny has in store for him... or her,"

"So... so many people get changed, and now I'm hoping I can too," said Ez as Bill's silent contemplation was broken.

"Perhaps. If we complete your training, maybe we can make something happen," he said with a touch of sadness.

"Okay... well what sort of training?" asked Ez.

"Here," said Bill holding out a book entitled, "Hexing, Brewing, and Cursing for Dummy's."

"I suggest you follow the book to the letter. You know how fickle magic is, and always try to understand that the writer's first language isn't English. When they say a potion will turn you into a seductive vixen, it might be quite literal. Just keep an open mind and always assume the magic will try to sneak something past you," said Bill.

"I'm going to start checking on some inventory, but why don't you try working on that first hex there?" Bill suggested pointing at a section entitled, "Milky Hex."

"How will I know I got it right?" asked Ez.

“Simple! You’ll try it out on this hexing dummy,” said Bill as a mannequin appeared in a small puff of smoke before the pair. He continued, “It automatically rebounds the magic back at you, but the effects are always temporary. So if you feel the effects as described in the book, you did it correctly! I’ll leave you with three orbs. Each hex will take one of them. Once you master it, we can put it out for sale in the store,” said Bill with a smile.

Ez rolled up her sleeves, made a fist, and shouted, “Yeah!”

“That’s the spirit. Just follow the directions as best you can,” said Bill.

Ez turned towards the book and started reading, while Bill turned to the wolf and whispered, “Hey, you’ll need to help with the clean-up, it’s about to get messy. Go get the mop, you lazy mutt.”

With a labored grunt, the wolf stood up, and grew slightly taller as it stood on its hind legs. It started to resemble a more humanoid appearance, or perhaps a werewolf. Once Bill was out of sight, however, the werewolf changed back into a normal wolf, and went back to sleep.

It muttered, “Yeah, yeah, always cleaning up your mess.”

Ez checked out the first set of instructions.

“The Milky Hex infuses the target with massive amounts of milk straight to their breasts. While originally the spell assisted those who needed to breast feed, the amount of milk created caused too many problems. The biggest problem is getting the milk to stop flowing. If the lactating individual isn’t constantly milking themselves at a fast pace, their bust line will grow to enormous proportions. The hexing version, on the other hand, creates a special link between the caster and victim. As one of them empty’s their milk, it will magically flow to the breasts of the other person. Whoever milks themselves the least will be cursed with growing breasts. If one target experiences an orgasm during the hex’s effect, the other will experience a huge increase in lactation. After 48 hours the magically linked lactation will stop, but their bodies will continually attempt to produce as much milk as possible. If they stop milking themselves, production will eventually cease, but their breasts will remain large.

Ez couldn’t help but feel aroused. She looked down at her meager B-cup breasts and imagined them growing larger and larger. Just like the woman suffering from the bovine curse. Ez heard the words she said again, “they won’t stop growing!” Ez felt a wave of arousal wash over her as her face became flush with excitement.

Ez kept imaging using the hex on another real person. She thought, “I bet they’d milk themselves faster than me. I might just let them get away with it. Watching a huge breasted woman milking herself in a panic while I just sit there, watching my own tits grow larger. Hell, I might even eat her out, to give her an orgasm or two to speed things up for me. Each orgasm I gave her would make my tits explode with milk! Oh god yes. I’d love it...”

Ez shook her head and continued reading. She saw a diagram that she needed to draw. She did her best to replicate the pentagram, and draw all the symbols around each point of the star. Bill walked by holding some boxes to check on her progress.

“Hmm, looks accurate. Keep it up,” he said as he strolled by.

Ez continued reading the instructions.

“After you complete the seal, place the mana source in the center of the page. You will now infuse the magical mana into the spell. Read the symbols in a clockwise manner while you keep a firm grip on the mana source with both hands. Be sure to speak clearly, and loudly. If you plan on working with a hexing dummy, be sure to have cleaning materials on hand. This curse has been known to make quite a mess!”

Ez placed one of the orbs on top of the page. The orb was a bit larger than a cue ball from pool or billiards.

Ez read the words, “Trevo Balle Malka Dragi Revu!” as the orb began trying to jump and wiggle around. She held it firmly and grunted as a bright light filled the room.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, NYAAAAH!” she shouted flexing her muscles and pushing the orb downwards. She could feel it starting to sink into the page! The orb grew hot, and almost burned her hands.

“Get in there you little bastard! YAAAAA!” she shouted again as the orb melted into the paper.

With a loud pop, the light left the room, and Ez was flung backwards into the wall. Dust, paper, and glass went flying into the air, falling all around her.

“Hmm. Perhaps you pushed it a bit too hard there, Ez,” said Bill with a Chuckle. He continued, “I suppose you can test it out now, eh?”

Ez flipped up, not even noticing the bumps and bruises she just suffered by being thrown across the room. She looked down at her hands and saw they were bright red where she had been pressing on the orb. She dash over to the dummy, but first she turned to Bill.

“If I used this on another person, what would happen? Given that it’s not meeting the ironic conditions, and all of that?” asked Ez.

“Ah, well it would probably fail to work. The magic would probably resist being used by you for the most part. If you use it on the dummy, you’re able to bypass that little restriction though,” said Bill.

Ez nodded, and picked up the scroll. Activating the scroll was much easier than casting it. One must simply open it up, look towards the target, and say the command word.

“Milk!” shouted Ez holding the parchment.

Ez saw the paper shimmer for a moment, and looked back up at the dummy. It failed to react in any way. Ez look down at her own bust line hoping to see something happening. Alas, just the same plane B-cup breasts.

“Hey, I don’t think anything’s happening,” said Ez.

“Well it’s your first try. I’m surprised you were able to get the magic to stick in the first place. It took me a few years to do that! You’re actually really gifted at this, so don’t let that get you down,” said Bill.

“Well, alright, I guess,” she said looking a bit dejected

She took one step back towards her study area and felt an overwhelming chill run down her back. Ez stopped cold as her robes burst open. Her breast tripled in size instantly, and two mighty streams of milk shot straight outwards slamming into the wall with tremendous force.

“HOLY SHIT!” screamed Ez as the pressure increased instantly. She started gushing gallons of milk in under a few seconds.

She looked down and her breasts were growing at a rapid pace. She fell to the ground unable to support her growing tits. She was able to sit down, but in just a few moments her massive tits were hanging down past her stomach and beginning to cover her legs. She rocketed from her meager B-cups, screamed past M-cups, and now she’s in a league of her own. She moved her hands in to her nipples, torquing and squeezing them. She tried desperately to relieve some of the pressure on her tits.

A few more moments passed and she was on her knees, resting her body weight on her massive breasts. As her body weight rested more and more on her enormous tits, the flow of milk increased dramatically. She felt a fire in her nipples as insane amounts of milk rocketed out of her. She felt intense pain, pleasure, and friction all at the same time. Her tits stretched beyond mortal sizes at this point, as they accounted for half of her body’s mass. In a few more moments she wouldn’t be able to squeeze her nipples any more. She started to notice the milk pooling around her.

“Oh shit! Help! It’s not stopping! I’m making too much milk!” cried Ez. She kept screaming, “How can this much milk come out of me? I’m pumping out gallons!”

Bill grabbed a feather off a nearby rack, and twiddled it between his fingers. A moment later, he was levitating a few feet off the ground. He floated back towards Ez and said, “Impressive! This hex shouldn’t be so potent... You. You’re able to use 100% of the magic from those orbs without losing a single ounce of magic in the transfer! Most of us lose over 50% of the potency of the magic when doing that, and that’s only the best of us! You truly are gifted!” said Bill.

“I’m going to drown here! Help!” said Ez as her breast continued their frightening growth. She was forced to stand as they continued growing larger and larger. Her breasts dwarfed her completely. If she fell backwards now, she’d be crushed by her giant breasts. Her breast continued growing completely out of her reach now. Without being able to torque her breasts, they only grew faster while still gushing massive amounts of milk.

“OH MY GOD!” she screamed as her tits erupted with an even more powerful resurgence of milk. With one final milky explosion, she fell backwards, slamming into the wall.

Ez looked around, completely covered in her own milk. She looked down and saw her breasts had returned to normal. She felt immense relief. She was still sitting in a huge pool of milk, but at least she wasn't stuck and completely immobilized by her own tits anymore.

"That was... intense," said Ez.

"You truly are talented, little Ez," said Bill. He continued, "Let's get this place cleaned up, then I want you to use one of the smaller mana orbs to create that magic again."

An hour later, Ez, Bill, and the werewolf finished cleaning up. Ez took this chance to try the spell again. This time, she'd use the smallest mana orb she could find. This time, she used one that was a bit larger than a marble. She followed the same magical guidebook, and created the spell again. She chanted to the spell and sealed the magic.

She faced the dummy and shouted, "Milk!"

She waited with hot anticipation for a solid minute, "Maybe I messed it up..." she grumbled to herself.

Then she felt it. A burning sensation from her chest. She looked down but things moved much more slowly this time. She rubbed her chest while avoiding the nipple, because she knew that milking herself would only slow down the growth. She sat back against the wall and just enjoyed the warm feeling. She cupped her breasts in her hands feeling them get a little heavier each second.

Before long they were spilling out of her hands as she approached D-cup size. Ez stood up, and bent over, as she wanted to feel them hang down. Feeling her tits hang down and grow turned her on so much. She felt herself become hot and wet with anticipation.

"Don't have too much fun over there. When you're finished, just meet me out front," said Bill.

Bill left the back room, and a mischievous grin grew on Ez's face.

She reached a hand down into her pants and finally explored her new womanhood. She felt the little nub where her penis once was, and stuck a finger into her new vagina. Ez could barely handle it. With one hand she felt her tits growing huge, as she dug her fingers into her pussy. She went faster and faster as she opened her eyes. She slowly put her back against the wall and tried to guess how larger her breasts were now. Maybe an F or G cup? She wasn't sure.

She sat down, and felt her tits flop against her stomach. They kept growing, slowly, but it made her Ez extremely horny. She dribbled milk from each breast constantly, as they ached to be milked. Ez knew that milking herself would stop the growing process, so she waited.

She closed her eyes and shoved her fingers back in her pussy again. Feeling the rush of blood leave her head, she started to feel blissful and dizzy. She moaned, "ahh, please keep growing.... please keep growing... please keep growing... please keep... gro...oooo...OOO!" as her body began to spam from her first official orgasm. She felt her pussy tighten and clench as her head began to clear.

She looked down at her huge tits, now resting firmly on her stomach and growing wider. With a grin she finally began expressing the milk. It felt so refreshing to let it out. She kept milking herself until finally,

with another orgasmic burst, all the milk shot out of her tits. Leaving her a hot, milk mess. She looked down and sighed as her breast returned to normal. Then she looked up...

"AYEEEE!" screamed Ez.

"Where the fuck do you think you are? Show some god damned manners," yelled the milk covered werewolf in his half humanoid form towering over her. He continued, "Some of us live here ya' know?!"

The werewolf shook his body violently, allowing some of the milky moisture to escape his fur. He muttered to himself as he walked over to the supply closet, "fucking seriously? First day on the job and you're getting yourself off in the back room..."

The werewolf walked back to Ez holding a mop and bucket and said, "Here. I'm not cleaning up your mess." The werewolf walked away and reverted himself back to his animal form. He jumped up on top of a small chair and began cleaning himself. Ez blushed intensely as the animal was licking her milk off of his fur.

"SORRY!" shouted Ez as she turned bright, burning red. She bolted away from him and back towards her mess.

A few minutes later, she came outside.

"Well, how was your first day?" asked Bill.

"Uh..." said Ez, still red in the face. "Amazing!" she concluded.

"Fantastic. Well, I'll just need your uniform and you can go," said Bill.

"What? Why? I'd... I'd really like to keep it," said Ez.

"Sorry, it's store property. Once you're full time, you'll be issued one for you to keep. Come now, if that's not incentive enough to come back, I don't know what is," he said with a smile.

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow?" Ez said with a questioning inflection.

"Certainly. 10am sharp," said Bill.

Chapter 5 – Ez and her Magical Draught

William went home that night with a head full of questions. He drove from the mall down to his apartment a few miles away, dashed inside, and he found it awfully hard to quiet his nerves. He checked his refrigerator, but he failed to find any good alcohol. His little get together with his buddies demolished his little stock.

William went to his computer and started searching for “Spells R Us.” He dug through tons of searches, as a few other companies used the name in the past few years. With a bit of effort, William parsed fact from fiction.

He began reading the stories:

“Peter - I tutored a nice girl in middle school when I was 19. An old man at some place called ‘Spells R Us’ gave me a necklace for free, saying it would help me get my life back on track. Sure, my life was going nowhere fast. The middle school girl, though, was having trouble. She had no friends, and her life was taking a dark turn. I thought there was nothing I could do. I told her, ‘I wish there was a way I could help.’ Well, that necklace exploded and turned me into a middle school girl too so I could be her new friend. I mean, I don’t expect you to believe me and I don’t care. I learned to get over it. My new life was... well more fulfilling, but come on! Well, now I’m in my 20s, still friends with the girl, and we’re both looking to start families one day. I think I’ll be okay with it, but I always wonder where my life would have gone...”

“Lisa - So my friends and I were looking to hit the score of the century. I know it’s hard to believe a lady like me had a dark past like this. Well, we found this old shop with magic trinkets that sold for TONS on the black market. We broke in one night, but one by one all of my buddies were transformed into bimbos. The boss was going nuts, and he even turned on me. Well, then he started getting younger and younger, until he disappeared and I instantly became pregnant. Well, lesson learned. A few years later and he’s my little angle. This time, I’m the boss, and we’re going to live on the straight and narrow. I wonder what happened to the rest of my team though...”

“Frank - I picked up this pregnant woman costume and it was super realistic. I just added water to the pouches to make her tits and belly swell to enormous sizes. When I finally put it on, it was impossible to tell I wasn’t a real pregnant woman.

The old man warned me not to wear it for too long. Well, I got drunk and ended up having a ton of sex. When I woke up the next day, there was no more costume. I was just a pregnant woman now. At least my crush ended up being into ladies too. She prefers me pregnant, actually..."

Most people online called them liars. William trusted the stories, but at this point he had already witnessed the magic first hand. William leaned back in his chair and thought long and hard.

"Do I really want to be involved with... this? These people don't sound overwhelmingly mad, but it's nonconsensual most of the time. They don't want this, even if they eventually enjoy it. It feels so wrong," he thought to himself. He continued thinking, "And something else is bothering me. Why are they collecting all of this magical energy, mana, or whatever? Is there something bigger going on, or perhaps it's just the currency of the magical world. Hmm. I better ask about that tomorrow."

William spent the remainder of the evening browsing trying to find more stories about what hexes and curses, but he found too many results with his searches. He decided to save his questions for tomorrow. Without any other thing to distract him, he turned to bucket loads of porn to carry him through the rest of the evening.

William failed to get restful sleep that night. He felt too excited about getting back to work tomorrow. Feeling the heat from the mana as he forced it into the spell, making his tits explode with milk, but most of all, fingering himself for the first time. He desperately wanted to feel it again, but how would he sneak off and do that during work. He'd never done that sort of things at his previous jobs. He'd never dare do something like that... normally.

William eventually fell asleep and woke up the next morning. He felt incredibly tired since as he tossed and turned in bed all night. The clock read "9:30." William dashed to the bathroom, took a quick shower, and changed his clothes. He darted out the door at 9:45 with a muffin in his hand. He ate on his way to the mall, and sprinted through the parking lot. He didn't want to be late today!

William ran inside and this time he saw the store in all of its glory. It didn't appear to be a boarded up shop anymore. He saw the sign, "Spells R Us," in bright purple letters. He saw Bilius sitting inside the shop, waving at William.

William walked inside and his uniform tackled him immediately. Esmerelda stood back up.

"Apprentice Witch Esmerelda reporting for duty!" shouted Ez giving a solid salute.

"Ah, ha! I'm glad to see you so eager to get started. I'm going to need you to go prep your Milky Hex for me. I want it ready just in case we need it today," said Bill.

"I'm on it! You can count on me Mr. Bilius!" she shouted with a bit too much enthusiasm. She started running for the backroom.

"Just Bill is fine! And remember, don't scare any customers," shouted Bill as Ez darted past him.

Ez rolled up her sleeves, grabbed a small mana orb, and worked on the pentagram. She drew the symbols, and placed the orb in the center of the page. She then placed both her hands on top of it and spoke with complete confidence.

“Trevo Balle Malka Dragi Revu!” she said as the mana stone shimmered and melted into the page as she pressed it down. Her hands felt hot, almost burning from the transfusion.

She rolled it up, and put a nice ribbon around it to keep it sealed.

“YEAH! Order Complete!” she shouted to no one in particular. She stood there with a clenched fist before she realized how silly she looked.

“You gonna stand there all day pattin’ yourself on the back, or are you gonna get back to work,” growled the werewolf.

“AYE! Oh hey. Mr.... uh? I never caught your name,” said Ez.

“Psh. Silly runt. My name is Fidogomorah, but you can call me Fido,” he said sternly.

“Fi...do? AHAHAHAHAH!” shouted Ez.

“GRrrrrr” growled Fido.

“Oh, um sorry. I didn’t mean to cause any offence,” she said as her faced turned red. She took this chance to escape the back room and bring the new product to Bill.

“Bill! Order complete! I’m ready for my next mission!” said Ez.

“Right, for your next mission,” said Bill letting the moment linger.

Ez eagerly nodded, barely able to keep herself from jumping out of her skin.

“Is to take,” said Bill really laying it on thick.

“Yes! Yes!” said Ez with 400% too much eagerness.

“Is to take out the garbage. You see we haven’t had help in the past few decades, and it’s starting to pile up,” said Bill.

“UGH!” said Ez recoiling, almost falling over. “I mean, yes sir!” as she recovered herself.

“How bad could it be?” she pondered as she followed Bill into the backroom.

“We’ve been storing it down stairs for now, but the spell I used to expand the space is at maximum capacity. So, it might take a while for you to get through this. I think you might need to try a little potion to help you out,” said Bill.

“Potion? What potion?” asked Ez.

“Well, I won’t be able to make it, but I bet you will. I need you to make a fairy elixir. As before, our magic doesn’t really work on just anyone. However, any potion you make yourself will work on you! Though its effects will always be temporary in that case, while they could last much longer (or permanently) on normal mortals when the magic calls to them,” said Bill.

“Wait. If I make a potion while I’m Ez, could I use it while I’m William?” asked Ez.

“Huh... you know, that’s a good question. This sort of thing is pretty rare. I’ll go read up on it, but for now, you make that potion. It will turn you into a fairy, allow you to fly, and lift 100X your own weight. Granted, you will only weigh a few pounds in the fairy form. I promise you though, it’s a mess down in the dungeon – Er I mean basement,” said Bill.

“Dungeon?!” shouted Ez as she recoiled.

“Ah, forget I mentioned that,” said Bill with a mischievous smile.

Bill tossed Ez the book and pointed out the page for the fairy potion. Ez began reading, and scratching her head. She hoped for a less messy experience this time than with her first go with the milky hex.

“Potion of the Flying Fey: To brew this potion, you will require the smallest mana stone with which you can meld magic. Then, you will need 1 cup of water, 2 drop of mercury, 2 pinches of toadstool, 1 powdered eye of newt, and one drop of witch blood to be added at the conclusion. First, bring the water to a boil in a standard cast-iron cauldron, then stir in all ingredients. After everything is added, continue stirring until the concoction thickens and has a glossy sheen. At this point, recite the words, ‘Eicha Leme Rimi Fairo Domu!’ with a full confident voice. Once your mana stone begins giving off steady heat and light, drop it into the mixture. Quickly, add 1 drop of witch’s blood. Stir until the mana stone is fully mixed. Pour the mixture into any alchemically treated vial for best shelf life.

When consumed, the user will shrink down to just a few inches tall. The transformation only lasts a 2 hours, but it can be prolonged through orgasm. Each orgasm adds 1 additional hour, but the fairy form is prone to experience multiple orgasms. If the user remains in this form for over 24 hours, the changes will become permanent. Warning, intended for use on females only as the potion always creates a female fey. Men using the potion are typically overwhelmed with lust, so it is not advised for their use unless they wish to permanently be a nymphomaniac fairy.”

“Okay! Simple enough. I’ll just follow the recipe, add the smallest mana stone I can find, and turn into a sexy little fairy!” said Ez as a big grin grew across her face.

She gathered the ingredients together as Fido looked on with a touch of worry. Potions, as simple as they look, often create a lot of trouble. Ez ran back and forth across the back room pulling everything together, finding a cauldron, and finally lightning it.

“Okay, there we go, everything’s in there, now just let the mixture thicken,” she said as she stirred. She continued, “Double, double toil and trouble! Fire burn, and caldron bubble! Muahahaha!” Ez raised her hands up as she laughed, getting a bit too much into the role.

She looked down and saw the concoction had a metallic sheen to it. Now she needed to chant the words and add the stone.

“Eicha Leme Rimi Fairo Domu!” said Ez with confidence.

Her mana stone began to shimmer and shine, and got warm incredible fast. In fact, it was too hot for her to hold. She dropped it right in the mixture.

Ez peered down into the mixture as it started to bubble violently.

“Uh oh...,” she said just before an earth shattering *KA-BOOM* rang out across the store.

Ez went flying into the air as magic exploded out of the cauldron. Fido shook his head, and ducked under the chair. Magical sparks and smoke shot all around the room, breaking a few vials, knocking books off of shelves, and smacking poor Fido on the nose. Fido gave out a short yelp.

Ez felt the force from the cauldron was continually slamming her into the ceiling. She tried to call for help, but the magical smog shooting straight up out of the cauldron made it impossible for her to breath. She tried holding her breath, but eventually she gasped, inhaling massive amounts of the sublimated magic.

As she inhaled, she felt strange. Within a few moments, she was knocked to the side of the main thrust of the magical font. She hovered in the air, and finally realized what was going on. She had wings! She started feeling an incredible pain in her abdomen as she clutched her stomach. Her body was wracked with pain as she felt herself shrinking down.

She kept getting smaller and smaller, but to her it felt like the room grew around her. She knew what she needed to do. As soon as she could fight through the pain, she needed to put the lid on the cauldron.

Ez hovered over to the lid, and it look almost as big as her. It was about 2 feet in diameter. Ez picked it up and found it to be lighter than expected. Just like the old man said, she could lift quite a lot of weight!

Ez fluttered over to the cauldron as she felt the lid growing larger in her hands by the second. She finally dropped the lid on and the magical mess finally stopped.

“Whew,” she said an almost comically high pitched voice.

“Oh my god, is that me? Ahahahahaha!” said Ez. She muttered, “I sound like I’ve been hitting the helium.”

Ez kept getting smaller and finally realized she had been naked sense she inhaled the magical mixture.

“Wow, I didn’t change back into a guy!” she happily exclaimed.

“YEAH!” she shouted while making a fist.

Quickly, Ez zipped around the back room, and out to the main store front. She bounced up and down, until suddenly she stopped flying. She quickly grew back to her normal size and slammed into the magical sex toys. She changed back into William.

William stood up and said, “Damn it! I thought I had it.”

“Ha! Well, you did for a second. Did you follow the recipe exactly?” asked Bill.

“I need to find a smaller mana stone. When I tried to use it, it over reheated, I think,” said William.

“What you need to do is get dressed,” said Bill.

William’s face turned bright red. He grab a nearby magical gimp mask to cover his junk as he ran for the back room.

He entered the back room and Fido scoffed, “Hah! Amateur!”

Ez came back outside and said, “Okay. Yes, I think I understand.”

“So when the reaction became violent with the stone, did you remember to add your blood to it as well? That’s why your potions can work for you, since a part of you is in them,” sad Bill.

“Ah shit. After it started erupting, I got knocked to the ceiling,” confessed Ez.

“There we have it. So, I recommend a special device to help you manage those mana stones. Your first mistake was not holding on to it long enough. Your second mistake was not adding your witch’s blood,” said Bill.

Ez nodded along and said, “What is this special magical tool that you recommend?”

“Here ya go,” said Bill tossing Ez a pair of white gloves.

“OOOOoooh!” she said, clearly impressed with the gloves. She continued, “Will these allow me to channel my magic safely and become an even more powerful witch?”

“Uh, no. They’re just gloves hun,” said Bill.

“Eh?!” said Ez.

“In fact, this will interfere with your magical channeling a little bit. Since you won’t use mana stones at 100% efficiency while wearing gloves, you’ll probably be able to use normal size stones. Also, they’ll keep you from burning your hands,” he said with a bit of a chuckle. He continued, “But eventually, you won’t need that at all. I have faith in you.”

Ez left and went back to the store room. She saw the room, while a bit ruffed up, didn’t suffer too much damage. She swept up the broken bottles, and checked on the cauldron. The cauldron felt cool to the touch, so Ez figured it was done freaking out. She opened it up with a touch of hesitation, but saw the mixture was still there. It looked brown and lumpy when it’s supposed to have a silver shine to it. She cleaned out the cauldron and tried again.

This time, she used the same size mana orb, but with gloves.

“Eicha Leme Rimi Fairo Domu!” said Ez with confidence.

The stone grew warmer and warmer, until it started to smoke just a little. Ez clenched her teeth as her hands were starting to burn just a little. She clenched down hard, and waited for the mana stone to stabilize. After 10 excruciating seconds, it settled on a hot temperature. She placed the stone in and it immediately, started to bubble.

This time, she tore off her gloves, grabbed a needle, pricked her finger, and squeezed a drop of blood into the mixture. Instead of causing the violent reaction that she expect, the mixture seemed to calm down. Ez beamed with pride as she began to stir the mixture. After a few more minutes, the mixture simmered, and shined with the silver color she expected.

Ez poured the concoction into a large vial and held it up triumphantly.

“Success!” she shouted.

“Yeah right,” said Fido.

“Hmmm?” said Ez with a touch of anger in her voice.

“You gotta drink that shit to find out. Hope you don’t kill yourself little girly,” snickered Fido.

Ez chugged the potion on the spot. She wasn’t about to let some dumb werewolf hold her back!

Ez immediately felt heat running through her body. This was different than last time. Definitely different. Last time she just shrank and floated in the air. This time she’s overwhelmed. Her knees buckled as she was literally too aroused to stand. She immediately began fingering herself right there next to the cauldron. She stumbled and eventually pressed her back to the wall as she sat down. She couldn’t stop fingering herself the entire time.

“Oh god, oh god, so fucking horny,” said Ez as she began sweating profusely.

“Ahn, yeah, oh yeah,” she said as she started to rub her clit aggressively. Her other hand rubbed her nipples as well.

That’s when she felt something strange. Just like yesterday, her breasts started growing! She looked down to see they were expanding, just like when she cast the Milky Hex! She didn’t care, she just wanted to get fucked. If only there were someone around.

“Fido, come fucking fuck me right now!” shouted Ez.

“Ha! No way. Are you some sorta sick furry?” laughed Fido.

“Please!” protested Ez.

Fido popped up from his chair, and grabbed something with his mouth. He walked slowly over to the poor tortured woman and dropped something next to her.

“Knock yourself out,” he said as he went back to his spot.

Ez looked down to see a large back dildo. She grabbed it eagerly and shoved it as deep into her cunt as she could. Ez winced immediately as the dildo sprung to life inside her as it vibrated firecly.

“Oh god! Oh god yes!” she said as she looked down watching her breasts grow even faster. They were at least D-cups now, and they started leaking milk. She knew she needed to resist milking them as long as possible.

Ez felt the first orgasm finally coming, but this one felt different. She felt like she was about to be thrown off a massive cliff. It was the most intense feeling she’d ever experienced. She started shaking violently as the waves of pleasure absolutely obliterated her. She bucked her hips so hard, the dildo popped out. The orgasm felt like it was getting stronger! Every moment felt more and more intense. Finally it started to subside, only to be interrupted by another orgasmic wave. Was this the multiple orgasms mentioned by the book?!

“HOLY – UHNN!!” mumbled Ez as she was unable to even speak. Wracked with orgasm after orgasm.

Each time she looked down her tits were looking bigger. With each orgasm, her breasts grew one more inch. In the matter of seconds, she grew 6 cups sizes from D all the way to J cups in the blink of an eye. The milk started to spray in the air. That’s when she finally noticed.

As the milk escaped her body, she could feel herself getting smaller. She realized that she wasn’t feeling the effects of the milky hex, but instead the bovine curse. After the milk sprays into the air, you have to get all of the milk out or else they’ll keep growing and making endless amounts of milk. She knew that she could potentially shrink down to nothing if she didn’t try to make it stop. Either way, milking herself dry would cause her to shrink too... well she intended to only be a few inches tall, right?

“Oh fuck,” she said barely able to speak. She was shrinking out of her clothes again.

Ez tried to bring her hands up to her tits, but she was still being wracked by powerful waves of orgasms. The dildo wasn’t even inside her anymore, and yet she was reeling.

“I must... get... milked,” she said with determination. Through the pleasure and pain, she raised up her tiny hands and started milking herself as fast as she could. Her tits were still getting bigger. If she didn’t act fast they might grow out of her reach again... then she’d be in big trouble.

“Please... please stop growing,” she protested in a sex-fueled fevered state.

Her breasts were finally slowing their growth just a bit. Just a nice pair of M cup milky tits. However, she was under 4 feet tall now. She kept milking, and shrinking. Every few seconds, she’d lose another inch. It felt so good having that milk squirt out, but she had to stay focused.

A few more minutes, and she was under two feet tall. Her breasts looked ridiculous on her, hanging down on her stomach as she kept shrinking.

“Just a bit more...” she said as she shrank under one foot tall.

She saw her clothes pooling around her as she was completely unable to wear them anymore. Then she finally felt something else. Her spine popped and crack, her shoulders hurt for just a blinding

moment. Suddenly, she felt a pair of small wings pop out of her back. She could hear the rhythmic flutter from them, which put her at ease.

With a final grunt, she felt the last milky explosion shoot from her tiny body. Ez looked around the room, and it looked enormous just like last time. She tried flying, and found that it was a bit harder than before. She was so top heavy now that she needed to give herself a bit more time. Her tits looked outrageous on someone so tiny. Deep down inside, Ez loved this. She wouldn't mind them being a bit bigger, too.

Ez peaked out to the main room to ensure no customers were around, then went to go see Bill.

"Bill, it worked, but this time I have humongous tits!" said Ez.

"That is surprising," said Bill with a chuckle.

Ez nodded and said, "Yeah, I think it's from that lady I help. Brandy, I think. I drank a bunch of her milk yesterday and it must still be in my system I guess. At first I thought it was the milky hex, but now I'm pretty sure it was from Brandy."

"Hmmmmm, yes, perhaps so. That would explain the tail swishing behind you right now," said Bill turning his head slightly.

"Huh!?" exclaimed Ez looking down behind her to see a tail. She shouted, "ooooh! So cute!" with a huge smile.

"Hah! That's the spirit. So, you just accidentally made a new draught. What shall you call it?" asked Bill.

"Hmm, how about The Milk Fairy's Blessing" said Ez with a high pitched giggle.

"Sounds perfect to me," said Bill with a smile.

TO BE CONTINUED.... (preview of chapter 6 below)

Chapter 6: It's a Dirty Job, but Ez Wants to do it!

Ez darted off to the back room now that she was a tiny huge breasted, fairy. The bovine tail turned out to be a nice addition, which helped balance her otherwise top heavy stature. She sifted through the junk in the back room until she uncovered a huge red door.

"Wow. How did I miss this big red door? This messy room must hide all sorts of things," she said in her high pitched voice.

Ez opened the door with ease. Her magical fairy strength made it the task effortless, despite her diminutive stature. Ez fluttered down the torch illuminated stairway. She saw that the torches burned but produced no heat.

"Wow! How cool!" she said with a giggle.

She finally reached another larger red door and opened it. An avalanche of trash bags erupted from the door, sending Ez bouncing around and back up the stair well. The refuse eventually stopped shooting out of the door. Ez looked back down, and found that while some of the bags did leak, it didn't smell too bad.

Ez decided to talk to Bill before she got started. She zipped back upstairs.

"Say Bill? Where am I supposed to put the trash? I get the feeling magical trash shouldn't be tossed out with the normal stuff," said Ez.

Bill snapped his fingers and said, "Ah, right you are. We don't throw it away. We recycle! Though certainly not here. The other reason you need to be a fairy is that you need to take it down to the Fey. If you go through the fire exit, look for the tree stump in the back alley. Just dive into it as long as you're in your Fairy form and you'll find the hidden Fey clan. They'll happily recycle all this and give you some mana stone in return," said Bill.

"Oh! Okay! I'm on it!" shouted Ez as she zipped out the door.

Bill returned to his reading and said, "Oh and be sure to put some clothes on, those male fairies are insatiable.... Ah she'll be fine. She wouldn't go outside in the nude..."