

Something Wickedly Sweet This Way Comes

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Featuring Vinkuro of DeviantArt

“Heeeeeeey, buddy!”

“Hey, Vinny.” JD looked away from the screen and out the window. “Catching a movie today, I take it?”

His friend nodded, leaning up against the edge. “You know it.”

Vinny had arrived at his local cinema with a confident, assured stride and smile on his face. He strolled up to the box office and met one of his closest friends there, working the counter. He lowered his sharp, orange sunglasses and looked him dead on with a pleased grin.

JD hadn't seen him look that way in a while. It usually meant something very good. He wore his black, zipper sweatshirt, deep blue jeans, and shades like usual. His short brown hair looked normal as well, so there were no obvious signs for why his friend had that swagger.

Regardless, JD asked, “So, what are you seeing today?”

“Actually, before we get to that, let's talk about that special discount.” There was a glint in Vinny's eyes, an excited, gleeful one if there ever was.

JD looked at him oddly. “Special discount?”

“Mhm!” The brown-haired man nodded confidently. “Heard about it online and wanted in. It's the Wicked Special Saver.”

At that moment, JD's expression shifted, a frown starting to form. “Oh, that one.” He leaned in. “Ummm, you do know you can't use that, right? You're kind of...” He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, as if he was struggling to find the right, polite words to say. “Kind of not... green, magical, or... a lady.”

Vinny chuckled, confidence never wavering for a second. “Oh JD, you underestimate me so much.” He reached into the side pocket of his sweatshirt and pulled out an amulet on a chain. It was gold and black, a mystical-looking symbol on its front.

“I believe this will fix that problem.” Vinny held it up.

“...you trying to bribe me?”

The friend only laughed, shaking his head again. “Nope! I'm just showing you a little something I bought from our witchy friends that'll be just what you're looking for.”

“Witchy...” JD flinched. “Wait, you aren't-”

Vinny grinned and held up the amulet like he was He-Man raising his sword. He spoke, the tone of his voice more magical and whimsical in how each word came out, “Grant thee green and beauty, for I shall be a cutie!”

There was a slight breeze that went by, leaves and old trash blowing about and Vinny's hair shaking. He closed his eyes as a green aura emanated mysteriously from the amulet. The light green haze brightened by the second, flowing down his hand and across his body.

“Oh boy,” his friend sighed, both tired and unsurprised by what surely should've been a shocking development for most people, “This is-”

“Witch time!” Vinny finished, his voice coming out in a charmingly cute, feminine pitch.

The green aura faded as his eyes opened. They were strikingly yellow, his irises positively glowing and seeming to sparkle. He smiled proudly, bringing down his hand and looking at the amulet. It had begun.

His fingers clutching that mystical jewelry had already started changing. His fingernails were long and manicured, looking painted black and glossy. Around the edges of the nails and the tips of his finger, a shade of yellow-green was appearing. The pigment crept down his digits and flooded onto his hand.

He glanced over the other that wasn't holding the amulet, seeing that the changes had hit it as well. His smile only grew.

Vinny held up his green-ifying hand to JD, wiggling his fingers cutely. “See? Witchy!”

“I feel like you're cheating the system,” his friend remarked, still unphased.

“Heh, it's not cheating if it's all part of the promotion!” There was a soft flutter sound. From the top of his chestnut brown mop, a black cowlick popped up on top of Vinny's head. It wiggled gently as it settled into place, curling back.

“Your theater is doing a promo deal in honor of Wicked,” Vinny explained, paying no attention to his body slimming down, “Our coven friends sell their items to make others into witches. More witches go to the theater to see movies and buy food. Everyone promotes each other, makes money, and there's more cute witches in the world!

“Everyone wins, especially me!” Vinny giggled. By the time he had finished his spiel, his body had trimmed down into a dainty small shape. His clothing was looser and baggier on him.

“I don't get how my theater operates sometimes,” replied JD, shaking his head, “They're so weird.”

“Weirdly awesome!” Having disappeared beneath his sleeves, the green complexion had now spread out of his collar and up onto his neck now, crawling towards his face. “I'm down for any excuse to look this good!”

He chuckled and brushed his hair back, his cowlick stretching and then snapping back into place. His messy locks straightened and grew just a tad longer, going past his chin. The night black of his cowlick spread to the rest of his hair, darkening it completely.

A tingling, pulsing feeling rose to his mug as his face turned green. Everything smoothed over, lines, blemishes, and hair vanishing completely. Eyelashes grew a touch longer, lips plumping gently in a cute pout. A beauty mark appeared below his right eye as a little touch.

Vinny took out his phone, checking himself in it as the last changes rolled in. His nose twitched and popped, extending longer. His chin followed, sharper and rather long, a small bump at the end on the side.

They smiled proudly, looking at their friend smugly. “Tada! Witchified! I think I-OOOH!”

They convulsed, rapidly quivering and eyes rolling back. They bounced back as their body thrust that way. Their lower half got a major boost, hips widening into very round, child-bearing hips that stretched their once saggy jeans. The bump in the crotch vanished while their ass swelled and swelled, taking on a heart-shaped bubble butt.

Vinny blinked and looked over her shoulder. She could just see it. “Ooooh, that's big!” She reached around eagerly, stroking her booty. It was so full, some of her ass crack sticking out.

Then, she was thrown forward when her body lurched again. Her sweatshirt bulged in the front, mounds having grown from her once barren chest. A modest set of breasts had made themselves known, perfectly supported despite no bra appearing underneath.

“Oh! Can't be a witch withoutOOOOOOO!” Vinny shivered, pushing forward again and up against the box window. Her breasts swelled, becoming a set of heavy E-cups that really stretched her warm sweatshirt. Her outfit adjusted for them, her top zipping down to above her navel and revealing her white t-shirt underneath. Said shirt had its collar lowered significantly, revealing an impressive valley of green cleavage.

JD blushed, awkwardly looking away. Sure, he was used to seeing transformation, but it was always a bit embarrassing to stare directly at boob swelling. He mumbled/stuttered out a response. “Y-yep... c-can't be one of those coven witches w-without... that, Vin... ahem, Val.”

Val giggled, bringing her arms in and squeezing her chest between them. “Indeed! I'm just like Cassidy or Beatrice! I'm a total witch babe!”

She looked at JD, noticed the blushing, and smiled. She cleared her throat, stuffing the amulet into her cleavage. “Annnnywho, back to business!” She struck a pose, throwing her arms behind her head and pushing her chest out more, letting it rest on the counter. “I do believe I qualify for that half price ticket now, don't you agree?”

JD huffed, doing his best to recompose himself and look back at his computer terminal. “Okay, fine. One witchy half-price ticket. I'm assuming for Wicked then?”

“Nah!” Val waved her hand dismissively. “That would be too obvious. One for Gladiator 2, please!”

The rest of the process went normal. JD punched in the information, Val picked her seat from a screen, paid, and the ticket printed off. He grabbed it and started to hand it over.

Then, Val waved a finger, yellow energy flowing around it. The ticket suddenly vanished from JD's hand and appeared in her own. He looked between their mitts. “You know, I was just going to hand it to you.”

“Yes, but magic is more fun!” she chuckled, pocketing it.

“I'm really not sure if I trust you with that much power.”

Val stuck her tongue out. “Don't worry, sourpuss! Temp witches like me only have limited power. We can't do anything destructive or dangerous.”

Then, without missing a beat, she leaned further in, head almost through the box office window. She lifted her chest, making sure her cleavage was fully on display. “However,” she cooed, her grin radiating deviousness, “There's no limitation with my amulet when it comes to making more witches. Wanna go green, *Jessica*?”

“V-Val, I’m working!”

“So?” She pushed herself closer, “It's always a great time to look wickedly sweet.”

THE END?