

Getting a Familiar Little

“There we go.” The wicked witch smiles smugly down at you, one finger dimpling her plump cheek. “I knew *something* was missing.”

“Meww~!” you whine, wiggling miserably on all fours as your cheeks burn in shame.

“Such a cute little kittycat!” She scratches behind your ears, and your own happy purrs drown out your dwindling thoughts. You whimper, helplessly nuzzling the hand. “But just being my precious little lapcat wasn’t enough, was it? A strong, proud warrior like you... who’s defied me *so* many times...”

You squirm, eyeing your discarded sword and armor. Her foot presses between your legs, and your lips part in another helpless, “Meww~!”

“... needed to be my precious little *baby kitten~*”

Her foot presses in.

“Isn’t that right, *baby~?*” She grinds her foot, lowering her hand to slide a couple fingers into your open, drooling mouth. You suck with a hopeless whimper. “Isn’t that *riiight?*”

You moan, humping against her foot. No... it’s not, you—you *hate* this, you would never, *ever* let this horrible, evil witch—

Her fingers slide out. *Pop*. You drool after them, whimpering. Your mouth feels so empty now.

But then you notice what lies straight ahead. And your mouth hangs agape in dumb, drooling longing.

You can see her bulge. She’s throbbing.

You lick your lips. Humping unconsciously against her foot. No, you... you wouldn’t, you *can’t*...

“And baby... wants... to *suck*,” the witch coos, pulling you in. “Don’t you, babykitten~?”

“N-Nn—!”

“Baby wants to suckle for Mommy,” she sings, giggling, as her words lace around you like a collar—no, not *like*, an *actual* collar forming out of the spellcraft of her words, and it is *tight*, and it feels *right*, and it fills you with *heat*—“and cum yourself *stupid* from humping Mommy’s pretty foot.”

You whine. No, you—no—wait—

“Isn’t. That. Right?” She grabs your new collar and pulls you in close. Close to her nice, tantalizing bulge... oh, you see her throb... *throb*... You can smell your witch’s scent, so thick, so intoxicating, and she smells so... so good...

She grabs your new collar and pulls you in close. Close to her bulge. You see her throb. *Throb*. You can smell your witch’s scent, and she smells so... so good...

Her foot presses in. You feel your control breaking—feel her tensing to shove you facefirst into her crotch, an unimaginably humiliating *first kiss* to seal your new fate as her dumb, broken, pathetic little familiar—

“Come to Mommy, babykitten~”

“M-Mama~!”