

Rise of the Witch-Bim

By: Firingwall

Based on commissioned artwork by Annonbimbo

“Hmm, here we are!” Cassidy leaned in, mouthing the words first. “The Incrementum Pulchritudinis et Libidinis. Gees, I’ll never get used to old Latin spells.”

The green witch carefully placed the old tome down on a makeshift counter away from the sink. She was in her bedroom’s private bathroom far from prying eyes. She did not want anyone to see this. At least, not yet.

Carefully studying the words as best she could, she chuckled to herself. *This will finally shut her up. Can't wait to see the look on her face!*

Cassidy was the head of a coven of witches. Despite this moment of immaturity from her, she was a very competent leader, taking charge of all of their operations and side hustles. Things were great for the most part, everyone respecting her and her abilities.

There was one exception to that. There was a certain witch named Beatrice.

Gees, the same as always, eh? She could still see the older witch’s smirk from that morning. *I mean, after all of these years, I guess I should be expecting it. Same face, hair, bod, clothing... the whole works with you. Everyone here adjusts their looks over time, but you? Same old, same old.*

Cassidy frowned. She wasn’t particularly vain. There were far more things for her to be concerned about than her looks.

However, she had pride in her appearance. She was a woman of... well, who knew? She forgot that particular point a long time ago. However, her looks were still that of a mid-20s woman who boasted an impressive figure with wonderful curves. She wore a stylish black jacket and gray dress, striped stockings, and elegant heels tying it all together.

It was a wonderful look wrapped around an elegant form. She rocked it all for a long time.

Same old, same old. Yet, that still cut in a way she hadn’t expected. She had already achieved perfection and shouldn’t have to worry herself with trivial things like updating her look.

Still, was she stagnating? Stuck to an old way of looking and not daring herself to be adventurous or chart a new route? Sure, it was just her appearance and not something drastic. Plus, Beatrice was certainly just bragging about her own looks and how it was “better” most likely. But, staying set in one's ways could leak into other aspects of Cassidy's life.

Well, a bit of boost and change never hurts. The witch nodded to herself, reading the page of the book again. *Why not try something new? Let's give this a shot!*

It was so silly to be doing this, a moment of girlish, childish weakness. However, she was allowed one of those every so often, right?

Cassidy reread the page again. She had to do it a few more times. It was a very old book, only held together by the magic within it. She had found it in the basement storage room where all of the coven's oldest grimoires and tomes were kept. It was all some of the most serious and ancient magic, mostly locked away for safekeeping from humans.

The book was written in Latin, very old dialectic Latin. She was versed in it and was able to tell the book was about changing one's appearance, but reading the pages was difficult. Her Latin was still rusty from lack of use, and the text was often faded or missing letters.

Still, the one she landed on was what she wanted. It was about growing one's beauty. She could not necessarily make out what Libidinis meant, but it wouldn't be an issue for her. She was a powerful witch, after all. Any issue could be fixed if she suspected something was up.

Satisfied that she understood the spell, she approached the bathroom mirror. She studied her appearance one last time. She had the pointed chin, long nose, and mole or two of a proper witch. It was a classic look, timeless.

Maybe it was too retro. Sure, the other witches maintained their green complexions and dark hair, but their noses and chins weren't quite as long as hers, nor did they possess the same kind of moles she did. Cassidy did love her looks, but perhaps it really was time for an update.

Well, goodbye, old me! The coven leader took one deep breath and released it slowly. Her hand clamped down onto the sink. *Hello to a new Cassidy.*

Staring deeply into the mirror, she spoke the words, her tone slowly turning into a soft, warm coo. “Incrementum Pulchritudinis et Libidinis, Incrementum Pulchritudinis et Libidinis, Incrementum Pulchritudinis et Libidinis.”

As the last “Libidinis” came out, Cassidy quaked. She thrust her chest out, hands digging into the porcelain. *Oooooooo, now that's a beauty spell with a kick!*

Cassidy stared intently into the mirror, watching for any sign. At first, she didn't see anything different in her face. Then, her hair shook gently as if a breeze had entered the room.

Her eyes locked onto her short bowl cut. It grew, her mop looking thicker and denser. The bangs grew out, a thick lock of it falling between her eyes while another casually swung and covered a cheek. The style became wavier, longer in the back, so that it reached her shoulders. Bringing it together was a glossy shimmer, like she only used the same products and conditioner.

The witch smiled. Her hair was thicker, longer, and fuller, yet still her familiar style. Different but still **her**. She liked it.

Her eyes squinted, and she leaned in. There was something else, more subtle in its adjustments. She usually had high cheekbones, rather prominent with how hollow her cheeks appeared to be. It made her witchy appearance pop even more.

Now, the cheekbones were a touch less pronounced than they were. Her cheeks were fuller, more lively. It made her face cuter and less gaunt to the eye.

Curiously, she reached up and stroked her cheek. It felt plump and smooth, just heavenly softer. *Not bad either... oh!*

Reaching up, she noticed her fingernails. They were usually dirty, brownish green, filed down significantly to hide her chewing habit. Now, they were an inch long and dark emerald green, manicured to perfection.

Her other hand was the same way, giving it a quick check. Staring at her hands, she smiled. *Cute. I never really thought about doing my nails before but... they do look nice!*

Cassidy looked back to her face, catching in time to see more changes come to it. Her eyelashes grew longer and thicker, giving each blink a more sultry flutter. Eyebrows were tweezed down to sharp, thin shapes. Her eyelids gained a dark green hue to them, along with her lips, the lighting of the room making them look glossy.

She reached and tapped her bottom lip and even pressed down on her eyelid. However, checking her finger, there was no makeup, no eyeshadow or lipstick. The dark green of her eyes and lips were all natural. She wouldn't need to bother with cosmetics if she didn't want to.

Cassidy could feel her heart race. *So beautiful... I look so beautiful...*

The witch bit her bottom lip, fingers tensing. *Yes, so beautiful. Heh, who's behind the times now, Beatrice? I'm absolutely gorgeous now. A total headturner. All the looks and attention that I'd get... get...*

A bead of sweat dripped down her face. Attention. All eyes on her from all men, women, and more. Her thighs brushed against each other as warmth came down below. *I was stunning before, but now... now I could get all kinds of... oh, I'm being silly.*

Cassidy shook her head, chuckling. *One simple beauty spell, and it's all going to your head already. I'm just-* “OH!”

Her complexion was lightening. Before, it was a rich olive green tone, a lovely mature shade she thought. Now, her skin was brightening into this yellowish green that made her visibly brighter amongst her dark clothing.

The witch's head tilted, lips puckering. *Well, she thought, stroking her cheek, it's certainly not bad.* The lighter green made her seem prettier, younger, and more welcoming. It had a less traditionally sinister vibe to it too. *Is it me, though?*

I mean... Cassidy smiled. *I do look really, reeeally pretty.* Her heart thumped, skin getting goosebumps. She was rather pretty like this, and there was nothing wrong with that! Why not take a little pride in this look? It certainly wasn't bad.

I guess I can go with this for now. She nodded, brushing some hair back. *I'm already so beautiful, so maybe I'll...* “Ooooooh!”

A soft moan left her lips as she tingled. Her body was growing warm again, even warmer than before oo. She began to sweat, her skin looking smoother and glossier.

Cassidy shifted in place, tensing up. Her clothes felt odd on her. It wasn't that they were tight or had shrunk. It was more that she noticed how the fabric touched her skin, brushing and rubbing against it. It made her twitch and squirm a little. It made her hot.

She took a few breaths, hunching over. She could feel the lacing of her bra press against her nipples, fingers gripping tighter onto the counter. *Oooof, this... this is a lot...*

She looked back up into the mirror and gasped. Her lovely witch features, her pointed chin and long nose... they were retracting. They were shrinking down to a more human look, less sharp and softer. Her chin still had a slight point to it, but not as much. Her nose was small and buttoned.

Kewt. Her heart started racing and she felt lightheaded. *I-I mean, between my skin and all of this... I'm losing my witchy traits. I just look... look...*

Sexy. Cassidy shivered. *Sexy, right?* She looked absolutely sexy, just like any of those adult models out there with their alluring features and glamorous look. *I'm more than beautiful.* Her heart urged her on. *More than that. No more features that'll poke someone's eyes out. Just a look that is all too sexxxxxxy.*

She bit her bottom lip, a crooked smile forming. *Maybe... maybe keep going. Maybe I'll get even sexier than this!*

Around her neck, a soft pink glow formed. Something dark and thin appeared, wrapping gently around her windpipe. It was a black choker. *Hmm, not bad.* She stroked her new accessory. *Odd, but I can rock it.*

She pouted. *Though, I was hoping for more-*

“Oooooooooo!” She hunched forward, pushing her face out as she softly moaned. A strong, pleasurable feeling coursed through her body, burning first in her chest. “Oooo, yes! That... that felt great. Wha-what was that?”

It was subtle, but she could see the cause. Her nipples were erect, tenting the soft fabric of her top. They dug in, rubbing against the material gently with every small inch of movement she made. They felt more sensitive and even seemed bigger too.

Cassidy gulped, her loins feeling warmer. It was a nice feeling, but she couldn't help but wonder... wasn't she just wearing a bra? She couldn't feel it anymore.

Also, there were other things now that she thought about it. Her areolas were larger as well, lime green skin stretching out of her low-cut dress. Or, perhaps, her low-cut dress was a bit lower than usual, more of her breasts visible. They almost looked like they were going to pop out with how far her cleavage stretched.

Well, more people can enjoy them then! Nothing wrong with showing more flesh! Cassidy bit her bottom lip. *Mmm, so many eyes on my tits... breasts. Why... why does that sound great? I mean, breasts like these should be ogled, b-but...*

Pink. All around her, she could see pink. A warm, glowing aura of pink magic was radiating off of her. Her skin tingled, goosebumps rising as pleasure burned within.

New adjustments came to her clothing, warping her look into something more alluring. Her black dress shoes shifted into heels. One inch became two, then three, and even four, pushing her higher and even adjusting how she pushed her butt out. Her elegant moon earrings shifted into thick hoops.

Her dress underwent a few more adjustments. Besides the seemingly low collar, her hemline below rose. It lifted from above her knees to mid-thigh height, showing some leg that wasn't covered in her stockings. The dress hugged her tighter too, highlighting her figure more sensually than it had.

With that new tightness, it made her next boost seem even bigger. She felt a pulse and let out a louder, more eager moan. Panting grew heavy as her breasts jiggled, pressing tighter into her dress' fabric. They were growing larger, making her impressive bust even more alluring.

Her breasts swelled to a mighty F, over half the size of her own head. They rose more prominently out of her collar, threatening to pop out at any second. Her areolas were bigger and even more visible, her nipples on the verge of making an appearance too.

Cassidy panted, her arms bending in unconsciously. Her breasts mashed together, somehow looking even bigger. Her pupils dilated, lust invading her mind. *Sooo big. Be... be a waste not to show these tits off.*

The witch licked her lips. *Who wouldn't want to look at them? Who... mmmm, who wouldn't want to play with them... fondle them... grope them... suck on them.*

Cassidy moaned again. In her mind, images were filling it. People stared at her breasts, grabbing and squeezing them. So many people were over them, having their way with her melons. The imagery was so vivid and clear, so real that she could almost feel their grasp.

Her skin felt on fire, its sensitivity only growing. She could feel perfectly how her nipples rubbed against her dress, how the fabric caressed her skin. She could feel her underwear rubbing against her vagina, the area damp with lust. *Fuck me, this feels good!*

Mmmm... she gently bit her bottom lip again, closing her eyes. *Yeah... fuck me.* Her lips tingled, licking them again. *Fuck me hard...* They swelled gently, the bottom one especially plumping up. *So sensitive...*

Cassidy licked her lips again, quivering. *Hmmm... fuck me and let me... let me suck on something nice.*

Her eyes weakly opened. She gazed long into the mirror, taking in her reflection. Her luscious look, heavy breasts, lighter green skin, retracted witchy features, plump lips, and more all stared back. It was like looking at a porn parody of a witch.

This spell... it wasn't just a beauty spell. Cassidy gulped. *Libidinis meant something very specific.* Sweat dripped down her forehead. *I know it... I f-feel what it means.*

She trembled, her cheeks blushing. *Maybe... maybe I should undo this now... now while I'm st-still th-thinking straight. Should... go back to... to boring... old m-*

Her pupils dilated, her jaw going slack. Another lust-fueled moan escaped her maw as her chest burned with pleasure, jiggling within her top. Her breasts inflated, filling and stretching out her collar more and more.

Eventually, one of her breasts popped right out, nipple fully erect. It did not sag or droop, staying firm and held up as if by an invisible bra.

Holy crap! Cassidy panted. *So big...* One of her hands snapped up and clamped onto her exposed tit on its own. Her nipple was tweaked and twisted gently between two fingers. *Mmm, so big and juicy.*

Her other breast popped out too, like it didn't want to be left out. She happily fondled it as well, occasionally mashing together. *Oooo. You girls wanted this, didn't ya? You wanted a little attention, huh?*

Her body rocked, pushing her ass out as her hands gripped tighter into her breasts. "OH!" She weakly looked over her shoulder. "Somebody wants attention now too."

Her lower half jerked and trembled. Her hips expanded, growing wider and wider until they were expansive curves that went farther than her shoulders. Her thighs thickened to match the growth, the inners against each other.

Her tender thighs gently rubbed together with each subtle movement of her, smooth skin against smooth skin. Cassidy moaned. It felt like someone was stroking them, kissing them. She could picture it perfectly in her mind.

Of course, none of it compared to the biggest boost of below. Her butt jiggled and jiggled, growing with each shake. Her dress stretched, clinging tightly to her ass and showing its perky, heart-shaped form. It protruded out a few inches, staying perfectly fit and bubbly.

Once the shaking and tingling stopped, Cassidy reached down and groped her butt through her dress. *Ooh, yeah, that's a lotta ass. So much ass. Mmmm.* She chuckled, *dat ass. It deserves something nice, doesn't it?*

She gave her rear a mighty slap, her butt bouncing. “OOOOOH FUCK!” Cassidy cried, eyes rolling back. “FUCK that felt good!”

She slapped her ass again, cringing as her loins grew damper. “MMMMM!” She panted heavily, bending forward and resting her hands on her knees. She began to twerk and bounce her rear, feeling her cheeks shake. *Yeeeeessss.* She licked her lips. *That feels good too.*

Her eyes grew hazy. *Mmm, if anyone could see it now. Probably wanna spank it too. Heh, maybe some stud would let me grind it against his crotch too.* Her head throbbed, images of men appeared. Big, small, buff, lanky, it didn't matter. Just men, all with big dicks. As long as they had a big cock, they would satisfy her.

Bet... bet they would love these girls resting between their dicks too. Cassidy brought her hand back to her breasts, smooshing and rubbing them together. Her fingers crawled to her nipples, tweaking and twisting them. She quivered, her loins damper than ever.

Her breasts swelled even more, more than her hands could hold. They grew to a glorious, marshmallow soft H-cups, mounds bigger than her head. Yet, they did not sag or droop. They remained firm, held up unconsciously by her magic.

The head witch did her best to massage them, but they were too massive for just her hands alone. *So much tits... so big... need... need help with them.* Her body throbbed. *Mmm, bet Eve would be good with her hands.*

The thought of her apprentice made her quiver. Eve was a young woman, eager to learn and please. She listened, obeyed, and did everything Cassidy ever wanted or taught. She was a perfect pupil, apprentice, and even friend.

Perhaps, she could be more now. Cassidy licked her lips. She could see Eve nude in her bed with her. Her hands were working one of her melons, mouth on its nipple and sucking it greedily. She could feel the tongue now, slurping over her areolas and flicking her nip.

Mmm, Eve... you would wanna please me, right? Cassidy lustfully grinned. *You're a good apprentice. You would want to help your mistress with whatever she wanted, needed. Mm, yes. It would be good for you, help you grow into the proper, hungry adult witch you deserve.*

Her eyes closed, the vision of Eve growing stronger and more personal. Then, there was another witch beside her, and then another, and another. All of the coven there, tending to their head witch. Feeling her, groping her, stroking her, sucking on her, eating her out... everything for their horny leader!

Mmmmm, yes. Cassidy panted. They... they should feel this... feel just like me. They're so wonderful, but so stuck up and tight. Her grin turned devious. I should help them cut loose.

Her panties felt drenched with her love juices, her thighs rubbing together. *Yes, everyone should be like this.* Her vision shifted, her coven's image and appearance growing and expanding. *Mmmrumph. They look good with some big titties and asses.*

Cassidy bit her bottom lip again, suppressing a hungry moan. The lip expanded further, becoming so plump and soft. She groaned, "Plus, some big cockpillows. Big, soft, yummy cocksuckers that can take big dicks and suck them real good.

"Especially her." Beatrice. She could see the long-haired witch in her mind perfectly. She was the curviest one of them all before Cassidy's change. How would she look after the spell was used on her? Cassidy could see perhaps even a bigger bombshell than she already was.

Her butt jiggled as she pictured it, her dress' skirt slowly rising higher and higher. Eventually, her ass was completely visible, allowing it to swell like mad. It grew so much that her bubble butt cheeks each were half the size of her head. Her crotch was uncovered too, her underwear vanishing and exposing her sizable vagina.

"OOOOOOH, yes Bea, yes!" Cassidy's hand went lower, digging her fingers into her privates and stroking away. She could see Beatrice, breasts humongous and lips fat, tonguing her cooch with all her might. "Do it, do it harder! Show me the respect I deserve!"

Cassidy rocked, trembling with pleasure. Her breasts jiggled and bounced, growing larger one last time. They were nearly the size and a half of her noggin, airbags that would push most people away unless they really groped and pushed on them to get in close.

Fuuuuuck me. She chuckled, shaking her head with amusement. *Gawd, I'm acting like a total bimbo right now.*

There was a shiver, cold and sharp. It ran up her spine, tingling every part of her. *Mmm, bimbo. Maybe... that's what I wanna be.*

Cassidy's vision blurred, knees feeling weak. *Bimbo could be good, just what I wanna be. I mean, bimbos are hawt... I'm hawt.* She giggled. *I'm beautiful, sexy, horny, and hawt!*

She saw her coven one last time. All of them sat on her bed, welcoming and nude as could be. Their breasts and asses were huge, skin glossy and smooth, face covered in slutty makeup, and eyes burning with desire. *They're so sexy and hawt...*

Her crotch burned, ached with want, her fingers going deeper. *Yes! Not just me... bimbos. We should all be hawt, big titted bimbos!*

It all broke. Cassidy orgasmed. She cried out with joy and fell onto her fat, beautiful ass and then onto her back. She panted heavily, her breasts shaking with each heaving gasp. Her loins and legs were drenched.

Fuuuuuuck yeah. Cassidy snorted, hand going up to one of her breasts and groping it. Despite it all, she still felt incredibly horny and lustful. *Yeaaaah, need to make this happen. Everyone... everyone would be so hawt.*

She laid there on the ground for a few minutes, orgasming again after a bit of “massaging”. Eventually, she rose to her feet, legs shaky. Despite the massive weights on her chest and bum, she managed to find her balance again. She could barely even feel them too.

The reborn witch looked into the mirror once more. She was a goddess of a bimbo. She had a figure that was entrancing. Her face was the definition of sultry and desirable, a layer of makeup having been applied and enhancing her already “natural” stunning looks.

A creature of beauty. What a spell. Cassidy stroked her face, quivering. *But... but perhaps one thing. Just one thing needs fixing.*

She snapped her fingers, a green aura appearing around her. Her light green skin darkened back to its original, natural olive shade of green. She smiled and felt her face again. Her skin wasn't as sensitive as before.

That was fine. As nice as the lighter green made her look and especially feel, she felt right with her darker skin. It made her appear more mature and adult.

She stroked and groped a breast, goosebumps lightly rising on her arms. *This is better. Can't be on the verge of exploding all the time, as good as it is. Gotta focus and be the mistress this coven needs.*

Cassidy smirked, her eyes narrowing. *Yes, things are going to be different from now on. It's going to be a whole, new, sexy start for us. My girls need this gift, need to be awakened to a world of pleasure and adult thinking. We need to be bimbos!*

Her smirk turned to a frown. *No. That's too crude. I mean, we're totally gonna be horny, hawt bimbo sluts...* Cassidy tweaked one of her nipples, mumbling “hawt” slowly under her breath. *...but we gotta be professional about it or no one will take us seriously.* She tapped her chin. “Hmm... Witch-Bims.”

Cassidy pondered that, tweaking her nip more. *Witch-Bims... Witch-Bims. Catchy, simple, and not as blunt. Bit marketable too. I like it! We're Witch-Bims, and we're gonna be dedicated to pleasing everyone's needs, especially our own.*

The witch giggled, rubbing her thighs together. Excitement was growing again, but it wasn't just because of any horny thoughts or playing with herself. It was of the future. Their magic business was going to get a serious, adult overhaul. Potions and spells dedicated to servicing customers' primal, itching desires were an obvious move. However, perhaps developing their own inhouse pornos, stage & cam shows, sex toys, and personalized, adult makeovers would also be great ventures.

Cassidy grinned. Her mind was swarming with new ideas that would pleasure anyone and everyone. There was nothing but pure lust and sex in everything. How could she not be excited for what the future held?

Cassidy licked her lips one last time. *First things first, it's time to share myself with the others. I need Eve. She'll be the first and be my perfect, slutty little apprentice. Then Traci, the others, and finally Beatrice.*

Giggles filled the room. *I must **personally** thank her for her words this morning. Changing my look was just what we needed.*

THE END?