

RISE OF THE WITCH-BIM: UNPROTECTED TOME

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Patron story done for Danuki

Crap, crap, crap!

Faith was rushing away from the bench in pure panic. The young woman had sat down only a few minutes ago to await her bus, not a care in the world other than catching that ride. Then, there was a loud boom and everything changed.

Her heart felt like it skipped a beat, skipping again when she felt a droplet hit her cheek. *The app didn't mention this.*

Soon, the rain came and fast. She fled her spot and looked all around for cover. Things were not looking good at all for her in her first few looks. The neighborhood she was in didn't have any arches or big doorways to hide under. There were no stores around as far as she could tell to duck into either.

Things were bad and only getting worse. The rain started pouring, soon to drench her to the bone. She was going to get sick if she didn't find a spot to hide and fast.

There's gotta be somewhere! I need to get out of this rain before...

That was when she saw it. She was about to run past an alley when she caught it. Nestled unnaturally between two very tall buildings was a house of sorts, almost like the other structures had sprung up around it. It was small, only a story tall, and very narrow with one door and a window above said door.

What mattered most were two things. One, the door was wide open, leading into a dimly lit room. Two, the window had a neon sign in it that flashed, "Open" repeatedly.

Suspicious nature of the place aside, it was good enough for Faith. She rushed towards it without thought, nearly skidding on the wet pavement when she turned.

Soon, she was inside. She was soaked but not as bad as she would've been if she was out for any second longer. That was something to be thankful for at least.

Now that she was out of the rain, she took the time to actually look at what she ran into. It was a store of sorts. There were rows upon rows of shelves with various trinkets and bobbles, some ranging from curious jewelry to strange bottles with colorful liquids in them. There was a

curious scent in the air, one of perfume and something... musky? It was hard to describe, but Faith knew it from somewhere she just couldn't place.

The sight of everything rang strange beyond the offerings on sale. Shouldn't the store be a lot smaller? On the outside, it looked so narrow that fitting even one shelf should've been difficult. Inside, it was as big as any corner store or gas station. It didn't make sense.

Faith put that oddity to the side for the moment and glanced around. There was one other little detail that put her off. "Hello?" she called out, "Anyone here?"

There was no answer. She repeated herself, stepping further in. No answer. She could see a spot at the far end of the room that had a register set up, but it was empty as well.

Is everyone on break? Faith frowned. *Strange...*

She reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone, checking the time. The bus wasn't scheduled to arrive for another ten or so minutes, and it didn't seem like the rain was going to let up any time soon either. *Guess I can browse.*

As peculiar as the shop was, Faith couldn't help but want to explore it. She had never been in such a place before and wondered what exactly was available. Maybe an employee would show up soon as well?

She began with the aisle she stood in already. The jewelry wasn't much to look at in the dim lighting, and she didn't want to touch it. Checking the glass bottles, they came in all different shapes and sizes, showing off their mysterious liquids with pride. Their labels looked custom made with titles that simply said things like "Beauty", "Form", "Urge", "Coat" and so on.

Faith's nose felt warm being near them. She could pick up a slight scent from each of the bottles that was making her sniffer tingle unpleasantly. She stepped away, wondering if the store hadn't corked their wares properly.

From there, she took a few steps and found a shelf filled with books. They were all hardcovers of the same size and with black leather binding. They all appeared to be the same book as well.

Faith leaned in and read the spine of one. She had to squint considerably in order to do so. Green text on black binding was a nightmare on the eye.

The Wicked Green Delight Within? Faith stared at it. *Wonder what the heck that is?*

She started to reach for it but stopped. She took another look around the room and back at the register. She was still all alone.

...well, I'm sure they won't mind me reading just a little. She had been to some stores where the workers got really snotty if someone tried to read or even just skim some pages of their books or magazines. Hopefully this place wouldn't be the same.

She took one of the copies from the shelf, a little heavy in her hands, and opened it to a random page. *What?* She flipped to another one. Then another one. And yet another one. *This can't be right.*

The pages were all blank.

What is going on with this book? Faith started flipping through rapidly like there was some crude, flip book animation in the corner. *Is this some kind of journal or something? This doesn't make sen-*

During the midst of that thought, just before she planned on putting the book back, the rapid flipping caused something strange. Visible, green bolts of electricity zipped from page to page, running along and hopping across the edging and binding.

Just as she realized what was going on, the electricity struck her fingers. They jolted and ached before going numb. She let out a little cry and stepped back, the book dropping to the ground with a soft thud.

“What was that?!” She groaned loudly, whisking her hands about. The numbing died down quickly thankfully, though a hot, toasty sensation was taking its place. Did she get hurt?

Faith brought her hands in for a closer look before almost jerking them back away in shock. There were no burns, but there was green. Her fingertips were pine green with the only thing being black was the coating of nail polish over her rather long, manicured nails.

After the shock faded, Faith blinked her eyes several times. Surely it was a trick of the light, right? This dark room was messing with her perception?

However, such a foolish notion was put to bed on the fifth blink. It was true. Her fingertips were green and soon, more would be.

Green pigment was flowing down her fingers and onto her hands, slowly washing away her pale-ish tone. *Wha-what?* She managed to muster a single thought in her mind. *What?!* She flipped her hands over and over, seeing the green takeover spread.

“What's wrong my hands?” she moaned lowly, “What's wrong with my arms?” The green crept onto her wrists and went up her limbs. Even when the color change disappeared underneath her sleeves, she could still feel it. The warm spread of green was passing unseen, softening her skin and vanishing all blemishes and hairs along the way.

“Ooooh, this isn't riiiiioooooooooooooOOOOOOO!”

Then, the heat wasn't merely where the green was spreading. It was below the belt in her private loins. It was a powerful feeling, one that twisted her legs and made her tremble.

The soft, long “oooo” slowly shifted in pitch and tone. From weak to strong, her voice rose to something confident and assured. Something that was wanting and eager. It was seductive, almost a hungry purr that cried out for something.

Her lips gently pulsed as her moan drifted. They plumped ever so seductively, the bottom one extra thick and soft. They formed into an o-shape, one so natural that it would always be slightly open, like it needed to be filled.

Faith's eyes closed, her body shaking more as the heat below pulsed and intensified. She licked her lip, a darker shade of green appearing over them. *Ooooh, why does that feel good?*

Standing there for a while, Faith eventually managed to regain enough control of herself. She shook her head and let out a low sigh, some pressure releasing. Her eyes opened weakly, but now too were they different. Their lovely baby blue had given away to a sharp, intriguing yellow.

This is all wrong. The woman panted, feeling the warmth spreading over her stomach and going further down. *I think... I think I stumbled into somewhere bad.*

She looked over to the entrance, turning her head back. Some of her hair fell in front of her eyes. Brushing it away, she noticed there were streaks of black through her pretty red locks. Her drive to leave only grew, the place feeling more cursed by the second.

Then, she noticed the heat drop. She could still feel it in her loins, but elsewhere? It was gone. Looking all over her exposed skin, stretching open her collar and even pulling up on her jeans, she saw green. Her dark green complexion had engulfed her entirely.

Need to leave now! She turned fully to face the door. Her once red hair bounced gently with her every move, now painted black fully. It had grown out down her back, wavy and professionally styled.

Need to- “OOOOOOOOO!” Faith's eyes went almost cross. The heat returned, hitting her straight in the chest. The pressure was uncontrollable, blazing hot as a fire. It was... exciting.

There was a pulse and then, her chest surged. Her breasts rose and swelled, pressing into and stretching her shirt out. They were nearly flat before and now, they were large globes that longed to be seen. Nipples poked against her cotton shirt, making themselves known. It was strange. Her bra should've covered them up, but now... she couldn't quite feel it there anymore.

She panted, her eyes glued to her chest. Her mind raced, struggling with what to say or to even focus on a singular thought. “Shiiiit, I got tits!”

Her cheeks reddened more than they already were as those words spilled out. That was embarrassing. She tried opening her mouth again. “Big tiddies!” She quivered, pupils dilating. What the hell was she saying?!

My tits are huge! Even her thoughts were saying that.

It was, ultimately though, a fair observation. They had gotten quite large, vision past them obstructed quite a bit. She reached up, gently poking one of her fingers against a mound.

The results were instantaneous, her body quaking up a storm. *Ooooh, that felt good!* She bit into her bottom lip, so tender and sensitive. Her legs pressed together, rubbing gently against each other.

That heat in her chest was popping up down below in her lower half. Her hips stretched out, turning rounder and curvier, straining the top button on her jeans. Her thighs swelled up, pressing against each other. When they rubbed together, the feeling felt better than before.

Such big boobs. Faith's attention remained on her chest despite how tight things were below. *Huge tits... so distracting.* Distracting not just to her but for everyone. She could see it now. No matter how much she covered them, her breasts would jut out and jiggle blatantly. Everyone around her would stare.

Everyone would stare at her tits. She bit her bottom lip a little harder. *Staring... Staring at my big, juicy titties. Watch them jiggle and bounce... thinking about groping and feeling-*

Fuuuuuck. Faith huffed, tensing up. The button on her jeans popped. Her butt had grown so much, so wide and round that it couldn't be contained by such restraints. The top of her butt cheeks popped out in the back, no underwear to be seen.

Soooo tight! Faith gulped, reaching around and feeling her behind it. It was so plush and soft. She quivered, sliding her hand over its wide, firm shape. *Big o'butt! So big...* She softly moaned. *Big and perfect to give a slap!*

“Wh-why?” She panted heavily, sweat starting to drip down her face instead of water. “Why am I thinking such thiooooooooooooo!”

A burst of pleasure washed over her, twisting her face into a delighted smile. Her breasts had swelled again, this time with much more force. They ballooned beyond the range of normal human proportions into implant territory and **big** implants at that. The sudden growth tore her shirt open across the front, one of her dark green nipples poking out.

Ahhh, fuuuuuck. Faith stared at the opening. *That's...* Her hand began to lurch up slowly. *That's...* Then, it shot forward, grabbing onto her tit, nipple sticking between her fingers. She twerked it and dug her fingers into her green flesh. *Fuuuuuuck that felt good!*

The woman happily moaned, licking her lips. Her facial features shifted with small adjustments that accentuated her appearance, such as thinner eyebrows and higher cheekbones. Capping it off was a small beauty mark near her lips.

Her free hand snatched up her other breasts, digging in and groping away. She continued moaning with delight, eyes rolling back as lust overwhelmed her mind. *Big juggies... who wouldn't wanna feel them?* She softly giggled. *Boys would loooove them! Boys would love to stick their big hot rods between them while I work my magic!*

Those thoughts made her cringe internally but she couldn't help but think them. She couldn't help anything. She couldn't help how wet her loins felt, wanting desperately to be satisfied. She couldn't help how her ass continued swelling, her jeans happily adjusting so they would sink lower but still stay up, exposing half of her big booty.

Can't stop... want it. Her eyes dilated again. *Want it! LOOOOVE IT!*

FUUUUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD! Faith bellowed out a hungry moan and fell back, falling onto her large, cushiony behind. The fall shook her breasts, causing them to grow once more. They reached a theoretical H-cup size, perfectly firm and held up in place by an unseen support system.

Such an increase caused her shirt to readjust itself. The tear closed back up, but her collar dipped and dipped, widening and opening until more than half of her breasts popped out. Both of her nipples were left exposed, the collar right underneath and rubbing into them.

The extra rubbing there sent the room swirling, her mind a complete, dizzy mess. Every part of her ached with pleasure and joy, every movement ready to set her off. It all wanted to be touched, caressed gently. Her clothing was doing a good job already with how it clung tightly, but she wanted more. Her crotch wanted more.

I want... I want...

Then, the fog lifted slightly at the height of it all. Clarity came to the woman. She didn't know why or how, but it did and it allowed for her to take stock of her situation.

Faith finally looked at herself, a green, pornographic body. It was huge, curvy, soft, and desirable in all the right spots. It still induced warmth and lust in her, but she managed to keep herself just a bit afloat. *What happened to me? I look ridiculous!*

“Oh my, my! What do we have here?”

A voice floated to her ears from behind her. It sent an enticing shiver down her spine. It was soft, sensual, dripping in pleasure she couldn't describe.

Faith turned around, remaining on the ground, her legs still too weak to move. There, she saw it. It was another her.

It was a green woman much like herself. Well, her tits and ass were somehow even larger than hers, yet didn't seem ludicrous with how the woman carried herself. Her attire was painted black and incredibly skimpy. It seemed like one small movement would let her nipples pop out or her vagina flash her.

Cassidy. That was what her name tag read, residing just below where her nipple should've been on the right. *Cassidy...*

Faith couldn't say anything. The sight of her left herself stunned. Stunned and horny. The fog rolled back in. *Gawd, she's sooooo hawt-looking!* Her eyes went to Cassidy's cleavage. She wanted to stuff her face right into that warm, vast, green valley.

With Faith unable to say anything, Cassidy spoke instead. “Tsk-tsk, looks like someone was snooping where they don't belong and decided to touch something without paying for it.”

The words brought Faith some focus, allowing her to speak. “Wha-what d-do you mean?”

The mysterious woman didn't answer. Her eyes went to the floor, seeing the spot where the book had been dropped. She approached it and bent down to pick it up. Well, she turned around with her ass to Faith and bent over.

Cassidy's large, green booty and vagina were flashed right in front of Faith. The action had to be purposefully, meant to tease and mess with her. The sight certainly did something though, causing the former pale woman to moan. She wanted to give that butt a big smack.

“Mhm!” Cassidy stood up straight and turned back to Faith. She flipped through the book. “You definitely used it and now, it's bound to you.”

““Bound”?” What do you me-mean?”

Cassidy turned the open book to her, showing the pages. They were no longer blank. They were quite filled now. Images of sexual positions were shown, followed by descriptions and strategies on how to maximize pleasure. She flipped pages slowly, revealing more.

In particular, the pages showed kinky magic spells and different recipes for lustful potions. Faith's eyes widened.

Witches. She understood at last. This was a witch's shop and a very horny one at that. She had become just like Cassidy, a sexbomb of a witch.

She gulped, unconsciously licking her plump lips again. “Th-this w-was an accident!” She quivered, her eyes locking onto Cassidy's chest and refusing to budge. “I didn't mean toOOOO cause a problem.” She zeroed onto those green areolas, which teasingly “threatened” to pop out of that black top. It was growing difficult to talk the longer she kept looking at her.

The witch didn't seem to notice, or perhaps didn't care. She just shook her head and placed the book down on the top shelf beside her. “You say that, but you don't truly get it. These are special tomes, one made for those who seek to be like my coven and me, witch-bims. We are women who had awoken to a world of unending lust and wish to share it with-”

Cassidy continued to speak, but Faith couldn't hear her. Her mind was stuck on one detail from before. *A coven...*

Her lips slowly formed a hungry smile. *A coven of green bimbos like her... like me.* Her mind flashed, several other ladies with oversized breasts and asses that bounced and shook with any little movement. *That...*

Her smile became a grin. *That sounds wonderful. Mmm, so much tits and ass... I could shove my face into them, lick, and-*

Faith shook her head, mustering up what little willpower she had left to resist. She looked at Cassidy for real and spoke up, interrupting her speech. "I... I can't be like this! I need to return to normal.

"I..." She gulped again, unable to stop a hand from groping her breast again. "I know p-part of me wants tooooooo stay like this, but... but I can't be a sex-craved green bimbo!" She tried getting to her feet but could only get to her knees. "Please help me."

"I, unfortunately, cannot do that at this time." Cassidy shook her head, folding her arms underneath her airbag-sized chesticles. "You need to pay me back for the cost of that book. It's no good sellin' now that it is bound to you. Those books are expensive and take a long time to craft."

Faith shivered. "B-but you can't force me to work for you!"

"Well, I'm not forcing you to!" Cassidy held out her hand in the direction of the door. "You can leave now, and I'll just eat the cost of the book. However, I think you'll want to stay. All of those new urges, desires, and kinky thoughts are overwhelming, aren't they?"

The new witch nodded. She couldn't stop those hungry emotions from screaming in her mind. She wanted to jump Cassidy right now and bury her face in her crotch so badly.

"You're going to explode before long and start fucking whatever guy or girl comes your way. As fun as that may be, in your new form, you're radiating magic constantly. Releasing it is bound to set off some... sensual changes to your partner and the world around you."

Faith moaned. Rapid images of her getting banged or fucked over and over were playing now. It looked so wonderful, and she knew that Cassidy was right. She wouldn't be able to keep it together if she left. If she got on her bus, she would be probably doing everyone onboard before she even made it halfway home. She didn't want to cause a problem.

Cassidy smiled, almost if she could sense Faith getting the picture. She leaned down to her, but not face to face. She leaned down to do cleavage to face, happily showing her massive udders to the hungry bimbo.

“Don't worry,” she cooed, reaching a hand down and stroking Faith's cheek. She quivered, her skin so sensitive to being touched. “You'll be a proper witch-bim in no time. You'll soon be able to *mostly* keep your desires in check. You just have to trust me for now.”

Trust? That was a hard word to swallow from this witch. However, Faith nodded all the same. She just needed better control of herself for the time being. She would figure out where to go from there.

Cassidy took Faith's hand and brought her to her feet. The two stood eye to eye, chest to chest. “So,” the witch cooed, snapping her fingers. A name tag appeared in one hand and a marker in another. “Since you'll be working here with me, I'll need your name.”

“F-Faith...” she moaned.

“Hmm, gotta say, not feeling it.” Cassidy shook her head, stroking her chin. “You're a witch-bim now, my special piece of ass.” Cassidy winked and slapped the new witch on the butt, causing her to cry out in pleasure. “You need something more magical, desirable.”

The witch's eyes gleamed. “How about Freya? It's a beautiful name for a magical, horny, bimbo goddess like yourself now.”

Freya... Freya nodded. That name would work for now. She would turn back later, reclaim her name, and put everything behind her.

However, she was unaware of things to come. She was unaware that this would be a new journey for her. A horny, desire-fulfilling journey into forever green, magical bimbohood.

THE END?