

Thought You Seemed Familiar

You never thought you'd see her again.

"Gosh. You really *have* changed, haven't you?"

You'd... hoped you wouldn't.

"You used to be such a little brat." The pretty red-haired apprentice giggles, tilting her head to the side. "Remember when we... played together?"

You squirm. Your thoughts scramble for purchase. "I—you mean when you *t-tormented* m—"

"Shh." She swings the unclasped collar a few times, making the little brass bell at the end of it jingle. Another wave of strange fatigue hits your mind. "Mistress is talking, sweetie. *Familiars* don't talk back."

You sway, dizzy and disoriented, and try to stagger backward as she moves in closer. You have to run. Have to fight. You've got to—got to stop her—she's just as sadistic as ever, you *can't* let her win—it doesn't make sense, her little cantrips never used to... affect you like this...

"Gosh, I've gotten pretty good, huh?" She giggles, reaching forward and twirling a finger before your eyes. Pink light swirls from that finger, forming itself into a glimmering disk. A hovering spiral.

You try to look away.

She grabs your chin and makes you look.

"You didn't think I'd get this good, did you~?" Her sultry purr wraps around you tighter and tight. "You must be feeling pretty... *sheepish* right now, huh?"

She giggles strangely, as if at some private joke.

You pant softly. You long to pull away from her, but she jingles the bell again, and you feel so weak even against her delicate grip—your childhood bully was always such a weak, wispy thing, always reliant on her little tricks and cantrips to get you, but now her lightest touch feels like a vice grip...

... and the pink spiral swirls and warps and *pulses* like rippling syrup...

"I thought I recognized you at the bar." She giggles. "It's been so long since I left for my apprenticeship." She leans in, green eyes gleaming with preparation for another spell. "Honestly, I

wasn't sure it was you... until I saw that *scared* look in your eyes. And I saw you try to run. From your old *bestest friend*."

"P-Please," you whine softly, "I—I'm s-sorry—"

She reaches forward and pokes one finger into the center of spiral. The spiral warps and bends, letting her pushing it inward towards you like a spring. Her fingertip touches your forehead.

"Charm."

Your eyes widen. Pulsing waves of enchantment break into you, pumping into your brain. You taste sweetness on your tongue. Glowing pink hearts are bubbling around you. No—a charm spell?—she always threatened—you can't let her, you *won't*—

"Apologize again, pet," she coos. She leans in close. "Apologize, *little lamb*, and I'll let you go."

Something sweet and thick and oozing enters your mind as she speaks. You stare into the spiral as her hand withdraws. Released from her finger, the spiral goes wobbling back into its old shape.

Apologize...? You... but that's not...

... but you know you must. There's no telling what she can do now. You must have resisted the charm spell, but if she realizes that and tries again...

You have to give her what she wants. You have to say it. You take a deep breath, cheeks hot with shame.

"Baa," you whimper. "*Baaa!*"

You blink.

She blinks.

And your childhood bully bursts out in a fit of hysterical giggles.

"Oh my *gosh*," she coos, cupping your chin, "it's *sooooo* much cuter than I'd ever even guessed!"

Your heart starts to pound. You shake your head frantically. "Baa? Baa!" You shake your head desperately, but the spiral still has you, pulsing, swirling— "*Baaa baa baaa!*"

The witch apprentice beams, bouncing with untamed glee. "Hee hee! You bleat so perfectly, I—I knew you'd be cute, but you're just *adorable* like this, oh my gosh, oh my gosh—!"

“Aah—” You barely hold in a moan. Her praise feels so *good* all of a sudden. You squirm, trying and failing to draw back as she moves in with that collar. “Aah! A-ah baa *baaaa!*”

“Good little lamb,” she purrs, reaching up to stroke your hair. “*Gooooo, soft* little lamb. *Soooo* excited for your pretty lamby collar~!”

“*B-Baabaa...*” It barely even sounds like sheep bleats. It just sounds like pathetic, brainless babble. You realize you’re nuzzling against her hand. You can’t stop. The headpets feel so good, pleasure is pouring in, and you can’t... “B-Baa...?”

“Wait, did you think that was *actually* a charm spell?” She smirks. “Aww, you must really admire me if you think I can handle those already! It was just a little suggestion to help things along. And an illusion to mess with you. Teehee, you’re just as *gullible* as ever.”

You whimper. Her knee is sliding between your legs, and you’re helpless to stop it. Her thigh is so soft...

... but... she can't charm you? That's... that's good. You can still think clearly! Can still... plan an escape, or...

... even if the spiral is so pretty, and her hand petting your wool—your *hair*—feels so nice... you can... think of a plan...

“I mean, even a prodigy like me,” she purrs in your ear, kissing you on the cheek, “would have trouble figuring out how to cast a charm spell so fast, with so little effort, with your guard up against it...”

Click. The collar is fastened around your neck. You hear the sweet jingling as she toys with the bell, flicking it with a finger.

The spiral pops. Pink mist swirls around you, and your world is spinning and swaying as you see her finger rising back up to your forehead.

“*A-Ahh baabaa?*”

“... without a catalyst,” she coos, and taps you on the forehead again.

Another pulse of magic enters you. More pink bubbles erupt, glittering, popping, *pop-pop-pop...* crackly, tingly sweetness pouring into your tongue...

You feel the collar around your neck grow slightly tighter.

She smiles at you. Her eyes glow bright with arcane focus.

“*Charm.*”

And your whole world bends. The bubbling hearts all burst as one, a chorus of pretty *pops*, and more keep bubbling up around you—the sweetness starts to course down your through and flood your heart with rich, vibrant *heat*—the world is changing colors, taking on a soft pink glaze—

No. No! You—you have to fight it, you were *always* able to fight it, she—she can’t really—

Her thigh squishes up against you and slightly *grinds*.

No. No no no no no. You can’t give in, you—the *pulsing, the rippling, the oozing sweetness*—you need to—need to ignore it—ignore *her gleaming green eyes, her beautiful smile*—tune it all out, force it to—*pop, pop, pop go the hearts, so many pretty hearts swirling around your silly lovey-dovey head*—to the back of your mind, create a wall—the *haze of pink mist, her musical laughter, the way her hair shines like fire when she casts a spell, the way you always noticed how her big breasts stretched out her sweater, the way she smells so nice, feels so nice, has always been so nice to you*—have to—have to—

With all your might, an utterly exhausting effort of sheer force of will, you drive the spell back. You push it out of your mind, and the pink glaze is gone. You stare right at her, panting for breath, and draw yourself upright with every ounce of defiance you can muster.

She gives you a dazzling smile.

Hearts float around your silly head as you find yourself smile dreamily back.

“*Hiii*, little lamb,” she coos.

“A-Aah baa!” you burble back, ducking your head bashfully. Oh, gosh, you’re blushing. She’s just—just always been so *pretty*—even though you’re not going to let her win, it’s still—

“Nuh-uh.” Her hand catches your chin again. Her fingertips are so dainty and delicate. You stare at her gorgeous face, lost in those eyes. How did you never notice how... *cute* she was? Those adorable freckles, that cute little button nose...

“Silly little lamb,” she sings, grinding her leg. “Isn’t that so much better?”

You moan, grinding back. Oh. She thinks it worked. That’s—you should tell her it didn’t. Right?

But that would make her feel so bad. It's—it's not that she's not gorgeous, and cute, and lovely, and sweet, and nice, and wonderful! You don't even know why you resisted it! You were being so stubborn and rude a second ago. You totally misjudged her.

Maybe... maybe she doesn't have to know?

"Well?" She bats her thick lashes. "Don't you love your Mistress *soooo* much?"

"A-Aah! Aababaaa!" You drool happily, humping her perfect thigh. "Aa—*uh-huuuhh*, Mistress!" Words are a little easier when they're what Mistress wants you to say. "*Lhuuv my Mistress!*"

She grins ~~wickedly~~ with all the angelic light of the stars dancing in those eyes. "You always had a crush on me, didn't you? It was always *soooo* obvious to me."

Did you? Oh! You must have! She's so pretty, so sweet and cute and funny, how could you not? She gave you so much attention back then! Your head is already bobbing eagerly, the jingling of the bell making your head spin.

Mistress can't seem to stop laughing. She has such a beautiful laugh. "You wanna be my familiar *now*, don't you? *Dooooon't* you, you *duuuuumb* little lamby?~"

You giggle and nod! Yes! You always did!

"You always said it would never happen." She leans in close, eyes glowing. "But you always secretly wanted it so bad, didn't you?"

"A-Aah... uh-huhh..." You hump stupidly, lost in those pretty eyes.

"We'll be together," she coos. "*Forever.*"

Grind.

"Baaa!" you squeal. "*A-aabaabaaaa!* Forever!"

"No escape for my little lamb~"

"N-Nuh-uhh!"

"Mine, mine, mine~"

"Yours! Yoursyoursyours!" She didn't need any Charm spell. You always adored her! You were always Hers, even if you didn't admit it. It was so silly of you to ever lie.

“And you know how you seal a witch’s pact, don’t you~?” she teases, scratching behind your ear.
“You’ve always known. It’s what you’ve always secretly craved from me, what you’ve been dreaming of every single night, *aaaall* this time.”

You blush. You try to duck your head again, but she yanks on your collar, forcing you back up into the grip of those eyes.

“A... a k-kiss,” you mumble, cheeks burning.

“That’s right.” Her smile widens. She licks those beautiful, luscious red lips and leans in close. “A *first kiss*... for my sweet, dumb, obedient, *charmed* little lamb~”

She kisses you deeply, her tongue sliding in. Lips smack. Magic pours into you, crackling, burning, and suddenly—

—suddenly her pleasure is *yours*, and you feel her warm glee and delight and triumph, her desire, her need for more. You hump desperately, overwhelmed by the twin flows of pleasure filling your weak, submissive body.

So much jingling is taking the place where free thoughts used to dwell. Your strength is failing, and you feel yourself swooning into her arms. You would sink to the ground if she let you. You feel so good, so happy, so silly... and dumb little lambs surely don’t... belong on two legs...

The kiss briefly breaks. She licks her lips.

You blink blearily. You are drooling, dazed, but the enchantment feels strangely... unfinished. You sense the connection needs to deepen further. You sense her hunger for more.

She laughs at you, scoops you up in her arms, and carries you over to the bed. In a blur, you find yourself nestled right in her lap. And her hand is in yours. Rubbing. Slowly.

“I know you want more,” coos your childhood crush, and she cups your chin. “Give me a kiss, my sweet little loveslut lamb~”

And you obey your witch, like a good familiar should.