

# The Witch

In a time long past, magic and creatures of myth were common sights that walked the earth alongside Man. From mischievous Fae to the wizened primordial spirits that held governance over Earth's elements since the birth of the planet itself. The world was shared equally between these vastly different cultures and the delicate peace between them governed by a pair. Leaders presenting both sides.

But that was a long time ago, and any records pertaining to that little known period in were lost to the annals of history, with the only proof of its existence being the few scattered remnants of that fantastical age still thriving in their own ways far from the prying eyes of mankind's modern society they saw no place in.



One of these individuals was a long lived witch going by the name of *Delilah*. With lustrous blonde hair and porcelain smooth skin free of even the slightest taint, one could be forgiven for mistaking her for a well dressed lady with connections in high places given her classy (and slightly archaic) attire, whose coloration and design gave the impression of a woman in mourning, complete with a widow's veil concealing her deadened eyes from view. Living alone for so long in an enclosed space far from the material realm, Delilah's powers and mastery over the arcane, in addition to all she had been through, had turned her distant and aloof. Passing each day in gloomy silence after having tired of the ethereal recreations of old friends and animals she used to keep up the pretense.

Ever since the Parting, she had been one of the few who chose to stay on Earth partly because of her still existent morals and petty human values, but mostly because of her reputation then as one of the strongest witches who could rally and lead those who stayed or were left behind in a world where the fragile dream of peace had all but shattered. From there, the people she knew faded from her life one by one, making her realize the cruel reality behind immortality when the faces dear to her were all but blurred shades in the depths of her mind. Left to wither away in solitude after their laws forbade any

contact with the likes of man. Not after what they had done to both her kind and themselves.

By the time the 21st century rolled around, Delilah had become a recluse with her domain centered in a forest no man had set foot in since the Parting. With no one to share her life with, her pursuit of magic had stopped dead in their tracks. While she was in a league of her own, she still didn't know every trick there was to learn, like tracking down where the rest of her people had gone to rejoin them...

Being a witch meant that Delilah was infertile, never able to actually bear a child of her own just like the rest of her sisters. The way witches grew their number was through the adoption of a student who would then take on their teacher's knowledge and experience once they were ready, carrying on their mentor's banner or choosing their own path of magic to follow. Over the years however, the powerful witch had developed methods to bear herself a 'child' of sorts, but because she had been held back by petty morals due to the nature behind it, all progress on the spell was cut short before it could come to fruition. And any thoughts on continuing it faded from concern just like everything else once she had snapped.

Until now that is, rendered as nothing more than an emotional doll that showed no hint of such, Delilah was driven by an instinct for company, for the warmth of another; a family member she could spend her time with, to share her vast knowledge, and maybe, just maybe, to bring some light back into her life. Spurred to life as fingers held over cold wooden armrests twitch in response to the sensation of an intruder crossing into her domain, an intruder who had no idea what they were getting themselves into. But she could sense no ill intent within the young boy she sees limping lazily through her woods, sobbing and crying every step of the way. Had he come here for relief much like she had? A brief moment of respite from problems totally out of his control? No matter, she cared little as to why he was here.

Instead, watching the adolescent kid bawling under the shades of a large oak tree spurred maternal feelings within Delilah's dark heart, if a parent couldn't even do the minimum to take care of their child...then perhaps they didn't deserve to have one? He would be far better off with her 'guidance and teachings' to shape his views. He would be stronger mentally and physically, but alas, Delilah had no desire for a son...so he would have to change according to her wants. In the world of witches, to enter one's domain meant to forfeit all rights to their very being; a courtesy and sign of respect. But while most wouldn't dare harm a hair on their guest's head, Delilah was too far gone to remember pleasantries.

Instead of a crying boy, she saw wet putty ripe for molding. A toy to shape to her whims...A body to keep her company...A child to be adopted...

And so her work would begin; casting ominous magics without a whisper, barely noticing the sting in her joints after having not moved from that same seated position for countless millennia as delicate fingers sway like a conductor's baton to subvert the invisible flow of mana saturating the air of her domain, directing them to her whims with her mind's eye focused on the ignorant boy still curled into a fetal position under

the shades, oblivious to the way the shadows thicken, turning pure black over the greens and browns of the forest floor.

It was only when his legs began to turn cold did the boy notice the trap he had become ensnared in, screaming in sheer terror at the sight (or lack thereof) his legs wrapped up in intangible shadow, binding them in place while continuing to spread through creeping veins that rapidly consume the color of the boys bright pastel clothes and peachy skin, leaving nothing but cold darkness in its wake, making the ignorant child yearn for the parents he not too long ago wanted to vanish from his life. By the time the boy yells his last as liquid darkness tightens its grip around his neck before sliding its way down his open mouth, nothing but the blackened silhouette of a child remained, frozen in sheer terror and panic. But this was just the first stage of Delilah's spell; the formation of the chrysalis that would birth her new daughter into the world.

Beneath the shell, the boy was terrified, petrified while only able to utter the most incoherent of noises with his mouth gagged and his entire body gripped in the iron fist of this supernatural prison, not even able to shiver from the biting chill that permeates his body wherever the shadows fell, and within that frost, the boys skin would begin to lose its liveliness; peachy orange subsumed by pale winter grays that spread in blotches, doing the same with the warm immature flesh beneath as it softens up even further, taking on a blubbery consistency while emerging hair follicles vanish. But it wasn't just his body that was undergoing changes under the influence of the sinister darkness as it does away with his baggy striped shirt and thick trousers, morphing them into a one piece dress that gains a luxurious silken make along with flowery sleeves, a comfortable white undershirt and new undergarments to go along with the next steps in the boy's metamorphosis while the shadow cocoon conforms to the boy's changing shape and attire, slowly painting the image of an elegant young girl in a voluminous dress instead of the sobbing young boy that had been encased within not too long ago. Made evident by the boys' sneakers morphing into polished dress shoes with big bow ties on each end, fitting dainty little feet perfectly as his legs gain a slight curve to them around the thighs.

By the time the large, fearful head of the doomed boy atop a frilly collar begins to crack and shift into that of an emotionless doll with facial muscles being forced to do so, his matted chestnut brown hair had been pulled from their roots into long flowing locks that style themselves into large twin drills on either side of his head to pull off the perfect gothic lolita impression, receiving the faintest twitch of acknowledgement from the changed boys petite digits as Delilah inspects her work, approving of what she sees as her shadow begins to alter the girls innards, blessing her with a cold womb and imperfect ovaries formed from her former testes, snapping her hips outward to accommodate for the new organs and her future if she were to ever find that special someone. Clearly confused and saddened upon the realization of what had been done to her.

*'I don't wanna be a stinky girl! Where's my mommy?! Daddy help me!'* all these calls for help and denial would go ignored as she continued to sit frozen in her shell until the witch watching her said otherwise.

But Delilah, in all her cold hearted fashion as she senses the overwhelming fear and anxiety within the girl's heart, scoffed at the sight. She preferred calm girls, older girls. If she were to have a daughter, she would be cold, calculating and independent much like she was. She would have to look the part of course but with the ability to bend the flesh as easily as she breathed, it was no problem for the monstrous witch. While a mother would've looked forward to rearing their child from a baby to adulthood, Delilah simply wanted a girl in her prime right off the bat. Not like it was completely her fault after all considering the differences between witches and humans.

Another raise of her finger, and Delilah adds another target to manipulate and alter, freezing the protesting boy-turned-girl in place as her eyes widen, gray blue pupils dilating as her mind begins to grow fuzzy. With only less than 10 years of a life, the erasure had been quick and painless, taking it all away alongside her reason to worry while her body begins to change once more as the effects of time on her rapidly speed up, gaining months then years of experience and memories as her infantile body accelerates through puberty and then adulthood as height accrues alongside curvature, slender arcs to her spine, perky masses that bloom from her immature chest tipped with hardened nipples and broad handlebars framing a tight navel below which sits a plump, clean shaven pussy cradled by salacious nightwear grown from innocent diapers while years of usage and experience sets in, becoming a little looser and fluttery at the lips all while the rest of her attire follows suit; cute dress gaining cuts and revealing windows, shoes into spiked boots strapped tightly around fishnet stockings, raven black nail polish over long raking manicured shells and a long flowing cost beneath a long flowing mane of hair.

With her face losing its childish softness and innocence in exchange for a thin layer of makeup over the gorgeous yet vindictive visage of a sleek, mature dominatrix, the shadowy trap begins to bubble, lowering it's catch inside itself as a ripple opens in Delilah's home, delivering her freshly crafted adult daughter through a dark void that cracks open to unveil deathly white skin that slowly regains some of its former life, wrapped around the uncaring eyes of a girl who knew nothing of a kind family and the intricacies of bonds between parent and child, not able to remember the faces of a a mother and father she had supposedly argued with about bad grades in school.

Instead, she only ever remembered years of rigorous study and training under Delilah's thoughtful guidance, mastering a variety of spells common amongst witches to her mentor's very own array of personalized and self made spells. Born between Delilah and a father who had passed on way too early for her to remember his visage, Melina was wholly convinced of this lifelong isolationist lifestyle she had been sharing with her mother ever since the Parting, unaware that most of these memories were Delilah's very own, except twisted to fit Melina's age and distinct identity as her daughter.

And with her work done, Delilah's fingers return to clasp around the head of her armrest, letting Melina gently flop onto the floor before life returns to her eyes, groaning from the stiffness of her newly transfigured

body and looking around in mild confusion, no doubt due to her brain registering this otherworldly manor space as her new home and Delilah, her everlasting mother.

With the last vestiges of the human boy she once was fading away in her mind, Melina slowly rises to her feet before curtsying in her dark, gothic dress. Casual wear when compared to her mother's more extravagant and moody attire.

**"M-Mother? I...Wasn't I supposed to be..."**

**"...in your study? Quite so...you were found unconscious so I was about to lay you out to-"**

**"Curses! The potion was a failure then...I'm sorry for the bother mother dearest, I'll return to work immediately!"**

**"It's no concern dear...just remember not to push yourself too hard...and if you need it, i'm always here to help."**



**"Thank you...you should get some air too mother, as much as I know it's impossible here...it could help somewhat if you stepped outside every once in awhile."**

**"Hmm...I suppose you wouldn't mind accompanying me then? Once your work is done of course?"**

**"Gladly! I'll see you soon then mother!"**

Letting her shoulders slump back into her chair while watching Melina speed off in the direction of the newly expanded pocket dimension that was now her very own room, Delilah sighs while lifting the veil off her eyes to peer out at the wider world beyond the walls of her self imposed prison.

*'Out there hm? I wonder...'*

Chuckling before banishing the thought from her mind, Delilah's eyes flutter before shutting behind the draped veil, slipping into a warm slumber in anticipation for the coming outing she would have, the first in many years with someone that was both a stranger and dear one to her. For now, Melina was her daughter in name only, but in a few years, maybe those memories she planted within her delicate brain could be accompanied by new, authentic memories of a warm family and a loving mother by her side.

With Melina now sharing in Delilah's immortality and being a fellow witch however that was of no concern....after all, they had all the time in the world.

Elsewhere however, the report of a missing human child would go on to be forgotten as years soon fly by. With the two witches making a life for themselves within their own little haven, uncaring of the world beyond as long as they had each other.

Delilah's wish had been fulfilled in her own twisted way, and Melina had fully grown into her role as the one and only daughter of the greatest witch in the world...

***THE END***