

Naughty Magic

Chapter 7 - Stable and Shameless

Written by Princess Kay

Olivia

Alright... first things first? Putting on clothes, so that I could snap Clarissa out of the ‘hot girl hot’ trance she seemed to be stuck in. Which meant utilizing the goo again, seeing as how nothing in my closet would actually *fit*. To that end, I had it split up into a tube top and a skirt - easy enough, and it wouldn’t even drain my magic reserves... so long as I was fine leaving it as *goo* anyways. Weirdly firm goo, that held its shape and didn’t feel like it would let anything go through it, but still goo...

How did that work, anyways? I always thought goo was supposed to be, like... I don’t know. Sticky? Or at least something you could push your hand through. This stuff was almost *rubbery*, instead - except nicer on the skin. ... Well, *probably* nicer on the skin. Wrapping rubber around my chest didn’t exactly sound appealing, at least...

That’s because you stabilize it!

“Stabilize?” I muttered, under my breath, hoping Clarissa wouldn’t hear me. Not that I thought there was much risk of her processing anything I said, what with the forlorn look she was giving my now covered chest. I was pretty sure I’d broken her brain a little bit.

Yup! Stabilize. Makes it more solid, and moldable, but really reduces the magic-sucking-away effect. Kinda like you!

“Wait, me? Are you saying I’m made of ooze, now?”

Stable ooze, yeah! Which is... practically not ooze anymore, I guess, seeing as how you’re solid enough to stand on two legs and all. You’ve got more in common with rubber than the slimy stuff you’re thinking about.

“Great... so I’m made of rubber. That’s *much* better...” I grumbled, rolling my eyes.

Hey, it worked out for that one anime dude! And just think of the bedroom antics it unlocks! I mean, your bones bend girl! Throw in some shapeshifting, and the positions you can take are basically limitless!

“Doesn’t shapeshifting cost magic? I don’t exactly have a ton of that to spare...”

No, shapeshifting into a guy takes magic. Or, like, a dog I guess? That would take magic too. But human female transformations? Practically free.

“That... why... that doesn’t even make sense!” I complained. At the same time, though, I was already thinking about ways to shift my body. The hot super model look was nice for walking around town, but now that I was back home...? Yeah, I had a few changes to make.

Don't look at me. Magic's conceptual, like that - you're a girl made of goo, right? So long as you stick to that concept, you're basically free to do whatever.

“Except I'm *not* a girl,” I pointed out. “I just look like one...” Though, on that note, if I *had* to look like a girl.... Yeah, I knew just the right form for lounging around the house.

First up? Thickening my thighs. They weren't exactly matchsticks to begin with, but they *were* a bit on the slender side. I wanted them nice and thicc, with hips to match, and a bubbly butt to give me some extra cushioning. I'd always loved that, in the gender bending stories I read - the moments where the character's ass swelled up. It sounded super comfy.

I was also going to shorten my hair a bit. Not by too much, mind you, but it was currently going down to my ass, and I didn't want to accidentally sit on it. Shoulder length sounded much better to me, and my neck would probably thank me for the loss of weight besides... Though if my bones really *were* rubbery, maybe the strain didn't matter too much...?

Eh, whatever. I was shortening it, either way. Then, for the final touch, I was going to add just a touch of pudge to my belly, and some roundness to my cheeks. Not enough to make me look fat, or anything, but just enough to give a girl something to grip onto... It made my body feel more *lived in*, somehow - like it was properly mine, bad diet and all, rather than something fresh out of the factory.

“How do I look?”

“Fucking hot!” Clarissa declared, instantly. Which was a bit startling - I’d kinda almost forgotten she was there, what with the whole internal conversation thing I had going on.

“Really?” I asked, deciding to brush that bit of forgetfulness under the rug and... well, *forget about it*. “I’d have thought the earlier look was hotter.”

“I mean, yeah, but... This is... I don’t know... approachable? Cute? The sort of girl another girl can hit on without feeling like she’s going to be ejected from the fucking planet out of embarrassment the moment she looks at you with cold eyes and say fuck off? That sorta thing.”

“Clarissa... I’ve literally seen you flirt with the hottest girls in school, on *multiple* occasions. And get shot down! Are you seriously trying to convince me you’ve got an ounce of shame in you?”

“Well, no,” she admitted with a shrug. “But other people do! And I respect that. Besides, I can find you hot no matter what body you’re in! So long as it’s femme enough, anyways.”

“...Thanks. I guess? ...Honestly, it feels kinda creepy to think *you’re* into me, of all people.”

“And what’s *that* supposed to mean, exactly?” she asked, crossing her arms - something I couldn’t help but notice she could do with ease, thanks to her

relatively smaller chest. Not that she was small, but... yeah. Mine were kinda massive. “And why are you staring at my tits, anyways?”

“Nothing!” I replied, hoping my thoughts weren’t leaking all over my face.

“I mean... I’m just... it’s a nice chest, I guess?”

“Ew! No. Gross.” She crossed her arms again - this time into an ‘x.’ “Dude. You’re like a *sister* to me. A really hot sister, sure, but like... a *sister*. I’m not going to flirt with you like that!”

“Who’s flirting!? I was just... I mean... you’re the one who was staring at my chest in the first place!” Not to mention the rest of me.

“Yeah, well... it’s a big sister’s prerogative to appreciate how her little hatchling’s progressing.”

“You’re *younger* than me!”

...That’s the part you take issue with?

“Whatever, dude. Just don’t stare at my chest, alright?”

“Ugh... both of you are just... The worst!” I complained, marching towards the living room so that I could flop down on the couch. Only to realize a moment later that I was still carrying my bag of groceries. Groceries I needed to heat up - at least in part - if I ever wanted to eat a proper dinner. But... I’d just thrown myself down on the couch, so...

“You’re totally thinking about skipping dinner just to act like you won the argument, aren’t you?” Clarissa accused, walking in after me.

“...No?” I lied, through my teeth. “I’m just... uh... Being lazy?”

“Uh-huh. Sure, dude. Whatever makes you feel good...” Saying so, she reached down to snatch the plastic bag I was carrying out of my loose grip, and headed towards the kitchen. “I’ll make us some burritos, alright?”

“Love how you just casually included yourself in that!” I shouted after her. Not that I really minded. There was a reason I’d grabbed two burritos in the first place.

“Uh-huh! Love you too!” she called back.

I rolled my eyes, again, but didn’t respond, choosing to just lay against the couch and relax. The extra cushioning from my ass was *nice*, and after the stressful evening I’d had, I was more than ready to just lay back and listen to the sound of her punching numbers into the microwave.

...Weird to think that the whole mess had started maybe an hour or two ago, though.

Compared to the hustle and bustle of the evening so far, the next few minutes seemed to drag on forever. Eventually, though, Clarissa came back wielding a plated burrito in either hand.

“Thanks,” I muttered, reaching out to take mine. A quick bite later, and I was letting out a moan of contentment. Not because the food was *good* or anything - far from it - but after spending way too long without? Warm beans and cheese felt like heaven on my tongue. I hadn’t even realized I was so hungry, to begin with.

“You skipped lunch again, didn’t you?” Clarissa accused, between bites of her own food.

“Maybe...” I admitted, begrudgingly, before taking another big chomp out of mine.

“Dude, you gotta keep a better track of yourself! I know you suck at the ‘bodily signal’ thing or whatever, but c’mon! You’re gonna keel over and die of starvation one of these days if you keep that up...”

“It’s not *that* bad!” I protested - or tried to protest, anyways. The amount of food in my mouth at the moment was difficult to talk around.

Clarissa seemed to understand anyways, though, because she rolled her eyes at me - before promptly beginning to talk through her own food. “Is too. You’re scarfing that thing down so fast I half think you’re gonna choke.”

I’m not sure you can choke anymore, Chrys chimed in. I mean, you’re a being of magic and goo, at this point... I’m not even sure if your organs are actually necessary or just decoration... Probably best to air on the side of caution, though, since they’re still doing their jobs!

“Well, I can get hungry, at the very least,” I pointed out, before chomping down on the heel of my burrito. It was gone all too fast, but it was still surprisingly filling. More than I’d thought it would be, actually. Maybe my stomach had shrank?

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Clarissa asked, frowning. “Wait... don’t tell me you’re talking to that crystal mascot thing?”

“Uh... Yeah,” I admitted, shrugging. “Sorry. Kinda forgot you couldn’t hear...”

I could fix that, if you’re willing to use up a bit of your magic. Not that hard to project a voice - just a matter of generating and manipulating sound waves.

“Yeah, and have the both of you talking down to me at the same time? No thanks!”

“Wait, wait - what do you mean by *that*? Is it saying it can talk to me, too, or something?”

“Uh...” Crap. “No...?”

“Oh, no way! You have *got* to let me hear what it sounds like! Probably like a hot girl, right? Tell me it sounds like a hot girl!”

“I mean... she sounds like a girl, I guess? But not sure you can tell how hot someone is from their voice...”

“Wait, she? Someone? Are you saying that fucking crystal has a *gender*? I always thought they were more, like... computers or something.”

“Of course not!” I scoffed. “They’re the valuable partner of magic girls everywhere!”

More like their keepers. And they’re not exactly sentient either, remember? They’re just following their programming. Now let me talk to your hot friend so that we can tease you in tandem!

“Like that’s going to make me wanna release you for a conversation!”

“Pleaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaase?” Clarissa pleaded. “I won’t ask you for anything ever again! Until tomorrow! Or until I want something!”

Yeah! What she said!

“You guys...” I groaned. “*Fine*. Do what you want... But don’t drain all my magic, alright? I’m going to need it for classes tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry,” came Chrys’s voice - outside my head, for the first time.

“Clarissa’s giving you way more than enough lust to offset this.”

“Wait, you’re *lusting after me*?” I accused, awkwardly covering my chest up with my hands. Not that it wasn’t already covered, but... “What happened to the whole ‘you’re like a brother to me’ crap?”

“I said *sister*. And you’re the one who’s sitting on a couch with her legs spread out, despite not even wearing panties...”

My legs slammed shut, even as I felt my cheeks flushing. Hopefully, the fact that I was purple would keep anyone from-

“Aw, cute! You’re blushing!” Clarissa teased. “And don’t worry - I’m not, like, *interested* in you or anything. You’re just kinda hot, y’know? It’s basic background lust. I give it to every pretty girl. Not like I’m actively *fantasizing* about you, or anything.”

“Because that makes it so much better...” I sighed. “I think you need to seriously rethink your definition of sibling-like if you think *this* is okay...”

“What can I say? I’m an only child. You’re the closest thing I’ve got to a sister, and you’ve never been a problem until now.”

“Right...” I sighed, again. “Fine. Whatever. What did you even come here for, anyways?”

“Uh, to hang? And make sure you ate dinner. Though I think there’s something more important to talk about, now - like what’s with the whole *ooze* thing?”

“It’s... A long story...” I muttered, not wanting to get into it.

“It’s not *that* long,” Chrys corrected me. “A magical girl got goood and lost her powers, so little miss Olivia here stole me away and formed a contract - but then some goo got mixed in, and bam! Next thing you know? I’m glitched, she’s goo, and we’re fighting off a magical girl!”

“Okay, I’m going to need *all* the details,” Clarissa declared, much to my dismay. I had to actively hold back a groan. “But first? *Olivia*? Did my little sis finally break free of her shell and pick a name?”

“That’s... I... I mean...”

“Nope!” Chrys interjected. “She still thinks she’s a man. It would be kind of hilarious if it wasn’t so sad!”

“Right?” Clarissa laughed. “She’s always like this! No matter how fucking girly she gets! I’m pretty sure she’d claim to be a dude even if I convinced her to admit she wanted to be a girl!”

“You think?”

“I know! She did it once when we were twelve, or so - but never again. Think I might have teased her too much about it...”

“Or not enough! I’m pretty sure she’s going to need a lot of poking before she even peeks her head out of that shell...”

Oh great... There were two of them... Faced with danger like that? I did the only thing I could.

I let loose on that groan, and fell back on the couch. Maybe they’d leave me alone if I played dead...