

# Walter's Amateur Witch Girlfriend

By Bewci



Walter always wanted a girlfriend. He was 24 and still a virgin. He was so desperate that any girl would have sufficed. So, when he finally found the one, he didn't mind that she was into the occult. She was the perfect dream girl Walter had always looked for. Long red locks, pale skin, bodacious curves, and a raunchy attitude. To please her on Valentine's Day, he even gifted her a spell book from an antique shop he had never seen before. He was surprised such a shop existed in his neighbourhood.

"Oh my God, where did you get this?!" Veronica asked with a gleeful smile as she drifted through the pages. "Um, it was right around the corner," Walt answered.

"This is real stuff, Walt!" Veronica exclaimed. "Oh, sure," Walter smirked. As much as he loved his girlfriend, he never believed in the witchcraft she was so passionate about. He thought it was just a phase and that she would grow out of it. As weeks passed, Walter grew wary of his girlfriend being a bookworm. She no longer spent time with him. Instead, she spent most of her waking hours studying the spells in the book. Walter was not happy about it. He called her out on it many times, but she didn't budge from her routine obsession of immersing herself in the world of magic.

One day, Walter decided to do something. He yanked the book away from her hand and said, "Babe, I think you're getting obsessed with this. We need to talk."

"You won't understand anyways, like the first hundred times I've already explained it. So there's nothing to talk about," Veronica grumbled.

“Care to explain again?” Walter asked, amused.

“I am practising the spells? It’s written in a different language? And the pronunciations are difficult! That’s important to get the spells right!” Veronica bawled at the top of her voice.

“I’m sorry, Babe, but I have to come straight. Magic isn’t real!” Walter responded.

“Oh! Are you sure about that?!” asked Veronica with a sly smile.

“Yeah, let’s do it. Why don’t you try a spell on me? I’ve got these spider veins on my feet. Fix them with magic, will you?” Walter said, showing his legs.

“As you say,” Veronica closed her eyes and chanted, “*O mater carissima, fige pedes quia ambulabit sicut mulier!*”

Walter looked in awe at his calves twitching and his feet buzzing with a strange vibration. He saw the spider veins on his foot melt away, along with the hair covering his legs. “Um, Veronica, I think something’s wrong?”

Walter’s amusement turned into panic as his feet’s minute muscles and bones trimmed down, making them look more elegant and soft. The calluses in his feet were gone, and the toenails were painted with deep glazing red. “Oh, wow, that’s... weird,” Veronica said, bemused.

“Weird?! I have freakin girl’s legs!” Walter screamed. “Ah, right. That looks fantastic, don’t you think? Best pedicure I have ever seen!” Veronica giggled, “So, now you believe me, don’t you?”

"I do! Just fix me!" Walter groaned in discomfort. He stumbled as he took a step on his smaller feet. "I didn't do it on purpose. As I said, the correct pronunciation is the key," said Veronica. "Save it. I want you to turn my legs back to normal!" Walter muttered, an embarrassment on his face.

"Okay, let me get it right this time," Veronica closed her eyes again and started muttering the spell, "*o carissima mater, fige faciem suam, erit enim pulchra sicut domina*"

"Hey, that didn't sound like the previous one," Walter said as his lips thickened and his jaw contorted. "Wh-What?" Walter was baffled, faltering with his dainty feet towards the mirror. "Oh, my God!" A loud, feminine scream escaped his throat. Walter's eyes widened, looking at his reflection. Thick lashes and shaped eyebrows accentuated his big blue eyes, while a small straight nose sat in the middle. In addition, Walter's cheekbones had shifted, giving him a slimmer, more feminine look.

"Oh my God, Baby! You look so beautiful!" Veronica exclaimed. Walter's eyes flinched in fear as he turned towards his girlfriend and pleaded, "Babe, I know you're new to this, but you gotta help me. I can't be like this!"

"Baby, I swear, I'm trying! But I like the idea of you as a beautiful, sexy woman!" Veronica giggled. "I don't! So, stop with this stupid prank!" Walter hollered. "Hey! Don't you dare talk to me like that!" Veronica spoke with a shifted tone that trembled Walter with fear to his core. He stepped back in apprehension and muttered, "I'm sorry. That was rude. I take it back. Now, please, will you fix my face and my legs? Please?"

“To be honest, I don’t know how. So let me revise the book for a few minutes, and then I’ll get back to you.” Veronica said. Walter nodded and sat on the bed while his girlfriend turned page after page, staring at them. Finally, after about fifteen minutes, her lips spread with a wide grin. “Okay, Baby, I’m ready!”

Walter jumped out of bed with an eager look on his face. “Do it,” Walter murmured.

*“loiiige cupidine delectabitur turpis hominum,”* Veronica whispered with a sinister smile. Walter realized what she was doing, but the spell had been cast, and it was too late. He staggered back on the bed as a strong, pulsating desire overcame him. His clothes vanished into thin air, and his groins begged to be touched, urging him to jerk himself off. Walter stuttered, “Wh-What did you do to me?!”

“Lust is a powerful thing, baby. It can change your perception for the better! So now, you won’t resist what’s coming!” Veronica whispered, *“O mater carissima, in rimam verte mentula, et pullos pingues, quia viros posthac placebit.”*

“Oh! Oh! Dear God!” Walter grunted as his hands worked up and down his diminishing shaft, retracting into his abdomen, followed by his fingers. His testis plopped back into the canals they came from, traversing up further and becoming ovaries. A womb settled inside him with throbbing warm muscles lining the cavity. Walter explored the wet flesh with much anticipation on his face, unable to control his desires. He kept adding fingers into his elastic slit, moaning as the folds stretched to its brim.

“Doesn’t having a pussy feel so much better?!” Veronica laughed. Meanwhile, Walter’s buttcheeks flared up along with his hips and thighs, giving him the contours of a woman down his waist.

“That sums up this spell,” Veronica giggled before chanting a few more lines from the book. *“O cara mater, da illi glaber, pellem mollem, sed etiam longam, cincinnos rutilosos lascivos!”*

Walter felt his skin wriggling as his body hair shed off almost everywhere except some sparse growth in his armpits and pubes. But his scalp made up for the lost hair, sprouting out red hair like a waterfall instead of the usual dark brown he had. Voluminous locks cascaded down, settling around his head on the pillow as he indulged in self-pleasure.

“Oh my, you would even put Rapunzel to shame!” Veronica continued with her spells, *“O cara mater, quidquid virile pinguescit in ventrem suis mammis derivare, nam lac liberis suis portabit!”*

“Ahh! Verr! My chest!” Walter squealed as he grabbed a handful of the expanding fat on his chest and squeezed them in reflex, causing him to convulse and yelp even more. His lathered, dainty fingers traced the lining of his widening areolas while his nipples puffed up, becoming a mouthful size for proper milking. Walter bit his lips, pressing his inner thighs against each other to stave off the gushing walls of his womanhood.

“My Gosh, babe, you look gorgeous!” Veronica chimed, almost complete with the transformation. “But something is missing.”

Veronica wondered. “Baby! Stop! I’m exhausted!” Walter quivered.

Veronica’s eyes lit up as she looked at Walter and said, “Babe, remember when you were overweight? I really liked that about you when we first met. But then you worked out and lost all that weight! I wish you were chubby, like before.”

“Are you out of your mind?!” Walter spoke through his muffled breaths. Veronica started chanting for one last time, “*O mater cara, eum sanas curvis voluptuosis benedic!*”

Helpless on the bed, Walter saw his body regain fat, but in places, he didn’t fathom. Unlike his male body stored most fat in his belly, his new feminine figure kept his tummy almost flat. On the other hand, his hips and asscheeks doubled in size, and his breasts grew a significant amount, drooping down to DD cups. While his waist widened to some extent, he retained the hourglass shape. Walter looked down at his voluptuous, supple mountains and valleys and felt some relief that he wasn’t cursed with morbid obesity. The libido had crashed down, indicating that Veronica had lifted the spell.

Walter dragged himself down to the bed’s edge and looked at Veronica with disappointment. Veronica’s smile faded. “You really think being horny could have changed my gender and sexuality?” Walter asked, shaking his head, “You think that was funny?!”

“No, but I think this will change your mind,” Veronica said, stripping naked. Walter looked down at the bulge growing underneath her skirt and gulped. “Oh, shit.”