

# Naughty Magic

## Chapter 3

Written by Princess Kay

*Wakey Wakey, Miss Egg and... Bakey? Wow. More calculating power than Earth's most advanced supercomputer, and I still can't come up with a better rhyme on the fly... how disappointing.*

“Bwuh...?” What was I...? Right... the last thing I remembered was reaching out for the magical crystal, and then... just... nothing. Did it not work? I mean, of course it didn't work. I wasn't a girl. I knew that, but... I'd still hoped that-

*Please stop the pity party and wake up, already! We don't have a lot of time left, you know?*

“T-time?” I stuttered out, in a... surprisingly high pitched voice?

*Not surprisingly high! Befittingly high! Perfectly high, even! At least in conjunction with your new form.*

“New... form?” I whispered. Even that was somehow different than what I was used to - softer and more breathy.

*Yup yup! Your magical girl transformation form... is what I'd love to tell you, but things didn't exactly go as planned, so uh... Well, you might wanna take a good look in the mirror. Later. Right now? We really gotta run.*

“Run?” I asked, shaking my head to clear the cobwebs - only to pause when a strand of purple hair crossed my eyes. “What?”

*No time, Missy! Just... Get in an alleyway, or something, alright? Or better yet, get home!*

“R-right... Home...” I muttered, pressing a hand against the floor to push myself up - only to immediately stumble forward. Something was... Off. *Very* off. But also.... Not so off? Like, weirdly natural feeling, I guess? I wasn’t really sure how to describe it.

*Oh, for goodness sakes, just look down already, you idiot!*

Down? I looked down, and saw... a bulge? Or more like two very big bulges straining the limit of what my shirt could handle. I was pretty sure I could even feel some air against my midriff - like the pressure had pulled the fabric up. Yet it also felt weirdly loose in places? And my pants felt... really tight, around my hips and ass. But also kinda weirdly loose around the crotch?

“I’m... a girl?”

*Bingo!*

“A magical girl?” I asked, hope tingeing my voice. “Like the crystal promised? I actually managed to form a contract!?”

*Well... yes and no... also I am the crystal - but we can save that for after you’re in an alleyway, alright?*

“Wait... why do I need to get into an alleyway?” I asked, looking around me - only to immediately let out a high pitched squeak as I realized that I was

absolutely *surrounded* by ooze. As if an entire storm's worth of goo had crawled towards me, in particular. Like it did towards magical girls...

...But in that case, why wasn't it trying to attack me?

*Ugh... Okay... don't freak out, alright? But my last host? Pink Heart? She finally wised up and called for backup at the last second. Violet Heart is on the way - and trust me when I say violent would be a better descriptor for her. You do not wanna be standing around in a daze when she gets here!*

"H-huh? But... if I'm a magical girl, then-"

*Nope! Let me stop you right there. I didn't want to do this just yet, but look at your hands.*

"My... Hands?" I glanced down, again, this time lifting my hands to get a better look at them.

They were purple.

No, not just purple - *violet*. The same color as the ooze around me.

*Yeah, so long story short? Our contract got interrupted. Now you're... I don't even know what. Some sort of ooze magical girl hybrid? Except from what I can tell you run on tribute instead of sacrifice, which... it's just a whole thing, okay? I'll explain it later, though, I promise! Just get to a damn alleyway!*

"Tribute? Sacrifice? I don't even know what you're talking about! A-and where are you, anyways?"

*Inside your heart, of course! Where else would a slightly glitchy magic crystal belong?*

*“Glitchy!?”*

*Don't worry about it! Just... ah shit. She's close. Look at how the goo's getting all agitated... for the love of all that is good, would you just duck into an alley for a bit? We can talk to your heart's content after you master your transformation ability!*

“R-right...” I muttered. The goo around me *was* getting restless. I could see ripples forming across it, as the goo around me started to shift and condense into a singular being. One that might actually reach the size of that cartoon monstrosity I'd seen... “Is Violet Heart going to be... okay against this stuff?”

*Oh heavens no. She's basically doomed if she doesn't ditch - which is good for us. Means we've got time to get away while she calls the rest of the squad over.*

“R-right... And... I'm not helping because... why exactly?” I asked - but even as I did, I felt something inside me *cringe* at the idea. It felt wrong, somehow. As if the very idea of standing against the ooze around me was an affront to some intrinsic part of me.

*Because you register as ooze you numbskull! Sentient Ooze! Sentient ooze that other ooze responds to!*

“It... Responds to me?” I asked, looking at the ooze around me. As I did, I felt the ooze closest to me begin to settle, the ripples fading. What’s more, I could feel something - something like... pleasure? At my attention? But also restlessness. It wanted to gather, and grow, and fight against that which was... wrong?

*No time for explanations, Missy! Violet Heart’s getting closer by the minute, so unless you want her to take one look at the clueless goo girl standing in front of a civilian’s unconscious body while surrounded by endless goop, I’d suggest you get out of there!*

“I’m not a goo girl!” I protested. At least I didn’t think I was? My body didn’t *feel* gooey, anyways. Even if it *was* the same color as the ooze around me.

*This really isn’t the time to be arguing semantics, Missy!*

“R-right... Magical girl coming to kick my ass...” That was a weird thought. I mean, I was meant to be on their side, wasn’t I? Helping to fight against the violet ooze. Even if that thought *did* make me feel vaguely disgusted with myself.

...Well, I’d figure that out later. For now, I needed to find my way into the nearest alley and hope that Violet Heart would be too distracted by the massive amount of ooze to actually notice me.

“So uh... how do I end my transformation, again?” I asked, squeezing my way between the corner store and the local Mexican bakery. It was a bit of a tight

fit, but I figured that was all the better for avoiding people's notice. Nobody who could help it would go into a tight back alley like this.

*Yeah, about that... you don't.*

“Bwuh?” I froze.

*That's not to say you can't change back! It's just, uh... less ending the transformation and more... starting a new one.*

“Wait, you mean this is...” I trailed off, staring down at myself. Or rather at my breasts, which were pretty much covering up any appreciable view of the rest of me.

*Your new true form? Yeah. And if you want to get back to 'normal,' you better get real comfy with it real soon, because you're going to need to charge up those metaphysical batteries of yours if you want even the slightest hope of maintaining the sort of transformation you're going for.*

“What do you mean?”

*I mean... Look. I wanted to save this for later, but... where do you think a magical girl's power comes from?*

“Uh... You?” I guessed. “Or at least that's the leading theory on the forums. You crystals provide the energy to your bonded magical girl so that they can do their stuff, right?”

*Wrong. If anything we're draining their powers, not giving them... but we also make it possible for them to access said powers to begin with. All thanks to a little thing called 'sacrifice.'*

“Sacrifice?” I asked, tilting my head a little to the side. “Like... murdering goats before an altar?” Somehow, I couldn't imagine Bright Star willingly slitting an innocent animal's throat. Even if it did help her save human lives, in the long run.

*Not exactly. It's more like... personal sacrifice. They give something up, and we convert their unconscious longing for that something into magical power.*

*Sacrifice! Nice and simple.*

“They give something up? Like... Chocolate?” I guessed, still trying to wrap my head around what I was being told. This wasn't even close to the theories I'd seen bandied about the forums. Maybe *someone* had guessed it, but it certainly never crossed *my* eyes.

*Not exactly... more like... sex.*

“...Huh?”

*Yeah. Magical Girls? Are basically incredibly repressed sexual deviants. The more they're holding back, the stronger they become. Of course, we help a bit - y'know, by repressing their lust so that it never enters their conscious brain,*



*monitoring their thoughts, distracting them at the right moments... Whatever it takes to keep them nice and chaste.*

“So... ignoring how incredibly creepy that is, for the moment... you’re saying that I need to repress my sexual desires if I want to transform?”

*Yeah, no. If only it was that simple... the goo that got into our contract? Glitched the whole thing, and flipped it around on its head. They run on sacrifice - you run on tribute.*

“Meaning...?” I asked, hoping against hope that my new crystal ‘friend’ wasn’t going to say what I thought she was.

*You need people to lust after you. Not only that, you need them to lust after this particular form. Preferably in your presence, too - no posting selfies online and hoping for the best.*

“But... I’m purple?” I pointed out. “I’m pretty sure that’s going to raise a few eyebrows if I try to walk down the street! Not to mention the whole wardrobe malfunction I’m going through right now!”

*Yeah, well, lucky for you humans are capable of getting horny about just about anything. You don’t even want to know how much ooze-based porn exists on the internet - and that’s without the benefit of an actual anthropomorphic form! Not to mention massive tits.*

“Wait... so your idea is to just... wander out into the streets and let people see me like this!?”

*The wardrobe malfunction might actually help, too. Kinda exposes some skin, y’know?*

“I thought we were trying to *avoid* attention!”

*Yeah, well, unfortunately you’re going to need to draw some first. Just... preferably not from magical girls who can currently kick your ass. So you’d better get real comfy in that body real fast if you want to get out of this with your head on your shoulders.*

“Wait, wait, wait - can’t we just... talk this over with the other magical girls? I mean, you’re a magic crystal, right? That means you know the other crystals! They’ll listen if you explain I don’t mean any harm, won’t they?”

*I’m a glitched crystal. Corporate rule number one is that glitched products can’t be out and about drawing bad press. They’ll kill me, and you for good measure!*

“Corporate... what now?”

*Long story. I’ll explain later. For now, why don’t you get your ass moving out of this corner and over to a busy street while the magical girls are all busy on clean-up? If you’re lucky, you might even be able to pass yourself off as just having*

*weird taste in body paint for a while before people catch on and start screaming.*

*And take some goo with you, would you? It might come in handy.*

“Take some... what am I supposed to do?” I demanded. “Shove it in my pocket!?”

*No need. Look.*

Even as the crystal spoke, I was already seeing what she meant - or more like *feeling*, since I still couldn't see my feet below my breasts. The goo was curling itself around my leg, sliding itself up and into my pockets. It felt... warm. And happy. And a little... pleading? Like it wanted something from me.

“Good... goo?” I tried.

It vibrated in what I somehow *knew* was pleasure.

“...This is only going to get weirder, isn't it?” I muttered.

*Yup!*