

Krys moved the boulder aside with a flick of her wrist, allowing her and Siteri to access the secret entrance to the fortress which protected the pass into the holy city of Vandrei. It had been two weeks since her life had been upended with the revelation that she might very well be a witch from a bygone age. Despite searching ruins of witch settlements for answers, she still had no inkling of how that could be.

There were memories of her childhood and the challenges of becoming a woman were particularly clear. Her heart, too, was filled with nights drifting off to sleep while being read stories by her adoptive parents and trips to other monasteries. It was impossible for all of those things to be fabrications.

She needed answers, demanded them even. Which is why they were here now, attempting to gain entry to the remains of what was once bustling stronghold. Siteri figured it was the next best place to look.

“Go ahead and put your hand to that sigil there. Your energy should undo the lock.”

“I’m not sure why mine...” Krys put her hand to the cold stone anyway and golden light spread throughout an ornate seal with a dragon motif. There was a rumble and the rock face split open, revealing a pair of hidden doors that swung inwards.

“I didn’t think it would be so dusty in here,” the Hearth Witch said as a small fragment of witch crystal embedded in her staff flickered to light. “Or so dark. I expected the power to come back on once the stronghold sensed us.”

“No sense worrying about it now.” Krys focused on the runes she had etched into her to fight the witch crystal of Alannathea. She whispered the word for light and a golden glow swelled into radiance through her traveling attire. The spell had become second nature for traversing darkness or keeping watch. Actually, when she thought about it, she was advancing quite rapidly with her spellcraft ability on all fronts.

In the intervening weeks, she had gotten very adept at handling her new talent and appearance. The first thing she did was to figure out why she was lactating and resolve it, for the most part at least. Now she would only swell with milk if she used her magic for too long. There was something about how her body processed mystical energies that was the root cause and she could not figure out how to prevent it.

At least her expansive bust had turned out to be less of a hassle than she expected. They were still in the way, as would be the case with anything that occupied the vast majority of her torso, but they hardly weighed anything. Even when filling up, they did not gain any mass. She knew it was some magic from her past that made it possible, as there had been one time when she exhausted even her reserves and then they were very heavy for a couple hours.

“Careful up here,” Siteri said, putting her hand on Kry’s arm. “There used to be mechanical sentries. The power might be out, but they could still be active.”

That touch was part of the other challenge for Kry. In the time since they met, the burly witch’s company had become very pleasant. Even so, it was hard for Kry admit she liked the Hearth Witch as anything more than a friend. There was something intractable about her being however many hundreds of years old, but looking like she might as well be in her forties for how much that age showed. Despite those thoughts, it was hard to ignore how her heart seemed to skip a beat when they were close.

She had tried to coax answers out of Siteri about what she had been like in the past, what their relationship had been. Siteri insisted Kry was a new person who could make her own decisions. That felt like a dodge. She frequently caught Siteri staring at her with a resigned expression on her face. The older witch still had feelings for her long lost friend and from the memories Kry had experienced, the feeling had been mutual.

The passage opened up into a vast, two-level rotunda. Cobwebs coated the upper balcony including the imposing looking gargoyles. Seven other passageways faded into darkness in the other compass directions. On the floor, under the dust, was an emblem of a dragon in flight that tugged at Krys' memories. History said the symbol of a dragon with spread wings belonged to The Sorceress of Vandrei.

Was that who she had been, the ruler of the Southern Province? The conclusion jived with the snatches of memory she had gotten from the witches trapped in the crystal of Alannathea. The woman with her face from the past had been pleading with others to abandon their ambition to revive the Goddess. It also explained why the holy city had been destroyed ages ago. If there had been a war, and she had been leading one side, of course her enemies would have besieged her city.

Lips pursed, she strode to the center of the sigil and clapped her hands together. Kneeling, she pressed her hands to the floor. She expected energy to flow out of her and power the dragon like it had the door, but nothing happened.

“Your sister was Queen, Krys. Not you.”

“What?”

“Your sister was the Sorceress of Vandrei. You, well, you were the black sheep of the family.”

“Wait, are you saying?”

Siteri went to speak when there was a loud bang. A chattering sound came from one of the other passageways, like the clatter of giant spider legs. It grew louder until it sounded like it was coming from everywhere. There was an explosion of purple light and when they could see again, someone wielding two blades had each of them at sword point. The steel crackled with purple lighting which kept lightly shocking them.

Their face was hidden behind a mask, though their black eyes were visible through the slit. When they spoke, it was in broken phrases, as if they had not fully learned the language. A necklace of purple stone wrapped in metal hung around their neck.

“Why you two cows here, huh? What you come for?”

“We’re looking for something,” Siteri answered. “That’s all.”

Krys chanted under her breath and hoped she would be done with the spell in time.

“Looking for bounty on Elvira’s head no doubt? If that be the case, prepare for trouble.” She dove at them, but the blades bounced off of an invisible barrier as Krys finished chanting. Blown back, their assailant’s mask and blades clattered to the floor. Krys finally got a good look at them.

Even with their icy gray skin, their attacker, likely Elvira or an associate, was breathtakingly beautiful. Short hair the color of falling snow hung like curtains on either side of their face. As they staggered to their feet, Krys noticed pointed ears under their hair. She and Siteri were dealing with a dark elf.

“Witches! Oh, day is getting so much better for Elvira. She is going to be so rich!” The elf reached up and ripped off their sleeves, revealing wicked looking brands on either shoulder. Pressing her hands to them, the elf who was presumably Elvira started to glow. Energy crackled around her, visibly arching as she pulled her hands away and took a combat stance.

Siteri moved first, swinging with her staff. The fragment of crystal in the wooden pole seemed to burst as it got close to the strange elf, leaving the end splintered and charred. Even so, the impact sent their opponent sprawling in the dust.

The runes down Krys’ arm ignited red as she cursed and flung fire. The elf frantically batted away the flames with her lightning-wreathed hands and then scrambled to her feet. She rushed at the witches, arms wide as if tackle one of them with her crackling grasp. She grazed both of them when

they tried to dodge. When she wheeled about, there was a maniac grin on her face and an apple-sized shard of witch crystal in each hand. The stone in her necklace began to glow.

The golden light of the witch fragments flickered and then changed to a purple hue, their luminescence growing darker and more eerie. The elf released them and they rose to float next to her ears. When her eyes started to glow the same color, she began to laugh.

“Oh, so good, you two are. So full of the Goddess and your sisters,” her voice had deepened. At the same time, a second higher register spoke along with her. “I can’t wait to devour you both. You’ll be so filling!”

With that, she lunged again. Her movements were faster this time and she had closed the gap before either witch could brace for impact. Her palm struck Siteri in the stomach and Kryss on her boob. Shocks ran through their bodies as the dark energy arched over them.

Heat rose at the impact sites as a pull began to take hold of Kryss. It felt like several somethings were being dragged towards the elf’s hand under her skin. Slowly a single massive shard rose from her chest. The faces were jagged and sharp, as if actually several other crystals forcibly fused together.

The elf’s energy arced to the shard. White hot cracks began to form. The moment the mass of gemstone slipped free rose from Kryss’ skin, it shattered. The pieces first fell to the ground, like glassy rain, only to rise and then float in the air around the trio of women.

Stone by stone, each stolen piece of power went dark like the others and began to orbit them. As the elf’s laugh became shrill, the whirl of stones became a howling vortex. There was a flash and the swarm of crystals formed into a crystalline mask and crown, obscuring the elf’s face. Which is when she released them.

The Kryss that hit the floor was dramatically different. She was thinner than she had ever been. At first, she was so frail looking it was like she had aged a hundred years, but her flesh slowly

filled back out. Even so, her chest remained relatively flat and she was not sure how to feel about that. The runes from her previous battle glimmered, but did not glow. The only light came from the shards the elf had stolen.

Try as she might to resist, Kry's looked up and could only stare open mouthed at the woman floating a foot in the air before them like a bright star in the night sky. Her clothes had been torn away, leaving her stone gray flesh exposed. Some of the shards marking her face fell to her skin, embedding into her body.

Her figure swelled as her belly, arms, and legs thickened with doughy curves. A change even more noticeable as her frame began to grow shorter. As she lost height, those inches seemed to be redirected to her bust. Her flat chest inflated rapidly, her boobs each growing into vast tear drops that settled on her chubby paunch. A network of dense veins was visible under the elf's pale skin, giving her a blush she had never had before.

A sibilant whisper filled the air as the tips of four tails grew into view over her shoulders and around her still widening hips. Four particularly diamond shaped stones sank into them, giving the new appendages wide fin-like ends. Her face was obscured by the mass of darkened crystal she had extracted from the witches. One gem floating in the middle of her face seemed to burn brighter than the others. Several others began to shimmer in a similar way until it became obvious they were flaming eyes.

"Ah, thank you my lovelies," the voice was like one hundred. "It feels so much better to be me and not that pitiful mortal husk. Only a little more now and then I will deal with you."

There was an audible gurgling noise as the elf's fatten body pulsed ever larger. Her already massive tits crept down the curve of her stomach, spreading wider as they grew past her waist and towards her hips. Kry's could not help but notice how fat her nipples had become, their thickness rivaling the face of a silver coin. Her hips surged outwards, pumping ever larger with jiggling flesh.

Finally, she made a shuddering noise and the gurgling ceased. Her endowments were truly massive now. Even laying over her thick tummy, they still hung to her hips and curved out a considerable distance in front of her. Most of their fronts were covered by deep purple areolae that curved up from the lighter flesh. Krysl could not believe anyone had ever looked more like a fertility idol.

“Now, to business. I figured you would eventually arrive here, Krystala.”

“What?” The statement made no sense. Who was Krystal-oh. Oh, no.

“Did you not come to slay me, my sister, or at least to return me to my prison?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about...” Krysl felt weak, her eyes kept drifting shut even as her mind raced.

“Have you forgotten what you did to the rest of us while you lived a life in the world? Do you not recall casting the spell that ended an age?”

“That wasn’t me! I mean, maybe it was, but – I don’t know. Who am I? Who are you? Why is this happening?”

The exceedingly lush elf chuckled and leaned forward to float on her stomach. While the mass of plush flesh spread outwards like she was on something solid, Her pendulous boobs hung to a point as far from the floor as her toes had been a moment ago. They seemed to squirm as she slowly wiggled her fattened ass back and forth.

She made an appraising noise and two shards floated down and sank into them with a ripple. At once they began to rise and fill out. Their oblong shape retracting to something more spherical. The new shape only accentuated her raised areolae, making them look even fatter as they swallowed her fat nipples. Krysl felt like they looked even more absurd now, though she could not pull her gaze away either.

“You mean to say you’ve forgotten your own flesh and blood, Krystala? I’m hurt.”

“She’s lying,” gasped Siteri. “She is no kin of yours. That is Y’hquezt of Darkening Crystal.”

“Oh, Siteri! I didn’t see you there.”

Siteri had also been shrunk down. Though she seemed to be taking it harder than Krys. Her blue braid had bleached white and her face was drooping a little. She looked much more like a grandmother now. The elf picked up the Hearth Witch with two of her tails. Lifting her by her shoulders. “You’re looking well, considering.”

Siteri spat. “I should have killed you.”

“But you didn’t and now I’m free.” She tossed Siteri into Krys. Krys swore she felt and heard bones breaking, but Siteri made no groans of pain. Y’hquezt floated down until she was inches from Krys. She licked pitch black lips so plump they looked like they would burst and then laughed, flashing a mouthful of pointed teeth.

“Look at you, the Goddess’s chosen. Reduced to a sniveling little girl in clothes far too big for her. How does it feel to be stripped of your endowed power, Krystala?”

She should have been scared out of her mind, but Krys felt exceedingly calm. “I don’t feel anything, really. I had always hated my figure and becoming a witch had only exacerbated the issue. I might be just a normal woman now, but I’m kind of okay with that.”

“Kind of okay with not being special anymore? Kind of okay with not being able to stop me from becoming the Goddess? What kind of answer is kind of okay?”

“An honest one. If I had to choose between power and being a reasonable size. I’d take being a reasonable size.”

Siteri groaned in her lap. “What are you even saying? I thought you wanted to be a witch?”

“I thought it would let me deal with being physically outstanding, but all it did was further my outlandish shape. Still...” She looked down at her arms, riddled with curved emblems tattooed into

her skin. Would their draining effect still work? “I can’t abide the idea of someone stealing something from me either! That power is mine, dammit!”

She reached out and grabbed hold of the center most eye-gem. Her runes flared blue as purple lightning crackled all around. Y'hquezt tried to pull away, but Krys’ grasp held. Tails wrapped around her wrists, attempting to crush them.

Just as her grip started to weaken, the gem snapped in half and pulled free of the elf’s orbit. For a moment Y'hquezt's face was plainly visible, her purple eyes burning with malice, and then the other shards closed ranks and pushed Krys’ hands aside.

Freed from the darkening influence, the gemstone fragments glowed golden once more. Both pyramid-shaped shards sank into Krys’ palms and power surged through her. The now familiar tang of magic in her veins was very nearly intoxicating. Even as she felt her body slide against her clothes as it regained some of its curves, she was excited to have some amount of her power back.

With a quick curse, she flung a blast of energy at her foe, knocking several more shards loose from her floating crown to send them skittering over the dusty floor. Y'hquezt responded with flicks of her tails, the crystal points cutting the air. Krys dodged most of them, but a back swing from one sent her flying.

Landing on her back, she felt the loose shards sink into her. Almost at once, her bust regrew to what had been her normal, each boob swelling well past a handful. She cursed her ancient self and whatever she had done to make the growth happen, but at least it kept her top in place.

In the time it took Krys to get up, Y'hquezt had snaked her tails around Siteri. Her coils were tightening around the Hearth Witch. “Pitiful, Krystala. Truly pitiful. Did you really think you could resist when I have a hostage?”

The elf began to laugh once more, flashing her fangs. Her gemstone eyes danced with the vibrations of her mirth and her rotund body jiggled from head to toe. She seemed so assured of her victory. Something about the display made Kry's angry.

Yelling a curse that came to mind, she fired a beam of bright yellow energy from her palm. Not at the evil witch, but at the gargoyle behind her. The wave of magical force washed over the stone statue and a good portion of the second floor behind it.

There was a grinding noise as runes like those on her arms burst into life on the statue. Yellow light flowed out from there, lighting a zigzagging network of energy lines. Soon a second gargoyle began to stir. And a third. The trio dropped to the floor, kicking up the dust and making small craters as they did so.

Surprised by their arrival, Y'hquezt dropped Siteri.

Kry's dove to catch the frail-looking witch and then ran as fast as she could.

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An hour later, Kry's could still hear Y'hquezt searching for them. The elf was singing a song as she moved from room to room in another wing of the stronghold. The words were inscrutable, but the tone was eerie and chilling. Kry's hoped their luck at avoiding her held until they could escape.

Siteri was not well. Losing her magic was seemingly responsible for slowly aging the witch's body to match the years she had lived. She already looked like skin and bones. Kry's worried that the next time she blinked, the Hearth Witch would become just more dust in the ruins. As they lay there in the dark, she tried to give some of her power to her friend, but Siteri had refused.

"You're going to need every ounce of strength to defeat The Darkened Crystal. Even if you gave me an equal share, we still wouldn't be a match at barely a quarters' strength."

"I don't want to lose you though. I can't take on this mystery alone."

"You found yourself before. I have faith you can do it again."

“That wasn’t me. Why do all of you keep thinking I’m someone from the past?”

“Krystala, I-”

“No!” She was on her feet, her runes burning. “My name is Kryz and I want answers right now. What makes you so sure I’m her?”

“That you can hear the song of the witch crystals is-”

“Not an answer. You can hear the song, too.”

Siteri laughed, which turned into coughing. When she pulled her hand away, it was stained with blood. “Just...trust me that you are, somehow, the greatest witch in an age.”

“How can that be? I can’t even save the one person important to me.”

Siteri looked defeated and Kryz’s shoulder drooped. She was just about to settle back down and wait out her friend’s last moments when she heard something. The sound of chimes. The volume of Y’hquez’s song spiked suddenly. From around the corner, there were hints of her ghostly purple glow. Pursing her lips, Kryz lifted Siteri on her back and moved towards what she hoped was the source of the other faint song.

“This isn’t the way out...”

“No, but it feels like the right way to go.”

Y’hquez’s creepy words hung in the air behind her, but Kryz was drawn by snatches of another song. One that was familiar and welcoming. The hall they were following ended with a locked door made of steel. Glancing over her shoulder, the way back was flooded with eerie light. She crushed the lock in her hands and opened the door. A winding staircase down was all she saw, but it was their only option at this point. Pulling the door closed behind her, Kryz did what she could to fuse the door to the stone before continuing down into the depths of the stronghold.

The sounds of Y'hquezt trying to follow echoed down the passageway for a long time before it stopped. All the while, a soothing song, much like that of the witch crystals grew stronger. After what felt like a lifetime of going down and past landings with barred doors, with only Siteri's weakening breathing for company, the curve of the stairs became illuminated by the familiar golden light.

Stepping onto the last landing, the pair of witches found themselves faced with a gemstone easily twice as big as either of them. It was not witch crystal either, but an actual divine shard.

The song grew exultant as Krys carried Siteri to the shard and put the elder witch's hand to the gemstone's surface. The Hearth Witch drew a shuddering breath, but did not cough. Tendrils of energy wrapped around both women as the sound of chimes became a storm.

Up above, there was an explosion and suddenly Y'hquezt's song clashed with the stone's.

"She's going to take the shard," Siteri said weakly.

"Not if we take it first," Krys snapped back. How was the question. Even the shards she had broken off of the crystal pillar in Alannathea had only been a foot in length at most – and those had been witch crystal. This was a piece of the Goddess. How could one person contain so much power and not burn up?

"Krystala..." The voice that spoke was neither Siteri or Y'hquezt. Krys looked around for who else could have called for her other self. There was a loud bang, like the sound of a gong being struck and a ghostly form walked out of the crystal. The figure turned and Krys was hit with a wave of unexpected sorrow.

The apparition was a woman, with a face similar to Krys' own. Her build was less generous, but she was definitely more full-figured than most. A cascade of white hair hung like a veil of curls around her shoulders. Her expression was somewhere between resigned and sad, like the face one makes at a funeral.

“So you’ve come for what remains of me...I am...unsure how to feel about this.” It felt like time slowed down as the specter spoke. Her words rung with the chime of the crystals.

“Come for you? Wait, hang on. Full stop. You’re The Sorceress of Vandrei.”

“You speak the truth. I am Jemenii of Vandrei, Star of the South and you are my sister, Krystala of Vandrei, the Covenbreaker...or what remains of her at least.”

The ghost put her hand on her curved hip. “How did you escape the rule of three, sister dear? I figured you would be imprisoned until the world ended for the doom you placed upon the rest of us.”

“I don’t know either really and that’s really starting to irritate me.”

Siteri coughed and the sisters turned to look at her. Jemenii rushed to her side and put her hand on her forehead.

“How did she come to be this way?” she asked, turning to look at Kryz. “How could you let this happen?”

“We were attacked by another ghost of Krystala’s past. The dark witch Y’hquezt. She sucked the shards of witch crystal right out of us.”

“Y’hquezt is free? Is our sentence ending?”

“That might be the case. There’s certainly a lot of the past coming to life again. Whatever the reason, she’s coming down here.”

A shrill noise crashed over them. It had to be the elf’s song, clashing with the temporal pocket created by...wait, how did she know that? Her head throbbed and Kryz dropped to her knees as memories bubbled up and exploded in her mind.

She was standing in a room at the top of a tower, looking out at the valley. Jemenii was speaking with her.

[You can’t trust her, Kryz, Quez’t is only looking for power.]

[She just wants to find the lost pieces of the Goddess. Isn't that a noble goal?]

[Those fragments are better left lost. There are enough witches in the world as it is.]

[That's unfair, Jem. The Goddess shattered herself so that she could be with us all. To view the world through our eyes, to feel life through our bodies.]

[Is that why you've gone so far? Your body is so perverse now, sister. I don't even know how you can live with such massive breasts.]

[I carry six shards in my soul, it was bound to happen.]

[Six?! Krys, that's suicide! I'm surprised you aren't flying apart at the seams!]

[It was the only way I could think of getting them back to the surface. Besides, the Goddess will protect me. I hear her now, sister. She whispers in my ear.]

[Encourages you to find the other shards?]

[Something like that. Oh did I show you...]

"Krys!"

She was back in the chamber at the bottom of the stairs. Jemenii's ghost was fighting Y'hquezt, keeping her trapped in another of her time distortions. Siteri had staggered to her feet, though she still looked quite old and frail. As Krys moved towards her, the battle between her sister and her rival ended explosively. Unsure what else to do, she pushed Siteri into the crystal and stepped into a double-fisted blow to keep the elf from touching the fragment with her taint.

Jemenii staggered to her feet. Her appearance was flickering and fractured.

"Go home, sister," Krys yelled as she pushed the dark witch back. "Return to the crystal. Keep Siteri safe! I will atone for my mistakes."

"Easier said than done, little girl."

Y'hquez't chomped down on her shoulder and the world went white. Dropping to one knee, she focused more energy into pushing the elf away. The sound of chimes washed over her. There was a feeling of someone's hand on her shoulder. Jemenii's voiced echoed in her ears.

[I forgive you, Krystala. I know now you just wanted to discover, to learn. Others took advantage of that and forced you to make a terrible decision. So fight and make things right!]

With a surge of strength, Kry's shook the elf's fangs off and pushed her back with a wall of magic. The bite sizzled, but was slowly healing. For a moment all was still as she felt energy of the shard behind her infuse her. Power flowed through her veins as the song of Goddess soared in her ears.

Like when she first became a witch again, she grew. As her bust increased, so did her stature and it soon felt like she was nearly to the ceiling. She put her hand to her chest and took a deep breath. It felt like something slid into her grasp. The handle to a weapon perhaps?

Exhaling as she withdrew her hand, her breath was eclipsed by the steely sound of a broadsword being drawn. The blade sparkled and shimmered in blues and golds. It felt great in her hand. The weight was just perfect. She realized idly that her bust had shrunk dramatically. Was this what all that magic being stored was for?

The dark witch was getting up. Her tails lifting her off the ground. She grinned broadly, as if amused. "Really? That sword? That fact that you can draw it is proof of who you are!"

"Don't care, going to kill you now."

Bolts of lightning flashed across the room, blasting holes in the floor, walls, and ceiling. However, they bounced off the glowing blade of her weapon and she advanced towards her foe. Y'hquez't's attacks grew more frantic as she backed up the stairs. She tried to attack the crystal, but Kry's was always there to stop the blast.

Finally, she screamed. "This is not over, Krystala. When next we meet, I shall be more powerful than you can imagine. That is...if we meet again."

Her tails lashed out and cut into the stairwell. There was a rumble as the stonework came tumbling down and Kry's retreated to the shard. It seemed like the whole place was going to come down. Faced with no other choice, she pressed her hand to the shard and slid into it.

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The space inside the crystal was warm. A wide open field over rolling hills dotted with sunflowers spread out before her. Clouds floated above in the bluest skies. Siteri and Jemenii were sitting on a rise not too far away. Kry's dropped the sword and it faded away before hitting the knee-length grass. Her bust line began to creep outwards once more. It probably would not be long before her boobs were back to the size they were before the day went completely off the rails. The feeling of them growing was more pleasant than she remembered, as if the realization that her absurd size served a purpose had made them less of a burden.

As she approached the others, Siteri was on her back with her eyes closed. She was breathing peacefully, but it was obvious that she was not simply resting. Jemenii was no longer ghostly, but a living breathing person. She rose and embraced Kry's.

"She's fading fast. You might want to say goodb-"

"I refuse."

"What? Why?" Jemenii stepped back and the air crackled around her.

"Hear me out. I haven't even gotten to know her and yet, I can feel my heart breaking. So I refuse to simply let her die. I want to get to know her. I want to come to love her the way she does me – and you can help me. Use your time magic. Rewind her life."

"That is not how it works, Kry's. Even if it did, the her I would go back to will not be the Siteri you know. That Siteri might not even know who you are. She might not love you."

"What if you had more power? Could you do something?"

"It's possible," she said, rubbing her arm. "But I'm not sue what."

Krys focused on the shards within and found the fragment of the divine that had resided in Siteri before. She pushed it out of her body to float over her palm. It was about as wide as a blade of grass and a couple inches long. "Here, use this then."

"I will not absorb any more fragments of the divine than the one I received as part of our initiation, nor will I utilize power from the souls of my imprisoned sisters. I have no interest in being you, Krys."

"And yet you're keeping yourself alive in the largest fragment of the divine I have ever seen!"

Jemenii glanced away. When I knew that you were going to cast the spell to stop "Y'hquezt, I took shelter with others of my council. Many have left, I alone remain to stand watch over this precious fragment."

"Okay, so all that about being imprisoned was...?"

"A lie, yes, but a necessary one."

"We'll deal with that later. I am going to return this shard of the divine to Siteri. It should stabilize her enough for you to attempt to restore her."

"I cannot promise that won't have side effects."

"At this point, I don't care. Make it happen."

Jem nodded and Krys knelt next to Siteri. He floated the shard over her friend's body and then gently pushed it into her skin. Her eyes snapped open and Jem put her hands on the Hearth Witch's chest.

"Live again, dearest love. Find the strength to return to us."

Siteri's body jumped off the ground and floated in the air between the sister witches. Her hallowed look reversed as her body regained mass. It seemed like everything was going to turn out alright.

Then there was a nova of energy.

Siteri's frame stretched taller and wider, easily putting her over six feet tall. Muscles from before grew larger and more defined, each of them straining her clothes until seams began to fail. Her bust quickly grew to a size that covered her ribs and forced her shirt to tear open, which only facilitated further expansion as they swelled towards her waist. The long blue braid became a pair instead, making the Hearth Witch look a little more youthful – easily the same age as Krys.

The pair of witches scrambled back as Siteri settled back to earth. Up close, she seemed even bigger. Krys wondered if the spell had somehow taken Hearth Witch further than before. She certainly could believe this woman was strong enough to build a stone house by hand – alone. There was still that feeling her being older, but it had softened a little or perhaps Krys' perception of her own age had changed.

Siteri blinked and sat up. “Krystala? Jemenii? What happened? Where are we?”

Krys left forward and threw her arms around Siteri's muscular neck. “You're okay!”

“Of course I am. I have to be to keep you two safe.” She got to her feet and while there was not much difference in height after two growth spurts of her own. Krys felt small standing next to her revived friend.

“Okay, what's next then, Krystala?” Jem asked. “What other thing are you going to do to subvert the natural order of things?”

“We get out of the stronghold and make our way to Wisteria. Illuna of the White should know what has happened.”

“We?” Jem looked confused.

“Yes, we. I am going to need all the help I can get to prevent Y’hquezt from achieving her goal to become the Goddess. Now...how do we get out of here?” (5976)