

Kamilla's Archive

Contains: growth, weird magic, transformation, hooves, butt, macro/micro, dom/sub. Minor appearance by male giant.

When you run a magical business, keeping track of what potion does what, which side effects correspond to which incantations, and what prerequisites are required for which items is important. Kamilla's business features a sprawling archive, which starts on the second floor of her building and ends six floors below, in a double-secret library of tests and results, complete with quite scientific logging. Here is just one of the articles she catalogues.

Title: Proposals for Transformative Rejection Bypass

Author: Kamilla

"Certain rare test subjects, such as Velvet, have proven to have alternate reactions to transformative magic and brews. These subjects are problematic, especially since some of them are customers who WANT to be transformed. Concerted efforts have drawn some results with Velvet - though far from desired. Two current proposals exist for a work-around of what I have dubbed a "transformative allergy". The first involves utilizing a form of magic which is especially troubling to use practically - hypnotic. Hypnotic magic is difficult because it involves an excess of effort. It's often less expensive than other forms of magic which *actually* affect reality rather than the consumer's perception of it - with the drawback that the hypnotic experience must be carefully crafted, almost programmed, and any breaks or holes which the subject might break past and into reality as it is must be covered. It's a long, horrible process, requiring half an hour for some of the most basic types. No lives were ever saved with hypnotic magic, that's for sure. Still, perhaps it might be used. Either to simulate the experience, or, barring that, it might be used to ease one into another body by convincing it that no transformation has occurred, and as the hypnotic spell fades, the body never has a chance to react negatively to the transformation. The other proposal is having the subject piggyback off someone else's immunity, having them transform together and having one person support both's form change. Like a liver donation - though with little to no pain, optimally."

Test results

Test #1 - Hypnosis

Result: Abject failure.

"To be honest, this should have been expected. The test subject, a local jackal, volunteered. The hypnosis convinces the subject a transformation has taken place, or rather, convinces their immunity that one wants to take place, resulting in a rejection. In this jackal's case, he grew to fill the test space. This made reaching the door difficult, and in the end, I had to sit underneath a ton of butt for an hour in order to let him "deflate", so to speak. Jackal fur is coarse, agitating, and gets everywhere. There are still some 30 foot

long strands sitting about which were rubbed off during the experiment. I think he misinterpreted my intentions. Explaining that I was already in a relationship had no effect. Subnote: research a blush suppressant."

Test #2 - "Borrowed Immunity" method

Result: Success, regrettably.

"Second test subject was Velvet. He piggybacked on me, and administration of the transformative agent (Binding Potion #82, the one that turns a couple into two soft-all over ponies) went off without a hitch. This is unfortunate because, had I actually believed it would work, I'd have picked a form with dexterity, and not nubby hooves. It made documenting the test only possible after it was over. Worse yet, Velvet used the opportunity to his advantage (Binding Potion #6, which transfers size from one consumer to the other, in splash form.) My clothes were soaked. Then they were off, since I exploded out of them, and proceeded to fill the room. (Note, for all uncertain tests, use the bigger test room from now on. I broke the furnishings in that one.) I couldn't move at all, but Velvet could, and so he took the opportunity to crawl around my newfound hooves being affectionate. I was appreciative. He was also lewd. I couldn't see him underneath me, but it was obvious. Refinement of this test might be a good bonding experience. It should be noted for purposes of documentation that the piggybacked effect is exponential, I reverted to normal (normal normal, not normal but huge) and Velvet remained a tiny horse, in both senses. He remained in this form for the rest of the day, which made punishing his mischief easy. Subnote: Velvet hooves feel good in bikini area, stock up on this spell."

Anonymous asked:

Was Velvet ever up Kammys ass, if yes, whats the story behind it?

I just checked, and apparently, I forgot to include that sort of thing in the October writing. Since that's wack, I'm gonna write it now.

Contains: Invisibility, Micro/macro, anal insertion, unaware, somewhat weird magic shit, "descriptive" fetishes.

It was purely an accident.

Velvet had put in another anonymous potion request. Of course, he had chosen to take it when Kamilla had chosen to shrink him to half a centimeter. She looked away for one second, and he downed it like a madman, and boom. Suddenly, Kamilla looks back to see her moth is missing. Of course, if you were in her position, you'd assume the obvious: That Velvet had shrunk way too far and now couldn't be seen, or that he had fallen off the table somewhere, or both. Of course, he knew that wasn't the case, and, mischief maker that he was, he jumped off the table.

Directly onto her chair.

Well, she sat down to get a better angle of the table to look for him, and well...she wasn't wearing anything underneath at that time, so **pop!** up he went. Of course, once you go up, it's harder to get out. So while Kamilla was rightfully unaware and looking for a dust mote of moth-boy on a table, a rice-grain of moth-boy wiggled against the interior of her to get her attention. Of course the thick smell made it a bit hard to breathe, and of course it was a bit constrictive, but eventually, after about fifteen minutes, Kamilla gave up, sat back, and felt an irresistible urge to scratch. Imagine her surprise when she felt something underneath her with her fingers. She plucked Velvet out, no problem.

Now, Velvet, lucky creature that he is, got the wide end of the stick on this: Kamilla had brewed the invisibility potion to be incredibly short lasting, since what she had imagined it would be used for would be peeping in bathrooms. She set it to wear off wayyyy too soon, with the intention of leaving a fully visible pervert to receive his punishment. But all it did for Velvet was make the invisibility spell wear off before Kamilla saw that she was holding something invisible. She simply assumed that meant it was option 2, that Velvet had simply gotten blown off the table, and she apologized to him for it. She didn't kiss him, though.

He'd have to get a shower first.

“I'm writing about tiddy rn.”

A friendo told me they were writing about chest. I decided I would reciprocate, and publish the results here.

Plus, this is the first character writing I've actually done in a while. I plan on resuming this particular arclet another time.

Contains: macro/micro, cupshots/emasculatation, hooters, shrinking, nipple insertion, furry, dom/sub.

“And... that's one inch.”

Kamilla pulled away the measuring pinch. She had been using it to observe Velvet's size over the past hour. The bat witch had been testing diluted potions, to observe their effects. When she arrived at a shrinking potion, she'd of course called in her moth boy to assist. As it turns out, diluting this particular brew didn't weaken it, but did slow its effects by a large margin. Not that she was complaining.

Velvet didn't really have any reason to object, either. It was early in the morning, and his lady had yet to put on a bra. That made the table, which was even with the bat's breasts when she sat in her swivel chair, a very favorable spot. Velvet's clothes hadn't shrunk with him, so in between measurements he would sit in a pretzel near the edge.

“I think it might be speeding up towards the end...what do you think?”

“H-huh?”

Velvet caught himself staring too much, and shook his head before looking at the large and expanding face. He had been too busy observing her beanbags to notice much of anything, but now that he had been pulled out of la la land, he tried to give an answer.

“Yeah, I think things are getting bigger faster.”

A boob came down near his perch. The other tit, held aloft by a hand, followed shortly after, each quake bouncing the micro. Getting up, the sight of them was astounding.

“Awesome. Then climb on.”

“Huh? Why do you want me to climb on your -” Velvet started up to his knees, face drifting back down from her eyes to her cleavage.

“I’ve been studying boring numbers and writing down effects all morning. I’m bored, okay?” A finger ran down the beanbag and settled beside the shrinking fuzzball. A thumb followed, and both cooperated in lifting the moth by the midsection towards the right areola. The pressure from both sides was released, and Velvet fell directly into a straddling position atop the erecting soft spot. The impact hurt where it counted, so one hand went towards hugging the fuzzy wall of the teet to prevent himself from falling. This was greeted with a bounce, as Kamilla pushed up off her heels onto her toes and then let fall back on them, watching the shrinking charge atop the milk jug.

“Whoa, hey!” Velvet shot down in size as he landed with force right upon his crotch again, and hugged the growing nub with his legs as he looked up with an expression of masculine pain. The bat apologized, but did it again anyway. As the moth hit the sensitive hill for the third time, his size shot down, leaving him barely visible on the puffy mountain.

“Huh. That part didn’t slow down.” Her eyes were off the moth, who had turned into a speck. “Effects increase when subject placed under stress and/or emasculated.” Blank eyes drifted to her bosom, an arm wrapping underneath her pair and lifting them so she had easier access to the fluffy speck.

“Well, I guess you must be pretty embarrassed, huh? I’ll hide you before I go out, then.” She smudged her finger across the peak of her knocker, and like a crumb, Velvet stuck to her finger. She moved him from the side of the extremity to its top, and leaned back in her seat so it was more of a fall for the tiny moth.

“You’re fine with me dropping you in, right? Itty bitty.” She didn’t really wait for an answer from her tiny, loving moth, since at that moment the adhesion stopped and the tiny, nervous, blushing mess of a moth fell headlong into Kamilla’s mammary. She could barely feel the small body tumble down the thin tunnel towards the center. She resisted the urge to finger herself, however, and got up, ready now to put on a bra and start the rest of the day’s work.

To be continued.

And the continuation:

“More of this, please.”

This is a continuation of **This Post**.

Contains: shrinking, macro/micro, dom/sub, furry, some descriptive fetishes, milk, breastplay, emasculation.

A damp, albeit soft landing greeted Velvet as he tumbled in. Settling a bit, he lifted himself up and looked around the fleshy walls of the nipple. Looking back from whence he came, he saw a slight amount of light pour in through the small opening, which, to him, was more than enough to fit him inside of here with a gentle drop. He gasped, his breath becoming filled with the atmospheric, tight air within her boob, which, barely making it inside, had a harder time escaping, and simply picked up her...fragrance. The moth held his nose at first, but quickly got used to the sensation, even if it was a tad overwhelming. Just as suddenly as he'd landed, his new environment shifted again, and he was pulled further as the gravity altered. In reality, Kamilla had simply ceased leaning back, causing her areola and such to go from pointing up to pointing forward...but his body, still under the effect of the emasculatory reductive agent (read: the stuff that shrinks the subject more as his masculinity is punished) - had no choice but to obey this pull. He rolled deeper inside of the duct, tickling the surfaces he bumped into, intentionally or unintentionally, as he went.

Velvet's next landing was a warm splash. His face was soaked, and he got up to find himself waist-deep in the milk of his bat mistress. It sloshed a tad as she walked. "There isn't that much of it, actually," he thought. This amount was simply the result of her natural body processes and his slow shrinking. Shrinking which accelerated as he felt the laiche slosh against his lower half, like a teasing pool. The face of the micro moth flushed with red, feeling quite wimpy in this puddle. What was a waist-high wade became an Olympic diving depth, then just as quickly the Marianas trench. The white surface of the liquid made it a big hard to see the volume, though. Treading in the mixture, Velvet searched for a place to beach himself, before he heard Kamilla moan a tad. The voice echoed through the mammary. Walls pushed in, likely from the witch pushing her hand into the breast which contained her boy toy, squishing the chamber in which he was stored. Conforming to the new shape, the level of the cream surface rose, filling the tubes and paths Velvet's small body had bumped into on the way down.

His meager attempts to swim this were interrupted by the press of rumblyflesh as it came pushing in on his body from all sides. Feeling quite small and weak before this, he poked it with his penis, immediately regretting it. The meat engorged and enveloped his entire chest, before it engulfed the rest of him as he shrunk again. Taking a deep breath of stinky air, the lungful was held as the dairy's top reached up over his ears, submerging him. Pinching his eyes closed, he swung about, stimulating more than his poke had. Still tightly pinched, the fluffy microbe was shuttled up through the long, thin vessels leading out of the gigantic knocker. His face sticky with the juice of titty, Velvet was caught on the lip of the opening as the objectively small amount of pale, warm liquid squirted out, accompanying an orgasm from Kamilla. His upper body poking out, Velvet looked up to see Kamilla's eyes looking down at him.

"Hooo...I didn't expect to enjoy that so much, Velvet." Her voice blew over him as she gazed at her chest.

"D-does that mean I can come out now?" The minuscule voice inquired.

“Hmm...”

She pinched the protrusion from her mountain, sandwiching Velvet's crotch and initiating one more intense shrinking sensation. She lifted the round, soft thing into the air, hearing a small squeak as Velvet fell right back in for another round.

“Nah!”