

The Bouncing Balloon Trap

A long time ago in a far-off land, there was a small hut on the edge of the dark forest where a young witch resides. Rather early in the morning, the smell of strong herbs flooded the area as she worked tirelessly to complete a very special spell. The witch was a beautiful young dragoness named Zara.

Zara was who was a distance descendant of an ancient dragon clan. Her people are naturally talented in the art of sorcery and other supernatural occupations. Though due to her heritage, she had a peculiar Demi-Human appearance. Looking mostly human aside from the scales covering her arms and legs as well as the horns on her head. These features would always drive unwanted attention to her, as well as some discrimination. To hide her dragon-like features, she'd wear long gloves that went up to her shoulders, and opaque tights underneath her long skirt. Lastly, she'd wear a large witches hat, and she'd come off as an ordinary human.

She was toiling away at her spell, mixing the special herbs into a giant bowl with dozens of empty bottles and vials cluttered around her feet. Then to her surprise, the liquid started boiling and bubbling over the pot, spilling on Zara's white baggy pajamas and onto the hardwood floor. "Oh come on!" she groaned, impulsively tossing her giant spoon across the room. Taking some ordinary spring water from her shelf she sprinkled a bit into her pot, calming down the boiling liquid. With her PJs soaked, she sat down on her chair and took a deep breath, surrounded by a mess of magic books and empty glass bottles. "You've been at this for hours." said a deep voice from her window. It was her first familiar Mr. Hollow, a small fluffy ferret who usually acts as the voice of reason for Zara. Very often he would just lay around the shelves and windows of the house, but while providing her with a few wise words from time to time.

Mr. Hollow kept a straight face but was concerned that the room was even messier than before. "I just need a few minutes. Where did I put that last book?" Zara asked rubbing her eyes in exhaustion. "You're sitting on it." Mr. Hollow replied. Feeling silly, she sat up and grabbed the book from underneath her before burying her face in the pages. Mr. Hollow sighed. "Even great sages need at least a few hours of sleep, so they don't pass out in the middle of their work." he said. "Not until I finally fix the formula." Zara got up and grabbed her giant wooden mixing spoon, but then Mr. Hollow crawled his way off the windowsill and onto her shoulder to get her attention. He looked into her eyes with a concerned look. "What you need is rest, you're never going to fix your problems by wearing yourself out." he said sincerely.

She just looked at him and took a deep breath. "Ok, I'll rest for now. But I'm not gonna take it easy until I find out what went wrong." she said as she walked to her dresser and changed out of her messy pajamas. "If I get this right, I could cure all kinds of illnesses. I can't afford to stop working now." Mr. Hollow jumped onto the dresser, looking the other way as she changed. "Or instead of going through all this trouble, you could just write that mage another letter. Her name was Clarissa, right?

If that friend of yours knows your work is for a good cause, maybe she'll give you a hand." Mr. Hollow suggested. Zara finished changing into a black dress with a long skirt, sighing as she had trouble getting her horns through the neck of the outfit. "She's not my friend, she never even spoke to me. Besides, she won't even give me the time a day. After watching my potions exploded during my final, she probably thinks I'm a complete failure."

Mr. Hollow curled up into a ball as he yawned, looking rather sleepy. "If she won't help you, why don't you summon another familiar to help you instead? You've always been better at witchcraft than anyone in that school." he said looking over at an old glass ball that Zara kept at the edge of her dresser. "Why don't you use that old crystal trinket? See if it can tell you what's wrong?" Zara just stared at the mirror in silence. She received the crystal ball back in school, but it never worked for her, likely because it was broken. "It's true that I'm good in witchcraft, but if that's the case why can't I make a simple medicine? Besides the crystal ball is dead." she said in uncertainty looking at her ferret. "You'll never find out if you don't try." Mr. Hollow finally closed his eyes looking relaxed. Zara gently draped a small blanket over him to keep him warm, before walking over to her couch. As she lay down on the comfy sofa, she found herself an able to ease up.

With only her work on her mind, she continued to reflect on her next strategy. "If only I could just find out what went wrong, I could complete the spell and finally finish that medicine." she said to herself, looking at the ceiling in deep thought. She had been working on the medicine for months now, trying different combinations and ingredients. Even attempting the process of elimination by removing portions, and adding countermeasures like swamp water and elf blood. But nothing seemed to work, she would always end up back at square one, with her potion either turning stone, poison, or just boiling over and making a mess. At this point she was at a loss, she was running out of options.

"Clarissa was the best in my class, if only I had her help she would know how to fix it." Zara got off the couch and stood up in a huff. "If she could just see what I'm doing, then she'd definitely help me!" Suddenly a confident expression covered her face, no longer flustered she began stroking her chin in thought. "But at this point she obviously wouldn't come willingly..." Zara said, realizing she had only one viable option...

Minutes later she was hard at work preparing a new spell. Mixing old herbs, spices, and holy potions that she had stored away during her last year magic school. Zara was still wearing her black dress, completely focused on the task at hand. Finally, after what felt like ages, she was ready to add the ingredients. "Well, here goes nothing." Taking a deep breath, she then sprinkled a little bit of fairy dust into her potion, causing a liquid to swish back and forth as if it were alive. Next, she added a couple strands of succubus hair, which turned the potion pink. And lastly, she added a drop of sweet slime, changing the density of the liquid. The lifelike composition of the rippling pink substance now appeared smooth and rounded, like

some kind of soft gel.

"Looks like it's ready..." Zara chuckled nervously. Grabbing her old crystal ball, she slowly held it over the potion looking into it with uncertainty. "Looks like we'll both have a second chance little guy..." she said before dropping it into bubbling slime. A few seconds past as she patiently waited for her new spell to take effect. Then all of a sudden, the bubbling stopped completely. She sighed with disappointment, dropped her spoon to the hardwood floor. "I guess I'm not cut out to be a witch..." she said with tears welling in her eyes.

Just as she was about to start crying, the pink mass of liquid began expanding out of the pot, accompanied by a loud bubbling sound. Confused she immediately wiped the tears from her eyes, staring in awe at the strange phenomenon. "What is this?" she asked herself as the pink liquid continued ballooning out of the pot. Suddenly the pink mass jumped out, and landed on the floor with a soft "flwoop." Startled, she stepped back as the large pink orb bounced in front of her, slowly dribbling itself before coming to a complete stop. Zara just stood there before her newest accomplishment.

No longer slimy, it now appeared smooth and glossy, with a slightly reflective surface like glass. It was bright pink with a perfectly rounded shaped, like a 3-foot ball of bubble gum. Zara found it hard to imagine that her magic could have accomplished something this peculiar. As it lay on the floor, the orb bobbed and wiggled around like a big ball of jelly, it definitely wasn't a crystal ball anymore.

"I guess it worked," a smile grew across Zara's face. Though happy with the results she was still nervous, taking slow gentle steps towards her newest creation. Once she got close enough the ball hopped next to Zara and began rubbing against her leg like a kitten. "Eep!" she shivered, shocked by the creature's strange surface. Its skin felt smooth and squeaked with every rub, she had no words to describe it. Too smooth and squishy to be leather despite how it looked, but far too taut and squeaky to a slime; it was like nothing she'd ever felt in her life. To make things even stranger, it felt hollow like a giant stretchy bubble. She began to giggle as the strange material hugged her scaly legs, tickling her with its surface. "Stop!" she chuckled.

At her request, the bubble stopped and became still like an obedient pet. Zara was surprised, thinking it might just be a coincidence. "Can you understand me?" she asked. The bubble bobbed up and down as if it was nodding. Zara's eyes widened in disbelief; she could barely believe it, but the crystal ball had become a giant sentient bubble! "I guess that crystal ball had some fight left in it after all..." she said feeling relieved. Bending down she began to gently pet the bubble. "So, I guess you're my familiar now?" she asked, still unsure if the bubble could actually hear her. The bubble squeaked happily as it began to bounce up and down with joy.

She continued to slowly rub the slick material until she began giggling like a child. This one moment meant the world to her. After trying and failing at medicine

for months, Zara had nearly lost all confidence in her abilities. But now, she succeeded in creating a new type of familiar that was like nothing she had ever seen! This accomplishment was a step forward for her, and it felt great. She continued rubbing the strange material, desperately trying to make out what kind of substance her familiar was composed of. The orb would squish and squeak underneath her hands, and it was unbelievably nice to the touch.

"What are you made of?" she asked. Eager to analyze her new familiar, she cast appraisal magic on it. To her surprise she found nothing; not even detecting its presence, despite it being right in front of her. It was like her magic had no effect on its composition. She tilted her head curiously. "Strange... Is it because I used sweet slime in the spell?" Zara asked herself. The bubble just squeaked happily as she continued petting it. "Well, it must be why your skin feels soft and nice to rub." Chuckling playfully, she stood up and placed her hands on her hips triumphantly. "Alright, I think I'll call you Rub-ber! Since you're so sweet and soft!" The bubble squeaked happily as it pounced on her leg, rubbing itself against her again. "Eep!" She yelped as the ball began going under her skirt. Zara's face turned red as Rub-ber began wrapping its glossy membrane around her legs and massaging them in a very suggestive manner.

"Please stop!" she pleaded. At her request, the bubble released her legs and rolled out from under her skirt. Zara just stood there with a surprised expression and a bright red face. But rather than getting upset, she began to laugh. "You're so frisky!" Zara chuckled holding her belly. "It must be the succubus hair I added." While Zara giggled uncontrollably, the bubble waited patiently for her next command. Once she got a hold of herself, Zara walked over to her book cabinet as the bubble followed.

She began rummaging through the shelves, pushing aside the books bottles and papers that were clustered together. Leaving the cabinet even messier than before, she took out a small wrinkled map of the area. Once Zara flattened it out a bit, she held it in front of the bubble for it to see.

"There's a short blonde mage that lives here, to the east of this valley." She said pointing to a spot on the map. "She lives right around here, her name is Clarisa." The bubble sat still as she spoke, it as it was focused on her instructions. "You see, there is a very important medicine that I've been trying to perfect for a while. If it's successful, it could help a lot of people." Zara sighed with a helpless look on her face. "Unfortunately I've been having some trouble getting it to work, so I've been asking Clarisa for help." The bubble tilted to the side, becoming invested in her explanation. "But no matter how much I asked for her... She just ignores me..."

The bubble swiftly shifted back to its rounded shape in shock. "Isn't it awful?" Zara exaggerated. "A powerful medicine that could cure all kinds of illnesses, and she doesn't care." The bubble bobbed up and down like it was nodding. "This is why I need your help, if she can see what I'm working on in person, she'll definitely help

me... Could you to bring her to me?" Enthusiastically, the bubble jumped up and down, looking rather excited. Zara's eyes widened with happiness, her previous feelings of doubt now replaced with excitement.

Dropping the map, she kneeled down and gave the bubble a big hug. "You're such a good bubble! Thank you!" Zara shouted with genuine exhilaration, nuzzling her face against the soft orb. The bubble squeaked happily as it snuggled up to her, doing its best to hug her back by contorting its membrane around her arms. Once she was done hugging, she picked up the map again and held it in front of the bubble. "The mage's name is Clarissa, she's short, has long blond hair, and she'll probably be wearing a large blue dress. Take the map with you in case you get lost." Zara said with a smile. Then suddenly the bubble wrapped its glossy surface around the map, scooping it out of her hand and engulfing it completely. Surprised, she put her hand on her chest speechless. "Goodness." she said softly.

More excited than ever, the bubble quickly hopped around the room before bursting through the open window. Looking out of the window completely baffled, Zara stood there as she watched the bubble hop away into the distance, lit by the early morning sun. She began chuckling uncontrollably, intrigued and amused by her new familiar. Though her expectations weren't all that high, she was still hopeful that her new bubbly familiar could get the job done. "That ball of a familiar is such a loon." she chuckled, placing her hand on her chin. "I guess Ball-loon would've been a good nickname too."

Meanwhile, across the valley in a fancy wooden house, Clarissa had just woken up. She opened her window, feeling the warm morning breeze on her face. Her frilly white nightgown fluttered against the air as did the curtains beside her. Letting out a nice satisfying yawn, she stretched her arms out and put on a big enthusiastic smile. "I wonder what spell I should try today?" she said looking back at the notebook next to her bed. Giggling confidently, she walked over to her closet and took out her signature blue dress. A blue strapless bodice with white lace across the breasts and a long deep blue skirt; it was held together by a large white ribbon on the back of the waist. Lastly, there were long baggy sleeves with white frills on the sides, and a large blue hat with a cute pink bow on the top.

Clarisa's look was rather strange for a mage. Her outfit resembled that of priestess rather than someone who practiced magic. "I think the Church will LOVE what I have for them today." she snickered, admiring her fancy attire. Suddenly something came jumping through her bedroom window, accompanied by the sound of loud creaking. Shocked, she turned around only catching a glimpse of it; it seemingly vanished without a trace. Clarissa shivered as she held her dress against her chest, cautiously retreating into the hallway. That's when she saw a strange pink mass emerging from underneath her bed.

Dropping her dress in shock, she held out her right hand as she prepared a spell against the strange intruder. It slipped out from under her bed, revealing it bright

glossy pink surface, perfectly circular exterior, and a strange bubbly buoyancy. Clarissa was speechless when she saw the creature in its entirety. Its unidentifiable appearance was perplexing. It almost looked like a blob monster, but instead, it resembled a giant shiny bubble. The strange mass just gently bobbed side to side, as if it was observing her features. "I guess you're some kind of slime," she said, trying her best to sound brave. "Well, whatever you are, you're not welcome here!"

Swiftly, she fired a stream of blue fire at the ball, instantly engulfing it in flames. Clarissa smirked as she waited for the creature to disintegrate, but to her shock, the flames immediately dissipated. The bubble just bobbed innocently and completely unscathed. But before she could process what had just happened, the bubble suddenly lunged at her! "EEK!" she yelped dropping to the ground, just barely dodging the flying orb. After landing in the hallway, it immediately came bouncing toward her. She scrambled away, crawling back to her room as the bubble quickly approached her. She tried using another spell on the strange orb, hitting it with a freezing Iceball. Upon contact the walls behind it froze over, filling the hallway with ice crystals, but the bubble remained untouched and intact. With one powerful spell, she accidentally trapped herself with this strange bouncy creature.

Clarissa swiftly climbed onto her bed and crawled to the opposite side. "This isn't happening!" she screamed. Terrified that her magic wasn't working, she jumped off the bed and ran to the other side of the room. The orb immediately hopped in front of her, once again cutting off her escape. Retreating backward, the bubble gave chase once again. Legitimately frightened that it was a slime, Clarissa began to panic. Knowing slimes either absorb or ravish their prey, escape was her only priority. "What kind of slime is this!?"

Clarissa's panic grew as she was consistently chased around the room. Whenever she attempted to escape through the window, the bubble would jump in front of her; wedging itself into the frame. Whenever she tried reaching the opposite side of the room, the bubble would cut her off. It was always one step ahead of her, but it still hadn't caught her. As the chase went on she became more and more fatigued, it was like the orb was toying with her. Eventually, she retreated onto her bed, agitated and completely out of breath. She looked back at the strange bubble as it wiggled triumphantly, knowing she had no chance of escape.

"I've had enough of this..." Clarissa mumbled some strange words under her breath as she held her hands out in front of her. The bubble curiously tilted itself, wondering what she was up to. Suddenly Clarissa shot a blinding flash of light from her hands, as a loud FWOOSH sound filled the room. She closed her eyes in discomfort as the spell sapped away her strength.

Finally, when the light died down she slowly opened her eyes. Her heart was pounding like a sledgehammer, and she was short of breath as she had no energy left. The entire room was flooded by a large wave of mist concealing the wooden floor, but there was no sign of the balloon. Clarissa sighed with a relieved smile.

Completely exhausted she slowly stepped off her bed, chuckling under her breath. "It doesn't matter what kind of slime you are, you're no match for good mage..." Feeling triumphant she stood up straight, though staggering slightly due to her fatigue. That's when she noticed something strange about the floor underneath her feet. It felt smooth and soft, and made a strange squeaking sound when she moved her feet.

Clarissa looked down at the floor just as the smoke began to clear. Beneath her feet was a large, pink circular pad. Before she realized it, the pink material began to inflate around her feet. Within seconds she was engulfed her up to her knees, starting its way up to her waist. "AAAH!?" Clarissa yelled in shock, feeling the inflating mass contorting around her legs as it continued to envelop her body.

Aware of what she had just stepped on, she impulsively tried to push against it. But to her misfortune her hands sank into the squeaky trap, leaving her more helpless than before. "NO!" she screamed. With the bubble making its way up her chest and past her shoulders, Clarissa felt her feet lifting off the floor as it continued to expand. Attempting to fight against her impending bondage, her struggles were short-lived as her arms and legs were quickly forced to her sides. Clarissa thrashed and fussed about within the tight inner cocoon, but all she could do was wiggle. It was like the orb was adjusting her into a spread eagle position, as her body dangled inside like a helpless marionette. The bubble continued to envelop Clarissa as it completely engulfed her from the neck down, with its hold on her helpless body becoming ever so tight. She gasped as the immense pressure made it difficult for her to breathe, it almost like she was being squeezed in a full body hug.

Clarissa tilted her head up as the bubble continued to inflate up her neck, enfolding around her like a tight vacuum seal. Unable to catch her breath, she closed her eyes and waited powerlessly as the bubble crept closer to her face. But suddenly the orb ceased its inflation, stopping right underneath her chin. As the bubble fell silent she opened her eyes, flustered and baffled as she barely had time to process what had just happened. Within seconds Clarissa found herself completely trapped from the neck down within the tight loving embrace of the pink bubble. As she wiggled around, she was confused that it was so taut and flexible, it felt nothing like slime. The orb's film was a thin sheet of taut substance that enveloped her like a cocoon, it felt stretchy and inflatable. It was like she was wrapped up in a tight bubble with a gelatinous polymeric membrane. Regardless of what it was, it had captured her. "It's... Not slime?" she asked herself.

Though relieved that her adversary wasn't a hungry slime, she was still completely agitated and uncomfortable. She wiggled about within the confines of the pink bubble, exploring and familiarizing herself with the strange creature. "What is this? Some kind of stupid bubble?" Her curiosity quickly turned to frustration, as she thrashed around within the pink prison. Unfortunately, all she could do was squirm as the tight inner chamber kept her arms and legs to her sides. Her predicament was beyond bizarre, it was like her body was squished between two

massive inflatable pillows.

Clarissa was so snug and secure inside her bondage bubble that she had no leverage for escape. No matter how much she struggled, the inner layer only stretched slightly before pulling her limbs back into position. Her bubble bobbed up-and-down as she continued to fuss about, filling the room with loud creaking noises. Clarissa's struggles didn't last long, as she was already exhausted from spending all her magic. With sweat dripping from her forehead, she looked down at the pink bubble.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, still gasping to catch her breath. Looking drained and weary, she glared at the taut bubble holding her hostage despite knowing she wouldn't get a response. The bubble ignored her as it slowly began to bounce. Puzzled, Clarissa found herself hopping up-and-down along with her prison as if it was some kind of bouncy bean bag. "Oohhh..." Suddenly, a soft moan escaped Clarissa's lips as the inner chamber subtly squeezed her with every jump. Whenever the bubble made contact with the floor, the inner chamber would contract around her helpless body. Clarissa instantly blushed, she didn't want to admit it, but it felt rather nice. It was like she was receiving an intimate full body hug with every passing second.

As Clarissa was preoccupied with her unexpected pleasure, the bubble triumphantly made its way outside as it jumped through the window without hesitation. Alarmed, Clarissa came back to her senses once she realized what was happening. "No! Please!" she pleaded with her captor as the orb made its way through the grassy fields. Clarissa tried to fight back, but she was rendered powerless with the tight inner membrane constantly squeezing her with every passing second.

"Somebody HELMMMMPH!?" Suddenly the stretchy pink membrane crawled up her face and covered her mouth, instantly gagging her. With only her nose uncovered, Clarissa's pleas for help were quickly silenced into muffled groans. That's when it dawned on her, she was being kidnapped by a bouncing bondage bubble! Fruitlessly continuing to scream into her gag, she hoped someone nearby would hear her faint voice.

Wanting to tear herself away from the large bubble, she thrashed and wriggled within the tight inner chamber. But it was so tight that she couldn't even turn her head. All she could do was moan as a bubble teased and squeezed her powerless body. "Please... let me go..." she moaned into her gag, completely inaudible thanks to her squeaky kidnapper. Meanwhile, she grew ever more aroused with every passing second, as the bubble chamber squeezed her consistently. Strangely finding herself wanting more, she impulsively rubbed herself against the surrounding material. Though Clarissa only succeeded in stimulating herself.

It was almost like the bubble was torturing her, constantly denying her relief

while simultaneously arousing her. It was a constant reminder that she was a prisoner with no control over her body. As Clarissa continued to wriggle and moan like a helpless animal, the bubble bounced its way home with its helpless captive. Clarissa continued to wiggle and moan like a helpless animal within the bubble as she was bounced across the grassy sunlit field.

Several miles away, Zara had just finished washing up and was getting dressed. She put on dark tights, and long black gloves to hide the scales on her arms and legs. Next she slipped into a gray satin Chinese style dress. The skirt was slit high on both the sides showing off her shapely thighs. Lastly, she concealed her horns by donning her large signature witch hat. Finally, after getting all dressed and tidying up the messy floor, she was ready to greet her unwilling guest.

Zara looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. "It's like the day I prepared for my graduation... Feels like it was so long ago now." she said to herself. She continued to admire her unique attire, especially with the way the skirt drew attention to her legs while also hiding her scales. She then walked away from the mirror and began preparing the necessary ingredients for her spell. "I guess I'll start with the items I used for my first attempt... Seems like a good place to start." Just as she finished bringing out the materials for her recipe, she heard a strange moaning sound coming from outside of her door.

Zara slowly made her way toward front door in curiosity. "What in the world?" she whispered, placing her ear against the door. It sounded like someone was being gagged right outside of her door, accompanied by the sound of loud squeaking. Finally opening the door, her expression went blank. It was Clarissa, tucked tightly within the frisky balloon Zara summoned to capture her.

Gagged with half of her face covered in its pink membrane, and sweat pouring from her forehead, her face had a look of absolute defeat. Between her pleasurable moaning and the orb's constant bouncing, it almost looked like a bubble had eaten her. Zara just stood there as she placed her hand over her mouth. "Oh my..." she whispered. The bubble happily bounced into the house and made its way into the living room where Zara had prepared her cooking pot and ingredients.

Zara just stood there in silence for a couple moments before closing the door behind her. Walking to the center of the living room she looked at her familiar, beholding its unusual handiwork. The bubble continued to bounce in place, keeping its prisoner in a state of constant bliss. Clarissa's eyes were barely open as if she was lost in a different world. It looked like she was half asleep as her lustful moans filled the room as her face was twisted in ecstasy. Completely speechless, Zara had no doubt that the bubble could capture the mage for her, but to see Clarissa completely dominated in both mind and body was unreal.

After taking a few moments to process it all, she kneeled down and looked at her pet bubble with a smile. "Good work sweetie, I knew you could do it!" She said in

a charming voice. Overwhelmed with joy the bubble began bouncing even faster, much to Clarissa's dismay. Her moans grew louder as the intense pressure on her body became faster and far more playful. Zara chuckled awkwardly under Clarissa's uncomfortably loud moaning. "Now now..." She patted the bubble calming it down.

The familiar slowed its bouncing as it slowly released the pink membrane from Clarissa's face. No longer gagged, Clarissa's gasped heavily as her moans slowly died down. "Wakey, Wakey, Clarissa! ☺" Zara giggled as she gently tapped Clarissa's cheek. The mage moaned weakly as she slowly opened her eyes, still completely exhausted from the consistent teasing and bouncing. When she finally saw Zara in front of her, her eyes shot open in shock.

"Z... Zara...?" She quivered with a look of fear on her face. "It seems that you're in a TIGHT spot." Zara chuckled confidently. "Well, I'm willing to help you, if you're willing to-" Suddenly Zara was cut off. "OK! IT WAS ME! I'M SORRY I SABOTAGED YOUR POTION!!!" Clarissa interrupted apologetically. Zara became silent as her expression went blank. "Excuse me?" she asked. "I... was jealous of your work! I didn't think a witch deserved to graduate with honors!" Clarissa gasped, still terribly aroused by the bubble squeezing her body. "I'll make it up to you... just stop the bouncing..."

Zara held her hand out signaling the bubble to stop bouncing, looking down at Clarissa with a stern expression. "It was you...?" She asked using a deceptively normal tone. The mage looked confused. "Wait... you mean... you didn't know?" She asked, knowing that she made a mistake. Without saying a word Zara walked to the other side of the living room and looked out of the window in deep thought. "So there was nothing wrong with my spell to begin with... All this time I've been trying to fix what was never broken..." Placing her hands on the windowsill, Zara started to laugh. Clarissa gulped nervously, as the witches laughter became hysterical.

"I had you brought here because I thought you could help me fix my medicine. I never thought you'd be the kind of person to vandalize it to boost your own ego..." she said with a hint of anger in her tone. "No! I just... wanted to take a crack at it myself so I could present it to the church! I've been practicing it for weeks now!" Zara stomped back in front of Clarissa and glared down at her. "So you sabotaged ME so you could make a half baked replica, and take the credit for MY work?" she growled. Clarissa shook her head "NO! It's... It HAD to be me! There's no way to church would accept your work anyway, you're a witch! AND a Demi-Human! If you presented them with the medicine they'd turn it away!"

Zara became silent, unable to come up with a response. She was right, the church absolutely hated witches. Since witchcraft revolves around making medicine and integrating science with magic, it's considered highly blasphemous by Catholics. And since Demi-Humans aren't mentioned in the story of Adam and Eve, they were considered inferior to humans. "Y-you see! I'm doing this for the sake of YOUR spell! You should thank me for this..." Clarissa said nervously. "Thank you?" Zara growled,

her eyes turned bright orange as her pupils stretched vertically like that of an angry dragon. "For sabotaging my work, delaying it for months, and trying to take the credit for yourself? Should I thank you for being a selfish brat?" She sneered with small puffs of smoke steaming from her nostrils. Clarissa shivered, as Zara's more dragon-like features absolutely terrified her.

"NO! I'm... trying to... refurbish your medicine without using your satanic practices!" Clarissa blurted. Baffled, Zara paused, her eyes still piercing orange with anger. "Satanic? What are you talking about?" Zara asked impatiently. "Witchcraft has always revolved around improving lives with medicine and-" Zara was once again interrupted before she could finish. "Witches are heretics!!!" Clarissa interrupted angrily. Zara gasped in shock, so offended that she couldn't even respond. "Your work defies the will of our God! I had to destroy your medicine to save the world from its evil!" The emotion slowly drained from Clarissa's face, knowing that she had made a terrible slip-up.

Zara sighed calmly rubbed her eyes, turning them back to normal as he looked down Clarissa with a disappointed face. "I thought you were better than this... I really did..." she said sincerely. With a serious look, Zara pointed at the bubble with a commanding pose. "Rub-ber!" She called to her familiar. The bubble suddenly tensed up, involuntarily squeezing a soft moan out of its prisoner. "Take her outside and bounce her around the fields some more! Play with her for as long as you like!" Zara commanded.

Completely overjoyed, the bubble began to bounce up and down even faster than before. "Wait! Ohhh..." Clarissa pleaded as she was once again forced to endure the bubble's blissful torture. Zara walked over to the door and opened it, allowing the bubble to hop it's way outside. "Zara, please stop! I'll do ANYTHING!" Zara ignored her pleas and closed the door behind them. Finding herself in another endless cycle of intimate squeezing, Clarisa moaned helplessly, overwhelmed with tight rubbery hugs.

"Please! I'm Sorry! I'll do whatever you want!!! PLEASE JUST STOP THE BOUNCING!!!" Clarissa pleaded with tears flowing from her eyes. Before she could say anything else the bubble covered her mouth with its membrane once again, silencing her cries into muffled whimpers. Powerless, she continued to endure the endless squeezing. As time went on, the surrounding membrane got tighter and tighter around her body. It felt like the bubble was trying to squish her, but it felt surprisingly great. As her thoughts turned to mush, she began to think how this all could've been avoided if she had never sabotaged Zara out of spite...

Back in the house, Zara was sitting next to her cooking pot in deep thought. She still couldn't believe it, the talented mage she looked up to for years turned out to be a spiteful greedy person. "I thought we all had the same goals... we use magic to help others... how is witchcraft any different?" she mumbled silently. After taking a few minutes to calm down he stood back up and took a deep breath. "There's nothing

wrong with my work, there was nothing wrong with it to begin with!" she huffed as she took off her gloves and threw them across the room. "Time to start from square one!" She shouted enthusiastically.

Hours passed as she toiled away remaking her medicine. It didn't take long for the room become messy again, as books and empty vials were scattered all over the floor and couch. It was so hectic she accidentally spilled some of the ingredients on the floor. Eventually Zara threw off her fancy dress and hastily put on her pajamas, though they were messy before long. It was incredibly hard and tedious. But it all felt nostalgic, remembering how excited she was when she first started working on it.

Finally, the sun was setting behind the beautiful mountaintops after an entire day of hard work, and Zara was fast asleep on her filthy cluttered couch. Slowly waking up with a long satisfied yawn, she noticed the strange herbal sent filling the room. "Good morning," said a sarcastic voice. It was Mr. Hollow he was curled up on her lap, probably waiting for her to wake up. "I see you've had a busy day, and it looks like you finally got some sleep." He yawned. "So what did I miss?" Mr. Hollow rubbed his eyes still looking drowsy. Zara giggled and scooped him up in her hands as she walked over to the cooking pot.

To her delight, the potion was ready and perfectly cooked. The brew had a bright orange hue like tomato soup, and was gently steaming like a delectable meal. "Looks like you did it." Mr. Hollow said. Zara just stared at the soup in awe, she couldn't believe that it was finally finished. "Well, we'll see..." She scooped up a sample of the medicine with her spoon. "If it doesn't kill me, that's how I know it'll work." Zara quickly took swig of the soup, swallowing it without hesitation. Mr. Hollow panicked as he realized it was too late for him to stop her. Zara could always be a bit clumsy but this was way over the line. A look of disgust spread across her face, and Mr. Hollow feared the worst. "ugh..." Zara gagged. "It tastes gross, just as medicine should." she giggled with a massive smile on her face. Suddenly the bags under Zaras eyes disappeared, it was as if the soup had erased her fatigue. Mr. Hollow sighed with relief. "What am I going to do with you?"

Just then, they heard a loud squeaking noise coming from the front door. Zara smiled with delight "Mr. Hollow, there's someone that I would like you to meet." She placed Mr. Hollow on her shoulder, walked over to the door and opened it. And of course, it was the pink bubble, bouncing up and down like an excited puppy.

Kneeling down she petted the bubble. "Did you give Clarissa a nice walk?" She asked in a sweet voice. The bubble bobbed up-and-down as if to nod. Mr. Hollow had no idea what to say. "What did I miss? What is that thing?" He shuttered. Zara giggled as she turned her head to Mr. Hollow, "This is a BALLOON familiar, basically it's a big squeaky bubble." she giggled. Though confused, Mr. Hollow was impressed. "Did you make this thing overnight?" he asked.

Then all of a sudden the bubble spit something out onto the hard wood floor. Zara gasped, it was a white frilly nightgown that was drenched in sweat, there's only one person it could have belonged to. "YOU DIDN'T EAT HER DID YOU?" Zara asked in an alarmed tone. The bubble shook back and forth, denying the accusation. The room went silent for a few moments "So... is she just naked somewhere in the mountain fields?" Zara asked. Bubble bobbed up as a response. Suddenly Zara burst out laughing uncontrollably, so much so that she had to sit down. Mr. Hollow just clung to her shoulder completely confused. "Seriously, what did I miss?"

Later on, Zara began sharing her new medicine with other witches and doctors, and word quickly spread about her amazing new formula. Within weeks, she became a prodigy; heroes, nobles and even kings from other countries sought her out for her skills. She even shared her spell for creating balloons familiars, which were often kept as pets or used for menial tasks, like deliveries and housework. Though the church continued to condemn her, Zara's magic had brought a revolutionary age of medicine to the world. Since dragons had a lifespan of centuries, Zara would continue developing medicine for a long time. She would become one of the most famous figures in history.

Clarissa, on the other hand, became a shut in. She had developed a fear of balloon familiars, which could be seen almost everywhere now. Though it's possible that she is still secretly trapped within Zara's balloon familiar, locked away in a world of endless ecstasy.

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