

## ***Collateral Damage Detention***

Sequoia Spindlewheel's heels clacked against the wooden boards of the floor as she strolled up and down the length of her classroom, tapping her wand against her palm in time with her steps. "So," she said, "I'll ask you all one final time: Is anyone going to own up and tell me what they did to Persimmony?"

Before her, thirty pairs of eyes cringed and turned away guiltily. Correction, twenty-nine. No. 30's chair was emphatically unoccupied. She sighed. You leave a bunch of young witches alone for *five* minutes...

Ms. Spindlewheel's own eyes passed over each student in turn, hovering over those who looked particularly guilty, which was most of them. To her annoyance, none broke. "Very well," she said at last, "since no one has the courage to stand up and explain what they've done with Miss Pincushion, I suppose I'm going to have to keep you *all* here. Yes, that's right—it's detention for *all* of you."

Her students erupted into a chorus of complaints. "Oh, but miss!" "Miss, you can't do this!" "Miiiiiss!" "Fuck this..."

At the head of the choir was one Camille Candlelight. "Oh, but miss!" she cried, almost knocking over her inkpot as she leapt to her feet. "I was going to do some extra studying..."

Some of the other students snickered.

Spindlewheel herself resisted the urge to roll her eyes. If *anyone* here was innocent, it was probably teacher's pet Camille Candlelight. Not that she could make an exception. "Camille, sit down!"

"But—"

"No buts!"

Camille looked like she might cry as she plopped her butt back in her seat.

Ignoring this, Spindlewheel flicked a glance at the clock. "Now, as it's quarter past three, we *would* have five more minutes of remaining lesson time. Since no one is owning up, however, we'll continue to run until quarter past four."

The second chorus of groans was even louder than the first.

"Quiet!" snapped Spindlewheel. "Take out your spellbooks. I want to see you all spending the next hour studying!"

Her students sang a third and final song of complaint, but it was quieter than the first two and, more importantly, came with the rustle of paper as they flipped open their spellbooks.

Satisfied, Spindlewheel slipped into her chair. *Goddess*, she thought, reaching for a covert bottle of brandy, *I hate hosting detention.*

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In her own chair, Camille Candlelight shuffled uncomfortably. Oh dear. Oh dear, this was terrible. She hadn't meant to do anything wrong, but oh, it had all gotten out of control so fast. What was she supposed to do?!

*Stop squirming, you fat slut!* came a familiar voice in her head.

Camille almost jumped out of her chair. *St-stop yelling at me!* she thought back. *You're going to get me punished!*

*Good!* replied Persimmony Pincushion, her mental voice dripping with acid. *I hope Ms. Spindlewheel zaps you into a bogroll, you fat piece of shit!*

Camille clenched her fist. *Oh yes, I'm sure you do! You realize that any spell she aims at me will catch you too, don't you?*

*You think I don't fucking know that? I'd rather be a bogroll than wrapped around your fat ass, you cow!*

Enough was enough. Careful not to attract attention, Camille lifted her butt up and dropped it back into her chair again, wiggling it into place with as much enthusiasm as she dared. Persimmony's complaints became an incoherent series of moans as Camille crushed her flimsy fabric form into the chair.

*There,* thought Camille. *Happy? Keep your mouth shut or I'll do that again!*

*F-fuck you, bitch!* came Persimmony's belated reply. *I should never have let you cast the first spell! Next duel, I'm going to turn you into a cockroach!*

Camille mentally snorted. *Yes, well, you didn't. Now sit still and let me study! Maybe I'll turn you back once this is over.*

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*Fuck that,* thought Persimmony, taking care not to let Camille hear her. If the fat cow thought she was going to just sit here, she had another thing coming.

With what willpower she had, Persimmony went through the options available to her. She wasn't fully inanimate thankfully, which meant she had quite a few for a simple pair of panties. She could think-talk for one, and she could move a little for two. But the real question was whether she could cast some kind of reversal spell without either her grimoire or her wand or her ability to talk. Failing that, she at least wanted to cast a curse on Candelights—even if it did catch them both, it'd be more than worth the cost.

Closing her eyes—mentally if not literally, since she didn't have her real ones at the moment—Persimmony tried to focus. If she thought hard enough, she could just about picture her spellbook. Which page was the inanimacy reversal charm on? Right, right, page 394. Mentally, she turned to it. Sure enough, she could picture the exact page and all the spells it listed.

Unfortunately, that was the limit of her memory. She might remember the spells, but she couldn't remember which was which.

Well, there was nothing to do but try one. Worst-case scenario, Camille would end up as a stupid object too.

Furrowing her non-existent brow in concentration, Persimmony picked out the first incantation that came to her head and focused all her willpower and energy into it. *Pupa!* she thought. *Pupa! Pupa!* With each repetition, the magic in her grew stronger. She could feel the pressure building, building up to burst. All she had to do was say it one more time and—

—The world shook as Camille shuffled in her seat, slamming her fat asscheeks into her panties' flattened face. The fabricized witch cried out in her head...

...and the spell she'd been weaving went flying out of control.

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With a frown, Camille chewed on the end of her quill. Was it *Levi-oh-SAH* or *Levi-oh-SAR*? She sighed—she should *know* this. Urgh, she was going to have to make a whole new set of flashcar—

From beside her came a crack of thunder and a flash of magical lightning. With a gasp of surprise, Camille whirled around...

...just in time to see the student behind her, one Blaise Bickering, shriek as she started to shrink.

Leaping to her feet, the redhead cried out and flailed as her skin hardened and turned glossy. With every second that passed, she looked a little smaller, her limbs skinnier, her joints more spherical. As Camille watched in shock, the girl's cry died out, and her facial expression twisted into an exaggerated smile and froze.

With a clack, she struck her chair, no longer a living student but a simple plastic doll, like the kind little muggalo girls liked to play with.

Camille could only stare. It had shockingly big breasts.

"Alright," said Ms. Spindlewheel, leaping to her feet and slamming her hand against her desk. "Who did that?"

*Who did what?* said Persimmony. Camille ignored her.

Looking around, she searched for some obvious sign of guilt from one of the other students, but everyone around her seemed as confused as she was.

Even Spindlewheel must have realized this because her expression slowly softened. “Hmmpf,” she said, lowering her wand. “I suppose Miss. Bickering must have miscast a spell, then? Is that what you all want me to believe?” She looked around, daring someone to agree so she could jump on them. No one did.

At last, the teacher huffed. “Very well,” she said. “But I’ll be keeping my eyes open. At the first sign of any troublemaking...” She let her threat go unspoken.

Camille gulped and turned her eyes back to her book.

*Hey!* came Persimmony’s voice, shrill and insistent. *I asked you what’s happening out there, cowtits!*

Camille scowled. *Shut up and stop bothering me!* she thought, rubbing her ass into the chair.

With a cry of pained delight, Persimmony moaned and went silent.

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As her trapped mind ascended from the torturous ecstasy of being squished beneath a fat witch’s ass, Persimmony took a deep mental breath. A part of her wanted to scream, but she knew that Candletits would just take the chance to punish her more.

Grumbling, she turned her mind back to her magic instead. *Come on*, she thought, visualising her spellbook. All she had to do was get off one measly reversal charm.

Picturing the book in her head, she flipped its pages back to 394 and scrolled down the list of incantations again. *Pupa* had failed due to Camille’s interruption, but now that she thought about it, she had a feeling it was the wrong incantation anyway. *Come on, come on, think! Which one of these will turn me back?*

Another spell jumped to mind. This one was called *Lavare*, which seemed like a good name for a reversal charm. If she remembered right, it was something to do with washing. Washing away curses, hopefully.

Focusing on the word, she repeated it in her head, once, twice, then a third time in sequence. Over and over, she intoned it, channeling her energy into the word till it practically glowed with the suffusion of her will. All she had to do now was say it again, one final time, as the trigger.

*Lavar—!*

Two pairs of sharp-tipped fingers pinched her straps and tugged her upward, pulling Persimmony's face tight into Camille's acrid crack. She cried in disgust, and her spell, half-formed, went flying out into the world.

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*Urgh*, thought Camille, as she flipped to the next page. She could feel Persimmony shuffling beneath her ass, and the distraction was driving her insane. Had the idiot hellion really not learnt to behave yet? No? Then Camille would have to teach her.

Grabbing Persimmony's straps, Camille gave her a sharp tug. This was a little uncomfortable for her too, but—

From nearby came another crack and flash, followed shortly by a scream. Dropping her panties' straps, Camille whipped her head around just in time to see the student to her right, Clinton Clockwork, leap to his feet. As he stood there and squealed, his clothes vanished in a rush of arcane flame. Beneath them, his skin was shockingly white and growing whiter with the second.

As Camille watched, blinking in disbelief, Clinton dropped to his knees and placed his hands on the floor, where his limbs turned silver and fused with the wooden boards. Raising his head to the sky, he opened wide and wide and wider, till his open mouth was large as a chair seat. Beneath it, his lower jaw continued to grow, widening and deepening and paling till it formed a large white bowl. Above it, on the other hand, his upper jaw stretched and flattened into a large white lid, while the rest of his head bulked up into a cuboid.

A few seconds later, there was nothing behind his desk but a simple porcelain toilet.

At the front of the class, Spindlewheel leaped to her feet, cursing. "Walpurga's *tits!* Who did that?" Whipping around her wand, she aimed it from one student to another. "If someone doesn't own up right away..." The tip of her wand crackled with spell-light. Nonetheless, no one answered.

A scowl on her face, Spindlewheel strode between the desks, aiming a beam of magical light at every student she passed. Boys and girls alike cringed as it passed over them.

As Spindlewheel neared her, Camille shivered in her seat. She hadn't zapped Clinton, she was certain of that, but she was plenty guilty for other reasons. What if Spindlewheel sensed that?

Magical light struck Camille in the face. She flinched and looked away, certain Ms. Spindlewheel was seconds from zapping her—

Behind her, someone cried out in fear.

Camille heard the sound of a chair scraping wood and turned just in time to see Sierra Skylark leap to her feet and run in a panic for the door. She got all of two meters before a bolt of magical lightning struck her in the back.

Turning back to Spindlewheel, Camille watched her lower her steaming wand.

Sierra, meanwhile, was squealing as she shrank, body writhing with arcs of magic lightning. As the rest of the class watched in stunned silence, the unfortunate girl sprouted a pair of big round ears and a layer of white fur. As an array of fine whiskers grew from her nose, she shrieked again and clasped at her face.

A second later, she vanished inside her clothes, which crumpled into a sad little pile on the floor.

Striding over, Spindlewheel rummaged among them and extracted a little white mouse by the tail. Holding it to her face, she gave it a frown. "I'm going to save *you* for my potions students." And with a tap of her wand, the mouse vanished.

"There," said Spindlewheel, turning back to the rest of them. "Now, perhaps we can continue this session in peace." And with that, she turned and retreated to her desk, heels clacking against the floorboards.

Camille, still quaking, gulped.

*Urgh!* came Persimmony's voice, accompanied by the sound of spitting. *Urgh, urgh! What is this—? Oh my fucking Goddess, did you piss yourself?!*

Camille went red. *Sh-shut up!* she snapped, slamming her legs together. Persimmony continued to spit and moan.

Doing what she could to ignore her panties' protests, Camille flicked a glance at the clock. Quarter to four. She bit her lip. Had they really only been here that long?

Heart pounding, she turned her eyes back to her spellbook. How was she ever going to get through this?

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No matter how hard she tried, Persimmony couldn't get the bitter, salty taste of urine out of her mouth. It took her a moment to realize why: it wasn't just on her tongue, it had actually soaked into her. She was going to be tasting the stuff until Camille either turned her back or threw her in the washer. It made her want to throw up.

Was Candelitis just doing this to torture her? Or was she actually that much of a baby that she pissed her pants in class? Persimmony wasn't sure which possibility was worse.

Driving the question out of her mind, she forced herself to ignore the taste of Camille's piss and focus her spite on something productive instead. *Lavare* clearly wasn't the right spell, so she needed another one.

Thinking about it, was she even on the right page? Was it 394? Had she misremembered? Shit, maybe the spell was on a completely different one. She tried to think of other pages with reversal spells on, but it only made her head hurt.

After a few seconds of thought, she settled on a little charm called *Peniculus*. Now *there* was a spell which she could really get her lips around. (If she remembered right, it was something like a brush. You used it to wipe away things.)

So, closing her mental eyes, she read the word in her head and focused, playing it over and over till it was the only thing she could think of. With each repetition, the word grew a little brighter in her mind, until—

Two sharp fingers grabbed her rim and tugged her sharply upward, wedging her face even deeper into Camille's awful crack. Persimmony cried out in disgust, and off her spell went, pinged out of her mind and into the world at random.

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Camille's eye twitched. She was *trying* to focus on her work, to keep her head down and maintain a low profile. Normally, this wouldn't cause her any trouble in the slightest: keeping her head down and working were two things she was great at.

The problem, the *real* problem, was that her panties just wouldn't stop shuffling. Not only was she red-faced with embarrassment at having wet herself, but the stupid things wouldn't let her forget it.

Soon enough, she was on the verge of breaking her quill. *That's it*, she thought. *If you won't settle down, I'll make you!*

Slipping a hand inside her skirt, she grabbed Persimmony's fabric and gave her what she hoped was a painfully sharp tug upward.

There was a tremendous crack, a flash of light, and to Camille's left, Fanny Fiddlesticks screamed as her body started to glow.

As Camille watched in horror, Fanny's throat bulged like a frog's. Hacking and scrabbling at her neck, she coughed up a big glob of something thick and white.

Trying and failing to cry for help, Fanny continued to flail as her neck grew wider and wider. Veins appeared along its length, bulging and thick. Soon it was almost indistinguishable from her head.

Farther down, Fanny's arms went limp and vanished within her sleeves, while her buttons pinged free as her breasts tore through her shirt. With every second that passed, they grew a little larger, veins pulsing across them like those on her neck. Strangely, they were also getting wrinklier and hairier.

Fanny's head, in contrast, was losing its blonde locks. Still coughing up white stuff, she looked up in panic as her beautiful curls retracted into her dome, which proceeded to pulse and expand into something like a mushroom cap.

The schoolgirl's eyes rolled back in their sockets. Still vomiting clumps of glue, Fanny slumped in her chair.

Camille could only stare as her fellow student's face faded, and another glob of white stuff spurted out of the former girl's head. It took her several moments to realize what she was looking at. She'd never seen one in person, but—

It was a cock. Where Fanny Fiddlesticks had been sitting was a cock, a giant, veiny cock. Which meant the white stuff spurting from its top was...

*Ewww!* Camille recoiled in disgust.

As the last sparks of magic died away, Camille's heart started to pound for an entirely different reason. Realization slithered in her mind with insidious slowness. She looked back over her shoulder, releasing her panties with a snap. *Was—was it Persimmony doing this? Oh, oh Goddess, please don't let Ms. Spindlewheel noti—*

"For fuck's sake!" Spindlewheel jumped to her feet with a roar of annoyance. "That's it! I've had enough of this ridiculous game!" Rounding her desk, she advanced on the class with a furious snarl, wand held out and glowing. "We're solving the mystery *now*, even if I have to zap everyone here!"

Camille barely kept herself from whimpering.

Striding forward, she came to a stop at the closest desk. "You!" She aimed her wand at Riley Rook. "Stand up straight!"

Riley leaped to his feet, and Spindlewheel waved her wand over him. After a second or two, the tip of her wand glowed green. "You're good. Sit down."

As Spindlewheel moved to the next nearest desk, Camille's heart sank in her chest. She knew a detection charm when she saw one. Spindlewheel must be scanning to see if they'd cast anything. Which meant...

Sweat dripped from Camille's brow. She gulped.

Beneath her ass, Persimmony continued to writhe. *Hey! Hey! What's all the shouting about? What's going on?*

If Persimmony had still been human, Camille would have rounded on her. *What's going on?! What do you mean 'what's going on'?! Have you been casting spells on people?*

There was a pause before Persimmony responded. *On people? What do you mean by 'on people'? I've been trying to cast spells, but not on... Oh. Fuck.*



Camille wished she could throttle her. *Ms. Spindlewheel is going from desk to desk in search of the culprit, and when she reaches us, she's going to think it was me, and then she's going to zap both of us into a lawn ornament!*

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! Can't you do something?!*

*What am I supposed to do?!*

*You could start by turning me back!*

Camille bit her lip. *If-if I turn you back, will you take the blame?*

*NO! Fuck that!*

Camille screwed up her eyes, wanting to burst into tears. *Fine, screw you then! You can stay exactly where you are! And I hope that when Spindlewheel zaps us into a gnome, you become the stupid thing's p-penis!*

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*Fuck you, Candletits!* thought Persimmony. *Like I'm gonna stick around to end up as gnome cock. I'm getting out of here.*

Wracking her brain, she picked out the strongest restoration spell she knew and started to chant it. *Reparo excrementum. Reparo excrementum. Reparo...* It was a big, blunt hammer of a spell with a massive chance of misfiring, but in circumstances like these, she'd take what she could get.

For almost a full minute, she repeated the chant in her mind, letting the spell pick up power and intensity. *Reparo excrementum. Reparo excrementum. Reparo-*

Just as she was about to cast it, however, she heard Camille utter a feeble 'oh no', and an awful, acrid flavor, worse than anything she'd ever imagined she'd ever tasted, filled her mouth. *Oh Goddess,* she thought. *Please don't tell me she-*

The spell in her mind went off—not with a bang but with a wet, flatulent blart.

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With a final, ominous click, Ms. Spindlewheel came to a stop before the desk of Camille Candlelight. Her star pupil quaked in her seat, sweat running down her cheeks.

Spindlewheel raised an eyebrow. She couldn't imagine that Camille was the culprit, but she certainly looked guilty enough.

"Hold still, Camille," she said, raising her wand, "this will only take a moment."

Camille whimpered.

The tip of her wand glowing, Spindlewheel leaned in close—

—and stopped, sniffing the air. Urgh, why could she smell sh...?

A thunderous crack split the air. With a squeal, Camille vanished amid a flash of magical lighting and a burst of magical smoke.

Sweeping away the latter, Spindlewheel heard a scream and found Camille staring at her arm in shock, waving it about and squealing as a wave of brown spread from her fingertips to her elbow.

A blast of fetid air like an unflushed toilet struck Spindlewheel's nostrils. Pinching her nose with a moan of disgust, she backed off to watch Camille's change from a distance.

Screaming and flailing, Camille cried out in horror. "What have you done?! What have you *done*?! Miss! Miss! Miss, help me! Help—mmphrgugh!" Before she could finish, Camille's lips turned brown and melted into one another. Above, her eyes widened in shock—a second later, the brown washed over them as well.

In a matter of seconds, the awful color spread all over Camille's form, coating every inch of her skin, fusing her clothes to her flesh, and leaving not a spot of either uncovered.

She sat there in her seat for a second like a statue of melting chocolate, and then, just like that, she started to crumple. Spindlewheel and her remaining students watched as the girl's head sank into her neck and her breasts slid down her chest to land with a splat in her lap. In seconds, she was unrecognizable.

As a dollop of former arm hit the floor with a *plop*, Spindlewheel sighed and shook her head sadly. "I don't get paid enough to deal with this shit."