

# Goth Mommy Madness

"Celine! The tea is finally ready sweetie!" Abigail called out from the kitchen. The mousy brunette had been looking forward to this for so long. At long last even if just for a night, she could have a break from playing domme with her girlfriend.

The couple had been dating for almost two years now and their relationship was practically perfect for the most part. However, the biggest issue between them was that they were both hopelessly submissive.

Of the two, it was Abigail who had the most experience and confidence to both top and dominate her girlfriend in bed. Celine on the other hand would freeze up any time the taller girl held any ounce of authority. Leaving their dynamic extremely lopsided and it had been wearing heavily on Abigail ever since they identified the issue.

"Yeah! I'm coming! Sorry, I wanted to make sure I did the makeup right." Celine replied from somewhere else in the house, eventually bouncing their way into the kitchen. The brunette stopped in her tracks when she saw her partner wearing a witch costume made from sheer silky fabric and left little to the imagination. "Wow... You look incredible, Mistress."

Abigail raised a brow at Celine before chuckling to herself. Abby had no real celestial talent, so she never really had a reason to practice magic unlike her siblings. Instead, she simply lived her life like any other normal person; not even Celine was aware that their girlfriend was a real Witch. In fact, her outfit wasn't even a costume but a hand-me-down from her grandmother. Supposedly it helped to channel arcane energies.

But most importantly, it was Halloween, the one night a year that her family's magic was at its peak. Abigail had practiced in secret for weeks all for this moment. "Says the hot goth babe," Abby chuckled as she drank in the sight of her somewhat shorter girlfriend's Halloween costume. Celine had put on some black lipstick and eyeliner, something completely opposite to her usual color palette. On top of the tight black rubber shorts and body length fishnets that made Abigail swoon. The x-shaped tape over Celine's nipples were the best part, even on their relatively flat chest.

"Are you sure I shouldn't be the one on my knees? I didn't expect you to go all out like this tonight," Abby teased halfheartedly, even though it's truly what she wanted more than anything.

"O-oh I um.." Celine's hands immediately shot to her reddening face, trying to hide from her own embarrassment. Clearly uncomfortable with even attempting to entertain the idea. "I just thought you'd like this... I d-didn't thi-"

"Sweetie, I'm just poking fun. You look stunning. Thank you for putting in so much work for my sake. I appreciate it, I mean that." Abby relented, knowing full well that pushing the poor girl would only shut her down further. At least...

"Here, try my specialty witches brew. I made it just for you sweetie." Abigail said warmly as she handed her girlfriend a cup of the mysterious potion. The drink had been imbued with dominant energies, as well as being steeped in a unique tea she had mysteriously come across on her way home from work one day. Void lily tea it was called; the peddler who sold it to her mentioned the tea had certain properties that defied typical magical convention. As an actual Witch, Abigail was able to tell they weren't bluffing either. Even with her weak abilities she could easily feel a powerful energy radiating from the box. Although, the sensations were oddly alien compared to any forms of magic she had learned about growing up.

"Right now? But what about-"

"Just try it. I've worked my ass off to make it just right. I'm honestly rather excited," Abby hummed with delight as she watched her girlfriend take the cup from her hands.

Cautious of the heat, Celine slowly lifted the porcelain to her lips and took a sip. Then another, and another. It wasn't long before the entire cup was entirely devoid of its contents. If the drink had been scalding hot, Celine made absolutely no hint of any pain. "Wow, that was... Can I have some more?"

"Oh yeah, sure thing sweetie. Let me just grab some ice from the cooler." Abigail said, rushing past Celine, heading towards the basement where they kept their ice.

It was a little concerning to Abigail just how quickly Celine had wolfed down the potion. Especially now that it occurred to her that she didn't know what a proper dosage would even be to begin with. Abigail had to be cautious, and make sure to properly temper the amount she let her girlfriend consume.

Coming up the stairs and veering toward the kitchen, Abigail abruptly halted in her tracks. Eyes widening like a deer in the headlights; the plastic tin of ice clattering to the floor.

Celine was bent over at a perfect right angle, her hands gripping the kitchen counter while she moaned loudly. Abigail was at a loss of words; Celine was growing... Everywhere.

The young witch stared at the scene in shocked silence as her girlfriend's body began *literally* glitching in front of her. A flickering cascade of colors layered on top of each other, blending and shifting wildly before suddenly vanishing all together. Abigail rubbed her eyes, hoping whatever she'd just witnessed was nothing more than a hallucination.

It wasn't.

Celine's arms, legs, and torso were visibly lengthening in real time. Physically pushing the formerly tiny girl backwards while her back naturally arched itself; feet gently sliding apart in order to accommodate her new dimensions. "Mmm that shit was good as fuck!" Celine gasped, raising her head to glare at her girlfriend with bedroom eyes that would have made a pornstar blush. Her face now peering through long strands of both jet-black and pure white hair which continued to slowly creep towards the floor. The remnants of brown pigment receded into her roots as the darker and lighter colors swallowed it up equally on either side of her head, leaving no trace Celine had ever been a brunette to begin with.

Abigail never heard her girlfriend cuss like that before and it was nearly as shocking as the transformation currently playing out before her.

Abby was about to say something when she noticed steam still rising from a large and mostly empty glass cup sitting on the counter. Finally dawning on her that Celine had most likely chugged even more of the potion while she went to get the ice.

"Holy fucking hell!" Celine screamed in rapturous pleasure while a loud ripping sound echoed through the house, followed by a series of pops. Celine's pants had literally burst off her body, unable to contain the pressure caused by her expanding ass cheeks. At the same time, the fishnets had become increasingly tight on her thighs, chest, and hips, digging into her flesh only to start snapping one by one.

Celine had always been shy about her rather small breasts, but now they were growing faster than rising dough alongside the rest of her. To Abby, they looked even softer; becoming more gelatinous for each new cup size they surpassed; going from baseballs to watermelons in seconds. Ultimately dooming the fishnets on her upper body to explode from the tension much like their lower counterparts. Leaving most of her outfit nothing more than tatters on the kitchen floor.

Celine panted heavily, slowly collecting herself after the seemingly exhausting orgasmic ordeal. Sweat ran down her now vaguely lighter skin, glistening with a radiant glow that made Abigail's heart skip a beat.

When her girlfriend effortlessly rose upright and turned to face the petrified witch, Abby finally took in the full scope of the transformation. Celine still had the same face, the same eyes, and even the same familiar mole on her right breast, of course despite the fact that her boobs had grown larger by several magnitudes.

"See something you like?" Celine purred with a deep, husky, breathy voice that sent shivers down Abigail's spine. She flashed a devilish grin, drawing closer to the now much smaller girl.

Abigail herself still couldn't find the courage to move. She was shocked, flustered, nervous, and worst of all.. Undeniably wet.

Celine towered above the witch by nearly a foot and a half (45cm), with both women tilting their heads in order to maintain eye contact as she approached. Even despite Celine keeping a modest gap between them, ensuring each other's view remained unobstructed by her generous bust.

Meanwhile the scraps of clothing left ignored on the kitchen floor glitched momentarily, then dissolved into digital fragments. A half second later, the outfit began to seamlessly reconstruct itself out of thin air onto her new form; shimmering cascades of colors magically weaving the fabric back together, tailored perfectly to her altered appearance. The still intact nipple tape disintegrated, leaving behind two stylized piercings made to look like fangs. Celine's makeup also shifted somewhat, becoming much cleaner and bolder as if applied by a professional. Most notably, her eyes changed color from light brown to a haunting, almost glowing crimson red. All without the slightest hint of acknowledgement from Celine herself.

Abigail's mind was in a frenzy trying to make sense of the situation. The spell she cast on the tea was rather simple; it shouldn't have done much more than make her partner feel more comfortable with being dominant. Not turn her into a 30 something dominatrix. The glitching wasn't normal either; she could feel it in her bones, and it was *not* magic. Abigail had made a terrible mistake and she needed to fix it before things got any worse.

"S-sorry I need to do something important.." Abigail muttered, managing to tear herself away from gawking at her girlfriend's new form and rush into the kitchen. Relieved to find barely enough tea for one more cup still in the pot. Immediately preparing a counter spell, not caring if Celine saw her. This was far more important than sorcerer secrecy. "Anything done with magic can be undone with magic," she reassured herself. At least that's what her grandmother had always said.

Betting on the potion to be temporary at this point was way too risky, there were too many unknowns.

Abigail put all of her focus on casting and began to chant a series of unintelligible words, entering a trance-like state as the magic coursed through her veins. Leaving the girl entirely unaware of the vixen creeping up behind her while whispering the spell in unison.

"I'm glad I saved you some sweetie, though I didn't know *this* was going to be your surprise! I've been waiting for you to finally give in to me for so long baby," Celine cooed after the spell had finished, nearly causing Abigail to jump out of her skin but she couldn't move given the giantess pressing her against the counter. "I could have easily done it myself if you had just asked me dear, we both know my magic is much more potent."

Celine chuckled and grabbed the porcelain cup with one hand and Abigail's chin with the other. "Though I will admit that it's pretty fucking hot that you would make your own potion of submission."

"How fucking pathetic can you get babygirl?" Celine's sultry voice oozed its way into the smaller woman's ear, dripping delicious venom with every syllable.

Abigail pushed the heat between her legs aside, struggling to free herself but to no avail. "Celine?! This isn't for me! A-and you're not a Witch!" She panicked.

But before even saying a word, Celine had the cup pressed tightly against Abby's lips. "Oh? You think I'm not a fucking witch? You know better than anyone just how good at magic I am. And we both know you wanted this, to be weak and subby for me." She growled.

Abigail couldn't let herself end up like Celine, and still something inside her lit up, reveling in the power exchange, blissfully indulging in exactly what her girlfriend had accused. A lapse of judgment was all it took.

Abby relaxed and opened her mouth without thinking. The very instant the liquid made contact with her tongue, she melted into ecstasy.

Her worries, thoughts... Everything.. It all just faded. Abigail's entire sense of existence was washed away. Leaving nothing else but the tea's sublime sour lemon-y flavor to fill the endless void left behind.

...Until the short eternity finally ended and she was ripped back to reality.

"Wait!" Abigail's eyes shot open but it had been far too late. Her head was swimming, clouded in a bright cyan fog that rippled with electricity inside her mind. All while Abigail's body shrunk a few inches and her hips widened to support her newly forming bubble butt. The girl's breasts expanded slowly in all directions like balloons for a few seconds. However, these sudden alterations stopped nearly as soon as they started. Leaving the witch's appearance predominantly the same, if not a bit shorter and slightly more voluptuous.

At least physically.

Mentally, Abigail was a mess. She wanted to go back in time to before fucking up the potion, before purchasing the tea. Clearly whatever energy she'd detected from it wasn't normal magic, and yet she made no extra effort to identify or test it. She was a fool. A pathetic, weak, helpless, horny, needy, fool.

Abby blushed hard as she remembered the heat boiling between her trembling legs. A feeling which quickly overshadowed the foreign voice inside her soul screaming to get her attention.

"Celi-"

"Bedroom, now." The older woman growled. Immediately causing Abby to quickly turn around and drop to her knees before her girlfriend instinctively.

"Y-yes Mommy." Abby choked out obediently though labored breaths. The power behind the urge to comply with her domme's orders was indescribable. She had never called anyone Mommy before, let alone Celine. Still, something about the word felt oddly comforting, even familiar. Abby giggled away any previous thoughts; purring with satisfaction as she began to carefully crawl her way out of the kitchen and up the stairs on all fours; unconsciously swaying her large ass seductively for the express purpose of pleasing her girlfriend.

Once out of sight from her partner, Abigail was inexplicably able to think clearly again. Though any attempts to stand were met with a dizzying shock of *wrongness*. She needed to explain to Celine what was going on so they could fix this mess before-..? Her resurfaced mental lucidity ended abruptly as the girl started to mindlessly hump one of the carpeted steps on her way to the upper floor momentarily, before snapping out of it and moving on.

Abby had to follow Mommy's orders.

The witch shivered as she crawled past an air vent, oblivious to the fact that she hadn't been nude when she left the kitchen barely half a minute ago. Her magic was so weak that her grandmother never handed down the enchanted outfit. Not bothering to waste such a useful gift on such a weak and naive young woman.

She did notice however, the black, purple, and red makeover to their-? Celine's room? The walls were covered in demonic inscriptions, pentagrams, glyphs, and a wide variety of aesthetically pleasing macabre posters. Occultic books and items lined the shelves, and they weren't cheap knockoffs either. It was almost as if Celine had been practicing magic for decades.

Climbing up onto the bed nervously, Abby flipped onto her back in order to present herself in the way she knew Celi-.. Mommy liked.

The tiny loser squeaked in horny anticipation when she heard powerful footsteps marching up the stairs. "Oh babygirl.. You've been wanting Mommy to fuck you stupid all day haven't you?" Celine teased in a low sultry tone as they entered the room.

"I.. Yes? I-" Abby tried to hold on to anything she could from her life before the changes with diminishing returns. "Yes Mommy! Please fuck my stupid little cunt!" Abby moaned loudly while gripping her thighs tightly, not allowed to touch herself without permission.

"Good girl." Celine's matte black lips curled into a smile before she cast a summoning spell. In the blink of an eye, the tall domme had an intimidatingly large strap-on securely attached to her waist. "I love just how easy you are babygirl, it's almost as if you were made for me."

A single desperate piece of Abby wanted to cry out to Celine, to tell her girlfriend that this was all just magic gone wrong, that the whole situation had been a huge mistake... But she couldn't. Not with those eyes looking down at her. Reminding the bitch where she stood in their dynamic. It wasn't her place to speak without Mommy's permission right now. Instead, she squealed and squirmed while Celine teased her drooling pussy lips with the enchanted sex toy.

The older woman leaned forward, dragging her long heavy pierced nipples across Abby's body while plunging the dildo as deep as it would go inside her partner. "Don't you love it when Mommy fucks the shit out of you?" She teased knowingly.

"Yes Mommy I love it! I love you!" Abby wailed, already thrusting herself in perfect time to match Celine's relentless pounding. The two interlocked in a feverous clash of dominance and submission.

"A shame you didn't inherit my abilities sweetie, you could have been a lot more than just your mother's fucktoy." Celine laughed, thrusting harder into her daughter's cunt with sinister glee.

"M-mother? I'm not y-... D-daughter?! No! No N- ah! F-fuck!" Abigail gasped, trying and failing to think while her mother- No! No no no, what the fuck?! Not her mother. Her mother wasn't Celine! Her Mom was.. Her Mom... S-she had siblings! T-tommy! And Evanes-... No that wasn't it, Abby only had... She was an only child right?

That didn't matter, she couldn't forget her birth mother! They were L-.... ?! They Were.. Her Mother was... She..

"Mom! I can't! I need to cum please!" Abby begged, unable to hold back any longer. Both hands clamped onto her mother's tits with a vice grip resulting in small white streams of liquid spilling through her fingers.

Celine was close as well, the defeated look on her daughter's face was more than enough to drive the middle-aged woman to the edge. "Cum for me you stupid fucking slut!" She yelled as they both reached their breaking points.

In that small brief moment, their eyes met and the two young women saw each other for the last time. "Abigail? Why am I?... I'm not your-"

Abigail pulled Celine down by her massive milky tits, right into a final kiss. Their bodies glitching wildly just as the pleasure inside them released.

"I love you Mom."

"I love you too, my darling daughter."