

Easy Bake Coven 2 - How Familiar

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by Angrboda

Finishing college had a lot of upsides. They could move the whole coven in together for one, which made it easier to worship Bastet in their particular way. Unfortunately, even though they now had privacy, they still had to work for a living. It was a lot harder to blow off a job than it was to skip a few classes, and coworkers were less understanding if you showed up late for the third day in the row, walking stiffly due to unspecified 'overexertion'.

Despite all that, there was a different kind of energy that came from making their own way in the working world. Katie had taken to it the best, moving swiftly from an internship to an organisational role at an events management firm. It helped that she looked the part, being tall and shapely enough to seem elegant, while at the same time having a sort of goofy bubbiness that quickly put people at ease. Rachael had also made a place for herself, albeit somewhere a little more relaxed. Her interests, grades and omnipresent jeans & t-shirt combos lent themselves naturally to her burgeoning career in programming, which also suited her temperament handily. She carried the routine she'd built up at college easily into her career, guzzling coffee in the morning and relaxing in full video game gremlin mode in the evening. It lacked the glamour of Katie's job, and the fact that she didn't have much face time with superiors meant she could already tell she was going to have to struggle to get promoted. For now though, that was outweighed by the benefit of barely having to talk with anyone in person, and the fact that no one minded when she excused herself from company events for, as she put it, "some weird nerd shit or whatever, don't worry about it."

By contrast, Tiffany had embraced her weird shit. She'd developed naturally from amateur college goth to professional e-girl, and as such was the only one of the trio working for herself from home. Despite lacking a commute or a discrete boss, her job was no less demanding than the others - she spent her time researching, filming and posting deep-dive videos on niche cultural movements from the depths of the internet. She had enough of a following to support herself, but it was hard to have the energy to really explore her *own* weirdness when she finally had a spare moment. And so, with all of them busy, distracted and habitually exhausted, things just sort of... receded.

The changes never left them entirely. They were still a coven, after all, and they found their own private ways to celebrate that. But even when they did find time to enjoy Bastet's gifts, they never quite went as hard as they used to. There was always a meeting the next day, or a deadline due, or *something* that meant they had to pull back instead of going all-out. So they held themselves back from their full, luxurious transformations, having quicker sessions that topped out at raised ears poking up through their hair, rather than gaining a full coat of fur and recognisably feline faces. They kept their cocks at least, which encouraged more than a few wild weekends between them, but over time even those became a little mundane. No matter

how unusual they'd been initially, over time getting an erection became just a thing their bodies could do, and somehow a little less than extraordinary.

In the end, it was Rachael who decided to do something about it. Towards the end of one October she instructed Katie to join her in taking a long weekend, and persuaded Tiffany to work a slight delay into her production schedule. They were going to cast a spell.

"It should be pretty straightforward", Rachael said, forcing a confidence into her voice that she didn't entirely feel. "We should be able to get this done in like, 20 minutes, tops."

Katie glanced at the spell book, using her height to peer easily over Rachael's shoulder. "It, uh, seems pretty complicated. You sure you can pronounce all those words?"

"I'm pretty sure we can pronounce all these words", Rachael answered. "We'll need to say it together, or..."

"Or what?", Katie asked.

Rachael shrugged. "Or it won't work. Why, what else do you think would happen? If you make a coding mistake the program just doesn't run. It's the same with magic."

There was a look shared between Katie and Tiffany, but neither of them quite wanted to break the momentum Rachael had built up with this plan. Eventually they reached a decision, and Katie clapped her hands brightly. "Okay, let's summon a familiar!"

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At first, it really did go well. They lit the incense, centered their breathing and held hands together in the middle of the room. Pretty soon all of them could feel the thrum of the old magic running through them, and it felt just like it used to. That lasted right up until the point where they needed to say the words. Idiosyncratic ancient dialects are hard to get your lips around, especially when you're distracted by your half-forgotten fangs growing in. It wasn't that any one of them specifically messed up, it was more that over time their collective stumbles became too much. After the eighth hesitantly mispronounced word they could all tell that things were getting dangerously off-kilter, and the feeling in the room had gone from 'deliberate, powerful magical ritual' to 'caught in the path of a whirlwind'.

Abandoning the script of the spell, Rachael pulled at the other girl's hands.

"We've got to put the energy somewhere", she yelled into the rising din. "Someone's going to have to volunteer to house it until we can figure out a way to safely release all this!"

She was speaking to everyone, but almost immediately she turned to Katie. It was just natural - Katie was the people-pleaser of the group, so much so that she almost always had her hand raised before volunteers were even asked for. But this time, she hesitated.

"There's an event!", she squeaked. "They want me to come in tomorrow after all, and I can't be-

Unexpectedly, Tiffany cut her off. "I'll do it."

"Huh?", Rachael and Katie responded in unison.

"It makes sense, right? I don't need to go anywhere outside the house, and if things get... weird, I can just tell my channel that I'm doing a special promotional video or something."

By the end of that sentence she was struggling just to be heard in the noise of the whirlwind around them. There wasn't any time to argue about it - if they waited any longer furniture was going to start flying. So, with one final back-and-forth nod for confirmation, Rachael swallowed, then closed her eyes and focussed. For a moment everything was still, like everything was taking a deep breath. Then there was a crack as the feedback whiplashed out, throwing the three of them in opposite directions.

As she fell to the ground, Rachael could see that the hand she'd been holding to Tiffany's was smoking, and a slowly fading hiss heralded whatever energy she'd channeled ebbing away.

"Tiffany?", she called as she picked herself up off the floor. "Tiffany, are you okay?"

On the opposite side of the room, Tiffany kicked an errant couch cushion from on top of her. "I'm... okay", she answered. "I think."

In truth she felt pretty weird, but that was to be expected. They'd had worse. They'd mostly stopped messing around with unknown spells back when trying to fly had led to spending two hours bumping against the ceiling before their personal gravity kicked back on. Compared to that, a tingling sensation in her arms and legs was nothing.

Tiffany looked herself over as she climbed back to her feet. On closer inspection, that tingling seemed to be connected to fur growth, as a thin coat of white fuzz was starting to peek up through her skin. It had started from her right hand, the one she'd been holding to Rachael, but the fur was gaining an inch every few seconds as it crept up towards her shoulder. So far, so standard. It had been a while since any of them had achieved as full a coat as this promised to be, but still, it wasn't exactly unmanageable.

Rather more concerning was the fate of her hand itself. Even when they'd gotten really into things in the past they'd still kept a decent amount of ability in their fingers - for as much as the paw pads and claws got in the way, they didn't actually stop them from holding things. This time though, it was different. Already her fingers had flattened outwards, settling into a paw so broad

and hefty that it was clearly impossible to use for anything complicated. She might as well have been wearing a mitten, except for the fact that she could still very clearly feel everything that she was touching with it, and the signals it sent were... complicated. Even just pressing it against her knee was enough to throw off her sense of balance, as though her body was poised to put more of her weight on that new limb. The distraction caused her to stumble a little, and then that sudden movement provoked something else. Her clothes seemed weirdly loose, the fabric brushing easily over her body as she moved.

Her paw flexed against the wall as she caught herself. It felt like there was a heat building in her chest. That also wasn't new, but somehow the trajectory felt different. She started panting heavily, her long tongue falling between her pointed teeth, but even as she did she struggled to get her head around it. It didn't... it didn't normally go like this. Wasn't there normally a much more direct route to let this out?

The question finally clicked into place, and she hurriedly buried her paw into the waist of her jeans. Of *course* it had hit her right hand first, although the distant tingle crossing over her shoulders told her she probably didn't have much time left to use her other hand either. Screwing up her eyes in concentration she forced herself to take a moment, flicking open the button with her diminishing thumb and yanking the zipper down. She pulled her top up at the same time, giving herself as clear a window as she could to see what was going on.

Her cock was gone. Her pussy was still there at least, but the cock that she'd gotten so used to was completely absent.

It was weird. When it had first arrived it had felt so unusual and distracting, but now having it suddenly missing was equally unsettling. She pointed with one hand down at her crotch, glaring across the room angrily. "Explain this!", she yelled.

By now Rachael was bent over the spell book, thumbing through to the heavily-bookmarked 'Counterspells' section. Tiffany's tone was enough to make Rachael look up, and her eyes flicked down quickly to take in the problem.

"Ah", she said simply. "I was afraid of that."

Tiffany's eyes bulged. "I wasn't! I wasn't aware this was an option!"

"Well, it's just, we were summoning a familiar, right? A little creature to hang around and help out?" Rachael waved one hand absently in the air as she spun out her explanation, but after she saw the wave of fur finish sweeping over Tiffany's left arm and leave her with two inarticulate paws, she toned down her gestures to avoid provoking her further.

"So yeah", Rachael continued, "I thought it'd be weird if the little guy had a big dong flopping around the place the whole time, so I specified to not, uh, have that. I guess that sort of... carried through."

The outraged expression Tiffany was making was somewhat undermined by her face pushing outwards into a cute feline muzzle. "What?!"

"It's reversible!", Rachael spluttered. "Everything's always reversible with time and effort! We just have to figure it out."

Tiffany barely registered her defence. "What am I supposed to do when I need help to get to sleep now? Do you have any idea how nice it was to have both a cock *and* pussy to choose from to get myself off quickly?"

"Uh, yes?", Rachael answered cautiously. "Yeah, I kinda do actually."

"And what am I going to do about the TiffanyFacts Premium Adult channel I was thinking of launching?", Tiffany continued, still largely ignoring Rachael's input.

From her perch at the corner of the room and very much outside of this argument, Katie spoke up. "You said you didn't want me to help you launch something like that."

That landed enough to get a response. "Yeah, but it was a nice thing to fantasise about sometimes!", Tiffany countered. "And now I'd just have to think about people paying to watch a horny catgirl working herself over, which is an existing but different market than the one I thought I'd be catering to!"

Rachael coughed politely. "I'm, uh, not following this particular objection."

"Get your dick out."

That quick request from Tiffany threw Rachael even more. "What?"

"You heard me", Tiffany said flatly. "Get your dick out. I want to see if taking my junk has had any impact on you. If it has, then we'll need to change the spell to fix it, right? Better to know that now than to go down the wrong path."

Rachael swallowed, but decided not to point out how Tiffany hadn't stopped rubbing her paw between her legs. "Uh, I *guess* that makes sense. And it's not like we haven't all seen it a bunch before anyway..."

Setting the book to the side, Rachael carefully unbuttoned her jeans. Pulling them down, she moved aside her underwear and revealed her crotch to the room.

"See? It's bigger", Tiffany said forcefully.

Once again, Katie spoke up. "Is it? It looks about the same to me."

"How could you say that? It's clearly - aha!" Her sudden cry caught the other two girls off-guard, but it was the way she lunged forwards that made them jump. She wound up on all fours, just a foot or so away from Rachael, glaring at her cock like it was a bird she couldn't wait to pounce on. "Aha! It's getting bigger right now!"

Rachael swallowed heavily, but it was Katie that answered. "That's... that's not magic honey."

"What?" Tiffany seemed almost personally offended. She looked up at Rachael, staring her full in the face. "Are you getting turned on right now?"

Pursing her lips together tightly, Rachael fought to hold back a blush. "I just... I don't think you've had this much focussed attention on my dick since I first got it", she mumbled.

Tiffany scoffed. "Oh please. Don't make this about you. It's *clearly* bigger. Look, I'll show you."

Before anyone else could react, she swept forwards. In one movement she wrapped her lips around Rachael's cock, and slid down her shaft. She stopped when she was only a few inches down, and pulled herself back before Rachael's eyes had finished bulging.

"See?", Tiffany said, licking her lips noisily. "I used to be able to suck your whole cock no problem, but now it's a struggle to fit even half of it!"

Given that Rachael was still struggling to recover, Katie stood up and walked over to answer gently. "Uh, no, dear. I don't think it's because Rachael's gotten bigger..."

Looking up at her, Tiffany only now realised that Katie was looming even larger than she used to.

"...you've gotten smaller."

When they'd moved in they'd made sure to keep a mirror in the living room, given how often it was useful to be able to look over whatever wild shit their latest magical adventure had caused. Even now it was still there, so it was a simple matter for Tiffany to turn and get a view of what was happening.

She was prepared to see herself in cat mode. By now she'd felt the last of the fur wash over her body, so she was expecting to see her old horny catgirl self, except without the dick and with bigger paws replacing her hands. But instead what she saw was significantly further away from human than she was used to. Her arms looked a lot more like front legs than anything else, and her hips were angled in such a way that would keep her from standing easily on two feet. Her face was a feline muzzle, with her still-dyed hair almost the only thing that clearly marked her as human.

But it was her frame overall that had seen the biggest difference. Katie was right, she was smaller, so that even if she could still stand on her hind legs she'd probably be a foot or two shorter than she had been. The clothes she still had on barely fit, so it was a simple matter to shake herself and have them all fall easily to the floor. Once she was naked she could see that her breasts looked a little smaller too, but in lopsided compensation she appeared to have picked up a column of small nipples running in pairs along the length of her tummy. Her white tail swayed out from her rear, but with her new size and stance it now seemed even longer, reaching easily to the back of her neck as it waved over her.

In all, she looked less like the casual catgirl that they'd all gotten used to, and more like a big, somewhat-anthropomorphic housecat.

"Huh", she said simply. "I guess that makes sense..."

She turned back towards Rachael, and once again she swept her lips over her dick. The other girl was too surprised to react, merely stiffening all over as Tiffany took her length into her purring muzzle.

The purring was new. None of them had been able to keep that up consistently since college, and now it felt like Tiffany's whole body was vibrating with it. It was all Rachael could do to clutch at the sofa beneath her, her spine ramrod-straight as she withstood Tiffany's attentions.

Eventually though, she managed to collect herself a little. Swallowing heavily, Rachael put one hand on the catgirl's forehead. "Uh", she tried as she went to push her back. "Maybe we should..."

A low growl cut her off. Heavy paws had landed on Rachael's rear, and a slight flex in each of them carried the threat of claws only barely held back. The two of them looked at each other, and in Tiffany's eyes Rachael quickly gathered a simple intent - 'you owe me this.'

With that imparted, Tiffany turned her attention back down. Rachael as a person had been dealt with, so now she was only interested in Rachael as a means to indulge herself. She reluctantly allowed herself to be delayed as Rachael shed the rest of her clothes, pulling back with an angry growl as her partner stumbled out of her jeans. Rachael just about tripped on her underwear as she kicked them hastily to the side, and her shirt snagged a little on the ears that had begun to rise up from her head, but in the end she managed to get undressed before Tiffany lost patience.

And yet, even when Rachael had finished, Tiffany still held off. She leaned in slowly, clearly savouring the anticipation by running her furry face over Rachael's increasingly stiff cock.

The purring kicked into high gear as Tiffany continued to tease the both of them. It was enough to make Rachael's eyes roll back in her head, and the goth catgirl was clearly pleased by the fingers curling distractedly into her hair. Taking that as a signal to step things up, she began to

run her tongue along the cock in front of her, and that shift in sensation made Rachael's knees weak. There was just the perfect amount of roughness to it, a truly sublime mix of soft and hard that expertly encouraged every element of her own growing heat.

In the back of Rachael's head, she knew she should be taking charge. That was normally what happened, the dynamic that they'd settled into between them. She was on top, Tiffany was in the middle, and Katie on the bottom. But this time there was an energy that couldn't be argued with, and Rachael found herself rather helplessly going along for the ride. Clearly, Tiffany wanted to absolutely go to town on her, showing a level of fawning subservience to her cock that was electrifying. And yet the hint of her fangs pressing down as she worked to please betrayed something else - there was a weight to this hunger. This wasn't an invitation to be politely declined. Tiffany was fulfilling a need of her own here, and while Rachael was the lucky recipient, her cognitive participation was not required. She would be serviced, and accordingly she would provide Tiffany with what she was in need of - a cock to lick and suck, together with the taste of satisfaction she so desperately craved.

If anything, it was odd that she was holding off from going all-out for so long. Eventually, a frustrated scrabble drew Rachael's attention, and she re-opened one eye to discover exactly what the issue was. It turned out that Tiffany had shrunk enough that she didn't quite line up with the angle she needed while on all fours, and teasing herself around the tip was all she could manage.

It didn't take long to rectify. With an awkward shift of her hips Rachael pivoted Tiffany sideways, sending her over to an ottoman that had been stranded in the middle of the room in the earlier maelstrom. The diminutive catgirl mounted that eagerly, wiggling her rear slightly as she settled into her new spot. Rachael took the opportunity to brace her feet at one end, but surprisingly Tiffany still didn't immediately launch herself forwards. Instead she raised her tail high, looking briefly behind herself at the other girl in the room.

Up until this point Katie had been literally sitting on her hands, unsure enough of her part in the proceedings that she was willing to let things play out without her. Fortunately for everyone, Tiffany broke that impasse. She went to speak, but in between her feline muzzle and the way she refused to stop dragging her face over Rachael's cock, all that came out was a wordless yowl. Still, she made her intentions clear by simply waving her pussy in that direction, and soon Katie was rising to her feet and walking forwards as though pulled by an invisible leash. She gave just one glance towards Rachael, who responded with something between an apologetic shrug and an approving nod. Then very quickly Katie shed her own clothes, before taking her place behind Tiffany in the centre of the room.

Katie had always been big. But when she pressed herself into Tiffany's pussy, the diminutive catgirl realised the extent of the size difference between them now. Katie's cock stretched Tiffany's inner walls, making her eyes bulge in her head with every inch of movement. It was a good thing she was already so wet from the way she'd fumbled at herself with her paws, because Katie's size was just on the verge of too much. Both of them took it slow and steady - it

wasn't really possible to do anything else - but even that meant being absolutely fucked into the ground. Even on the backstroke it felt like Tiffany was dragged bodily around, her rear claws fighting for purchase on the ottoman beneath her as her pussy squeezed at the cock inside her.

If that part of the action was slow and considered, Tiffany made up for it with the energetic attention she lavished on Rachael's cock. Licking at it desperately, Tiffany made sure to slide her rough tongue along every inch of its surface, chasing down the slickness that was already coating the tip. Then every time Katie pressed inwards Tiffany couldn't help but fall forwards, engulfing this shaft in her muzzle and sucking it for all she was worth. Those moments were the absolute peak, when she felt so perfectly full from both sides, her pussy aching with satisfaction while her tongue thrilled with the taste of delicious cock. Every time they pulled backwards was a moment for her to catch her breath, but also to work herself and her partners up as best she could in anticipation of the next glorious thrust.

It felt like - it was - going into heat. It had been so long since they'd felt that so clearly, but it made sense that whatever this all was would reawaken that exact feeling. It felt right to be at once so submissive and yet so demanding, an endless receptacle for all the lust and attention that both of her partners could possibly provide. Her soft paws kneaded affectionately at Rachael's balls, with every playful rub heightening the churning intensity building inside her. From quick glances at her face Tiffany knew Rachael was feeling the heat too, and could only imagine that the increasingly tight grip Katie had on her rear meant the same for her too. Tiffany bore down on that feeling, straightening her spine and letting the thrusts of her partners fill her. This was scratching an ancient, powerful itch, and being a pet that could have a cock stretching her pussy while another filled her muzzle with slickness was all she could wish for.

None of them could hold up long at a pace like that. Rachael let go first, her claws flexing outwards involuntarily as her mouth fell open, her hips stiffening as she finally came. When she came it hit like a truck, almost doubling her over as her whole body shuddered and released. This was like the old days, the times when they could cum again and again, only now it was pouring directly into their eager and enticing pet, and the expression on the catgirl's face as she lapped it up only made it more powerful.

Tiffany swallowed it hungrily, following up by chasing down all the slickness still clinging to the cock in her mouth, wringing a few more shuddering aftershocks from Rachael in the process. Not long afterwards Katie stepped up her pace, clearly spurred on by the expression of blissful satisfaction on Rachael's face. Tiffany was all too happy to encourage her, wriggling her rear just a little as Katie tensed, and purring with abiding satisfaction as she felt this new warmth flood into her. She reared backwards as she pressed onto Katie's cock, rubbing her padded paw down to her clit and teasing herself enough to draw out her own, satisfied orgasm.

The sound of that drew Rachael back out of her own recovery, and staring down she saw Tiffany's almost vacant expression as she rode through her satisfaction. A thick ring of saliva circled her dark lips as her tongue fell from her mouth, and the look on her face was somehow

at once adorable and utterly debauched. Pretty much the same mix that had sold her on this whole cult to begin with, Rachael reflected distantly.

She'd intended to lean down and sweep Tiffany into a kiss, reclaiming some amount of control now that things had calmed down. But, once again, Tiffany acted first. She shuffled up on the ottoman a little until she had space from both partners, then curled up on herself with feline agility. It was clearly a little hard for her to hold her leg over her head without thumbs, but she managed it regardless. Then, after deliberately making eye contact with both girls, she lowered her face to her crotch and began to lick herself clean, purring intently all the while.

The others could only look on, impressed. "Damn", Katie said eventually. "Remember when we were that inventively horny?"

Rachael nodded. "Yeah. If I'd known it was only a failed spell away, I'd have messed one up a lot sooner."

"I th-"

"That zero-gravity fuck doesn't count", Rachael said quickly. "I prefer adventures that *don't* end with us needing to spend the next weekend deep-cleaning the ceiling."

After all that, they decided to relax. Rachael and Katie's feline features weren't receding, let alone Tiffany's transformation, so it made sense for them to take some time to recharge. There was more than enough TV they'd been meaning to catch up on anyway, so they figured it was a good time to curl up on the couch together and binge.

That lasted for about an hour. Tiffany clearly wasn't too interested in the show, but she was content to lie purring across the other girl's laps. Eventually though she stirred, kneading her paws insistently into Rachael's thighs. By the third time Tiffany raised her tail into Katie's face at the slightest provocation, they gave her a sideways look.

"You're really in pet mode right now, huh?", Rachael asked.

By way of response, Tiffany nuzzled back into Rachael's crotch, rubbing just long enough to provoke her into stiffening slightly. Then the catgirl flipped over onto her back, waving her bare chest at each of them.

"I *could* answer that", Tiffany purred, pronouncing the words with difficulty, "but I feel like that might get in the way of you scratching my tummy."

Rachael raised an eyebrow. "Do you promise not to bite?"

"You know I can't in good conscience promise that", Tiffany answered with a sly grin. "You'll just have to take your chance and s... s-mml... mllmm? Mlmm mlmm mlmm?!"

Turning to the side, Rachael saw Katie scratching right at the base of Tiffany's tail, making her apparently unable to stop her tongue from flapping out of her mouth.

Katie winked devilishly, but soon Tiffany rolled off their laps and flopped down to the floor. "No fair!", she huffed. "I'm going to go sit over here."

She stalked behind them, and with a shrug Rachael and Katie turned back towards the TV. The program played for a few more minutes, until they were interrupted by a weird prickling noise. Looking around, they saw Tiffany's head poking over the back of the couch, her claws wedged firmly into the fabric as she climbed up sideways.

"So, I can't help noticing that you stopped petting me", she said.

Rachael breathed out slowly. It was going to be a long night.