

The solidified wax softened again and with the part over her rear, it scooped her along at a fast pace, pushing her gunked up foot into the centre, the wax forming a solid ball which it glued her foot to. As it grew, it pulled her up with it, rolling off the surface until she was perpendicular to the table, her foot caught in a curve so that her wax-laden toes were nearly en-pointe. She kicked her right leg out desperately, trying to keep it clear while the left arm reached for anything nearby, seeing a small metal rod, part of some alchemical stand but not able to reach it.

The wax continued to spread, from her rump it moved across her sides and down the back of her thighs, from her hand and face it covered up her right eye and trickled down the forearm, even tickling inside her ears and over her nose. "Mmmmh!! Mmm-nnnn." With both of her airways blocked she could barely even whine, holding her breath and reaching desperately.

The wax shell hardened around her leg, forcing it to stretch and go stiff, slowly defeating her once free thigh as it coated along it. While it squeezed enough to compress her fur and fluff, the wax itself imprinted the spots on her flanks on the surface, to look carefully whittled in. Similarly it fluffed up around the ruff at her chest and preserved the thick look of her appearance.

She felt the wax stiffen at her mouth, thinking this was her only shot, her left hand came round, fingers trying to dig to her nostrils. The gooey pool of wax in her mouth behaved like it had been waiting, ambushing the hand and then swiftly welding her fingers together as it encompassed all the way down the forearm, the blockage in her nostrils filing out, giving her room to breathe at least but at a heavy cost.

Her mind was racing, trying to cry out for help louder now that she had an airway but also baffled and panicked. She felt as though the candle's magic had choked her on purpose to try and find any last means she had of helping herself. The stiffening wax piloted her like a doll, lowering and hardening on her hand, tilting it upright, slowly moving to cover her other eye, even folding over her wings.

She'd managed to close her eyelids in time, but the candle recreated her expression at the moment of her catch, hardening and hollowing inside her mouth, preserving a wide eyed squeal of shock, in wax that was slowly colouring in to become a glossy deep green with light and darker streaks like marbling.