

“That *was* my bed.” The creature said, the dark colouring and shade made it hard to see, though as it moved Fidget was able to spy an extra abdominal mass standing out behind it, akin to a spider’s. In a surge of speed it clung to the wall, scampering up it until it was level with Fidget. “Do you always make a mess of every room you walk into?”

“I didn’t mean to! If you hadn’t noticed there’s a storm going on!” Fidget replied in a stuck up tone, sniffing as she looked into the creature’s face. It had a toothy grin that seemed more mirthful than scary when up close. Furthermore it only had four red eyes, the other spots were just markings. “I’m sorry about your bed but you shouldn’t have scared me like that!”

“It’s my duty to scare intruders off. Though usually they try upstairs where my illusions work better.” The dark furred thing said. “A good thing you stumbled for me. I’m not much of a fighter.”

“Why would you need to fight? I’m just looking for shelter!” Fidget hissed back.

“Making a mess, destroying ingredients and then climbing deeper in? Sure.” The spider-ascpected imp trod seemingly into the open air, using more invisible fibres to get closer to Fidget. “I recognise a rival familiar when I see one.”

“Rival? F-familiar?!” Fidget stammered in outrage. “I’m not a familiar, I’m an equal partner thank you very much!”

“Your leg, please.” The creature said, reaching out a hand.

Fidget’s mind was doing somersaults, this thing was accusing her, messing around, seemingly interpreting it all wrong and *now* it wanted to help. Ugh, definitely one of the eccentric wizards then if it kept a pet like this. “Now we’re talking.” She said, extending the limb.

The imp’s hands rubbed along her calf and shin and she felt a ping as it released a few clinging web strands. She sighed in relief, it talked teasingly but maybe it was here to help. “Other leg.” It directed, repeating the procedure, freeing up the limb from the clinging strands. “Well, that was easy.” It said before both hands clasped at the air and tugged. Fidget’s legs slapped together, paw-to-paw, pulled by the strings like a puppet, only for the imp’s hands to rub over them again, this time there was no release of tension, instead a thick white spread followed as it rubbed webbing over Fidget’s feet, binding her shins.

“What?! What’s the big idea! You stop that right now!” She said, kicking and thrashing her already united legs.

“Oh yeah, or what, you’ll dangle more aggressively at me?”

“Lemme go! I’m not an intruder!” She insisted.

The imp scoffed, tilting its head. “Hah, how’s that? You were invited then?”

“Well no-” Fidget mumbled, waving her arms again at the familiar as it wrapped over her knees and started at her thighs. “Hey! Stop it!”

“Oh hush, trespasser, I’m not allowed to show mercy to intruders, only deal with them.” The imp said, with a smile that hinted it might be a lie but even if it wasn’t true, it didn’t regret such an imperative.