

## Don't Scare a Witch

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# Don't Scare a Witch

by [LunarMysteries](#)

## Summary

Lance needs to perfect his familiar bonding potion, however he is disrupted while doing so.

## Notes

This was originally posted on my Shance side blog, KashiKitten, on tumblr. I got hit by the stupid NSFW ban (bc I had it tagged as NSFW for art I reblogged from time to time) and decided to restart my blog. I am now posting it on here!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*Lance lives amongst humans and humans live amongst his kind. Lance is a witch and very proud of being one. Very rare did he see his kind out in public. Every Saturday evening, he goes down a bar called "The Cauldron". He doesn't drink there, oh no he goes down to their secret area. You can only get in with some magic. There he sees multiple witches gathering together and embracing who they were. Sharing stories, showing off their skills.*

*The Cauldron is where he met Allura, a remarkable witch who came from the famous Altea witch family. Allura's family is very well known in the witchcraft community for their talents, as is she. See, Allura focused her skills on taking care of different plants. She runs a nursery in downtown where she tends to and sells gorgeous plants; from trees to succulents.*

*Lance visits her whenever he needs a plant for his potions; he knows how potent her plants are. Only the best ingredients for him, Lance takes pride in his skills. He isn't going to half ass his potions, he knows what he's capable of. However, he cannot get distracted; it is rare that he does.*

Today was Friday, a crisp fall day, a day Lance considers a perfect day. He left his yoga studio to head to Allura's nursery. Lance had come across a potion he wanted to try out within his spellbook. It had called for purple orchids, stargazer lilies, and an aloe plant. Lance wasn't about to mess this up he had to go to an expert and that was Allura.

"Good afternoon, Princess!" Lance greeted walking into Allura's shop.

Allura giggled, placing the potted plant she was holding in front of her counter amongst her display. "Afternoon to you too, Lance. What can I get for you today? Special occasion or *personal*."

*Most humans were uncomfortable when witchcraft was ever mentioned, they're okay with living amongst them, but mentioning potions and spells put them on edge. So Allura and Lance carefully worded their conversations.*

"Personal," Lance looked around the shop and realized the two of them were alone. He took his spell book out of his crossbody bag and flipped open to the page he had marked.

"Lance, be careful taking that out! Someone could see!" Allura warned bringing him behind her counter.

"I'm sorry! I know, but you know how excited I get over new spells or potions." He said with a hushed tone "This one appeared earlier this week! I had to try it out!"

*Every witches spell book is different, one never the exact same. Family spellbooks have similar designs, but the contents inside pertain to said individual witch. Evolving as a witches abilities progressed, never ending.*

"Oh, a familiar bonding potion! What do you plan to do with it? You don't have a familiar."

"I had this dream about meeting a cat, Her name was Kyanite. She could talk to me through telepathy, it was amazing! I had summoned her through a force of love, however I had to

meet a man with white hair first. She had told me that in order for her to become my life long familiar and not live out her regular life span, I needed a familiar bonding potion, to forever unite us. I'm finally ready for a familiar! I had talked to Hunk about it, cause you know he's an expert on familiars, he said that it was definitely a sign. That I was ready and that my familiar is near!" Lance said with excitement.

"Lance that's wonderful, so exciting! However I wonder who this man with white hair is. I sure hope it's not the son of the Daibazaal family, nothing good can come from them."

"I promise you it's not him I'm sure of it, the white haired man came from pure of heart and meant well; he was also human."

"That's very reassuring to know. Well, what plants do you need? I'm sure you want this done right away!"

"Here, take my book," Lance said handing over his spellbook to Allura. "I trust you."

*A witches spell book is highly sacred, it was an honor to even touch them. You had to be very special just to do so or a witch had a gut instinct to trust you.*

"I'll bring you back my best ones." Allura replied with a warm smile, slipping back into her greenhouse, book carefully in hand.

Lance waited admiring Allura's work, he did catch a glance of white across the street he thought nothing of it. Lance also noticed few of plants on display needed their daily watering, a flick of his wrist and all were watered. He also brought towards him a succulent that called out to him, a perfect addition to spell room, it would add to the energy. Soon enough the three plants he needed came floating out of the greenhouse.

"Three purple orchids, two stargazer lilies and three aloe plants." Allura announced as she came from the greenhouse, Lance's spellbook carefully in hand. Each plant carefully descending to the counter.

"I could have swore it called for two aloe plants." Lance said taking his book back from Allura.

"It does, it's on the house I know how much you love my aloe plants." She replied with smirk.

"You're too good to me, Princess." Lance sighed, putting his book back into his bag.

"I know you, Lance. Now, is that succulent floating for a reason?" She laughed.

"Oh, yes! It's for my spell room." Lance said in realization, bringing it down to the counter.

Allura grabbed a carrying tray and placed each plant onto it as she rang them up. She then glanced over to her clock.

"Shiro should be here soon." She said to herself, it did catch Lance's attention.

“Who’s Shiro?” Lance asked out of curiosity.

“My hopefully my new helper, I’m interviewing him today. He’ll keep the store front in shape and lively. Also he’ll be making arrangements and displays. That way I can focus on my skills in the back.”

“Smart girl, thank you for the plants Allura!” Lance said with a smile, he paid for his plants and went back to his yoga studio. His instructors and students were gone for the evening, brewing a small potion wouldn’t hurt anyone. He was known for his aromatherapy skills it wouldn’t cause suspicion.

He set up right at his front desk and began taking his spellbook and other ingredients out of his bag. Then began diligently working on this highly important potion.

Forty minutes went by, Lance was nearly finished a sprinkle of organic ground cinnamon would do the trick. He began looking through his bag, he hadn’t taken it out yet.

“Where is it? I put all my ingredients into this pocket.” Lance sighed, frustrated he couldn’t find the last ingredient.

His front door was then swung open. “Are you Lance?!” A man asked in out of breath booming voice.

He had startled Lance, by doing so Lance had knocked the rest of vanilla extract into the bowl.

“No! I was almost-” Lance was cut off by a puff a smoke and a splat. “My potion.” Lance said in defeat, pout on his lips, he knew he was covered in the violet liquid.

“I’m so sorry! I shouldn’t have barged in like that! Especially knowing you’re a witch! That was very disrespectful of me, you always enter a witches safe space calmly.” The man apologized.

Lance looked up at the man in shock. “You know I’m a witch?” His eyes widened even more seeing the man's white hair.

“Yes, I do. My names Takashi Shirogane, Shiro for short. Please don’t assume that I’m crazy but I had a dream about you and this grey cat, and something about a familiar bonding potion and an act of love? I caught a glimpse of you today leaving Allura’s shop. I asked her about you and if you were a witch, again I’m sorry disrespectful! But, I was just across the street and I saw things floating around you. I just had to meet you, my friend Keith’s a witch he told me that my dream was important. I’m just lucky I found you.”

It was a lot of information to take in. Shiro must be the one from his dream, he must be!

“I don’t know what to say.” Lance said astounded, wiping the goo off his face.

“Can I move your spellbook? I don’t want it to get ruined, I’ve done enough damage. Again, I’m so sorry, I’ll replace anything that got damaged.”

“Please do, she’s sacred to me. Also, it’s alright it was mainly me that got hit.” Lance sighed standing up.

Shiro carefully picked up Lance’s spellbook and shut it. Making sure no liquid touched it. He held it close to his chest for some reason he felt the need to guard it.

“I’ll be right back, I’m going to run to the bathroom and clean up a bit, I want to talk to you so don’t go anywhere.” Lance stated before heading in the back.

Shiro began to notice things tidying up on their own, Lance must have charmed them.

Lance quickly returned in a clean outfit he sat back down in his chair and picked up his bag. Without even being told to Shiro came around the desk and properly returned Lance’s book to him.

*Humans had to bow, book flat on your right palm, left caressing the spine.*

“Your friend Keith must really trust you with his spellbook, you know how to properly return one.” Lance said with an impressed smile and taking the book from Shiro, placing it back in his bag.

“He never lets me touch his book, I was surprised you let me, I’ve never touched one before let alone held it. I just did what my gut told me.”

A faint blue-violet aura surrounded them Lance blushed, knowing full well what it meant.

“What’s happening?” Shiro asked in awe.

“Your aura is violet, mine is blue. This happens when,” Lance looked down at his bag, he couldn’t look Shiro in the eye for what he was about to say next; it seemed too good to be true, the man before him was built like a God. “when a witch meets their soulmate and the bond between the two is established. Now, I sound like the crazy one.”

“Keith told me about this, how it happened right when his mother met his father, because he had saved her. H-how was our connection established?” Asked a tad bit embarrassed, Lance looked like in angel in his dream and in person and turns out they were soulmates.

Lance smiled up at Shiro, “Because you kept my spellbook safe, plus, you properly returned it to me. Do you know how rare it is for a witch to trust a human with their spellbook?”

“Very, from what I’ve been told. Your book is breathtaking by the way. The cover is so detailed and the patterns!” Shiro said in awe.

Lance blushed, “Thank you, my grandmother helped me bind it.”

They talked for a while, Lance had locked up his yoga studio, they stopped by Allura’s to buy more plants for Lance’s second attempt at the potion, he then invited Shiro back to his place to get to know each other better. When they arrived at Lance’s apartment, a Russian Blue cat was waiting on the front steps.



## End Notes

this is really cheesy and cringey! It was one of the first fics I wrote in years so my writing skills were a bit rusty.

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