

EN-TOME-D

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This place is *booooooring!*”

This certainly wasn't an opinion shared by the rest of Kazuma's party in the early hours of the morning. **“You just think that because your magic is basically *useless* inside!”** While it had been the explosion mage, Megumin, that had been complaining, her whining had been brushed off by Aqua, the (self proclaimed from Megumin's perspective) goddess of the group. This comment *immediately* prompted a glare from the younger girl, who was taking a moment to think up a good comeback.

“That's only true because I'm so strong that if I used my explosion magic inside, I'd kill all of us. I bet you wish you were as strong as *me*, Aqua!” Now it was the goddess' turn to shoot a glare, but she backed off when she noticed the tired glance that Kazuma was giving the two of them. He didn't need to say what he was thinking. It was probably along the lines of *'it is way too early for this'*. That, or he was thinking *'is Aqua actually more immature than a fifteen year old?'*.

She definitely *could* be at times. But she didn't want *Kazuma* of all people thinking that.

Megumin's complaints were at least *valid* on some level. She really couldn't use her explosion magic inside because of how powerful it was, and for some reason Kazuma had decided to take her on a quest into some underground ruins that had been found about half a day's trip from Axel. They'd arrived the night before and had set up camp, and now that it was morning? They'd walked down the long, decrepit steps

and into its depths. **“I don’t get why you didn’t bring Darkness instead of me...”**

Their party just consisted of the three of them. Kazuma would usually exclude her for jobs like this, but— **“You keep complaining every time I leave you in Axel, so why not? The risk level for this job is low.”** It was the young man who’d explained his logic, but she could definitely see Aqua’s eyes light up with amusement as they walked along by torchlight. **“Actually, do you want to look around up here while Aqua and I check the next floor?”**

It was Megumin’s turn to glare again, this time at Kazuma. Even though she was walking behind him, he could feel her glare piercing the back of his head. Had he really brought her with them to loot the safest floor!? **“Ka-zu-maaaaa...!”** She seemed close to blowing a fuse *herself*, but before anything could come of it? He’d grabbed Aqua’s hand and ran off, leaving the low stamina Megumin behind. **“Damn it!”**

She did her best to give chase, but as the mage she really *was* the slowest and easiest to tire member of Kazuma’s party. She tried to catch up for about two minutes before she got *too* tired to carry on, and at that point? She had found herself in a rather *intriguing* room of the dungeon. Lit only by torchlight, she was surrounded by shelves of old books. **“Ugh... Well, I guess this would be a good place for me to wait until they get back.”**

Doubly so because, as a mage, she was probably better at telling if any of those books held any *value*. **“Oh! Maybe I’ll find something containing an explosion spell I don’t know yet!”** Could she find a way to make her explosions even *more* powerful? Curious minds (aka hers) had to know! And so, she was blessed with a second wind of energy so that she could root through the many, many tomes in the dusty space.

Some of them fell apart if she so much as touched them, and others had been down there for so long that what was written on their pages wasn’t exactly *legible*. **“Ugh... Or maybe I’ll find *nothing*. We’re not even going to be able to sell most of these!”** Megumin was almost ready to give up and go sit in a rotting chair until Kazuma and Aqua came back, but then she saw it. A tome with a golden cover and spine that seemed to be in *much* better shape than all of the others. **“Oho~? What do we have here?”**

As it turned out, the mage had hit the *jackpot*.



A day passed, and Megumin finally returned to the room in Axel that she had been given by the town. She hadn't had much of an opportunity to sort through her belongings, since Kazuma had returned shortly after she'd found that golden book. For *some* reason she had felt compelled to hide it from him and Aqua. Something about it was *alluring* in a way that made her *not* want to share it. It was a *very* special spellbook. She could *tell*.

So, once she was finally alone in her room? **"Let's see here... Explosion magic... Explosion magic..."** She pulled the tome out from where she had hidden it in her pack and began to flip through the pages. She held it flat on one palm and used her other hand to flip from one page to the next as she walked around. The book may have been *valuable* and contained powerful magic, but there was still only *one* type of magic that appealed to her in the end.

At least, that was the case for the time being.

"Huh? Still nothing about *explosions*!?" The young mage had very little patience in general, so she had already given up on giving the tome a thorough read. She would skim a page for any keywords that might have been related to the topic she was searching for (that topic obviously being explosions) and then jump to the next page. And the next. And the next. At times, there were words that she didn't recognize at *all*. She was well studied despite how she acted, but if the tome was from an age long past then she could only assume they were just words that had been lost to time.

But then the thought struck her. **"What if one of this words *means* explosion? Like this one? *Fiet aliquis acutis auribus*."** Megumin hadn't known the meaning of those words, and she likely never would have. But once those words had been spoken? Whether it was due to the chant she'd murmured, or whether it was something that had been triggered by something else entirely? The hands that were holding the tome began to *tingle*. **"Hm?"** Were they getting numb from her holding the book up?

The mage supposed that this was an entirely plausible explanation and didn't question it again. But she probably *should* have. Checking would have involved putting down the book, something that she didn't realize

she had become *vehemently* opposed to doing all of a sudden subconsciously. *Had* she moved her hand out from under the book or examined the right hand that was flipping the pages more closely, then she likely would have realized that something had gone awry.

To begin with? The girl's fingers had a vaguely different *texture* to them. They hadn't grown longer nor become shorter, but each individual digit *did* come across as seemingly vaguely *bonier* beneath skin that was a little more dried out than the youthful glow that her skin normally possessed as a fourteen year old girl. Toss in fingernails that had not only now grown past her tip, but had clearly become well maintained, and one could say they didn't really look much like *Megumin's* hands at all.

Mind you, it wasn't *only* her hands that had suffered changes of this sort. It was just harder to tell what had happened to her *feet* when they were hiding beneath leggings, bandages, and boots. Those boots *did* end up fitting a little less snugly as she paced around her room, however. **"There really isn't anything about explosion! ...But some of these other spells seem intriguing, though. ...Eh?"** What had she just said? She must have been hearing things, right?

What she'd *said* had become a sentiment she legitimately *believed*, even if she appeared to be incapable of admitting it just yet. The girl's eyes narrowed at the pages, in part against their will because the *shapes* of those eyes were what did the narrowing, not her expression. Her eyelashes might have lengthened ever so slightly in the process, but that was still hardly noticeable compared to the sight of red eyes shimmering over with gold. Her gaze felt calmer now. Somehow... *wiser*, too.

Megumin's reading had slowed as she paced about. Her attention was locked in on the words written down in the tome, and the more absorbed she became? The less observant she became of her surroundings. **"What about this spell? I've never seen it before."** Her remarks were made with a voice that had subtly deepened, but they didn't address what should have been an elephant in the room. Each step she took was shorter, because *she* was becoming shorter. Megumin had already stood at the paltry height of 4'9", but before long she was 4'6" instead.

If you considered the implications of someone becoming smaller, you'd likely wonder if they were becoming *younger*. It was clear enough that this wasn't happening to the mage. In fact, if you examined her face, it felt obvious that the *opposite* was true. Her already narrowed eyes were a piece of this. But there were also others. The girl's cheekbones rested higher, and any remaining roundness to those cheeks had been

dismissed. Her nose grew *slightly* above lips that filled in to maturity too, not that they became especially abundant.

It was hard to discern how old she might *actually* be, but it was clear enough that she was at *least* a young adult despite her short stature. “**And what about this spell here?**” For a brief moment, the woman’s eyes glanced upward at something that was *obviously* different now. Her bangs had not only *lengthened*, but they had lightened in color from brown to *golden blonde*. A slight smirk played upon her lips while she returned her attention back to the tome.

What this confirmed was that Megumin *had* noticed that she was transforming. She just didn’t seem to *care*. Not a single remark was spared towards it, even though there was a tugging sensation on her scalp as the weight of her hair gradually increased. Her bangs had teased at this, but her hair was growing longer and longer still. Forget her shoulders or the middle of her back, it fell all the way down past her buttocks, now far thicker than it had ever been. Not even the hair that framed her face had been spare, as it now hung down in front of her chest.

“**Interesting...**” What the mage was remarking on wasn’t clear as she flipped the page. Perhaps it was regarding something on the page itself, or perhaps she was *actually* acknowledging her body’s changes. She had been reckoning with the feel of her tunic being looser ever since she lost height, and the bandages around her right thigh had felt like they might slip off just from the compression of her legs. But thus far? Not much had really changed when it came to her figure aside from that height.

It didn’t really matter to her one way or the other if it did either, which was a pretty stark departure from how she *used* to think. Megumin had always harbored a desire to grow taller and more buxom like Aqua or Darkness, but now? Such trivial things didn’t really *matter* to her. *Having all of that fat would be a major hindrance, would it not?* Thinking logically, it definitely did sound more like a burden than a boon. She couldn’t care less about attracting the gaze of others, either.

Even though she felt that way now, that didn’t mean she wasn’t going to receive *any* improvements. The front of her tunic was forced forward courtesy of an added padding that was applied to her *chest*. Her bosom swelled several inches forward, growing into *C-cups* that definitely felt much more sizable when you considered how short she was. While her butt similarly plumped out into a peach shape that lifted her tunic’s base slightly.

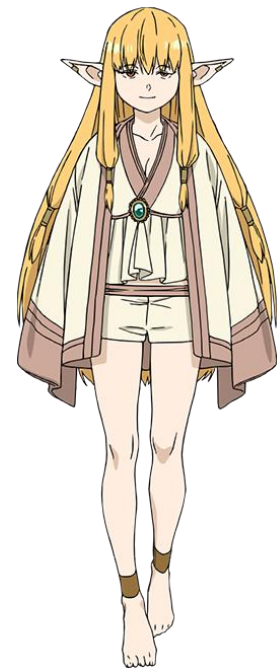
“**Something needs to be done about these clothes...**” This muttering was the *first* vocal acknowledgement on her part that things

had changed. And it was one that was made as the final aspect of her body was altered to match a new personality and additional memories. Her round ears *flared* out, peeking out from behind her curtain of blonde hair and flattening as they stretched. Before long, those ears were about *five inches* long and reached a pair of very notable *points*. Like the ears of an elf.

Not just ‘like’ them. They *were* an elf’s ears.

The woman hummed thoughtfully for a moment and then waved her free hand like she was shooing away an animal. A spell activated instead, shooing away the clothes and bandages that she now deemed ‘unfashionable’ and replacing them with something more comfortable. A cream-colored pairing of shorts and a loose, open top that you could peek her bellybutton through the frilly base of. There was a matching jacket thrown over her shoulders, both garments having brown trim. Brown cloth wrapped around her ankles and a green gemstone hung from her neck, but her feet were entirely bare.

“Why would I limit myself to simple explosion magic? There is a plethora of powerful spells contained among these pages. Once I learn them, I should safeguard them.” It was a very stark departure from the mentality that Megumin had possessed when she had first started flipping through the tome, but then again? *Serie* wasn’t Megumin. She was a powerful elven mage from another world, although she didn’t seem to care much about any of that.



Serie could still recall more than the past few minutes with perfect clarity. Every little detail of Megumin’s life was knowledge that the elf had access to. It was certainly *interesting*, but she didn’t care much for it when a much more *ambitious* life had been gifted to her now. **“Magic in this world doesn’t work in quite the same way as the world I come from. Does that mean there might be spells of the likes I’ve never seen before?”**

For a mage of *her* talent to rise to the levels she had, she’d become both a *collector* and a *hoarder*. She kept all of the spells she could find within her grasp, making sure that she gatekept anyone unworthy from accessing them. The potential of magic was limitless, but every *human* had limitations of their own. It was only fair. **“But I suppose I have a different issue to address.”** She slammed the book in her hands shut and placed it on a nearby shelf.

“How will I convince the people who live here of my identity?”

Serie considered just *leaving*, but that might have caused more problems than it was worth. On the other hand, if the tome had the power to repurpose her own identity into a mage from her world?

“What would happen if I left this tome in the hands of another? Would they become a *different* mage from my homeland?” Perhaps one of the S-class mages she had trained? There was *one* possibility she didn’t want to consider though.

Either way, she was curious.

“Well, there’s only *one* way to find out, I suppose. Three other people live in this manor if I recall correctly...?”