

# *Mini-Size Your Sorceress*

By: Firingwall

Story done for [PolkaToonz of DeviantArt](#)

“Who is the most beautiful, powerful, *tall* woman in all the Kingdom?”

“You are, Sorceress Melinda!”

“Hehehe, darn straight!” Melinda grinned and whisked her wand ever so simply. A blue, magical energy flowed out of it and flew to the guards. It passed beneath their chins and even though it looked light as air, the men quivered, feeling a soft sensation stroke them.

They sighed blissfully in unison, their eyes locked upon her lovingly. Her grin only widened more, soaking in their adoration for a bit longer. “Thank you all, gentlemen.” She cooed smoothly, her voice like fine wine for the ears. “You are ever so kind to me.

“But I’m gonna need you all to leave.” She said it so casually without missing a beat, still keeping her loving, warm tone and aura.

“But Sorceress, don't you-”

“I said, LEAVE!” Her cool demeanor dropped for a split second, a cold chill running through the room. The guards all flinched at once. It was only a moment before Melinda returned back to normal, but it was enough.

The guards all hurried out of the large chamber as fast as they could, the door slamming behind them. Melinda’s smile fell, an irritated snort following after. *Seriously, don't they know their ruler needs some time to herself? I need to fine tune these invasion plans privately after all.*

Melinda took this very seriously. She was pushing for the invasion after all. She was the powerful sorceress and ruler of the TallTall Kingdom, one of the many kingdoms in the world. It was very far away from most places, so not many people knew or spoke of it.

Such was an advantage for her and her planning. No kingdom would see them coming, especially, and hopefully, the Mushroom Kingdom the most. They were the first to be targeted, despite their fair distance away. It would be safer and easier to tackle other kingdoms, but this one she needed to get to first.

It was home to the Power Stars. They were incredible, glowing objects of immense power that would boost anyone's natural strength. For her already mighty and tall soldiers, they would be unstoppable. Once obtained, she could then move on to the other kingdoms.

How hard could this actually be? Melinda had already done the research, sending her scouts in to gather information while learning about the kingdom's specific quirks. Sure, the supposed, “mighty” King of the Koopas, Bowser, kept trying and failing to conquer it, but she knew he was a pushover. He kept getting bested by a portly plumber and had feelings for that vapid blonde doll of a ruler. She would succeed where he failed.

Melinda smiled to herself, reflecting on that very thought then. *Oh, this will be so simple. Just need to figure out when to-*

“Sorceress Melinda! There is urgent news!”

The voice sliced through the peaceful quiet of the room, nearly making the woman jump. She angrily turned her head, finding a guard with her now. Curiously, he was a little shorter than the usual guards. Perhaps it would've been something she would've thought about more if not her thoughts being rudely interrupted by him.

“Unless the Kingdom is being invaded or something similar, I demand that you leave me be!” she spat at him, “I am in the middle of important planning and need-”

“Oh but Melinda!” the guard interrupted, “The urgent news is related to that!” His tone shifted from merely rude to something more eerie, something sinister. He quietly spoke in a matter-of-fact manner, “You see...”

“You won't be going anywhere!”

“What?” Melinda felt an eye of hers twitch, a cold shiver going up her spine.

The guard laughed, a high pitched, squeaky voice now. There was a big puff of purple smoke suddenly from all over the man, cloaking him in his entirety. She flinched, stepping back.

The smoke soon dissipated. The guard was no longer there. In his place was an even shorter, blue, magic cloak-wearing koopa with thick spectacles and blue cap. He grinned and declared, “The name is Kamek, loyal right hand to Lord Bowser!”

That twitch in her eye came back, her arm throbbing. “Wha...” she stuttered, red washing over her mind and very soul. “WHAT?!”

The enemy had snuck into her lair undetected by seemingly everyone. The enemy knew of her plans to invade, somehow. Everything was very, very wrong.

Instead of questioning or demanding answers, Melinda let her anger speak. "How dare you trespass on my kingdom!" A vein throbbed in her forehead, a magical energy starting to build up in her arms then. "You shall pay dearly for-"

"No no!" Kamek declared, a wand now appearing in his hand with a quick puff of white smoke, "You shall be the one to pay, pay for interfering in Lord Bowser's plans! No one can weasel in on his territory and harm his beloved Princess Peach! You must be dealt with in only the most appropriate, amusing of ways!"

He flicked his wrist holding his wand, magical symbols floating off and tracing its movement. Another puff of smoke, this time blue, appeared above him. From the cloud, a mushroom dropped out and into his free hand.

The mushroom was tiny, very tiny. It had a blue cap with white spots on it. If he wasn't careful, he probably could've squished it without much effort.

He smirked at her, but she just looked at him and his summon contemptuously. She was not a fool. She did her research into the Mushroom Kingdom in preparation for her invasion. She had studied everything she could closely with her war counsel, including its most notable features: the weird fungi that resided there. *That's...*

Melinda was unable to finish her thought. Kamek chucked that mushroom at her like a fastball. It flew at her face, her mind barely comprehending that fact until it was inches away. She was unable to conjure a counterspell in time.

The mushroom exploded upon contact. Melinda stepped back and started coughing and hacking, a thick cloud of blue dust and spores filling her face. Her mouth sucked them down without even trying, a lot of it clinging to her face before being absorbed in.

The toxins made everything feel wrong. Her body felt so light and wobbly, her mind hazy and also rather light. She shook, her heart racing.

Then, her perspective warped. The ceiling was rising higher and away from her head. All the objects in the room seemed to be growing taller.

However, that wasn't the case. When she looked down, she gasped in horror. The floor was getting closer and closer. She was shrinking and shrinking VERY fast.

That was somehow also the least of her problems. She could see other problems arise instead of merely getting smaller. First of all, her arms and legs. They were somehow getting pudgier, chubby rolls packing her slender limbs.

*Mini Mushrooms don't do that...* She could barely think that obvious fact as another problem came in. Her head was feeling heavier. Her auburn hair, elegantly brushed and done up into a long, glossy ponytail, was swelling. Bangs and head hair were puffing up like bread in an oven, the color of it turning a bright, reddish orange. It almost looked akin to a glob of paint.

Swelling hit her lower half hard. The closer she was getting to ground, the wider she was becoming, like a Goomba getting stomped on. At first, that didn't seem too bad. Her hips were widening and curving up nicely. She was always a smidgen too lanky for her own liking.

But that was when the weight came in. Fat filled her hips and rear, making it rather saggy and less firm. Her thighs turned chunky to match, her calves soon to be not far behind. All that extra girth and chub was horrifying to such a vain woman.

There was a low rumble and gurgle from her stomach. Her gaze fixed to that, anger rising. Her slender waistline and toned tummy spread out, pushing against the fabric of her dress. Pound after pound was adding onto her pudgy frame as if all the extra weight from her height had to go somewhere instead.

*No no no!* She angrily thought, paralyzed to her spot and unable to stop her shrinkage. She blushed in annoyance, but instead of the usual redness in her cheeks, cute red ovals appeared on them, almost like a doll.

In fact, her head was looking more dollish in a way. It grew now too, growing wider, rounder, and simplish in appearance like a cartoon doodle. Her hair only puffed further, looking incredibly spongy to the eye. Her long ponytail in the back was the last to inflate, ending up looking like a thick, bulgy blob of hair that curled at the very end of it.

The final insult of it all was her attire, not spared from this ugly-ifying plague.

Her dress shrunk itself, its skirt length going from her knees to her hips. That might've been okay if not for how much fat had filled up her legs. The neckline and collar had gone up, no longer showing a tasteful amount of cleavage. Though, her breasts were looking rather pudgy and saggy now. Even the colors on it had shifted, if slightly, turning brighter and glossier.

Other trinkets were changed. Her small earrings swelled into large, golden globes that were a fourth the size of her head. Her hair band that held her ponytail had ballooned into a large

bow, blue with white dots like the mini mushroom. As for her heels? They shrunk themselves, getting rather minuscule while its heels pulled into its soles. Somehow, they didn't break holding her very fat, yet inexplicably tiny feet.

It felt like forever for Melinda, but it all occurred in mere moments. When it was all done, Melinda was a former shell of herself. Well, she was a mini-ified, cutesy, chubby shell of her old, elegant, authoritative self.

When it concluded, she felt her body able to move again. She looked herself over, jaw dropped and faint, unintelligible noises coming from her maw. She barely stood at the height where her knees once reached and was chubby all over.

Eventually, she was able to gasp loudly. That gasp came out in a cute, high-pitched, squeak, which only caused her to blush more/enlarge her red cheek ovals. "*N-n-no!*" she whined, her squeak more childish sounding, "*My beauty! My... my...*"

Her gaze fell upon Kamek, her tiny eyes ablaze with fury. The koopa said nothing and reacted to the glare with nothing more than a mean smile. She squeaked more, "*What have you done?! I demand you tuwn me back into my beautifun gowgeous sewf!*"

"Kyeheheheh!" Kamek cackled, holding his stomach as he bent over. "Oh my, that voice of yours is utterly ridiculous! No one will ever follow you or take you seriously anymore!" He smirked again. "Your plans are over!"

"And with that, my work here is done. Good luck, your squeakiness!" He swung his wand and one last cloud of smoke engulfed him. He rose out of it a second later, now riding his own magic broom. He cackled again, "I must report to Lord Bowser at once!"

*"Oh no no no! No you don't!"* Melinda snapped, running at him.

Well, it was an attempt at running. Her movement was the equivalent of a penguin waddling on snow with how slow, clumsy, and silly-like her pace was. Kamek easily dodged/soar right over her, flying towards the window.

She tried to jump and wave her hands to grab him with her sausage-esque fingers, but it was in vain. He was out the open window in no time, disappearing into the night sky.

Melinda was left there, alone and angry. *No... no no... no no no no no no no!* The little sorceress stomped her feet like a child, hopping up and down repeatedly. *Dis is howwibwe! I can't wead my awmy wike wis!*

She looked down at herself, only inducing more rage and childish irritation. She looked like a child almost! Her poor, tall, menacing, entrancing presence that made her **her** was compacted and smashed down like a victim of a Thwomp.

*"I wanna be supew coow and hawt and supew dupew awesome again!"* she whined louder, stamping repeatedly and faster, *"Whywhywhywhy?!"* The behavior was completely unfitting for a mature, beautiful ruler as herself. She was making a complete embarrassment out of herself and she knew that deep down.

But she couldn't stop it. She couldn't help but indulge this childish behavior and even think in such a manner. Whatever smart side she had in her left, it pondered that mini mushroom before. Was that fungi really capable of this or was it given an extra, troubling boost of power from Kamek?

Whatever the case, the repeated stomping began to tire her out after a while. She stopped at some point and just groaned, more self-pity filling her. She glanced over to the right at some point, seeing her extravagant vanity and mirror. She had spent much time in front of it every morning, for hours on end at some points, preparing and beautifying herself to face the world.

Perhaps it was a small blessing that she was so short now she couldn't actually see herself in the mirror at her current height. She especially couldn't see her own face. The very thought of knowing what her beautiful face looked like now sent shivers down her spine.

*"No-no-no!"* Melinda slapped her cheeks. *"Needa focus! Dink, Mellie, dink! You needa figuwe someding out fast befowe anyone finds"*

There was a sharp creak, and the sound of heavy, rushing footsteps. "We heard yelling!" Her door had swung open and several of the guards from before, the ones she made praise her, hurried into the room. "Is something the matter, Sorceress Melinda?"

*"Nononono!"* Melinda shouted/squeak shouted, *"Don't come in"*

It was far too late for that now. An uncomfortable hush fell over the room as the guards all filed in, stopping before her. They looked down, and she looked up. Empty, somewhat confused expressions fell over their faces.

Melinda could feel her heart begin to race. A seedy, uncomfortable feeling slowly rose within herself the longer she saw their blank expressions. All that staring and endless silence, she

knew. They were no doubt judging her, mocking her, holding nothing but contempt for their leader in this pitiful state.

She would not let them insult her without letting them know how she felt. Her cheeks grew puffy as anger spiked, fat fingers clenching into fat fists. Surely she looked like a peeved, lost child, but it did not matter. “You...” she stuttered, “Y-y-you b-bettew not be mea-”

“AWWWWWW!” All at once as if a light switch had been flipped, the guards brightened up. Their eyes glowed now with joy and amusement, staring down at her like she was a little, adorable puppy.

“She's so cute!”

“I didn't know Sorceress Melinda had a kid!”

“I wanna pinch her!”

They surrounded her quickly, bending or getting down her knees. Hands were patting and rubbing her hands, fingers pinching her cheeks. Then there was all the baby talk.

Melinda was shocked at first, but only momentarily. She was soon throwing another big tantrum. “No no no! TAKE me seriously! I'm your coow weaden! Obey and pwaise me! Wisten, dang it!!”

The former sorceress's rage was going to boil over. *Bowsew... down you to heck! I wiww get out of dis and make ya pay you big... big... big dummy! You'ww pay big time!!!*

*THE END?*