

WITCH FROM BELOBOG

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Is there where it was all found?”

“Yuuuup.”

Two young women stood within the depths of a dark mine shaft; their figures illuminated only by torchlight. The location? The mining sector of Belobog’s Underground upon the planet of Jarilo-VI. The women? Well, the one with blue hair and her back propped up against the wall was *Seele*. She was the one who had responded to the initial question, and with her arms crossed, she didn’t seem all that interested in being there. Truthfully, she had only come along as a guide.

The other woman looked like she was of much higher status, and technically that was correct. Bronya Rand was the acting Supreme Guardian of Belobog, essentially its highest ranking leader. Her long head of silver hair swayed from side to side as she looked around at her reason for coming out to this location. A number of things had been unearthed that defied what you would normally expect to find in such a location.

“It’s possible there’s more if we keep digging, but the foreman wanted you to see first since they can’t figure out *what* any of this stuff is.” What would you normally expect to find while mining? Rocks, minerals, coal; all things that were typically uncovered in the mines under Belobog. Belobog was an old planet, and so sometimes things like fossils and artifacts were found.

But none of these things were what had been meticulously laid out on the tables at the bottom of this mine shaft. They were technological

devices that appeared to be in *perfect* working order – distinguishing them as different from artifacts, which were typically eroded. Bronya looked them over for a moment. “**Is that a pair of legs?**” White and sleek, they looked like prosthetics perhaps? But there were also more *dangerous* looking devices. All of them had one thing in common, though: a strange panel somewhere on them that seemed to follow a similar design format.

Curious, Bronya ran a finger across one of these panels. “**Hm?**” But doing so triggered some sort of *reaction*. The panel lit up red. No, the panels on *all* of the items in the mine lit up with the same color. Seele *immediately* responded to this reaction, pulling out her scythe with concern. “**Had no one else touched the—?**” But her question hung in the air, for both women disappeared from the mine.



“**—panels?**” It had happened mid-sentence. Bronya had been warped away from the mine shaft and now found herself in what *appeared* to be a small home. Was it in Boulder Town? The internal architecture was dark and dreary, and even though it had been the middle of the day there was no light filtering through the nearby window to indicate she was still underground. It looked like it was a girl’s bedroom based on the cuter bedding, but other than that... “**How did I end up here?**”

Seele was missing too, and that was alarming for different reasons. But Bronya had faith that no harm would befall her, especially if she’d been as luck to be sent into another home. It was also possible she was still *in* the mine shaft. Those strange machines had activated right before her displacement, so it stood to reason they were the culprits. And only the Supreme Guardian had touched them.

“**I suppose I should leave, but...**” It was *strange*, wasn’t it? Why did this room feel so nostalgic? She didn’t feel any urgency to leave. It was quite the opposite. Like she was standing in her *own* bedroom, despite being raised in the surface city proper. As this intensified, she became able to scrutinize it. “**That’s not right... Is something else wrong here?**” What purpose did warping her even serve in the first place?

She reached into her pocket to pull out her phone in order to text Seele so that she could make sure she was okay. “**Hm?**” But that phone wasn’t in her pocket. There *was* a phone on the bedside table beside the bed, but it didn’t have the case nor design of her own. Bronya took a single step towards it to check but ended up arching an eyebrow. Was it just a trick of her imagination, or did her favorite outfit feel a little tight?

It was very subtle, only noticeable *because* she wore that outfit every day. Looking down didn’t reveal anything that would explain it, but that was simply because the sensation had been so subtle in the first place. The reason she couldn’t recognize it was merely a problem of *perspective*. The reality of things was that her body had been *lifted up* ever so slightly and her eye level was a *singular inch* higher. She had grown from 5’6” to 5’7”, and that subtle tightness was due to her body being slightly taller.

Even though Bronya had been skeptical about the phone at first, she ended up picking it up and flipping it over to try and unlock it with the camera. “**The facial recognition isn’t working? But I don’t want to take off my gloves...**” Why *would* the facial recognition work if it wasn’t her phone? It was a question that she *should* have been asking herself, but for some reason didn’t. Even on the subject of her gloves... they felt tighter, because her hands were *bigger* too. Slightly larger with trimmed nails and an unprecedented number of *callouses*.

The woman wasn’t certain why she had it in her head that she *should* have been able to open the phone’s lock – actually, the thought didn’t occur to her at all. And yet, this little ‘problem’ was being fixed in that very moment, unbeknownst to her. Her face was continuously smoothing and rounding. Her lips thinned ever so slightly, her nose shrunk, her face’s shape became more circular. Most alarming of all was how much bigger her eyes – and her *eyebrows* – became. She looked like a different person, but she also looked *younger*. She had slipped back into her teens. *Seventeen*, to be exact.

DING!

The phone screen unlocked itself just as the silver of her irises brightened to a blue as brilliant as the sea itself. “**Oh! There we... go?**” Was she hearing things, or did her voice sound higher? Nah, it must have been nothing! Didn’t she always sound this way? Bright and bubbly! ...No, that was a far cry from how the Supreme Guardian typically sounded. Rather than check her phone after unlocking it, seemingly forgetting she had wanted to contact *someone*, she tossed it onto the bed as if it was *supposed* to be there.

“*Hm...*” Try as she might, Bronya really couldn’t shake the feeling that something was *wrong*. There were plenty of indicators that this was a fact and not a theory if she’d been open to *noticing* them. That didn’t seem to be the case, though. Every time it seemed as if she might catch on, her *simplifying* mind was steered away. She was becoming less critical in general, but this lack of critical thinking regarding her own body was an intended effect as she *slipped into an alternative reality*.

Even now, there were changes that appeared all the more dramatic. Take the girl’s typically pale complexion, for example? It was *darkening*, taking a bronzer tone that was suggestive of something her face’s reconstruction had already indicated: she had changed racially. She looked like a girl of Middle Eastern descent rather than the white woman she’d been before this transformation began. And her skin wasn’t even alone in changing color, for the silver of her now bushy brows darkened to red.

Of course, as it went with these things, that color change didn’t stay in her brows when it came to her hair. The roots of the Supreme Guardian’s long and flowing silver locks were darkening to this same red. It whipped throughout the entire length of her *silver mane* within a matter of seconds, but this change of color also saw these strands become thicker, coarser, and messier. Not that what happened to the ends really *mattered*, for once it had all been dyed? Everything past the base of her spine was cut off, while her bangs lifted up into the center of her forehead and the sides puffed out.

The girl simply blinked. “**I was supposed to be – YAWN – doing something, right?**” She felt a little tired. Had she just woken up? And her clothes felt *disheveled*, more-so than when she had first grown. Her body’s mass had changed. Much of her body was firmer and more muscular, and her breasts and butt had lost some weight as a result. When you considered what she was wearing, this meant nothing really fit well.

For only a moment, though. The girl who *clearly* wasn’t Bronya Rand anymore blinked, and in that extremely short period of time she was redressed in something much more comfortable. A uniform consisting of white shorts, and a matching white jacket with black and gold accents overtop an orange leotard. She had black boots, a golden tie, and a black headband that pulled some of the red hair on top of her head until a large, bird-like lick.

“**Eh? Did I sleep in? Oh no! Miss Miorine is going to give me an earful if I’m late!**” This wasn’t really the case at all, but from *Suletta Mercury*’s point of view she felt like she had just woken up. There wasn’t a trace of the Supreme Guardian left in her, neither in

appearance nor mind, and in fact? She believed her own *girlfriend* to be the one fulfilling this role. She was just a girl from the Belobog Underground, a ‘mining colony’ where she was always helping the people out with her combat armor, *Aerial*.

It was a long story, but she had unearthed that armor when she was younger. Not only could it help with mining, but it was useful in combat as well. That was how Suletta had been helpful when Belobog faced her greatest crisis yet, when the Astral Express had landed and the Stellaron had threatened the safety of their planet. The white and gold uniform that she wore was a gift she’d received for her contributions. None of that mattered *anymore* though, because Belobog was now in an era of peace.

...Maybe not for Suletta personally though, seeing how quickly she ran out the door after stuffing her phone into her pocket.

“I don’t want to get scolded againnnnnn!”



“Huh?” Seele was always trying to seem like the type of woman who didn’t care about this and that. She was liable to get riled up easily, but when that *wasn’t* the case? Well, she upheld the mentality of ‘sit back and observe, not everything requires a reaction’. It was a little hard *not* to react when the mine shaft she’d been standing in had been replaced with what appeared to be the bedroom of some rich girl up on

Belobog’s Overworld. Actually... **“Isn’t this a bedroom in Qlipoth Fort?”**

She could imagine *why* she’d end up in the Supreme Guardian’s base of operations. But thinking of Bronya... *wasn’t this her room?* The décor wasn’t what she remembered from the last time she’d slept over, though. It was much *messier*, with garbage bagged up in the corners and much more technology strewn across the big desk than she recalled. **“Did someone hijack Bronya’s room? What’s going on here?”**

And why did she vaguely feel like *she’d* been the one making those messes?

“Or is this room... *mine*? Huh!? No! Why the hell would that be the case?” Why had she even *said* that? Of course it wasn't her room! This very obvious mistake rendered her flustered, and she looked around awkwardly in an attempt to clear her mind. *Because* she was trying to calm down, Seele wasn't really paying very much attention inward. Which worked to the advantage of the forces that were changing her just as her girlfriend had been changed. Well, maybe not *exactly*.

Early on, it *seemed* like her transformation would be similar. The clothing malfunction was felt early on, but *not* because of her height changing (yet). Rather, it felt a little looser around some specific areas. It was actually the most *observable* around her chest thanks to the low neckline of her outfit. There was a visible window where you could see the sizes of her tits compressing, their fat leaving so that they were now perky *B-cups* that definitely *couldn't* feel the D-cup cups of her attire.

There weren't any gains to be found in her lower body, either. In fact, while Bronya's transformation had involved a series of gains and losses, there wasn't a single thing that Seele would gain instead of losing *physically*. Her blue shorts and the base of the leotard that wrapped around her hips *loosened*. It was a combined effort between her butt, hips, and thighs – all of which slimmed until they retained a perkiness to them, but they *clearly* hadn't grown beyond what one might expect of, say, a *teenaged* girl.

“*Tch*. Anyway, I should figure out how to get back to—?” *To?* *To whom?* *To what?* Was she supposed to *be* somewhere? The fact that she couldn't remember furthered an annoyance that was portrayed far more openly than Seele typically did. **“*This is so annoying!*”** Was it as annoying as her shorts *constantly* slipping from her hips? She'd subconsciously been grabbing them here and there to pull them back up, it not even occurring to her that all of the callouses on her fingers from wielding a scythe had faded into the softness of someone living a much more *privileged* life. Something that affected her *feet* too.

Rather than get any smaller (for now), it appeared that the woman's transformation had begun to focus on *different* aspects of her body that altered her *colors* and *style* depending on the region. Her long head of purplish blue hair was a good example of this, for all of the color drained from it slowly but surely – not merely from the roots, but across the entirety of *every* hair on her body in quick succession. What was left wasn't the white of old age, but instead a silver shade that harkened back to Bronya's natural hair color, though that similarity was unrelated.

Seele's unruly head of hair straightened and thinned in places. Her ahoge curled in the opposite direction and stuck up higher as her bangs were split into three left-leaning tufts with the bottom-most one splitting between a pair of eyes that inherited a silver similar to her hair. Oddly, all of the hair behind her had been brushed in a way that it was pulled closer together behind her neck but ended up fanning out just past her shrunken ass. This style felt like it would be *impossible* without hair ties, but she wasn't wearing anything like that.

The woman clicked her tongue with annoyance. “**Well, if I can't remember, then it *probably* wasn't important, right?**” By her own logic, the woman's voice sounding *off* must have factored into that belief too. It was a little bit deeper, despite that *as* she spoke? Her face had gradually de-aged, making her appear *younger*. She slipped back into her teens, her skin tighter and healthier, but her face was also reconstructed. Her cheeks were left fuller, her lips thinner, and her silver eyes narrower above a now button-shaped nose. She was young and cute – likely around *sixteen* – but she didn't look a *lick* like Seele.

All that had *really* remained of her old identity was her height. Her mentalscape had undergone a transformation of its own, replacing knowledge of the Underworld with knowledge of the Overworld. The place where she *used* to live felt much more foreign to her, and she now had a great deal of business acumen that she hadn't before. She'd become quite *competent*, both in term of talents and her ability to communicate.

But these were things that had also come with a *loss*. “**Woah!?**” The girl, at least for a moment, wondered if she had *slipped*. Her eye level had dropped dramatically in an instant, sending her *plummeting* down to 4'11” in a matter of seconds. With a shake of her head and a twitch of her tinier hands she reminded herself that she couldn't *possibly* have fallen, and didn't think much of it. Even though her clothes were practically falling *off* of her.

It was a momentary issue. Her own attire was replaced by a uniform that was *very* similar to Suletta's with a couple of key color differences. While all of the black segments aligned, anything gold on Suletta's uniform was red on hers, while anything white? It was green. Her shorts were also *much* shorter, but her legs were hidden by black tights with a darker vertical line down the front of either leg. Heeled boots also lifted her up ever so slightly. Almost a *necessity* with how short she was otherwise.

“Ugh. That Suletta... she’s late *again!*” No one had ever said that Supreme Guardian *Miorine Rembran* was the patient type, and that was *extra* untrue when it came to the antics of her girlfriend. History had completely been rewritten so that the two girls possessed these new roles, but history remained the same otherwise. Even so, some definitely questioned Miorine’s leadership skills. She was still a teenaged girl, after all! Still, none could question the fact that she was the late Supreme Guardian’s adopted daughter, nor the work she had done to help Belobog in the end.



The girl plopped down onto her desk chair with her arms crossed beneath her chest. Could she have made the effort to go to the Underground to fetch Suletta instead? Definitely, but she wanted to teach her a lesson! She’d taken the day off for the two to go on a date and was even wearing the green uniform she’d worn when they’d first met. “*Grr...*” Even though she was acting pouty about it *now*, she’d come around once Suletta showed up. She loved that girl too much.

“*SHE’S STILL GETTING AN EARFUL!*”

In the end, no one realized that history had been changed. Bronya and Seele had essentially switched positions entirely in their new lives, but they were none the wiser to it. Even so, they were both still together. Suletta and Miorine were both happy, and Belobog was in good hands. But that didn’t mean that Belobog’s *future* couldn’t be altered.

After all, that GUND tech they had recently unearthed looked like it might be quite useful!