

MAGIC DOUBLE DOWN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mmn... What in the world hit me?”

Citrinne felt like she had suddenly woken from a terrible dream. The dream was a fairly simple one, too. She'd been helping serve food in the Somniel that evening for all of the Divine Dragon's soldiers when there had suddenly been an *attack*. A woman in a strange bodysuit had crashed their meal, bearing a trio of tendrils that flowed from behind her that struck anyone who tried to knock her away.

At first, she had seemed intent on sewing chaos, attacking soldiers at random that, unfortunately, were completely unarmed. Somniel had never *had* an invader before, much less one that had so *clearly* been sent by the Fell Dragon as the woman had declared herself, so everyone didn't exactly walk around armed and ready for an inside attack. Had anyone been killed in her dream?

That, the Brodian noblewoman couldn't remember. She just recalled the woman immediately focusing on Princess Celine the moment she found her helping in the back of the kitchen. Within her dream, Citrinne performed an act of bravery by pushing Celine out of the way and taking a stab in the stomach by one of her tendrils. At the time she'd been in pain, and as her vision became blurry? She was pretty sure the woman had said something like **“Tch, I got the wrong one. Oh well.”**

“Ngh...” Now, waking up? Her surroundings were *very* dark, and it felt like she was laying on the cold, hard ground? Had she fallen out of her bed in her sleep? But no... her room in the Somniel was *never* this dark, even in the dead of night? Something was wrong. She managed to stand up, but there was a shooting pain that radiated from... her stomach? The

same place she had been stabbed in her dream? *Wait.* **“Was it not... a dream?”** Had she *actually* been stabbed? Then where *was* she!? And could this have been related to Yunaka’s sudden disappearance?

“Bingo, miss Brodian noble!” A mocking voice called out from the shadows – the same voice that belonged to her attacker. She clapped twice, and that seemed to ignite a series of nearby torches, casting the young woman’s surroundings in an uncomfortable glow. It was uncomfortable because what it illuminated was a reveal that only instilled her with hopelessness.

Steel bars surrounded her with nothing, but stone walls and a singular exit positioned on the other side, where the assassin from before was sitting on the floor with an unsettling smile. She was clearly in a *prison*, and it wasn’t within the borders of the Somniel. Had this woman kidnapped her after stabbing her? Then what of the others!? **“Don’t worry. I didn’t manage to hurt any of the others. I only got away with *you*, even though you weren’t my target. But that’s okay! Lord Sombron has decided you’ll be a great help when it comes to dealing *payback* to your friends!”**



Citrinne didn’t immediately respond to words that felt designed to instigate a reaction from her. She was too proud to give that monster any satisfaction, so she thought about what to ask carefully. So, this was Sombron’s doing? Was she in one of his bases, then? Or had the woman just dragged her to the most discreet place she could find on short notice? It wasn’t impossible that someone from Somniel could find her if she managed to buy time.

“And how did the Fell Dragon come to *that* conclusion? If you wanted information from me, then I would sooner cut out my own tongue.” On her pride as a proud noblewoman of Brodia, she would not spill any secrets. She would protect her friends and allies no matter what, and she was serious about cutting her own tongue out... lack of blade aside.

Kronya merely laughed at the thought. **“As much as I’d like to see *that*, that isn’t what he had in mind. My attitude about Lord Sombron was like your before, you know? Until he gave me a *new outfit*.”** A new *outfit*? How enticing were those clothes that they could coax an enemy of the Fell Dragon into an ally? Of course, she was thinking with far too much common sense. **“And if you’d look down,**

you might see that he did the same for you! That pain in your stomach must be gone already, right? Did you not bother to wonder why that was?"

"What!?" Citrinne quickly turned her attention down at herself. She'd felt so disoriented after being knocked unconscious and waking up on the floor in the pitch-black darkness of all things that she hadn't thought to make sure she was wearing what she had been when she'd been attacked. But that wasn't what she was wearing at all.

Her new outfit was *clearly* still designed to be worn by a mage. The black robes were lightweight, yet much too large for her. Even if they had fit properly, they likely would have been far too revealing for her tastes. The neckline alone was so deep that it must have been designed to show off the cleavage of a woman with *much* larger breasts, there was a cutout around the navel, and the sides of the robes were slit to show off her hips and thighs... or would have if her own were big enough. **"Do you like it? There are some accessories that go with it, but I'm sure you'll put them on yourself once you finish *getting changed!*"**

Kronya let out a final laugh as she pushed herself up and headed towards the door.

"Don't worry, it isn't painful at all. It actually feels *great!*"

Was that supposed to be *reassuring*? Citrinne couldn't help but be wary of what was about to happen her if the best reassurance she could be given was that 'it wouldn't hurt'. Didn't that imply that whatever it was, it was going to impact her body in some way? Was it an illness of some kind? While the girl fret over the multitude of possibilities however, the curse that had been etched into those robes began to take effect. It began by affecting her body's *colors*, such as how the pinkish red of her eyes dulled to a golden amber hue instead. A change that wasn't particularly noticeable for obvious reasons.

What would likely become *more* noticeable to her was her hair. It was changing in color much like her eyes, but it didn't dim in shade. On the contrary it did the polar opposite, with the odd strand at first darkening to a dark purple. The lit torches may have provided some light to her surroundings, but the interior of the cell she was in lacked a light source of her own. It was still dark enough that it was difficult to see things unless she was focusing on them, and even then she wasn't *really* paying attention to her hair.

"Tsk. Let me *out!*" The woman that looked like she had been done up in a jester's makeup had left, but that didn't stop Citrinne from finally

finding her voice. She was angry about being kidnapped, but was that level of aggression *normal* for her in a situation like the one that she now found herself in? She stomped her foot on the cold, hard ground, and as she did so? It was almost like the reverberation from the impact stimulated the color change in her hair though, because not only did it suddenly spread rapidly into the rest of her hair atop her head, but her eyebrows and even a thickening bush of pubes found the same shade.

Even then, Citrinne failed to notice that her hair color had changed. It wasn't until the *length* and *style* changed that it became more obvious, and only because these purple locks fell over her right eye. **“What... is that? Is that a trick of the light!?”** Even then, she was hesitant to accept what she was looking at. She tugged delicately at these bangs with her fingers in disbelief, even as they curled and stretched down to reach her chest before her very eyes. That was the fate of *all* of her hair. Long, wild, and wavy; it became the polar opposite of the neat and short length she preferred to keep it at. **“Are these clothes affecting my form!?”**

With all of the context clues available to her, that really seemed to be the most likely answer. **“I need to remove them before I get *sexier*.”** Wait, *sexier*? Where were the context clues that would have led her to *that* conclusion? There hadn't been any; it was more like a vague hunch? The idea that she might be getting *sexier* stimulated a strange and almost corrupted sense of pride, and ultimately? It wasn't off the mark at *all*. Because the mage's body began to feel *significantly* heavier.

Citrinne initially had difficulties weathering it, in fact. Her back was forced to bend forward as a befuddled groan slipped past her lips. **“Are my *tits swelling*? Mm...”** Although that *groan* quickly turned into something more akin to a *moan*. Her observation had been on point, not that it was especially difficult for her to notice that the weight of her once mediocre chest was practically *ballooning*, rounding into a pair of orbs, and then eventually a set of *melons* that pulled up the loose-fitting robes she'd been dressed in so that they were no longer loose. To accomplish that though, her breasts had to bubble up all the way to *G-cups*, so heavy that there was a slight sag to them that not even her robes could full hide.

“They're so *big*.” Rather than display the shock or disgust you might expect, the girl allowed her hands to grope at and shake them like they were brand new toys. Heavy and sensitive, her own handling of them and her plumper nipples brought goosebumps to rise across her skin. Their *ampleness* also provided an *ample* distraction from what was actually a joint bloating. It hadn't *just* been her tits that had been swelling, but they certainly occupied most of her attention and now, her

view as well. She couldn't see much beyond her vast cleavage as she cast her gaze downward.

But that didn't change that her body had been swelling elsewhere. While perhaps not with *quite* the same vigor as her tits had grown, the flesh of her ass jiggled with newfound bloat, skin stretching around burgeoning cheeks until there was a subtle shine to their surface. The back of the robes was pushed up, while her hips gradually jut out through the slits on the sides because they'd been forced to widen several inches. Not *just* because her ass was fatter, but likewise because the thighs that pushed out through these slits fattened in kind, nearly *doubling* in size.

When she'd had her fill of 'fun', Citrinne eventually let go of her tits so that they could settle. "**Perhaps now isn't the time for that?**" Was her voice deeper? Sultrier? Indeed, but it was hardly an *issue* to her now. She'd very quickly lost the war against the corruption that had encroached upon her mentally as she'd already demonstrated. Not only was she reveling in the fact that she had become so much sexier, but her moral values had been degrading.

For example? She didn't like the idea of killing innocent people. She *never* had, but she could help but lick her *swelling* lips at the thought of killing some goodie two shoes now. Those lips reddened with lipstick, but their growth and coloring were only a small piece of a broader set of changes to her face overall. Her amber eyes narrowed while her eyelashes grew longer, and her nose lengthened into a tip that was slightly more upturned than it had been prior. Citrinne had *only* been seventeen, but looking at her now? Even in her face she looked much more mature, like a woman *pushing thirty*.

"I shouldn't want to inflict pain, but why *wouldn't* I? As a mage of *my* caliber, who would even stop me?" The selfish mentality of 'if no one can stop me, why would I care?' was engraved upon her tainted heart alongside an undying loyalty towards Sombron that had left her disgusted at first... only for the woman to embrace it enthusiastically. She wrestled with, and finally accepted, who she now was just as a few added inches were applied to her height, leading to her fingers and nails growing, and her feet expanding with longer toes and higher heels as well.

The buxom *dark mage* seductively cooed as she ran her hands down her *much* more curvaceous body, savoring how plush and sexy she had become. While she undeniably *looked* like a regular human being, the truth behind her existence was that she was a *morph*, a creature created from recycled quintessence. **"I can't imagine my victims will be able to stop *gawking* at me while I kill them, hm? As beautiful**

as I am, even *I* might have difficulties pulling my gaze away from the mirror.”

Sonia Reed. That was the new name that came to her whenever she reflected on her own identity, even though the vague memories of her life as Citrinne still dwelled at her core. Those memories had been *tainted* though, corrupted by the monster that Sombron wanted her to be through the robes that she had been dressed in. Robes that now showed off her body curvature *perfectly*. She didn't hesitate to give her hips a little shake for her own amusement, savoring the hefty jiggle of her bosom in the process.

“Why would the *old* me loathe Lord Sombron when he's giving me such a *wonderful opportunity*?” The lives of those that lived within the Somniel were weak and fragile. A dark mage of her power could *easily* make them bow before her, and she was getting excited just thinking of the possibilities. But she couldn't leave without orders, and besides! She still wasn't fully dressed.



The woman didn't know if they'd been there the whole time or not, but Sonia noticed a number of items laid out on a bench in the back of the cell she occupied. She added them to appearance one by one. Long, black gloves with golden decals went first, followed by matching heels that she slipped her feet into delicately. There was a classiness to her that was misleading, that wasn't suggestive at all of how bloodthirsty she was. A circlet made of golden chain was adorned last, fitted perfectly around her head. “*Perfect.*”

“I see you've adjusted nicely. Very *hot* of you.”

Sonia hardly reacted to the sound of another's voice speaking without warning, even though there hadn't been even a single footstep echoing to indicate that *she* had returned. “**You were quite right, my dear Kronya. I feel a *million* times better. So, you'll let me out of this cage now, won't you? You didn't mention it, but I was out for *several* days, was I not? The pain from your wound had masked it, but I could *kill* for a meal right about now. Lord Sombron's orders can wait until after I've fed.**”

“Are you asking me out to dinner? How could an evil assassin say no to a hot evil dark mage like you?”

In all likelihood, this would be the beginning of a beautiful and bloody partnership. One that would eventually blossom into a twisted romance.

But for now? Sonia couldn't *wait* to take to the field. And eliminate the Divine Dragon once and for all, for Lord Sombron's sake.