

FROM WITCH TO MAGE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Suletta was surprised by just how fruitful her trip to the school library had been.

The pilot of the Aerial Gundam did not necessarily consider her to be *book smart* in any sense of the word. She was an excellent pilot and had a knack for some engineering tasks as a direct result of this, but growing up? She hadn't necessarily been afforded a *normal* education. Not only was Mercury something of a backwater mining planet, but the people there didn't really like her much aside from her mother.

Before enrolling in the Asticassia School of Technology, she'd never even managed to visit an *actual* library. At least not one on the same scale of what she had just wandered through. She had spent a good four hours there at the urging of Miorine Rembran, the girl to whom she was engaged thanks to the Holder system that the school had set up. Basically, whoever beat the present Holder in a mobile suit battle would become the new one, and Miorine's fiancé as a result. It just so happened that this was Suletta now.

Suletta didn't really understand why Miorine had been so adamant about her visiting the library, but the truth of the matter was that with GUND ARM INC., the company they had created, adding so much to her workload, she had just needed some peace and quiet. A peace and quiet that was undone when Suletta returned, bursting into the little office she had set up in Earth House's dorms with a **"MISS MIORINE, LOOK!"**.

The Miss Miorine in question practically jumped out of her chair with shock as Suletta stormed in, waving around a book with very old fashioned, leather bindings. **"This is a magic tome! Apparently if**

you read it, you can use real magic!” The groan that Miorine sounded wasn’t negligible. Anyone with a head on their shoulders would have known that magic was *not* real. If there was anyone out there that would have been sheltered enough to *believe* the nonsense meant for a child, it would have been Suletta. **“Like—!”**

Suletta had opened the book and had begun to recite some sort of gibberish aloud, but Miorine went to cut her off. **“Su-let-ta! Magic isn’t—”**



“—*REAL!?*” What happened in that moment had done so in the blink of an eye. She’d been in the Earth House office one second, and the next? She was greeted by fresh, cool, evening air with her feet planted on the cold floor of what appeared to be a forest. **“What the *HELL?*”** Was this Earth? There was no way she was suddenly on *Earth!* Off in the distant there was a campfire flickering, and she could make out the silhouette of another woman. That had to be Suletta, right? Assuming she had been brought here *alongside* her. But she was too far away to tell for sure.

“No, this has to be a dream or something! Magic isn’t real!” It was an assertion that was already being challenged by her current circumstances, but one that she was desperate to cling onto. Even as the spell that had brought her these? Well, it wasn’t exactly content with just warping her into *another world*. That was just part of its purpose, but not the *main* purpose.

As Miorine’s body was already beginning to reveal.

She was *understandably* panicked, and as a result of that she was more focused on her surroundings than anything else. A rudimentary glance at herself when her surroundings had first changed had revealed to her that she was still wearing her uniform, and even then? It was much too dark where she was standing to make out anything beyond that. Even her own silver bangs were little more than shadowy growths from her own head, and she wasn’t really looking at them to consider their color.

Namely if that color had *changed*. Which it had and continued to do. The silvery color that she inherited from her mother was darkening; from her roots all of the way out to the lengthy tips. To a vibrant *purple*. But it wasn’t the color *alone*, either. The bangs that swept between the girl’s eyes gradually became shorter, ultimately resting only a couple of inches across her forehead and becoming consistently lengthened above

her eyes. **“Hm?”** Miorine even went cross-eyed for a moment as she *thought* she’d seen something but ended up dismissing it even despite her silver irises taking on the exact same purple that her hair had.

“I must be seeing things. I should move to the fire for now. *Mistress Frieren should be...* HAH? Who the hell am I talking about!?” While the teen had clearly been ignorant to her hair changing (and now it framed the sides of her head and hid her ears, free of any ahoges or loose bits), speaking another person’s name while thinking of her fiancée was so bizarre that she had taken notice. At least for a moment before the mental adjustment was made. **“No...”**, she murmured in a quieter, more contemplative tone, **“*Maybe that’s who I’m looking for?*”**

But the part of her that was still ‘Miorine’ deep down continued to take issue with this, but she didn’t seem to have as much control over her own words and actions as she would have liked, adding to her distress. It was like, within her consciousness, there was *someone else*. Someone that wasn’t aware of who she was supposed to be that was gradually overcoming the Rembran heiress’ will. Or perhaps merging *with* it.

Without as much *energy* as she had reacted to her changed thoughts, the girl found herself adjusting the fit of her uniform here and there. It was clearly too tight in places all of a sudden, but it didn’t necessarily occur to her to figure out *why* that might be. It should have been obvious enough with a tertiary glance, though. This uniform was becoming disheveled, and not by an exterior force. It was the *interior* that was causing the physical unrest.

“Ugh...” And the girl was seemingly having a difficult time grappling with the ill fit, even though it didn’t occur to her to consider the cause. But as the base of her Asticassia top rose higher and higher, the bulging front became a surprising focal point and the clear cause of her upper body’s shift, at least. It was the girl’s bosom. Her petite breasts were rapidly growing, flesh pooling within so that the skin was pulled tautly around perky orbs that exceeded *D-cups*. The primary issue with their growth was that her uniform could *not* accommodate them, though, so her leotard-covered tummy was now exposed and the zipper on the front had been yanked down to give them some space.

They were still stifled by the orange pilot leotard she wore underneath, but this was much stretchier than the outer layer.

Even turning her shoulders highlighted the ill fit of it all. **“*Why am I wearing clothes that don’t fit, come to think of it?*”** Miorine’s voice came across as a little deeper now, and there was a calm to it that matched her more subdued expression. Where had all of her previous

fire gone? It was buried within the new ego that continued to form, even as her uniform short and tights were burdened by changes that weren't that dissimilar to what had presented her chest its boon.

She *did* make a funny sound when her leotard was yanked up into the crack of her ass, though. It was courtesy of the leotard becoming tighter at the behest of her ass, which ballooned several sizes larger and peeked out from the hem, a newly formed mole on the left cheek and all. In a similar fashion? Her thighs thickened, and so tears formed in the nylon for pale skin to peek through. All of this worsened, especially with her shorts, courtesy of her hips swinging wider with a slight *pop* so that they stood a few more inches apart.

“I still need to get back to... Mistress Frieren... though?” The girl felt more certain of who she had to meet when she said it this time, all as the leotard beneath her clothes *finally* snapped from the tension her growing body provided. Miorine's height *shot up* from 5' to 5'5" very rapidly, but this jump in height also came with a perceived shift in age. She looked four or so years older, and her face took on a much more circular shape with rounder cheeks, eyes, and plumper lips.

The woman eyed the fire again and finally began to move towards it. While she'd been burdened by her clothes at first, that burden was lifted thanks to the cloth loosening and separating. Instead of a school uniform, it became a plain, white dress with a puffy black cloak around it. Practical, but not especially fashionable. Her black boots were rather nice, though!

“Hm? What a strange feeling.” Compared to how *loud* she had been when the spell's effects had first taken root inside of her, the words of the young woman now were *far* more composed. Monotonous, even, as it didn't sound like there was very much emotion behind them in the first place. But this wasn't intentional. *Fern* was a young woman who had always been that way. Some people wore their hearts on their sleeves, but this mage was the exact opposite.

She shook her head, tussling her long head of purple hair in the process. The campfire off in the distance caught her attention. That was where she had decided to camp with her master, but the distance *away* from that camp that she stood was what stood out as unusual to her. She had no recollection of walking away, and her last memory was of being beside the fire. **“...That can only mean one thing.”**



Her master had tested a spell on her without permission again.



“M-Miss Miorine? I think the spell worked!”

Suletta was a little confused, but simultaneously *elated* to find herself standing beside a campfire just seconds after reading off her spell. It took her a moment to realize that Miorine *wasn't* with her, though. **“Uh oh...”** Still holding the book, she was about to assume that she was all alone in an unfamiliar forest. At least until she heard a familiar voice screamingly angrily off in the distance. **“Ah.... No... There she is...”**

Still, the fire was the only thing lighting the forest around her. Miorine must have been just outside of the light's range, because the pilot couldn't see her anywhere. **“Miss Miorine! Come to the fire!”** She *tried* to call out to her fiancée, but she didn't receive a response. Had she not called out to her loudly enough? Or had Miorine not replied with enough

volume herself? **“Miss Miorine...? EH!?”**

She'd attempted to call out again, but when she did? Suletta's words had been unusually *quiet*. Dry and monotonous too, the surprise of which prompting her to drop the book in her hand. She returned to normal right after, but she definitely couldn't deny that speaking like that was *weird* for a bubbly, albeit awkward girl like herself! It was just the first sign that something was awry, and it *definitely* wouldn't be the last. *Making a lot of noise is a hassle, though.*

“Huh? Why would it be a— UWAHWAH!?” The pilot had intended on taking a step closer to the edge of the fire's light so that she could try and find her fiancée in the woods but ended up tripping clumsily over her own boot. **“That's weird!”** She cried out when she regained her posture, but her shoes had been kicked off during the stumble, and her socks were sliding down her feet too. No, wasn't it more than that? Her shorts felt like they were going to slip off, and her sleeves reached down past her knuckles. **“It's almost like...!? I've shrunk, somehow.”**

Her observations were delivered *much* more dryly than the initial reaction had suggested they would be, but those observations weren't exactly *incorrect*. Suletta was a *very* tall girl for her age, towering over Miorine at 5'7" herself. But as she'd fallen? Her limbs and torso had withdrawn, and her hands and feet had become daintier to boot. She now stood just under the 5'3" mark, and four inches was more substantial of a difference than it sounded.

It was just a matter of what the girl would do *with* this information. “**O-Or was I already this height!?**” Nothing useful, seemingly. It was much like what was happening to Miorine nearby at that very moment. Another ego and personality were absorbing her old one, gradually altering her perception so that anything that changed was seen as ‘correct’ from her perspective. It was for that reason that, while she had noticed that her height had diminished, it hadn’t really occurred to her that *other* aspects of her body had diminished at the same time.

Her muscles were part of it. Suletta Mercury had grown up on a mining planet and was well trained physically. She had a well toned body beneath her uniform, or she was *supposed* to. But those muscles had softened up and left her physically weaker. With her pectorals lesser, her bust ended up seeming a little smaller as a side effect. But it wasn’t *wholly* a side effect. Her breasts had shrunk all on their own as she’d become smaller, C-cups compressing into *B-cups* that were a little on the small side beneath a leotard that conformed to their new size.

Even her hips had compressed, leaving it up to her belt to keep her shorts from sliding down past thighs that were leaner, and an ass that was just a little less perky. Considering all of the losses she had faced; it might have been easy to *assume* that she had become younger. But that wasn’t the case in actuality, even if her face’s design seemed to suggest it as well. “*Hm...*” With an almost eerily serene calm compared to how anxiously she’d been acting at first, the *woman* gently bit on her lower lip contemplatively.

Never mind the fact that the lip she bit down onto was shrinking while the teeth doing the nibbling changed shape mildly to suit a different dental profile. This transpired in tandem with a wider facial shift that, like her fiancée, completely altered her perceived identity just like her mental landscape was. She, too, ended up with a rounder facial design that seemed to suit a different racial profile better than her own mix of Caucasian and Middle Eastern blood. It was as if the Caucasian half was becoming more prominent, giving her face a more appropriate shape that bore a little more maturity.

Even though her internal clock was beginning to suggest she was at least
over *one thousand* years old.

“**What was I doing? Did I cast a spell?**” Suletta couldn’t remember much from the past few minutes, surely because her memories were being twisted to coincide with her new identity. As she did, her complexion paled significantly until she looked just appeared just as Western as her new face’s design had teased, even seeing the blues of her eyes shift to a slightly greener tone between once bushy eyebrows

that had thinned substantially. But those eyebrows also changed in color – to a *silver* not unlike Miorine’s hair.

It was a trait that was ultimately shared with the hair atop the woman’s head. As it seeped in from her roots and worked its way down the length of her mane, her fuzzier hair was straightened out until it reached the center of her back. Her bangs ended up parted in the middle and framed her face down to her cheeks, but the full length of her hair was soon pulled up into two twin tails by a pair of ribbons that seemingly appeared from nowhere.

Suletta didn’t look at all like the girl she was supposed to by this juncture, but new memories from hundreds, and even one thousand years ago toyed with a different irregularity. She was *much* too old to be a human, but that riddle was promptly solved courtesy of her own ears. Their paled, once rounded shapes poked out from the silver hair on the sides of her head. Little by little they fanned out into increasingly thin points until she possessed a pair of six inch long *elf ears*. She was an *elf*.

And fortunately, not one that had to weather an oversized outfit any longer. The colors of her Holder uniform actually *remained* when her shorts and top merged into a single, white dress with golden trim around the base and sleeves. It was present in a matching half-cloak that wrapped around her neck in a collar, too. Otherwise, she wore black tights that matched black stripes in the torso of her dress now, along with brown boots.



“Mm? I guess it worked... But I made sure not to send her too far away...” The elven mage, *Frieren*, reached down to pick up the magic tome she had dropped after looking around a little bit. The past few minutes were a little blurry for her, but that tended to happen when you lived for such a long time. A few minutes was an inconsequential drop in the bucket of an elf’s lifetime, and so unless something *really* stood out to her, she didn’t always commit *everything* to memory.

What she *could* recall was that she had come into ownership of this new magic tome earlier in the day after doing some odd jobs in a nearby village with her disciple, Fern. She had been intrigued by the promise of its *teleportation magic* and had been excited to test it out. Her disciple, Fern, didn’t usually agree to being the test subject for things like this. Which was why she had idly done so while the human girl was sitting beside the fire.

“She’s definitely gone. But I wonder how far. What is the ceiling on the spell’s usefulness?” Frieren didn’t seem to be concerned at all about the possibility of potentially sending the young woman who was essentially her daughter at this point to the far corners of the continent without a way to return. But that was because she was so confident in her own magic ability. She’d made sure not to use enough magic to launch her away.

And she was proven right moments later as a taller, purple haired woman entered the campfire’s light with one of her cheeks puffed out in a cute little pout. Well, Frieren had been expecting this might happen. **“Mistress Frieren... we’ve talked about this.”** Frieren knew as much, but that hadn’t stopped her in this case. In fact, the elf even provided a slight smile.

“Sorry, Fern. My finger slipped.”

“...It definitely did not.”