

MAGES OF VICTORY I.

BIWEEKLY STORY #166

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“These ruins are certainly much different from anything we’ve explored before...” The S-class Mage, Fern, remarked to herself as she walked down a narrow corridor. She let out a sigh as she remembered that there was no one for her *to* talk to, because all three members of their party had split up after her master, Frieren, had used a spell to check if there were any monsters within the perimeter of those ruins. Because there weren’t any? Each member of the trio had set off to do a bit of investigating before reuniting at the entrance later.

The mage’s words weren’t off the mark at *all*, though. It had been obvious from the entrance alone, but it wasn’t a conventional set of ruins in any comprehensible capacity. Where ruins were typically made of brick and stone, everything from the entrance to the walls, floor, and ceiling were all made of a slick, silvery steel. Fern didn’t know what things from the ‘future’ would look like to see it as ‘futuristic’, but that was essentially what it was.

“What are any of these things...?” The corridor that she walked down wasn’t illuminated by flames nor magic, but instead by flat panels that could be found lining the walls or propped up on desks. At times she found transparent, glass tubes that looked large enough to fit a human body in. **“Was someone testing on people?”** It could have been humans, elves, demons... the possibilities were endless.

But the truth of the matter was a possibility that she *didn’t* consider. The possibility that those ‘ruins’ were the remains of a lab from an entirely different civilization in an entirely different world. And that something known as a ‘Gatekeeper’ had sent them into her world unintentionally.

Fern could only comprehend what was in front of her using the things she already understood.



She eventually stopped in front of one of the desks. There was a tablet glowing on top of it, and she reached out to grab it. But... In doing so, she accidentally triggered a switch that was built into the desk itself. An intended function? No, it seemed more like a *trap*. “**Ah?**” That was the conclusion that Fern drew, because the floor suddenly opened up and she *fell* – catching herself with flight magic just inches off the ground the floor below.

“**...That’s not good.**” She found herself in a different room, but she was trapped within one of those glass tubes she had seen upstairs. Flying back up was the obvious means of escape, but... the gap above her had been sealed shut and there was... *a hissing noise*? She couldn’t see anything, but she could feel it in the air. *Something* was filling the tube with her inside. “**I need to escape!**”

Much to her relief, it *wasn’t* a liquid that was filling the chamber, but that meant that it was probably some kind of *gas*? She couldn’t smell anything, but her skin began to radiate with a strange warmth – not just what was exposed, because that would have only been her hands and face – but her skin *beneath* her dress and cloak as well. Fern raised one of her hands and allowed her sleeve to slide down her arm. The lighting in the depths of the chamber was dim, but didn’t her pale skin look very slightly *darker*?

And it had a strange *sheen* to it.

Mind you, this is only what Fern could see. “**I’m not having any difficulties breathing or anything like that, but why can’t I summon my staff? No... My connection to magic in general was... severed?**” She couldn’t even *sense* mana, much less control it to summon the staff she’d stored in her magical pocket space. She slammed a fist into the glass of the chamber. Nothing. Unsurprising, seeing as she wasn’t a physical fighter.

What was in the air around her, and what was sticking to her body, was a substance known as Goddesium gas. It was a substance created in another world to create artificial soldiers that more a striking similarity to those that were alive. It had coated her skin, and now the *nanomachines* contained within it were seeping *into* her flesh. Her skin itself had pinkened as it gained a Goddesium coating, making it far

more durable than any human skin. Conventional magic bullets would do no damage to it.

But as its effects seeped deeper into her body? Outwardly, Fern's appearance began to differentiate itself from the appearance she'd had before. Her hair was a clear indicator of this, because the tips of her dark purple hair? They had begun to hastily lighten to a sandy blonde color that was swept up towards her roots, making sure that any 'artificial' hair grown later would take both that same color... and a now softer texture.

The mage herself wasn't ignorant to it though. Once her bangs were swept just her left eye? "**Hm?**" It was hard for her *not* to notice, and she gingerly reached back to grab a handful that was pulled over her shoulder. "**My hair... the color? No, the texture too. It's very soft, and smells like flowers...?**" Though she couldn't identify *which* flowers. It must have been some sort of shampoo?

Hm. Maybe I'll use that one again if I can find it here?

Fern lightly shook her head. A thought had been made in a voice that sounded rather unlike her own. It was more mature, and *far* more emotive than she was. "**That was odd! O-Oh!?**" What was *odder* was that it was *exactly* what her own voice sounded like the next time that she opened her mouth. The glass in the pod wasn't reflective enough for her to see her own face, but she might have noticed how it was changing.

Her purple eyes had shifted to red, for example, while their shapes lengthened and pinched inwards slightly in the corners. Fern was in her early twenties, so it wasn't like she wasn't already relatively mature. But this sharpened gaze, paired with fuller lips, a longer jaw, and a broader nose, all made her look even *older*. Not significantly so, maybe *twenty-five*, but five years was still quite the jump. Even then, much like how she didn't *sound* like Fern? She also didn't *look* much like Fern either.

"This isn't magic doing this, is it? Then again, would I even be able to tell?" She was still a little bothered about how *different* she sounded both in terms of voice and attitude, but she was adjusting a little bit. The fact that she couldn't sense mana like a mage meant that she couldn't say for sure if it wasn't involved. But considering she could *still* hear that hissing noise, it seemed more likely that... **"Nanomachines? Goddesium gas? Wait...!?"**

Those were terms that she had never heard in her life, so how did she know what they *meant*? Both them and... "**Nikke?**" The nanomachines had already infiltrated her mind, and though they fortunately didn't seek to erase her memories of her past life, knowledge was bestowed

upon her that she hadn't possessed. It made what was happening to her easier to stomach – and perhaps that was the point. **“So, how thoroughly am I going to change? It's weird, but I can kind of picture how I'm going to end up looking... Taller?”** Understanding what was happening now, she almost felt *excited*?

As it turned out? She'd been right on the money, although it wasn't as huge of a jump as she'd expected it to be. Fern was a very average 5'3", but her limbs lengthened along with her torso to pull her all the way up to 5'7", making her above average for a woman of her age. Because her dress was so baggy, there weren't really too many problems with its fit aside from some of that unused space actually *getting* used. **“And sexier too, huh?”**

Oh, she couldn't wait for *that* part – and it was on the horizon. But her internals were something that required addressing too. Her heart beat a little warmer now, but it wasn't really a traditional 'heart'. It had hardened into a 'core', which helped supply her body energy and aided in pumping the red 'blood' through her veins. This blood was more akin to a coolant than anything. While Fern herself hadn't noticed because her muscles were artificially strong to the point that she could *easily* smash the glass now (she just didn't *want* to) her body had become *much* heavier. Not from fat, but because her bones had solidified into a special steel, and wiring coiled around them.

In fact, growing a little 'heavier' where it *counted* (at least according to her excitement towards appearing sexier) didn't exactly contribute much to her overall body's weight comparatively. **“Oh! Here we go!”** She clapped lengthened fingers with manicured nails together excitedly as she stared directly down at the sight of her own chest *growing*. Her E-cup breasts were *already* larger than most women her age, but she could feel her gown straining while they nearly *doubled* in size. The buttons around her chest strained as gaps formed between them so that you could see her cleavage.

But just as she was about to unbutton them so that she had an easier time? They *all* snapped off, ricocheting off the glass and landing on the floor below her where they began to *disappear*. **“Yeah! These tits are huge!”** Maybe she sounded a little *too* excited. She was just as excited about the tightness of her lower undergarments, for her lengthened legs ended up buckling under the widening of her hips and the thickening of her thighs. They were both plush and muscular simultaneously; something that could also be said about the heart-shaped ass that burgeoned behind her.

She gave her own ass a playful slap, reveling in the jiggle she could feel ripple through both of her cheeks. **“Now, if only we could do**

something about this outfit! Though, that's already being dealt with, isn't it?" She'd noticed her buttons were missing from the floor, and the dress she was wearing appeared to be *darkening*. Before long? It had become a skintight body sock that covered her from her neck all the way down to her toes. It was so form fitting that it was practically sucked into her navel, showing off even the definition of her abs and thigh muscles.

A red tie with a golden tip was seemingly constructed from *nothing* above her cleavage, and her cloak shortened *and* parted so that it was a crop top-style vest with a thong-like V covering her pelvis and reaching up to vest. The woman tapped her feet as she was hoisted up by high-heeled, leather boots, and straps with red ammunition hugged her thighs. Fern was now the *proud* owner of a black beret with red decals that sat atop her head, as well as a black and puffy jacket that now hung from her elbows... with a pistol in the right pocket.

Firearms didn't even exist in this world yet!

The tube eventually freed the woman inside, but not because she had managed to smash her way out of it. Any desire to do so had dissipated once the Goddesium gas's effects had managed to affect her mind. As she stepped out and stretched, *Emma* might have looked like the spitting image of a normal human, but she was the farthest thing from it. She was a Nikke, a cyborg created to fight for humanity off in another world.

"Well, that was certainly an ordeal. This feels a little strange, but I suppose it isn't all bad." Gloved fingertips ran down the front of her breasts and eventually traced the grooves of her abs. Despite her drastically different appearance and a personality that might have been even more motherly than it had been before? Fern was still *in* there. It was more like additional memories had been implanted in her mind to make it easier, so she understood *what* she was, and she felt comfortable *in* that new body of hers.



Emma was as attentive to others as she was interested in fragrances. Her new body didn't produce an odor of its own, but she could curate how she smelled with perfume. **"I wonder what I could whip up with the ingredients in this world? Actually... come to think of it?"** Before worrying about that, she had to reunite with Frieren and Stark, but... **"I wonder if the elf lady found the Goddesium gas as well?"**

"A shame it wouldn't work on that boy though!"

TO BE CONTINUED...