

MODERN MAGIC

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“What is this? A glowing grimoire?”

Fern loomed inquisitively over a strange item she had found in the corner of the run-down dungeon she had been exploring with the rest of her party. Both Frieren and Stark were nearby and overheard her, and their footsteps drew closer – the elf’s faster than the man’s, likely because she was curious about what sort of thing could prompt a reaction from her student. Well, it was more like she had heard the term ‘grimoire’ and now her eyes were sparkling as a magic collector.

“You’re not lying, are you Fern?” Like her student (and actually worse in that regard), Frieren didn’t really show much emotion. But even then, you could definitely hear a tinge of excitement in her voice. Upon seeing it, however... There were definitely words etched upon it, but it didn’t look like a grimoire. **“It’s more like... a glowing stone tablet?”** Her excitement waned a little, but she was still curious.

Bezzled with black around the glowing portion, the tablet was small enough to be handled with two hands. The elf likewise found that it was very *light*, as she was able to pick it up and handle it with ease. **“Strange. I can’t read the written language... It doesn’t even look familiar.”** Was it a relic from a long, lost ancient civilization? No. It was from something far more *modern* relative to the world of fantasy they lived in.

But none of them would get a taste of that until Frieren’s pinky accidentally pressed a button in the side of the modern *computer tablet*.

“HAH!?” Poor Stark hadn’t really had any interest in grimoires. He’d been a little curious when Fern had said that she’d found something that was *glowing*, and he’d moved closer with his axe in hand just in case it had been *dangerous*. But there’d been a bright flash of light all of a sudden, and the next thing he knew? He was standing *naked* in a small, unfamiliar room with a locker right in front of him. **“Wh-What just happened? Fern? Frieren...?”**



Looking around – not that it was hard with how compact the room was – he couldn’t see either of them. Seeing as he was in the *nude* though, he had to rethink whether or not that was a bad thing. The last thing he needed was Fern calling him a pervert over something he couldn’t control *again*. What was with her and that gag!? ...It *was* a gag, right? Sometimes he wasn’t sure with how she acted towards him. But that was neither here nor there at that particular moment.

“What do I even do here!?” Stark made a good point. Disoriented as he was, he’d have to leave the windowless room to gather more information about *where* he was. And yet he had *nothing* to wear. If there were people outside and he walked out naked, he’d have all *sorts* of problems! As it turned out, his problems were just beginning. But the additional issues would technically bring about solutions in the process?

The first of these new problems wasn’t something that was *immediately* obvious to the man, likely because he hadn’t known to look for them just yet, but in part because he didn’t make a habit of checking himself while naked. Regardless, the scars that had been etched into his skin through his training and battles against monsters and demons were *wiped away* as if someone had cast a healing spell upon him, and yet at the same time? The pigmentation of that skin lightened slightly, any unneeded body hair was eviscerated, and it began to appear *softer*.

Stark’s changing complexion was indicative of a related adjustment that could be seen more in his *head* than anywhere else. When it came to his hair, it all darkened to a rich, dark green. When it came to his *face*? It was a much more dramatic affair that began with the shapes of his eyes changing while the same green from his hair seeped into his irises. The shapes of his eyelids promptly narrowed, drooping slightly as his eyelashes lengthened. They fit a different racial profile entirely while, at the same time, ended up appearing quite... *feminine*.

Both of these deviations spread throughout the *rest* of his face with time. His features became smaller, more delicate, *cuter*, but

simultaneously made the young man look less and less like himself in more ways than one. Racially, he began to appear *Japanese* – which unknowingly made sense, because modern day *Japan* was where he had ended up – but it was difficult to deny that his smaller nose and poutier lips made him appear more like a *woman*. Before long, his now dark-green hair had even cascaded down his back, reaching a short ways past his waist in the back while his bangs framed his face down to his chin at the sides.

“Um... Actually... *Am I supposed to be here?*” Stark’s Adam’s apple smoothed away the moment he began to show skepticism towards his location in a way that was *different* than he had before, paired with a sudden shift in his voice towards a much higher pitch. He didn’t know *why*, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that he was *right* where he should have been, even though just moments ago he’d felt so shellshocked by his surroundings that he had basically been paralyzed.

Honestly, there were things happening to his body now that probably *should* have stolen his attention away but didn’t. Even if you discounted the likelihood that he’d realize that the shape of his face had changed, he could hear his own voice, and with his body naked he *definitely* should have noticed how his longer hair tickled his back. He just simply... *didn’t* for some reason. It was a trend that continued when his eye level began to dip, and that was only a small piece of what was even happening in that moment.

In a way, it almost looked as if Stark’s body was *deflating*. He was the tallest member of his party, sure, but he had also been by and far the most *muscular* as a warrior, and both his height *and* his strength were fading as the seconds ticked by. He ultimately dipped down to around 5’3”, which was a height just slightly shorter than Fern. But he became *much* thinner than her, without a single ounce of excess muscle etched *anywhere* in his body. To coincide with these losses, his fingers and toes became daintier, and his waistline pinched in while his hips... swung out a tad?

If the man had looked much more feminine after his head had changed, then he appeared to be full-on androgynous after he’d shrunk, with the existence of his dick and the lack of any feminine ‘padding’ the last bastions of masculinity afforded to him. “**Was this room always this big? I feel kinda... I don’t know.**” Somehow, his personality had become even more flippant in the process. It was hard to muster much of a care for whatever was going on.

So, when *she* underwent the change that everything that had happened this far suggested she would, she didn’t really bat an eyelash. The length of her dick shortened until it was little more than a nub with two

shrunken balls beneath them, and eventually? What remained was tucked between her thighs and pulled up into the new slit that had discreetly opened behind them. She was biologically a *woman*, and that spread into the surrounding around as her thin thighs thickened a tad and her ass...

Well, it *ballooned* into a perky heart shape behind her that probably stood out as her sexiest feature. Her chest *might* have given that bulbous buttocks a run for its money, but what grew upon her once muscular bosom wasn't particularly eye-catching. The B-cups that sprouted were respectable and perky, even giving a little bounce when they finished fully forming, but deep down? The girl knew they were kind of small... *especially* compared to the tits of the other girls she knew.

Or at least the ones she *lived* with.

“This outfit is still a pain in the ass. No underwear at all, not even *tights*? Some real perverts must have designed this thing...” *Suzuha Sasaki* could only groan as she reflexively worked the lock on the locker in front of her. When it opened, she was quick to pull out one of *numerous* black bunny girl leotards of varying sizes along with a matching, detached collar and bunny ear headband. She even snagged some heels from the locker's bottom. What was it? It was her *uniform*, naturally.



She was about to start her shift at the local casino. Life was hard when you didn't even bother to go to college after high school in Japan, but in her mind it wasn't really worth the effort. She wasn't really *built* for it. So, she spent her life living with like-minded women around her age while working whatever jobs she could to get by. Working in a bunny suit, serving drinks to men that ogled her – it *sucked*, but she didn't really have much shame.

Suzuha was dressed in less than a minute, and from there she pulled her hair to tie it into a high ponytail. **“At least the pay here is high. I wouldn't be doing it otherwise. But...”** Couldn't she just get *isekai'd* into a fantasy world or something? That'd be *way* more interesting!



“Um...?” Fern had *naturally* seen the same flash of bright light that Stark had. She’d been standing right beside Frieren, after all. But that didn’t really explain to her why she suddenly found herself in a wholly unfamiliar place. It was clearly a bedroom. There was, after all, a bed against the wall. But the room was a mess. Clothes were strewn about here and there, many of which appeared to be unwashed, and there were tin cans and wrappers similarly distributed across the floor and furniture around a kotatsu in the room’s center.

The room smelled *off*. Like beer, even though she didn’t really drink. Was that what had been in the cans? It was a strange way to store it from her perspective. Usually, it was just kept in barrels, as far as she knew. But this was also an unimportant detail to her in the moment. Fern didn’t understand how she had ended up there, much

less... “...**Why am I naked?**” There wasn’t exactly anyone around to *see*, but she still wasn’t comfortable with that fact.

For *now*.

“**Hm?**” To address the fact that she was naked, the mage had *naturally* been looking down at her own body. She didn’t have a lot of opportunities to *truly* examine her body on the road where privacy wasn’t abundant, but she was pretty sure that she had just witnessed something *unusual* while looking down at herself. Her breasts had... *jiggled*, right? On its head, that wasn’t necessarily anything strange. They often did so when she moved, but...

The issue was that she wasn’t moving, of course. She had stood completely still and they had jiggled. Before she could even doubt her own two eyes, it happened again... and again. “**What’s going on?**” And *each* time? Her breasts, already perky D-cups in size, felt even *heavier*. It was difficult for Fern to be able to discern as much from a top view, but with each jiggle, the skin around them *stretched* because the fat within them was *swelling*. “...**Are they bigger?**” The truth *did* eventually click, but not until they had finished growing at *F-cups*, and only because they burdened her back muscles more than issue.

She stood there, staring at them with blank, purple eyes. It was difficult for her to believe what she had just said even though she *did* come from a world of magic. Speckles of red emerged amidst her eyes as she stared in silence for a moment, all while their shapes pinched in until they appeared just as *Japanese* as Stark’s had ended up appearing. But her silence was interrupted suddenly by... *a laugh*.

“Ahaha! Bigger!? How could *that* be!?” A large, clumsy, and endearing smile spread across lips that swelled thicker beneath a shorter nose and more expressive gaze that made her look a little older. Perhaps around *twenty-five*? That expression *turned* to confusion for a fleeting moment as it seemed to register with her that she’d just done something *very* out of character, and yet— **“HIC!?”** She hiccupped, and the taste of beer was soon carried on her breath even though she hadn’t had anything to drink.

She *hadn’t* had anything to drink, right? **“Wait. No... I totally... Uh...?”** Fern’s head had grown foggier, partially because she was beginning to suffer the side effects of intoxication, but largely because the power that was changing her body was using that intoxication to mask what it was doing to her *mind*. Her back muscles had strengthened enough in the interim that her bigger breasts no longer wore them down, but in actuality, on the whole she was actually slightly fitter.

Her belly was slightly toned now, as were her arms and legs, but there *were* parts of her body that grew *fatter* even though she was technically more muscular on the whole. Her thighs thickened with soft, sensual chub for one, whereas her already perky butt cheeks extended an inch or two out, perkier than ever. This was all topped off by her stature increasing, her limbs and torso stretching until she was about 5’7”, making her three inches taller than the mage had been before. As she grew upwards though, her waistline slimmed several inches and her hips widened so that her gait was even more hourglass shaped.

There wasn’t a single scrap of knowledge in her mind pertaining to magic now, but there was... computer engineering? A love for video games? A taste for alcohol? All of these things swirled about, but the job stuff was the most depressing. It made her want to drink *more* booze – not that she’d technically had any beforehand. Even so, she definitely *seemed* to be drunk. She wasn’t very steady on her feet, and she was slurring her words. **“Hehehe... See? I should drink more! It makes me forget the stuff I don’t wanna think about!”**

Strands of rich purple hair were the last things to change, and they darkened to a pitch black as the health of that hair shifted. It became softer and glossier, as if it was treated with the latest and greatest haircare products at the proper frequency. It *smelled* of strawberries, mixing with the scent of booze that permeated through the room. Two moles eventually protruded from beneath her left eye, and by that juncture?

Well, she definitely couldn’t be mistaken for *Fern*.

“Oh... Right. Should probably get dressed~!” Or so the naked Japanese woman, already slightly tipsy, laughed to herself as she instead stumbled over to the *minifridge* in the corner of her room. It was the middle of the day, and *Rin Makino* was already dead set on drinking herself silly. She had recently been dropped from her only job, and she had been something of a boozehound in the first place. She'd fallen farther down that rabbit hole because of the consequent depression.



She didn't care if her tits were bouncing around in the open, really. Who was going to walk in on her? Suzuha? She was off at her casino gig, and the other housemate was at work too. **“Ugh... Fine!”** After pulling a new can of beer out of the fridge and downing the entire thing in basically one gulp, she finally just... *grabbed some dirty clothes from off the floor and put them on*. A gray t-shirt and black shorts, without even bothering to put underwear on.

“Hehe! This way if I spill anything on ‘em, it doesn’t matter!”

She probably needed an intervention.



“Oh. This is curious.” Frieren's experience was a little more similar to Stark's than Fern's. The elf didn't find herself in a bedroom, but instead a changing room of an entirely different aesthetic even though she was technically within the same Japanese city limits as the other two. While the room Stark had been in had a more modern feel, this one was more *Victorian*. Closer somehow to the aesthetics that Frieren was familiar with, barring some accessories in the room she didn't recognize.

There also weren't *lockers* in her room. Instead, there was a full-length mirror in the corner beside a closet filled to the brim with classic-looking maid uniforms. All of which were likely too large for her petite frame. **“...Did some sort of teleportation magic activate? ...Did it leave my clothes behind**

where I was standing?” Because the woman *was* naked. If she was going to get dressed, then... **“Surely I’m not being expected to put on one of those maid uniforms?”**

In a way, yes.

To Frieren, wearing something like that was a nonstarter. She wasn’t the type of woman to just bend to the will of others regardless of how shameful the alternative was. That said, she wasn’t going to be able to resist for long; her body had already begun to exhibit changes, though her own *did* start with a change neither Stark nor Fern could have possibly experienced.

That change being the elf’s *ears*, of course. The world that she presently occupied was one where elves were nothing more than pure *fiction*, so of course one couldn’t exist among the living. Those ears were targeted first as a result, and their pointed tips gradually shortened, moving in towards the sides of her head while their cartilage rounded into small, human shapes that meant she wouldn’t stand out in a crowd. Did that mean that her sense of hearing was worse off? Well, not *really*.

“I should look for an alternative solution. Is there any furniture in here I could take the upholstery off of?” Did she have a spell for that? She did, but... It was strange. **“...Hm? Why can’t I remember that spell? What about...?”** She tried to recall another one. Nothing. Another. No dice. **“...C-Can I not remember any of my spells?”** Until another, scarier thought ultimately came to mind.

That’s silly! Magic isn’t real... Right?

This though ‘stunlocked’ her in a way. The woman simply *froze*, and that was unsurprising considering how much of Frieren’s passion for life revolved around magic. She couldn’t imagine *not knowing* spells, or even believing it was possible in the first place. In a way, it distracted the woman from noticing that her body was changing further – not that her student and warrior had really noticed their own changes. It was probably *impossible* for any of them to properly realize, as they needed to change without disrupting the world too much.

Regardless, Frieren’s body was *growing* on multiple levels. Her height was the most straightforward one. She’d been *short*, after all, but as her limbs and spine lengthened, she broke that curse and rose up to about 5’2”. Her hands and feet grew in kind, leaving digits long and dainty despite their larger sizes, whereas her hips were spread nearly five inches longer to coincide with her shoulders broadening. Not that they’d broadened *as much* as her hips.

As it turned out, it was made fairly obvious fairly quickly that all of this vertical growth was simply made to support the *weight* that she was about to gain. Not that she'd become chubby or anything like that. All of the weight that she gained was where any woman would *want* to have it. Take her thighs and ass, for example. Those thighs thickened until they were wider than her waist, while her ass burgeoned out into a bouncing bubble behind her. It was the type of ass that any woman would be jealous of.

But then again, her breasts were probably even *more* likely to draw the attention of onlookers. As a slowly aging elf, Frieren had been accompanied by her perky A-cups for hundreds of years without change. They likely wouldn't *ever* grow again, or at least they probably *shouldn't* have. But in a matter of seconds, her posture was almost pulled forward until she was standing at a ninety degree angle as bosom *ballooned* into a pair of unreasonable *H-cups* that were so hefty that they sagged even though she was still 'young'.

“E-Eh!? I almost fell!” The young woman didn't seem to register *why* she had suddenly leaned so far forward, but the gesture *did* finally snap her out of her stupor. But the girl that spoke at that point didn't sound at *all* like the elf she had been before. Her voice was uncertain and higher in pitch, communicated through lips that had become thick and pouty upon a face that appeared increasingly *Japanese*. A shorter nose, rounder cheeks, and narrowed eyes that adopted a silvery shade stood out beneath hair that, well...

It *shortened* dramatically. It pulled into a chin-length bob with long bangs that were swept across her left eye before being chopped over the right. The hue of its silver darkened to match her eyes, and that was true of *all* of the hair on her body including her exposed bush, which was trimmed until it was nice and neat.

“I-I hate putting this thing on...” While she may have been as quiet as Frieren, *Yuki Arakaki* was lacking when it came to her poker face. She was meek and skittish despite her figure, which was clearly above average when it came to her bosom. It begged the question why she had decided to work at that Western-style maid café, wearing a uniform where she had to show that cleavage off. Well, the reason was pretty simple. Anyone that had ever worked a job that they didn't like could probably relate.



She was *broke* as hell. Living with Suzuha and Rin was great, but they were all in similar financial predicaments and one of the three was out of work entirely. **“C-Come to think of it, Suzuha and I should probably encourage Rin...”** After all, Suzuha and herself had been taking up extra shifts to help with Rin’s portion of the rent. It wasn’t sustainable *or* fair in the long term, but Yuki wasn’t very good with confrontation. She could probably count on Suzuha to carry that conversation.

But it didn’t matter in the moment. She took a few minutes to put her maid uniform on, *including* the headband with cat ears on it. It was so embarrassing, but...

“A girl’s gotta work, I guess...”