

THE WITCH & THE MIRROR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Miorine Rembran was nestled in the corner of the main Earth House gathering hall at the Asticassia School of Technology, trying to finish all of the paperwork she had left for GUND-ARM Inc. for the day. The rest of the girls in the common room were chatting amongst themselves about this and that, and it hadn't been so distracting that she couldn't concentrate. *Had* it been, she would have moved into the room she was sharing with her partner, Suletta Mercury.

Suletta was a girl that she was engaged to through the rite of the Holder, a stupid tournament at the school that Miorine's father had put together to determine who she would marry. Miorine *loathed* being seen as a prize to be obtained, but Suletta was a little different. That wasn't why Suletta was fighting, and Miorine had warmed up to her to the point that they were quite close.

“Did you know if you say: ‘Oh goddess of love, show me my destined one!’ into the mirror alone at midnight, the mirror will show you who you’re fated to spend the rest of your life with!?” Liliqe Kadoka Lipati eventually brought up a pretty *silly* rumor as Miorine saw it. It sounded like something occult, and at the bare minimum it was just overly superstitious. She'd been about to point out how silly it was when she heard her fiancée speak up instead.

Naïve as she was, buying it hook, line, and sinker. **“R-R-Really!? I should try it and see if Miss Miorine shows up!”** *Of course* Suletta would believe something like that. The girl was from a backwater

planet where she hadn't really been exposed to superstitious drivel like that. Miorine balled up a piece of paper, leaned back in her chair, and tossed it at Suletta's head. **"H-Hey!?"**

"It's not going to work, Suletta! Those types of things never do!"

"Aww...."



Fast forward to the cusp of midnight on that very same night, and Suletta was standing in front of the mirror in the common bathroom in their Earth House dorm. She probably *could* have done it in the room she shared with Miorine, but there was no way that Miorine wouldn't have called her stupid and pointed out that it wouldn't work again. **"B-But what if it does work and Miss Miorine shows up!? That would mean we're d-destined to be together, right!?"**

The girl checked the time on her phone. Less than a minute now, but she didn't know exactly *how* much time was left. She had clearly developed feelings for Miorine over the course of their 'arrangement', and she was like a puppy in love in many ways. Even if it didn't work, she really wanted Miorine to reciprocate her feelings! **"A-Ah! It's midnight!"** She almost *dropped* her phone when the clock changed.

"H-How did it go again? Oh g-goddess of love, show me my destined one!?"

Suletta managed to choke it out but ended up wincing in the process when it occurred to her that her stutter might have messed up the spell. Was it okay if she didn't say it perfectly, or...? Unsure, it ultimately occurred to her that the only way for her to know for sure would be for her to open her eyes again and look *at* her reflection. But when she mustered up the courage... **"O-Oh... Did I miss it?"** The only reflection in the mirror was her own.

Either she had messed it up, or it had happened so quickly that she had missed her chance to see it. She didn't even entertain the possibility that maybe it had been a hoax in the first place, because she had wanted it to be real so badly. She had *really* wanted to see Miorine in the mirror! But while the girl had written off the chances that this was still possible, she was about to receive a reality check if she believed *nothing* had come

from that chant. The results were just... *manifesting* differently than anyone had expected.

It actually didn't strike Suletta until she looked *away* from the mirror. There was a certain weight that she was used to when she threw her body around. Her uniform, consisting of the Holder jacket, shorts, and the orange leotard underneath all interacted with each other in a specific way she was accustomed to. But in that moment? **"E-Eh?"** Suletta realized that the way that weight was moving felt *off*.

She ended up looking down at her own chest, which was where she had felt it at first. There was more slack to the leotard than she was used to, and did the front of her jacket seem *flatter* somehow? She glanced at it nervously for just a moment before shakily reaching a hand up and—**"Th-They're smaller!?"** Not that Suletta's bosom had been *huge*, maybe C-cups at most, but by the time she had gingerly touched them... They were *A-cups*, maybe? Smaller, but definitely *perky*.

Almost like *Miorine's*? But she wouldn't dare say something like that out loud. She didn't even know how right *on the money* she was with that thought, but she certainly would *soon*.

"H-How though? I don't think chests just... shrink?" They certainly didn't, but she had been ignorant to assume that it was *just* her chest that had suffered that fate. Her white shorts slipped shortly after, and she wasn't able to catch them before they pooled around her ankles. **"H-Hey!? OW!?"** The girl stumbled forward to grab them without thinking about her surroundings and ended up smacking her head against the counter below the mirror.

Suletta had to give up on her fallen shorts to soothe the pain on her forehead when she shot back up, but the reason her shorts had fallen was fairly *obvious*. Her shorts had rested on her waist, and that was had *narrowed*... along with her shoulders and, while not as dramatically, her hips. Her jacket hung off her in a rather lopsided way as a result of this too. **"What's going oooooon!?"**

The girl didn't even feel steady on her feet when she stood back up, honestly. Her sense of balance had been compromised, and it wasn't just a side effect of knocking her noggin on the counter. The bathroom felt a little... bigger? No... **"AM I GETTING SMALLER!?"** Her chest had already done as much, so why not the *rest* of her body? Of course, she'd temporarily missed what had happened with her body's width.

She *was* right on the money though. Standing at 5'7", she had been *much* taller than everyone else in Earth House, much less most girls her age. But that was no longer the case as her vertical length was undone,

eyes that reached high over the sink dropping closer and closer to it as the jacket she was wearing hung down until they reached her knees, and the leotard underneath could be felt bunching up around her toned tummy. Until she was only around 5'0".

“I-I’m so small!?” Suletta lifted her elbows, which led to the length of her sleeves dangling past her hands and swinging back and forth as she moved. She looked like a kid wearing an adult-sized jacket in a sense, even though her body’s build *still* suggested she was a teenager. Was the transformation taking a toll on her body? It *was* after midnight, but she felt much more *fatigued* than normal.

Well, the reason for that went back to her physical shape once more, but her oversized jacket concealed that truth from her eyes. Being as strong as she was, the teenager was fairly muscular – her clothes just did a good job of hiding that fact. At the same time, it hid that this was changing. That the muscle strung across her bones was *softening*, that the abs across her belly had merged into the slightest bit of flab. It didn’t make her fat nor chubby by any means, she was just significantly... *softer*.

She didn’t have that same energy that she had before *physically*. Every motion of her shorter body left her feeling more fatigued than normal, even as she struggled with her jacket. **“Should I take it off? But then I won’t have anything else on underneath...”** Oversized attire continued to work against the girl in the meantime, though. If she’d been able to at *least* see her hands, Suletta would have *immediately* realized that her vaguely tan complexion had been paling, stealing away the Middle Eastern genetics that she had supposedly inherited from her father.

“Um... Should I get help? What *about... about... E-Eh?*” The presence of a different voice prompted Suletta to turn to look at the back door. **“Miss Miorine?”** She *thought* that she’d heard her partner, but it wasn’t until she spoke that name that she realized that the source of this familiar voice was... her own mouth. **“Wait...”** It wasn’t *just* her voice. She patted her cheeks with the oversized sleeves of her jacket, but she needed to free her hands to be sure.

But... was her face *different*? Yes, and it was practically already complete. Overall? Her face had become *smaller*, with rounder cheeks and lower cheekbones to match. Her lips ended up thinning a tad, but in exchange for a touch of poutiness that drew one’s attention to the shrinking button nose above it. Not even her eyes were spared, becoming more angular while they were seized by silver. ...All while her fluffy, round eyebrows thinned into silver lines.

Suletta was at the point where she was being forced to reckon with the truth of what was happening. “**N-No way...**” And one final ‘clue’ was delivered by her bangs dangling between her eyes. They *weren’t* the bright red she was used to, but instead a pale and familiar silver that had worked its way through *all* of her hair. Her locks straightened and ended up cut straight at the lengthened tips behind her. It remained tied up for the time being, but her bangs swung across to cover the left side of her forehead while the ahoge behind her headband smoothed away and a new one appeared in *front* of that accessory.

Making her hair look more like the feathery tufts of a cockatiel.

All throughout, the girl had been so distracted by her changing body that she hadn’t paid much attention to the reflection in the mirror that she had come into the bathroom to conjure in the first place. But the moment her eyes settled on the girl looking back at her in her reflection... “**M-MISS MIORINE!?**” In the mirror was the spitting image of the girl she was betrothed to, dressed in an oversized Holder uniform that had swallowed her hands and threatened to slip off her hips. “**I-Is that me!?**” Well, she certainly *looked* and *sounded* like *Miorine Rembran* fundamentally, but her expressions and inflection weren’t like the heiress at all.



She placed her hands against her chest once more as if to remind herself that she wasn’t seeing things and she *was* scrawnier, but her pale cheeks flushed red seconds later as the bathroom door flew open and two familiar faces rushed into the room dressed in their pajamas. “**What’s goin’ on!?**” Chuchu exclaimed, making fists as if she was raring to fight someone, while Nika looked around with confusion before asking the most common-sense question from her point of view.

“Miorine? Is something the matter? Why are you dressed like Suletta? U-Um... Were you two doing something...?”

“WE WEREN’T!”

Everyone turned to the door once more where a fourth voice *shouted*. It was Suletta. Well, it was a girl that looked like Suletta, but...

The real Suletta had never made such an *angry* face before.



“Ugh. This is so stupid. Why am I even trying this!?” About five minutes earlier, Miorine Rembran had been standing in front of the full body mirror that was beside her bed in the bedroom of her dorm. She definitely *didn’t* believe in that stupid superstitious rumor that Liliqne had pitched, but it was midnight already and she hadn’t even bothered changing out of her uniform yet. It was a little immature to entertain it, but she *was* still a girl.

And maybe there was a part of her that *wanted* to see Suletta in the mirror, even if she couldn’t admit it to herself. Plus, if Suletta had been so eager, then...

Seeing the clock hit 12, Miorine grumbled to herself for a second before *finally* reciting that embarrassing chant. **“Oh goddess of love, sh-show me my promised one!”** It didn’t sound very *passionate*, not with her hands balled into fists at her sides and

her gaze initially pointed down as if she were too embarrassed to look at the mirror at first. But when she eventually mustered the courage to look... **“H-Hah! See? Nothing!”**

It was as she thought! It had all been one big hoax! ...Then why did she feel so *disappointed*? **“Ugh.”** She *knew* the answer, of course. She had *wanted* to see something, only to end up denied the opportunity. But it was fine! It would have been way more embarrassing if someone had been there to see her doing it, much less Suletta herself. But when it came to embarrassment? She was really only *beginning*.

“Hm?” The girl *had* been ready to move on with her night, which meant getting changed before going to sleep. Suletta shared the room with her usually but she wasn’t there, and so she would probably make sure she hadn’t fallen asleep somewhere strange again. She began to wonder if she should expedite the ‘getting changed’ part though, because the leotard she was wearing under everything was *digging into her skin*?

Which was certainly *strange*. It wasn’t the first time it had happened; she could usually force it to happen by stretching a certain way, and yet she was just standing there, straight as could be. It was digging into her shoulders *and* her crotch, and she had been about to reach down to try and loosen it when she glanced at the mirror and realized things didn’t look *right*. **“What... the hell is going on here?”**

She could *see* the answer to her question. It was plain as day. The green jacket of her uniform had lifted to show the orange leotard underneath,

which was clearly *way* too tight. She could also feel her tights slipping, her shorts seemed to cover less of her legs, and her arms were jutting out of her sleeves as if they were... longer. As if her body was getting—“**TALLER!?**” She’d been so surprised that she only spat out the tail end of the sentence she’d *wanted* to scream.

Miorine *was* growing. She had to have been around 5’3” by the time the thought had struck her, but she grit her teeth as the leotard only dug into her further. “**Ngh!?**” She didn’t have to grit them for long, though. The latex of the leotard was eventually pulled so tightly that it began to rip and, eventually, finally split just above her hips all the way around so what had grown tense ended up hugging both above and below her now exposed, soft tummy.

“**Wh-Wh-What!?**” The Benerit Group heiress wasn’t one to stutter, but faced with a reality where her body had suddenly grown all the way up to 5’7” all of a sudden, how else was she *supposed* to react? It took a moment of her *glaring* at the tummy that had been exposed for her to notice that it was more than that. “**...Uh?**” She reached a hand down to touch her belly but didn’t find that same softness she had expected. Her muscled had *firmed*, but they had done so all *across* her body. Her arms, legs, and chest were all toned too.

Toned with a familiar amount of muscle. And come to think of it, wasn’t her *height* familiar too? “**...SULETTA!?**” Miorine cried out both as a realization *and* because she was hoping the Holder would hear her and come running. She didn’t, leaving the girl with only the realization that she was beginning to look more and more like her fiancée. Even as she fumbled with the proper response, she could see the exposed skin of her body darkening to the same light caramel hue... while streaks of red began to emerge among her silver hair.

Her silver eyes twitched with both shock *and* annoyance, and even then those silver eyes brightened to blue and became *significantly* rounder in shape, as she watched that red spread through her hair. It retained a similar length, but it became *much* fluffier as the red took hold, especially at the sides where it curled vaguely up behind her ears. It was the opposite of what had happened to her other half’s hair, where her bangs opened on the left and dangled between her eyes, and her ahoge shifted from the front to the back.

It was undeniably *Suletta’s* hair color and style, right down to the shorter, rounder, fluffier shapes that her eyebrows developed.

Rather than shout again, or even utter another word, she just sat there with her mouth agape as her face looked less and less like her own and more and more like that of the girl she cherished. Her lips were robbed

of their pout but did thicken a tad to compensate beneath a lengthening nose. Her cheeks? Thinner, yet the bones that lifted them were higher. Eventually, her own face was that of a familiar puppy dog girl... Although she'd never quite seen that face make the expression she was wearing in that moment.

She'd gained Suletta's face, her height, and her strength, but she hadn't finished 'filling in' quite yet, so to speak. Her view of her reflection eventually moved slightly down so that she was staring at her uniform coat, but she was staring more at what sat *beneath* them. The snapped leotard was clearly tightening around her *chest*, because the orange that hung under her jacket was being pulled up underneath. Her breasts were *fattening*, tripling into *D-cups* that were *also* very familiar. She'd never *touched* them, but she had definitely *seen* them – maybe even *admired* them in the past.

Not that she'd admit it.

In her transformation's final stage, her waistline and hips ended up broadening a little until they mirrored those of the girl she was becoming, creating the support that was needed for her more muscular thighs and butt to grow bigger courtesy of an extra dose of fat that enhanced her feminine curvature. It was just that Suletta, well... Those weren't aspects of herself that she often showed off. Supporting that weight herself now, though? Was it possible that Suletta was even more built than she'd thought?

“Wh-What the hell!?” The girl shrieked with *Suletta Mercury's* voice after this momentary lustful thought snapped her out of her stupor, but those were words that Suletta Mercury herself certainly *wouldn't* say under any circumstance. Because of the size difference between the girl she was and the girl she had become, she looked like an older sister trying a younger sibling's uniform on in a sense, with the leotard worn underneath split to show off her new abs. **“Why do I look like SULETTA!?”**

From her perspective her now body was too *big* and too *cumbersome*. She felt a lot *stronger*, and she couldn't stop touching her toned tummy even though she knew it was rather salacious to do so. **“How does she move around like this...!?”** It couldn't be helped that she was a little *freaked out*. She didn't know what to *do*! But she quickly realized where she had to go when she heard a voice crying out nearby. *Her* voice. Or, well, her *old* voice. **“M-Me!?”**



No. all things considered, it was probably...

“M-Miss Miorine!?” Fast forward to the future, Chuchu and Nika both whipped their heads from side-to-side as ‘Suletta’ and ‘Miorine’ began their exchange. They were both confused as to why ‘Miorine’ was calling ‘Suletta’ by her own name, while acting *like* Suletta. **“I-Is that really you!? We swapped!? Or... D-Did you do the mirror thing too!? Were you also curious!?”**

‘Suletta’ seemed to be taken aback by those questions. **“Of course not, you idiot!”**, she lied, **“Things just... happened!”** Neither of them were even considering how confused Chuchu and Nika must have been about all of this, but they were overwhelmed and a little disoriented by trying to talk to who they had once been. **“We need to find a way to change back, SU-LETT-A!”** They definitely couldn’t *live* like that in the long term!

“B-But what if we can’t? I m-mean, being Miss Miorine... wouldn’t be so bad! You’re so small and cute! I kind of like it!” ‘Miorine’s words just made ‘Suletta’ even more flustered. Evidently, there *was* an opportunity to be had here, but what if they couldn’t undo it? What if they were *stuck* like that!? It *wasn’t* permanent, but *they* didn’t know that. All the while, there were two others in the bathroom that felt like they were being ignored.

“Uh... Any clue what’s going on here, Nika?”

“...Maybe they’re just putting on a show?”

“I *don’t* think it’s that.”