

MAGICAL GUIDANCE

OCTOBER REQUEST STORY

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Once again it was time for Halloween, and the crew of the Grandcypher was ready to celebrate in style. The interior of the ship had been plastered with orange and black streamers, spooky skeletons, and bowls of candy as far as the eye could see (*at least when they remained docked since candy flying everywhere would not be great*). They'd settled in a relatively spooky looking port town, though it was meant to look spooky for the holiday. It was kind of a festive stop, a tourist trap that sprung up every Halloween.

There were all kinds of events in the town, from spooky haunted houses to a haunted carnival, and everyone was encouraged to dress up in costume and mingle at the various stalls set up throughout the town. The problem was... Gran didn't have a costume. His one from the year prior had ended up in the trash thanks to the actions of one troublesome alchemist, but thankfully said alchemist had promised him a replacement.

So Cagliostro had accompanied the Grandcypher's captain into town. With the body of a young girl it was a little difficult to keep up with his pace, and being troublesome as she was she ultimately made him follow her to the shop she had in mind. But what stood before the two was not a shop, but... **"Cagliostro, this is a house of mirrors."** One of the town's Halloween attractions, presumably. From the mouth of the building one could see how it was designed to confuse and stupefy anyone looking to challenge its maze, flickering lights giving it a 'spooky' vibe. But the alchemist on the other hand? She seemed certain.

"No, no. This is it. They just design the storefront like a house of mirrors for the season." She pointed at a tiny sign beneath the *HOUSE OF MIRRORS* sign that said

'COSTUMES WITHIN!' which felt just a tad sketchy but, likewise, he had no reason to doubt its authenticity either.

The boy took a step towards the entrance. "**Fine, fine. Let's go.**" And without checking to make sure Cagliostro was following him, he proceeded down the corridor. Eventually, as expected, he collided with a mirror. "**Ow!? Can you see the right wa-- OW!?**" Gran had turned to ask for Cags' advice, only to collide with another mirror directly where he'd walked from. To his left and right? More mirrors, and Cagliostro was nowhere to be found!

Was this another of her pranks? It was a little unnerving, being surrounded by mirrors on all sides. It was like he could see every angle of himself at once, not something most people were often subjected to. "**SIKE!**" Cagliostro's voice suddenly boomed in the tiny mirror box Gran was now inhabiting, as if she'd just delayed a really long joke. "**I needed a test subject, but I didn't think it'd be this easy to catch one. And the perfect part? Once the experiment is done you won't even know anything happened!**"

"**What?**" was the natural response, but his desire to ask Cagliostro questions was suddenly interrupted by a cough that boiled up from the back of his throat. "**Breathe... Can't...**" *Cough, cough!* A colorless gas? It burned not only his lungs but his eyes, forcing him to slam them shut as the energy left his body. The captain fell to his knees and almost passed out, but thankfully he salvaged his consciousness just long enough that he found clean air filter into the box once more.

Hands pounded against the mirror directly in front of Gran as he pulled himself back up onto his two feet, form shaky from almost going dark from the gas that had replaced the oxygen in the room. "**Cagliostro! What was that!?**" It took all of his energy to shout the question, but ultimately he was given no response. Damn it. Sometimes she got a little too absorbed in her own discoveries and didn't care who she had to use to test them, but he didn't think he'd be the unwitting subject.

Even now she was hiding somewhere else in the house of mirrors, probably cackling to herself. But this left the boy in a bit of a pickle. First of all, because of the celebration he hadn't brought her armor nor weapons. Presumably if he could break one of the mirrors he could escape, but... Based on his attempts to punch or pound them so far, they seemed pretty sturdy. The next concern was that gas. He didn't think Cagliostro was so depraved that she'd use her captain as a test subject if it might *kill* him (*hopefully*), but that didn't mean he was safe either.

He coughed again, taking a moment to clear his throat after. His voice wasn't quite... what it had been a moment before, but he attributed the coarseness to how much he'd been coughing.

What he did take notice of however was that his butt seemed to be pressing against the back mirror despite the fact that there had been plenty of space in the room beforehand. Well not *plenty*, but enough that he could move around without

smacking into the side. **"Are the walls closing in?"** It was the first assumption he'd made, but he wasn't taking two things into account. The first? For some reason his posture had forcibly changed without his realization. Back arched, chest forward, it was the method of standing one might expect of a woman with heavy burdens to bear, not a teenaged boy. The second? Well, he took it into account the moment he realized. **"WHAT!? MY BUTT IS HUGE!?"**

It really was, and it didn't seem to be a trick played by the mirrors. Gran had a pretty average ass normally, particularly for a boy of his age, and yet at some point his cheeks had expanded exponentially to the point that his brown pants could barely contain them. Their tips pressed up against the mirror behind him and continued to press more and more as the cheeks became more gratuitous, eventually pulling down the hem of the pants around them because there was no more room to accommodate them. The rest was a full view of the crack splitting his behind in two, a milkier tone of skin exposed on the flesh that burgeoned over the top.

"This can't be happening... CAGLIOSTRO! WHAT DID YOU DO!?" He knew the alchemist had experience in body modification. After all, her current body was of her own creation. It wouldn't be implausible to, say, give a boy a woman's ass of all things. By the time the changes to his rear had finished, cheeks were pushing generously into the reflective surface... but there was more to it than that.

He soon found himself dealing with the sensation of his chest pressing up against the side of the box as well, and looking down he could see why. Gran was wearing his blue hoodie so all he could make out was shape, but it looked like two balloons had been shoved under his top and were steadily being inflated by an outside source. Except... there were no balloons. He could feel swollen nipples rubbing up against his undershirt as his clothing layers began to recede from his stomach in response to the stolen space beneath. While they'd just been nudging the glass at first, eventually the obscured mounds had grown so big that they were beginning to squish with all their might.

It was a struggle, but fingers ultimately caught the bottom of his sweater and shirt so that he could lift them both up and over his head. It had been getting increasingly warm in the box, sure, but it was an impulse that had come from the back of his mind. *'Get it off before it's too late!'* When the boy was finally able to toss the cloth on the ground, his vision restored and what bounced out and against the mirror was a pair of magnificently large tits that... were still growing!?

DD? No, they were getting bigger than even that, and despite the panic Gran had been overcome by something else. Curiosity and arousal. Fingers pressed the breasts together, tips digging into their fat like putty as veins around his nipples became more profound in response to their almost unnatural size. He let out a gasp and a moan, both in a womanly purr despite the fact that one might assume him a boy from his face at the time.

His dick was rock hard, and after some time of playing with both balloons (*to the point that they finally stopped swelling at a size of twice his own head each*), one hand went down to play with his penis.

Ass rubbed up against the mirror behind him as his body rocked two and fro within the confined space, mirrors beginning to fog up from the heat being produced from the boy's own form. Distracted by lust, he noticed nothing when his pants were dropped; not that he was growing taller, nor that the tissue around his thighs were becoming just as excitably abundant as it had around his new ass.

But the little that remained of his masculinity was recycled the moment he climaxed, fluid spraying the glass in front of his lap just in time for Gran Jr. to recede into his new, magic clit. It was a thing of a beauty in both plumpness and readiness, fluid already dripping from the self pleasuring session.

"Are you having fun in there? Gods! I look away for one second and you're jerking off to yourself! Well, I suppose Magisa's body is super hot..."

"Magi...sa?" Eventually Cagliostro stirred over the intercom again, snapping Gran from her stupor. Out of everything said though, the only thing that made any sense to her was that name. She felt like she knew it intimately somehow. As intimately as she knew this body now at least. She was stunned, so she stared at her naked, soiled reflection in the glass before him a moment. Breasts that transcended sense, uncanny height, legs both thick and enticing with a jiggle to match her luscious behind... Magisa... was *her* name?

Having been lost in ecstasy it had been easy for her mind to change so significantly in such a short amount of time without even taking notice. When you put everything but pleasure to the back of your mind, it was easy to lose sight of it -- and that was exactly what had happened.

She was already so far gone that the final changes happening right before her eyes -- *literally* -- went unchallenged. Lighter hues robbed the brown of those eyes, lashes already lengthened beneath thin, silver brows. Her lips grew inviting, soft and thick as if to invite a host despite the drool pooling in the corner suggesting she was already spent. And the hair atop her head? It rapidly cascaded down her back, lightening from generic brown to a supernatural silver as an abundance of knowledge bled into her mind that didn't exist before.

That knowledge was the entire reason Cagliostro had gone to all of this effort. Magisa was a witch who knew far more about magic than she let on, an impenetrable fortress of secrets that would allow her alchemic research to skyrocket. But... the real Magisa was less than cooperative, so she'd thought to make a copy with Gran. She'd edited the formula to make her more obedient as well.

...At least that was the plan, but...

'Magisa' rose her hand to the glass in front of her. Her mind was still muddled, and she wasn't sure why she'd stripped down in a mirror booth but... she was trapped, was she not? Caring very little for whomever might be on the other side, a blast of flame erupted from her palm and shattered the mirror entirely. The hole she made was large enough to slip through, and with a proud hum she sauntered through and into the space behind the house of mirrors Cagliostro had rented.

She was still naked, having left the boys clothing behind, her ass wiggling from side to side in the cool evening air as she made her way through the forest towards the Grandcypher where she knew she could find some clothes, and perhaps her captain. Magisa played ignorant to the tiny alchemist yelling behind her for the most part, instead giving her a quick wave over her shoulder.

"Hmhm~! I'm still feeling frisky? Maybe after I get some clothes I should see how captain Djeeta is doing!" But that would be a story for another time.

If Cagliostro didn't get her hands on the new Magisa first.