

HONHONHON

COMMISSION STORY

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The woes of school life could not be understated at times.

For many, if not most, it was simple enough. Go to class, get good grades, spend time with your friends... Simple enough, right? And then the privileged? They did not even have to *try* to meet these simple goalposts, and soared ahead naturally – surpassing everyone by adding just a touch of effort to their existing talents. Of course this wasn't true of *every* popular student in school, but it *felt* like it was if you hadn't walked a mile in their shoes.

When it came to the Luna Nova Academy for Witches, things were even *more* complicated in that regard when compared to a regular, human academy. Popularity was easily manipulated among witches, and those that had natural magical talent, or hailed from families that were considered nobles traditionally, ultimately attracted the most attention. That was why Diana Cavendish was one of the most popular students in the school – because she was *both* of these things.

And so through the eyes of someone that had neither talent nor status, things seemed pretty unfair. That was the foundation for Atsuko “Akko” Kagari's disdain towards the Cavendish girl during her early days at Luna Nova. She thought she was so cool and pretty and amazing... And she kind of was! But Akko certainly wouldn't admit it. But every time they had interacted with one another it felt like Diana had been looking down on her. She hated it.

But what was more insufferable than the way Diana Cavendish herself treated the Japanese girl was the way Diana's *friends* treated her. Diana always stopped short of crossing over the line into bullying, but Hannah

England and Barbara Parker did *not*. In fact, they embraced the idea of teasing and picking on Akko wholeheartedly. Fortunately Lotte and Sucy had been a great help in combatting their attempts, but sometimes it happened when she was caught all alone.



Which was *exactly* what had happened on that day. Class had long since ended, and she'd been on her way up to the library to go over notes for a test the next day with her own friends. But on the way there? She had been approached by her two bullies, and Hannah and Barbara seemed to be in a particularly foul mood. Not only had they lambasted her with their usual insults about her background and lack of magic talent... But they'd even given her a wedgie!

“AUGH! Who gives wedgies at an all girls’ school, much less at our age!?” The encounter had prompted the young witch to temporarily return to her dorm before heading to the library, because she had to make sure her underwear was okay after being stretched that way. Thankfully they'd done it *through* her dress so they hadn't seen anything, but it was still *annoying*.

While she was back at her dorm, though? Something caught her eye. Sitting on the bottom bunk of the bunkbed she shared with Lotte there was a note. **“Huh? Is this a spell? ‘How to show your bullies who’s boss?’”** Akko *immediately* squinted at this text. Who had left that there? Not only was it *way* too topical, but it wasn't Sucy or Lotte's handwriting. Had someone snuck into their dorm? Had one of her friends brought it back and left it there?

But the incantation that was written below this description looked legitimate. And Akko was in the mood for some *revenge* after her most recent encounter with her two bullies. Still, even though her magical results were lackluster at best, she still had some common sense. **“I should probably make sure this isn't dangerous before I use it on someone, huh?”** Even if Hannah and Barbara *did* deserve it, if she accidentally turned them into cockroaches and didn't know how to undo it, well that wouldn't exactly be *good*.

Did she need to target someone, or could she cast it on like... a pillow? The latter option, improbably as it wase, seemed much less harmless – and so she pulled out her wand and pointed it at a pillow she had pulled down from her bunk. **“Here we go... Honhohonialum!”** Now that she had said it aloud it was a rather strange sounding enchantment, wasn't it? It must have been steeped in a weather magical history!

With the enchantment read, magic jumped from the tip of her wand as it should have. And yet while it was pointed at the pillow? The magic *didn't* travel towards it. Rather, and more concerningly, *it jumped into Akko herself*. “**EH!?**” Wasn't the spell supposed to do something about her bullies? Why would it affect *her!*? And now that she had cast a spell she didn't understand against *herself*, could she even seek help? *Should* she seek help?

She didn't know that she no longer had a choice in the matter, anyways.

“**I zould definitely get... help?**” Akko had certainly been on the right track with regards to what she should do next to prevent a worst case scenario from occurring, but single-minded as she was, all it took was one thing to strike her as *strange* to immediately prompt her into fixating on something else entirely. “**Why did I say it like that? I don't usually pronounce my S's that way...**” It had been a one-off thing, so maybe it was nothing. But didn't it sound a little like how French people were stereotyped to sound?

Realistically, however, Akko should have been worried about far more *pressing* matters. Such as how her shoulders were *pressing* a little more intensely into the shoulders of her Luna Nova uniform, for example. It felt a little *tight* around the top, and the girl *did* eventually notice. Not because of the tightness though – but because of something *related* to it. The actual cause.

“**...I'm seeing thingz, right? There's no way I was level with the bottom of my bunk before?**” Testing this theory, she wasted no time and began to rub her eyes. But even as her vision became fuzzy and cleared, the strange sight persisted. Mind you she was supposed to be only a few inches shorter than the base of the bottom bunk, but... “**EHHH!?**” She hadn't been crazy! She was taller! And with this spurt of growth the skirt of her uniform had been lifted to show off the base of her panties!

Thank goodness she was alone!

Okay. So I'm getting taller, and I keep sounding my S's like Z's. Surely this isn't anything serious, right? Her mind raced, well-aware that the cause of this debacle could only be the spell that had backfired on her. In what way was *either* of those things supposed to help her? *Well, I zuppoze it would be eazier to 'arazz zomeone zmaller than me...* “**I wouldn't do zat!**” She wouldn't harass anyone! She wasn't like those bullies! Not even to get even with them!

Akko's expression was *naturally* a troubled one. She didn't know what she was dealing with, she was taller, and she was having all of these strange thoughts and feelings... But had she an inkling of what was truly happening then her brain might have *exploded*. Because while that expression persisted for a short while, the face that demonstrated it slowly evolved so that it bore less and less of a resemblance to the Japanese girl she was supposed to be.

It began with the girl's eyes, which were already quite large and were a bright crimson in color. But neither shape nor color remained the same, with speckles of lilac beginning to pop up midst the canvas of crimson. These specks were few at first, but they rapidly multiplied and overcame the colors of her irises as a whole until *only* the lilac remained. And the shapes? The narrowed corners of her eyelids that made them noticeably Asian lessened their grip, allowing them to be as wide as they were tall, and adding a notably Caucasian spin to their appearance.

While this started with Akko's eyes, however? It most certainly didn't *end* with them. The rest of her face was subjected to similar reconstructive treatment. Her lips, for example? They pushed forward with more volume, their color pinkening in a keener manner. Her chin? It took a sharp hook, as did her nose – and cheeks seemed thinner than they *had* been. Ultimately there would be no mistaking her for a Japanese girl any longer. Instead she looked more like most of the other girls that populated Luna Nova. *European*. This face was also naturally *very* pretty. Even prettier than Diana Cavendish.

“Ugh... Zis is zuch a weird feeling...” Akko shook her head, her voice now huskier than it had been prior. The butchering of her S's was much more commonplace now to boot, and she couldn't have stopped it even if she tried. It was all so *dizzying*, and whatever the spell was doing to her was making it more and more difficult for her to function at present. Her head was racing, and her thoughts? Typically so sweet and innocent, a budding frustration within was giving rise to some more *unsavory* thoughts.

She wanted to *lash out* against someone, anyone, to ease her discomfort. Which certainly wasn't a very *Akko*-like desire at all.

Her face already prettier at the cost of her racial background, her hair now decided to join the bandwagon. It grew longer, albeit not *excessively* so, only extended a few inches longer. What was *more* dramatic was the volume of it, with her hairdo fuller and thicker, locks now spread out around her shoulders and fanning across her back in their entirety. There was a slight waviness to these strands now, but this was hardly as pressing as their *color*. For all at once her natural brown lightened to blonde almost as if someone had changed it on a color

slider. Of course this went for *all* of the hair on her body. Exposed or *not*.

“**Mon dieu...**” She no longer seemed to simply be speaking with a French accent, but the *actual* language escaped her fuller lips as she brought a hand up to steady her head. A hand that now sported longer, narrower fingers done up with nails painted in lilac. The other hand rested on her hip, but had difficulty maintaining its grasp because, well, *the position of that hip has been slowly changing*.

It was sliding wider in fact, forced to do so by the areas that were adjoined to them. Her Luna Nova uniform was no longer a good fit for her body, her changed height had *already* demonstrated that. But now her figure was putting the final nail in its coffin. Her ass was growing bigger, fuller, stretching her panties until they were wedged between swollen cheeks while pushing up the back of a skirt that had already been lifted by her greater height. Meanwhile? A plumpness beset her thighs, seeing them expand well past the intended hem of her boots.

This all transpired in tandem with a swell that came elsewhere – farther up on her body, in fact. Her chest had always been rather lackluster in its form, but Akko was promptly blessed with a swell that pushed her bosom forward, cup size eventually pushing up to a heftier pair of C-cups that lifted her uniform even *more*. But that uniform had been lifted so much by this point that her skirt was well off her hips and her ill-fitted underwear were plainly visible.

And she was idly pulling down on her skirt to try and cover them, not really thinking about why she had to in the first place. “**Zis is... I am...**” Frustrated. She was still frustrated, and her desire to act out was much stronger than it had been previously. Her memories had changed, particularly those of her school life. No longer were there any memories of being bullied. But there were plenty of *being* the bully.

Because there was no way the girl could plausibly step outside dressed as she was, the material of her uniform began to slither about. The color lightened and brightened in places, while in others? It remained the same. In the end the uniform *did* fit her properly, but at the cost of some *modifications*. A blue jacket with puffy sleeves overtop a white blouse with a raised collar and frilled skirt, red highlights apparent on its open breast, a cloak fastened to only her left shoulder, white gloves, and matching, thigh high boots now composed her ensemble. While a black ribbon held some of her hair into a raised side ponytail.

It wasn't an approved Luna Nova uniform, but reality was altered so that it was a special order intended for foreign students of certain *renown*.

“Sacre bleu... I feel az if I’ve been ztruck by a rogue broom...” The whole situation had been more than a touch dizzying, and now that *Amélie Kaplan* could more or less make heads and tails of what had happened to her, well... The changes were striking. She was a beautiful blonde with a figure that was wonderfully developed for a girl of her age. One that felt confident not only in her appearance, but in her abilities. There was no doubt in Amélie’s mind that she was an *exceptionally* talented witch.



Even more talented than Diana.

Hailing from the prestigious Kaplan family, a French house similar in renown to the Cavendish family, she had everything the idealized student needed for her perfect academy life. Looks, smarts, popularity... If anything, the only issue her peers might have had with her spawned from just how *thick* her French accent tended to be. Although plenty saw it as *enticing* as well – it was part of the reason she received so many confession letters from other girls at school.

“Hmph. A spell for ze dizposal of bulliez? Waz zomeone attempting to deal wiz me?” Looking at a piece of paper on the floor of *her* dorm room, Amélie’s flaws began to shine. Because while she was perfect in general, she had all of the negative traits of someone who grew up spoiled. She was snobby, arrogant, and while she hid it in public, she could also be *mean*. In fact, she was something of a notorious bully among the knowing Luna Nova students.

She was *such* a bully, in fact, that she had driven out her two roommates shortly after arriving and now used this room herself. What had their names been? Licorice and Snooty or something like that? **“I ‘ave a feeling az to who left zis ‘ere.”** An agitated smirk was worn on her face as she stormed out of her room and down the hall, stopping in front of another dorm. **“’annah! Barbara! Get out ‘ere zis instant!”**

Of course she had a favorite pair of girls to bully, and since reality had changed along with Akko, the school’s pecking order had completely

changed to accommodate Amélie's presence. That meant not only did those two girls answer to *her*, but she was *their* bully.

“You two better bend over so I can give you your wedgiez!”