

SIZE IS JUST A NUMBER

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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“Huhuhu... And with this it is **COMPLETE!** Is this magic? No! It's **MAD SCIENCE!**”

The cackling of a young lady in a witch 'costume' rang throughout the vacant hallways of Luna Nova's dorm area. The cackler in question as Atsuko Kagari, or Akko as everyone ultimately called her, leaning menacingly over a cauldron in her shared room with the window shut. One of the only students - perhaps the only witch in the entire school - that had an upbringing completely void of any magic, it was perhaps only a little too natural that she'd draw a mad science comparison. She watched a lot of movies when she was a kid! Maybe she was channeling her inner Hououin Kyouma? Who knew?

She churned the cauldron's contents with one hand and twirled her wand with another. This was weeks of work finally coming to completion! She was going to create a legitimate copy of her idol, Shiny Chariot's costume! Akko had investigated many shops in search of replicas, but at the end of the day so many of them looked fake. It was disheartening! She just wanted to dress up like her hero! Her hope had later been inspired by the words of a shop keep. He'd recommended a spell that allowed you to create clothing provided you included the right ingredients but had also warned it was dangerous.

Akko being Akko, ultimately, hadn't heeded his warning well enough. She'd found the spell in her spell book only to notice some of the ingredients had been smudged out; of course that didn't stop her from just guessing. This all lead us to our current situation.

Preparations complete, the Japanese witch read the enchantment off the page beside her and gave her wand a final flick. The contents of the brew in the cauldron

began to glow a bright green and Akko couldn't help but lean in real close like an excitable puppy.

Until the cauldron exploded. Smoke and green goop blew the window wide open, making her antics entirely visible to classmates and faculty in the courtyard below as Akko found herself drenched. "Ick." She wore the green goop like a goo suit with how it clung to her clothing and skin. Or... wait!? "MY CLOTHES!?" Under the influence of the concoction her Luna Nova uniform melted away, leaving the sixteen year old in her birthday suit short of the green slime hugging her. But even that seemed to dissipate. It didn't disappear so much as become absorbed by her body however.

Akko herself was left blinking. Totally naked and *totally* confused. So the spell and potion had backfired? She raised an arm on her side to make sure nothing was wrong, and it didn't *really* seem like it. She actually felt a little more energetic than normal -- perhaps a little more *elastic*? There were real risks that something might happen and yet at the same time getting herself checked wasn't so easy. She'd have to ask Sucy or Lotte when they got back since going to a teacher would definitely end with her getting into trouble, and Diana would *definitely* nark on her.

"That explosion was pretty big, huh...?", she murmured, looking for something to cover herself up with. If someone in the courtyard had noticed it would only be a matter of time before someone came up to check and so she *definitely* needed to clean up and quick. Small fingers reached for the drawer that contained her spare uniforms as a first step, but an alarm went off in the witch's head before she properly grasped it. It wasn't a literal alarm of course, but her mind was telling her that something was awry -- her body felt a little stiff and a little swollen? Though there were no obvious signs of either being true.

The hand in question suddenly bumped into the drawer, the arch of the girl's back needed to reach downward broadening in tandem for some reason. "Huh? *Huuuuh?*" Akko may not have been the best nor the brightest but the sudden elongation of her arm was still enough for her to notice right away. She was accustomed to using transformation, it was definitely her speciality, so it was only natural she'd take notice! She hadn't cast *Metamorphie Faciesse* though?

She drew her arm back and corrected her posture. The right arm she'd reached with was definitely longer, but her hand was unchanged? Not to mention it had only happened to one arm. Or was she a little taller? She *felt* like it. Age progression? Was she getting older? But then wouldn't her hands change too? Her tiny fingers definitely looked out of place on--

THUD. THUDTHUDTHUDTHUD.

"...." Wait. *That sound*. It sounded like five *somethings* had hit the wooden floor beneath her. Crimson eyes moved to the location the sound had come from, just below her elongated arm. And there were... her fingers. "GYAAAAH!?" Were life a

cartoon (*cough*) her eyes might have popped out of their sockets. Fingers and thumb, their colors inhumanly white, rested on the floorboards beneath her. She raised her hand in a panic, noting it had become the same color and also much more... *bulbous*. It didn't even resemble a hand anymore, growing larger and larger as the outer layer took on a strange texture. It didn't really look like a human's skin. More like cloth? Like something you'd find on a fancy dress.

And then the orb of a hand began to *deflate*. Akko wasn't sure, but her arm began to feel kind of like how she assumed the inside of a vacuum hose might feel. Was there suction? The orb pulled inward, its mass apparently brought into a void while the outer shape retained its form for the most part. What was left being waved around was something of a white cone that opened from a pair of flaps on either side. The white continued up her arm along with the same sucking sensation, the deeper it became the more her skin just hung loose as if there was nothing inside. But 'skin' was incorrect.

Akko had seen this design before, she could tell. "**I-I'm becoming Shiny Chariot's costume!?**" What hung in the place of her right arm was *very* clearly a sleeve and one she'd seen plenty of times on posters. A wave of her shoulder joint saw the sleeve flap around before... suddenly falling off. It drifted to the ground and landed on the floor beside her, covering the fallen fingers and absorbing them into their mass.

Her shoulder was left as merely a knob, though you couldn't see any bone or blood or anything.

THUD. THUDTHUDTHUDTHUD.

Make that *both* shoulders. Apparently her second arm had fallen victim to the same fate as the first while she was distracted, a second sleeve fluttering down to the floor. Akko was understandably spooked, but words didn't come even as she wanted to make further exclamation. The moisture in her mouth had seemingly all but evaporated, her tongue flapping around wildly as the taste became somewhat uncanny; but her head would be left for last, this was merely the spell preparing itself for future changes.

Legs and torso flopped around wildly. Without arms to grab or a voice to use, the witch was little more than stick of flesh wriggling in the room. All of the motion made it difficult for the spell to work it's magic however, and the witch soon found herself paralyzed, stomach hitting Sucy's bed as legs dangled over the side. Akko's face was buried in the comforter, breathing muffled and barely necessary as change she could no longer see continued to permeate through her increasingly unusual form.

What she could do was *feel*, and the heft of her feet begun to feel peculiarly heavy. She couldn't see how her toes were growing thicker and thicker, each merging into the one beside it as the color of their surfaces began to take on a pinkish glow, or

note that her toenails had risen and fallen off. She couldn't bear witness to how her feet flattened on the bottoms and rose on her heel into a high heel, a rise and fall in pattern taking shape to form grooves for stability on both ground and broom alike. Akko *also* couldn't see her shins pale and swell into the outer guards of a pair of boots, said shins rising to appear to be separate from her legs, which had grown both longer and thicker as a leathery texture painted them baby blue with a white trim at the top.

And then her legs fell off. Much like what had happened with her arms, her legs and feet hollowed and spilled over to other side; and without the support of legs against the floor what remained of her body slid off the bed and fell onto its back, the full-leg boots her lower body was serving as a cushion with her eyes forced to stare at the ceiling. *'What's going to happen to me? Am I just going to change into Shiny Chariot's clothes? What then? Will I still be me? Will I still be able think?'* Unable to talk and without any limbs to move, the girl was merely left alone with her thoughts as she awaited her inevitable fate. Would someone be able to tell that the pile of clothing she was becoming was even her? If they didn't, she'd never turn back.

Her hips, meanwhile, began to flare outward. A more vibrant blue than that of her legs-turned-boots began to dye the tips as they crept out like her flesh was being kneaded until it was thinner, spreading out in a full 180 degrees as the contents within began to vacate. The flesh of her rear, her genitals, it all tugged inward to become one with a sea of fluttering blue that, once empty within, flattened as a bright blue skirt over top the boots beneath her.

Oddly enough the skin of her back had begun to stretch in a similar manner, pulling down while her pelvis had changed into a skirt so that a pair of white coattails rested beneath it. Breasts and stomach took on the same pure white as her sleeve-arms with a notable pair of exceptions: the first was around Akko's bellybutton, the second was a cut just above her breasts. As skin elsewhere took on a velvety texture, these spots remained their usual fleshy design. But it was because they were excess, not a part of Shiny Chariot's top.

These areas were generally left bare to show off some of the witch's sex appeal, and it became quickly apparent that the design had no use for Akko's girlish flesh as it receded into the darkness along with any biological matter that existed within. Slowly but surely her chest and stomach lowered, four gray buttons born of excess skin appearing on the front as her torso was essentially severed from the witch's head, which rolled onto its side.

'I don't even have a body anymore?' Her head had rolled so that all she could see beside her were the pieces of a Shiny Chariot costume. Most of them were there except the minor accessories, all but the fancy hat. She could only imagine that was what was about to become of her own head.

She wasn't wrong. The taste of cotton and numbness that had taken her mouth earlier grew stronger, tongue feeling as if it was forced out of her mouth before she

lost even a sensory awareness of it even existing. Her mouth in its entirety filled in with white and pressed outward, cheeks stretched and hollowed as a band of blue ran across the length of her head. Hair strands hardened into proper fibers that wove together, reaching skyward as browns were exchanged for snowy whites until a point was finally reached at the peak. Her nose? Faded away. Breathing wasn't necessary. She could feel the depths of her head receding, as if someone had pressed fingers under her chin and pushed upward to the tip, leaving nothing but a hollow mess within. And here eyes?

Akko felt as if they were growing closer together, her vision distorted and eventually popping outward. Ruby reds stretched, their whites and colors shifting to a mesmerizing gold as the two eyeballs came together to form the decorative star upon the witch's hat.

And that was the last thing she realized before her consciousness was overcome by darkness.

"I can't believe I found this in Akko's room. Did she take it from my closet without asking?" The next thing Akko heard was the sound of a familiar voice and the sensation of having a void beneath her eyes filled. Her 'mouth' clung to soft hair that tasted of strawberry -- she wasn't sure how she knew it was hair, just that it felt right. Vision slowly, meekly returned. It was as if being in contact with someone had stimulated her mind once more. She couldn't talk or move, but she found she could both perceive and feel.

She could feel her 'torso' slid around a woman's body, her form tugged until she was restrictively encompassing the woman's aged rolls, which poked out from the cutout around her belly button. It wasn't as if her wearer was overweight, but her body had certainly grown looser with age. Akko could see her reflection, and her wearer's reflection, in the mirror. The woman looked... *familiar*. Her professor? That was right, right? Ursula! Her memories had been jumbled a little but it seemed if she concentrated she could piece them back together.

Ursula slid the skirt up both her legs, Akko quivering mentally a moment as she could feel the woman's warmth and her fabric was stretched past the size it was meant to accommodate. Legs came up next, and with a pair of feet slipped into her own it almost felt as if she could stand once more. '*Professor! Professor! Help! It's me...! It's me... A...*' Not that Ursula could hear, but as Akko began to call out she felt her mind slipping again. A name... her name...? Did she have... one of those...?

The woman turned her attention back to the top and began to pick at the buttons. The fabric was forced even tighter against Ursula's skin, and Akko dug into her teacher's breasts since it was obvious she no longer fit in this outfit. Yeah, that's right! She was an outfit! Shiny Chariot had always worn here... Ursula was Shiny Chariot! Ursula was practically bulging out of the top and yet that didn't stop her from running her fingertips across her student's inanimate body.

“Maybe I should just put it back in the closet after all, I look silly...” The murmur alarmed the costume. It was already struggling with its identity and purpose, but if it was removed it would all return to black. It would lose everything... but what even was *everything*?

It wanted to call out once last time, and yet before it could find the words...

Ursula removed the hat.