

FARAWAY MAGIC

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Byleth felt as if she had reached a rather potent roadblock.

Teaching classes had been surprisingly easy thus far. Because Garreg Mach's education focused so much on combat and she had been a mercenary pretty much her entire life, there was plenty she could teach her students. Whether it was wielding a weapon or strategic placement upon the battlefield, she had a great deal of experience. But there *was* one area of combat that she didn't really have a strong grasp of.

Magic. The most she could wield was a meager showing, and most of her students could already outcast her. Nonetheless it was expected that they were taught, and despite Manuela and Hanneman teaching most of it, some of its topics landed on Byleth's lap as well. And so she had little choice to seek outside help.

Fortunately for her, that help had surfaced from the most unlikely of places. While perusing the market that morning, Anna had offered her a book detailing the usage of magic and its combat purposes. And while the encounter itself had been a little *strange* (*why was Anna wearing such strange clothes?*), Byleth was more than willing to accept any help she could obtain.

After holding onto the tome throughout the day of classes, when she returned to her quarters at the day's end she finally managed to open up the book and take a look at the contents. That was when she realized she had made a *terrible* mistake. **"I can't read this..."** A pang of disappointment hit her immediately. Not on just the first page but on *every* page, words were written in strange characters that she just didn't understand. Why were they written *vertically*?

“I guess I’ll take it back to Anna in the morning and hope she’ll give me a refund.” There wasn’t really must else she could do in a situation like this, was there? A book she couldn’t read was of little use to her, and so she decided to push on with organizing her lesson plan for the next day without its help, shoving the book into her desk’s corner. But for some reason she couldn’t stop *thinking* about it. Try as she might, she kept wanting to check it.



An impulse like that didn’t really make any sense, did it? Why was she so fixated on a tome she couldn’t read? But her ability to resist checking it came to a head when, around the midway point into the lesson plan she was scribing by quill, she had for some reason written one of the characters she had seen in the unusual book. **“Am I not getting enough sleep?”**

It was enough to provoke her into pulling the book back in front of her, opening it so she could compare what she’d written to what was within. But she discovered something more jarring in the process. Text she couldn’t read before? Well, it was still *mostly* nonsense, but she could read *some* of the words.

Byleth herself was none the wiser to what was happening in correlation *with* this realization, for slowly over the past little while adjustments had slowly been made to bring her to this moment. Not only had they been occurring, but they *continued* to occur.

It was the eyes that perceived those words that appeared the most unusual at first. The professor was notorious for her eyes in some sense or another, if only because they were so big, round, and expressive despite her, well, *lack* of expression. The deep blues within had initially shown unusual sparkles of color – a color that wasn’t her own. A speckled pattern of purple that appeared so unthreatening at first, only to spread like wildfire and dye her eyes in their entirety.

Almost as if this color was too bright to weather, the woman's eyes appeared to close a moment. That wasn't *quite* what was happening though, for it was instead the case that her eyelids were being stretched in a manner different enough that their large sizes dwindled down to not only something more reasonable, but gained narrow slants that revealed themselves to be different racial traits altogether.

This phenomenon had continued to trend upwards in her face, leaving more than the woman's eyes at stake. She progressively looked less and less like herself, with her chin pulling farther away from her forehead and her cheekbones steeling themselves. Brows thinned some, while lips bloated into an enticing pout that seemed to curve passively up into a smirk.

To say Byleth still looked like Byleth, at least in her face, would have been just factually incorrect. *Why am I staring at a musty old book? How boorish!* And thus the woman who hardly ever expressed herself soon found herself wearing a look of disdain – but she did not recognize that it was out of place upon her features.

The purple spark from within her eyes soon flickered elsewhere. In this case: within the blue locks of Byleth's mane. Her curtains had always matched her windows, and in this case it didn't seem that this would be changed in the least. Dark blue was replaced by a purple that was just as strong in tone, and yet at the same time it developed a much glossier look that implied it was much better taken care of. It soon lengthened with gravitas, falling down to the center of her back straightening to a state unseen upon Byleth's visage, bangs soon parted in the center-left of her forehead.

Looking at her now though, could it really be seen a *Byleth's* visage?

Staring at her lesson plan a moment, the woman eventually stood to stretch... only to find that her outfit, the outfit that she wore *every* day, felt too loose in some areas. "**Hm? What on...? Is the desk...? Am I...? My voice?**" Several realizations had dawned upon her all at once. The desk she was sitting at looked closer to her than it should have while standing, and paired with how loose her clothes felt she could only imagine one possibility. That she was not as *tall* as she had been moments before.

While that was true, that wasn't even the full extent of it. A few inches *had* been shaved off of her frame, but that alone shouldn't have been enough to make her clothes feel as loose as they did in *some* areas – namely around her arms, stomach, and legs. It *was* explainable by a loss of something dear to her: the muscles she had developed as a mercenary.

She was indeed becoming lither, swelling strength diminishing with prominence in her arms and legs, albeit not disappearing in its entirety. It left limbs looking daintier and soft, and yet the strength that remained was still suitable enough for traversing the battlefield. It just wasn't enough to freely wield weapons as hefty as the ones she was accustomed to. Her tummy in particular still sported a great deal of tone to it, but her waistline had pinched in to make the gait of her hips appear much more dramatic.

“Why do I sound like *this*?” The professor herself was more fixated on her voice, however. Said voice was higher, but it was also much sultrier and more playful, and her words were communicated with emphasis that rise and fell to show personality that shouldn't have been there as far as Byleth's own personality was concerned. Which beckoned the conclusion of 'this is not Byleth's own personality', no?

No. Perhaps she was just tired? Maybe it was a dream? Certainly a dream made the most sense! Thinking this a possibility, she returned to her sitting position at the desk only to be greeted to a much *softer* sitting position. Beneath loose-fitting pants the cheeks of her ass had reason substantially, supple fat squishing against the seat beneath her weight. It was her already impressive thighs swell greater as well, preserving a firmness that was just as prevalent as they were big. They pressed up against one another between her legs, hugging a pussy that was now decorated with bushy, purple pubes within.

It had to be a dream. **“This cannot be happening! This is like something out of an old tale!”** Thinking of stories, her eyes turned back down to the book she couldn't read before – only to find that she could almost read the text in its entirety. What's more, the magic techniques inscribed sounded all too familiar to her. Basic, even. **“But I've never learned these... have I?”** Even though she *knew* it to be true, she also couldn't be one-hundred percent certain. Something deep down was telling her the contrary.

While Byleth's breasts did not grow nor shrink at all, already at the perfect, perky size for her new form, they were made to look bigger not by a transformation of her body but one of her outfit. Her top folded in on itself around her chest, material softening both in texture and color until it was an oriental white crop-top with black trim and a golden ornament in its center. It lifted her breasts from below, making them appear bigger and perkier than ever.

Cloth them retreated from her shoulders, leaving them bare while still finding her arms covered with white bridal gauntlets that were attached to the top by thin straps of white. Hands exposed, it was easy to see how

each digit had grown less calloused, with nails long and well-kept, falling in line with a growing need within to keep herself looking as beautiful as she possibly could. With the woman's belly entirely bare, it was easy to see just how appealing it was. Toned and curvaceous, her bellybutton appeared impossibly deep.

What decorated her legs, in turn, was a pair of hakama-like pants that were open in the front to reveal her thighs and lower legs within. Bound by red rope decorations and an armor plate over her pelvis with an emblem of gold within, it gave the allusion of her being a woman of some renown. A woman of renown wearing black sandals that showed off tootsies that had shrunken slightly, and were now just as well manicured as her fingers.

The piece de resistance was the styling of Byleth's purple hair. It's length did not change any further, but much of it in the back was pulled up behind a golden headdress that made her appear *quite* fancy and important. She *felt* fancy and important deep down, too. So much so that all of her concerns from the moments before felt inconsequential in the face of her newfound confidence. Not only in magic, but in her own appearance.

Leaning back casually in her chair, *Orochi* flipped throughout the magic tome she'd discovered upon the desk. It was only book she could find that was written in her native, Hoshidan language, but even then? **"The contents are so rudimentary. A child could use magic in such a fashion without any difficulty."** And so she flung the book back over her shoulder, its spine striking the floorboards in the process.

No sooner than it had, the legs of her chair hit the ground and the woman hopped up onto her feet. If anything felt awry to her now, it was her location. **"This isn't anywhere I've ever been before, is it? Am I in Nohr? But even then, it doesn't feel quite right. Hmm..."** She licked her lips and stretched, giving the stink eye to the paper she couldn't read. **"Plus if anything was written in Nohrian, I would be able to read it. So where?"**

There was *also* the matter of the distress she had felt before. Almost like something had



changed? But Orochi was Orochi. She was herself, and who else could she even be? **“Oh well, I won’t learn anything else cooped up in here!”**

“Maybe I can find someone *good looking* to show me around?”