

# A CHANGE OF COSTUME

## COMMISSION STORY

### BY CHALDEACHANGE



Taking in people in her condition was something Scott had a bad habit of doing. Considering the woman of purple hair and ruined robe seemed to be gravely injured, he couldn't exactly leave her unconscious body on the road out by his house in the rain, and so he dragged her into his home. It wasn't long before she awoke, this woman with an exotic and mysterious appearance. She said nothing to the man who saved her, not at first, instead inspecting her own outfit as she stood before him in his living room.

**"This won't do. I'm going to need a new set."** She mused aloud, lips painted purple forming into a wicked smile as her gaze turned to the unsuspecting Scott finally. Of course she already had a plan in mind to replace them. This man was a fool that had allowed a witch into his home so easily. She owed him no debts, nor did she intend on repaying anything. She had to hurry so that she could rejoin the Holy Grail War that was being waged outside.

Scott looked around, confused about what she meant. **"Clothes? Are you talking about clothes? I don't know if I have anything that will fit you..."** Maybe his t-shirts, but they'd be a little oversized...

**"No, you'll do just nicely."** The young man was caught off guard by a sudden burst of violet light that filled his living room, glow settling as warmth upon his body and leaving him immobile. All at once his clothing dissipated, leaving him as bare as a newborn baby before this unusual woman. A witch? Was she a witch? Were witches real things? Well, considering he'd just been paralyzed and his clothes removed he could only imagine that was the case.

The ground beneath him began to radiate the same violet light as a magic circle took shape. To someone like Scott, who knew nothing of the magic world, it might have looked like something out of an anime. But it served a very specific purpose: a restructuring circle meant to transmute.

The circle at the young man's feet began to move upward, any part of his body it crept over feeling surprisingly numb. Even though that was the case? He didn't fall. It was like he was being held up by an imaginary force.

As the transformation spell reached his ankles, the feet below began to shift towards the woman's desired form. The bottoms of his feet hardened as definition was wiped from their surface. Heel flattened as black seeped into the color of his skin, traveling up the back of each heel and four bands across either foot. It was clear that the areas painted black were *not* human skin, but rather a natural rubber. Both suddenly became extraordinarily light as the contents (aka the flesh and bone contained by the plastic exterior) seemingly turned to dust and scatter, leaving a set of footwear where Scott's feet had once been.

The magic circle had already reached the man's knees, and the stubs where he lost his feet no longer resembled a human appendage in the least. Skin shifted in patches from its usual healthy sheen to a sheen that was far more artificial. Stitching became evident in its texture as it rose to the surface, skin darkening slowly to a rich purple. Almost like his legs were being pulled apart they began to thin and flatten in every direction, the inner layer being torn apart to reveal that where blood and bone should have been there was nothing. Scott's legs had become completely hollow. Not that they even retained the shape of a pair of human legs as the breeze caught them and they fluttered outward, free and full. The limbs weren't even separate anymore, not with how the material had fused together to create a single body.

...Like the bottom of a skirt, or perhaps a robe.

Now Scott had a really bad feeling even if he couldn't really see what was happening. His mind had begun to dull and concern for his current predicament had begun to fade. "**Yes, this silk is nice.**" The woman ran the cloth that had once been his legs through her fingertips, taking in the texture. She kicked off the shoes she'd been wearing and reached for the pair that had once been the man's feet, sliding them on gently. *Medea*. The moment his feet were worn a name came to Scott's mind. Why? And why did the idea of being worn like his feet were become all he could think about?

The silk encroached upon his pelvis and, with it, the existence of his naked dick became uncertain. The organ deflated, definition lost as the same shimmering, rich lavender advanced through what remained, ultimately becoming one with the singular body that composed the lower portion of a one piece dress, definition of bone absent as well as he became more and more fluttery.

Already the magic circle had reached his neck, leaving both Scott's arms and torso susceptible to joining Medea's closet inventory. For example: the skin around his fingers began to lift as his nails fell right off, the glaze of each hand resembling black leather more than it did human skin before becoming incredibly light and, both at once, falling to the ground where they were picked up by the witch.

Where his hands had grown light, his arms felt surprisingly heavy as arms seemed to bulk up with a boisterous purple that was both richer and darker than the shade of the skirt. Skin crumpled and folded, splitting into two separate bodies around the shoulders as some of his 'skin' slipped downward into a cape that surpassed even where his ass had once been, a black belly obvious on the inside.

His flesh bunched up around his chest as the tie for the cape became clear, a circular area hardening near the center raising into black and gold, holding the cape in place. Beneath it all his pectorals and nipples faded away as the pattern of the dress underneath finally reached completion down to the last detail, from the curvature of its stomach to the mounds allotted to accommodate a pair of breasts. For all intents and purposes his entire body had broken off into pieces of an elaborate costume... all except for his head of course.

The boy's neckline began to crumble next, turning to dust as his need to breathe became obsolete. A singular band of black rose around his neck, almost like a choker, and this area alone was spared erasure as it hovered in place with no neck around it. Chin and face, eyes and hair, it all turned absent and faded into nothing. With no eyes he couldn't see. With no brain he couldn't feel. For a brief few moments even his consciousness seemed to disappear before it inevitably rebooted in a different form.

What was left was an outfit identical to the one the witch was wearing, floating in place. Identical except for the fact that it wasn't damaged, of course. Medea undressed promptly and vocalized her thanks for this new attire. While Scott had no eyes, the moment he'd lost his face he'd become hyper aware of his surroundings. He could feel Medea stepping on him, see her reaching for him, feel the soft embrace of her touch.

When she slid him over her body he felt more at peace than he ever had in his life. He didn't even question this new existence. He couldn't. What resembled a consciousness wasn't truly one, of course. It was more like his mind had been replaced with a program. *'I was created to be worn. I love to be worn.'* Such simple thoughts consumed him.

And as he hugged Caster's body he knew those thoughts to be true. He loved feeling her every crevice, he enjoyed when she ran her fingers across his body. Her warmth? Divine, just as she was. He would accompany her wherever she went from now on. At least until she ruined him like she had her last outfit.

But he only hoped it wouldn't come to that.