

BETTER IN GREEN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Louise Françoise le Blanc de la Vallière was feeling *agitated*, but what else was new *really*? A notorious tsundere, it didn't take much to earn her ire when she was in a mood, and her peers had more or less come to terms with that by this point in time. Fortunately for most, Louise's most notorious personality trait had more often than not been aimed at her human familiar spirit, Saito Hiraga.

It was traditional of the students of the Tristain Academy of Magic to summon their familiars every year. Snakes, dragons, mammals – a familiar could take any form, and they were typically ideal to the one summoning them. But somehow Louise had summoned a *human* in the form of Saito. They'd had a *very* rocky start in the beginning, but through shared experiences their relationship had certainly improved.

And it had improved *a lot*. So much so that against her better judgment, Louise had begun to develop feelings for him. Not feelings of camaraderie either, as much as she wished she could pretend that was the case. No, she had developed a fully blown crush on the human, with a desire to entire a romantic relationship if given the chance. But there was one *very big issue* with getting to that point.

Beyond not knowing how he felt about her, and beyond even how she assumed her abrasive personality had made him wary of her, Saito was *always* surrounded by other women – their classmates, of course. They all had wildly different personalities and wildly different... body types. And the lattermost differences were what concerned Louise. Because she could see it. The fact that Saito paid way more attention to women with big honkers.

Her hardly made a point to hide it.



“Saito is an idiot! I can’t believe I’m even looking into this!” Nestled in a dark corner of Tristain’s library, Louise had been driven to the point of looking for a solution to her problem. Saito liked women that were well-endowed, but the noblewoman was depressingly *not*. Some might even call her *anti*-endowed with just how flat her chest was. It went without saying that it was something that made her feel very insecure under normal circumstances, much less when she had to compare herself to other women in a romantic sense.

But she was a wielder of magic, and so it was only natural that her mind might wander to fixing this ‘issue’ with the magic in question. That was what had brought her to the library – she was investigating spells that could give her a little more *OOMF* to the areas where she *wanted* that boost. Mainly her chest, but having a bigger butt might be nice too. Oh! And being a little taller? Of course, if she accomplished this there would always be the possibility that she’d be called out by her peers.

She could just say it had been a growth spurt, right?

“Envision someone that has the body you desire and cast this... This might work!” In a dusty old tome, Louise had found a spell that she believed would suit her needs. It sounded like that, by using the picture of another in her memories, she could replicate the physical traits of that person onto herself. The issue? She was assuming this referred to *specific* physical traits instead of *all of* their physical traits.

And she was going ahead with that spell, in the library, with that misunderstanding still prevalent. She had the perfect girl in mind to replicate the curves from, too. The half-elf, Tiffania Westwood Tudor of Albion, had an *extraordinary* figure despite only being sixteen. Louise could think of no better person to copy than her based on figure alone. **“Okay! So I just need to read this out loud...”**

At this time of night the library was essentially vacant, and so no one would come to check on the noblewoman as she paced back and forth in the back of the library with the tome in hand, chanting an incantation

written in the ancient tongues. Not even as the letters came alight with a pale green and began to resonate with her body was anyone there to wonder just *what* was going on.

Louise had been careful while chanting. She had to remain fixated on the one who's body she desired to have, and if her mind had wandered to any of her other female peers than she might have risked receiving a figure that would have been less ideal than Tiffania's. By the time the incantation had finished, she was certain that she had managed to accomplish that.

“Huh? Did it not work?” The young magic wielder was skeptical of the fact that the spell she had cast had amounted to anything at all initially. She *had* felt it resonate with her flesh, but as far as she could tell it hadn't had any effect. She was still short and figure free, ultimately suggesting that maybe something had gone wrong? **“No... Not every spell is instantaneous. Let's give it a minute...”** It would actually be problematic if there *wasn't* any sign of it working. Because that would mean a spell had taken root of the likes she didn't know *what* it had done.

Which was naturally *very* dangerous.

Fortunately it didn't appear to come to that. Not that it didn't make the situation any less potentially dangerous, because Louise herself was still under the impression that once the spell activated, it would do so in the way she had expected it to. Essentially just giving her Tiffania's figure, and nothing more. **“Oh!? Is it finally working?”** At least *at first*, it definitely seemed like her interpretation would hold.

While Tiffania's figure had been on her mind, the half-elf's height had naturally been a part of that equation. There wasn't a *huge* difference between the two of them, but Louise certainly felt that the blonde's height, despite being only three inches more, was a much more normal height for girls their age. The pink-haired noble was only five feet, which seemed to trail behind most of her classmates.

“It really is!” But it was looking more and more like that her shortness was an issue for *past* Louise. Her point of view steadily rose the three inch difference, ultimately destabilizing her outfit's, well, *fit*. It lifted her blazer so that the base of her tummy was exposed, while blue thigh highs were ranked down to her knees and more of her thighs were exposed by a skirt that had been raised. It was even more obvious in her uniforms sleeves, which had been hoisted to just below her elbows.

After the height situation was taken care of, however? There seemed to be something of a lull. **“...Is that it? Did I only get taller, after all**

that?” Fingers, slightly longer themselves, tugged at her uniform to try and make it fit a little better. Her disappointment was immeasurable, and it felt she had wasted her time. Well... There *was* something to be said about her height boost at least, but that wasn’t what she had *really* wanted.

Just when she had been on the verge of heading back to her dorm room to lament her failure, though? “...?” She couldn’t help but tilt her head to the side. Her center of balance felt off, and not because she was taller. “**Wait!? Hey!?**” Louise could feel it. Tension at the sides of her skirt. It felt like the waistband was clamping down on her wait and hips? “**Not...! Comfy...!**” Until finally?

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The sound of fabric tearing rang through the air, and the sides of her skirt ripped down from the top. These rips weren’t severe enough to disrobe her, but it gave her hips the space to swing wider – a turn that the teen hadn’t exactly considered originally. Of course her outfit would be a problem if her figure changed! Why had she overlooked that!? Nonetheless, it was already too late to do anything about it.

With the tears in her skirt you could see the band of her white panties tightening even further around her lower half, but it was no longer the soul fault of hips that had widened several inches. In fact, her underwear had tightened uncomfortably in the front – all because of what had begun to occur in the back.

The rear of Louise’s skirt slowly rose solely because of what was housed beneath it. The cheeks of a relatively flat ass had come to burgeon, fresh fat seeing their shapes swell while likewise retaining a firmness that suggested there was still a great deal of muscle beneath them. The bigger they grew, the more difficult it was for a pair of underwear that had been designed to fit her old butt to accommodate them. That left material to clench between her ass cheeks, while the peaks even poked up and over a waistband that could no longer remain hoisted above.

“**Craaaap! How am I going to get back to the dorm looking like that!?**” Hands groping her own booty, she now understood just how little she’d considered this part of the process. She had a big, plump bubble butt now, and even then the excess weight had spread into her thighs so that they were thick, meaty, and yet still muscular themselves.

It was around this juncture that the process began to waist little time between altercations. “**No way!?**” No sooner than she’d gotten handfuls of her bubble butt did her body lurch forward in a way that almost

knocked her to the floor. The cause in this case could only be an issue of *upper* stability, and based on Louise's desires there was only one thing that could be causing it.

Well, technically *two* things.

“My chest is really...!” It took her a second to pull herself back so that she was upright once more, and it was just in time for *most* of the buttons on her uniform blazer to get sent *flying* but the mounds of flesh that had pushed forward from the depths. A-cup breasts were gratuitously stimulated, and they grew so blatantly huge that she pawed at them to try and keep them from becoming completely exposed. *It was a fruitless endeavor.*

Like fighting against the winds of a hurricane, it was inevitable that the girl would lose, and her breasts eventually *exploded* into view, engorged nipples and all. That said, she was quick to hide them with her arms. They were almost comically large by the end, their weight so substantial that they seemed to droop a little. A 105cm bust size *would* do that to you. **“Maybe I made them a little too *big!?* Eh? What's... wrong with my voice!?”**

Hardly afforded an opportunity to celebrate *or* fret the implications of her new assets, a crack in her voice appeared to remain constant without returning to normal. In the end its sound came off as soft and without the usual squeak that the noble was known for. It also sounded familiar, too.

Like Tiffania's voice.

“That... couldn't be, right?” Continuing to speak only reminded her of how it sounded, though. If only there was a mirror in front of her, she might have been able to see the truth. Because her eyes? Not only had they grown wider, but their colors had changed to a steely blue. A familiar, steely blue that would match her voice just as well as lips that swelled in size did, or a face that grew longer, more angular, and had inherited a very natural, earthly beauty.

What's more, streaks of blonde quickly spread throughout her pink hair. Not only did it irreversibly dye them so that her natural hair color was erased, but any of her waves were straightened out, and the length of that hair? It grew in small measure, cascading against her shoulders and beyond in the back. Some of it tickled her breasts, provoking her to look. **“Blonde!?** It's just like Tiffania!?” Hands frantically ran through it, noting just how much coarser it was than her old hairdo.

From behind them, most shockingly, a pair of somethings began to poke out. She had Tiffania's figure, Tiffania's face, and Tiffania's hair, but she was still missing a trait that was key to the half-elf's identity. It was key to the identity of *anyone* with elven blood, really. Her ears peeked out from behind golden locks, stretching and drawing into a pair of long and undeniable points that spoke defiantly against her being a maiden of pure blood any longer.

Through and through, the blood that ran through her veins was now mixed with an elf's.

“EHHH!? I can't believe it! I.. became Tiffania!?” It wasn't like the girl hadn't realized and reiterated that this was happening several times throughout the final stage of her transformation, but now that she could tell it was complete? It felt like something that was worth reiterating once again. Worth noting was the fact that her mind remained intact, as did Louise's general personality. It wasn't like she had literally *become* Tiffania. She was Louise *in the form of* Tiffania. **“Did I misunderstand the spell? I must have, right!?”**



Understandably still panicked from having her flesh molded so, she fumbled with the book she had picked back up from the ground. Her fingers were longer now, and that made it a little more difficult to move as efficiently as she was used to. Not to mention the huge jugs upon her chest that bounced about when she had reached down to grab the tome in the first place. For as much as she had *wanted* a bigger chest. Now that she had one?

She immediately realized just how inconvenient they were.

Not that she didn't have a million other reasons to regret casting the spell at this point. She was a busty, blonde *half-elf* of all things! Idly remembering, she reached up to fondly the length of one of her ears. Why were they so sensitive!? **“Is there really no reversal spell!? Do I need to seek someone to undo it for me!?”**

The thought of having to find someone and explain this to them was one thing, but there were even more embarrassing things for Louise to consider. Her clothes hadn't changed, and with her body filling out whatever scraps of cloth that hadn't been torn to pieces, she almost seemed to resemble a stripper. If she went out like this, someone would

no doubt see more of her body – of *Tiffania*'s body – than intended, and she didn't want to accidentally damage relations with the half-elf either.

Perhaps if she wrapped her cape around her person? She abandoned the book to try just that, and while it worked for the most part? Her just was still busting out. She had really quite *screwed* herself, here.

What's worse, they would never find a way to reverse what had been done.