

I'M THE SENSEI NOW

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s kind of lonely nowadays, isn’t it?” Sakura Matou had been spending her day whittling around the Emiya estate by herself. Taiga came by to visit every day, but for the most part it was typically Sakura all by her lonesome. She was already at the point of talking to herself even though it had only been a few months of this.

After the Holy Grail War had come to an end, Shirou and Rin had ended up in a relationship with one another. This had saddened Sakura for she had harbored feelings for Shirou for just as long as Rin had, but she wasn’t so petty of a woman that she wasn’t mature enough to step aside. She was happy that they were happy. But she still wanted to *see* them.

Which she couldn’t. The two had gone off to London together to study, leaving their homes in Sakura’s care. It wasn’t a lot to ask of her or anything, it was just that every day was spent moving from house to house. And each house? It was a reminder of the things she’d lost. A pair of good friends, a crush. She wasn’t great at making friends, so Sakura feeling lonely had been more or less an inevitability.

Little did Sakura know she was in the presence of something *dangerous*. Rin had sent back a box of trinkets to the house for safekeeping - a series of gifts for Taiga and herself, but they had yet to sort through them due to conflicting schedules. But within was a valuable relic that Rin had thought was neat: the head of a staff that was said to have been used by the witch of temptation and depravity, the Greek witch *Circe*.

It was already glowing within the box, receptive to the growing emotions of longing that Sakura had been displaying over the past few weeks. All it needed was a trigger of desire. A wish would do, for humans always

put their strongest emotions behind their honest wishes for the future. It didn't come immediately, but it did come later that night when Sakura was preparing dinner for herself and Taiga, whom should have been arriving shortly.

“I wish senpai were here. I want to see him again...”

It had been but an innocent desire, one the girl knew had no chance of coming true. And, truly, the artifact glowing in the box had no means to grant it on its own. But that wasn't the purpose of waiting for a wish. The purpose had been to find someone whose desires were so strong that they wouldn't mind being corrupted for the sake of seeing their wish come true. For the spirit of the witch might have perished long ago, but it could be *revived in a suitable host*.

The unsealed flaps of the cardboard box in the middle of the dining room suddenly burst open, and from within a whirlwind of pink light and swirled throughout the room for just a moment. It lingered just long enough for Sakura to notice from the kitchen (*for the space above the counter was cut out to allow serving directly from the kitchen to the dining room*). Her expression immediately got serious. A threat. That was a threat.

But she stood no chance against it, not as the whisp of pink suddenly flew towards the cap over the counter and did not swirl *around* her, but instead flew *into* her. **“Gurk!?”** It felt like she was choking as the pink smoke poured into her mouth and up her nose, body absorbing it all through her stomach and lungs. And then, just like that, *it stopped*. She no longer wanted to gag, but there was... a presence. It was like a cloud looming at the back of her head, tendrils outstretched throughout her body.

The pot of spaghetti she'd been stirring, which had been touched by the pink smoke, was now filled with a strange looking porridge. *Kykeon*. An oat porridge intricately tied with the legends of Circe. Not that Sakura had even noticed that the contents of her pot had changed. She was perfectly still - as if *possessed*. This went on for almost an entire minute before clouded eyes seemed to find clarity once more. Well, clarity and a completely different color.

Her eyes shone both pink and blue, an amalgamation of colors that shouldn't have typically shared the space within a single iris but did nonetheless.

“I see... Using this power... I can see senpai again?”

It wasn't as if she'd heard a voice. It was more like Sakura just *knew*. That smoke? Whatever it was? It had granted her an expansive knowledge of magecraft, spells so ancient that no modern magus could ever fathom to wield them. The knowledge was just kind of there, and it made her feel very powerful. Like she was some sort of *witch*.

And far be it from her general aesthetic to not oblige this feeling. For very slowly the lengths of her ears had begun to stretch, typically curved edges drawing into a point as extra cartilage was formed to compensate for just how long these ears were being drawn. Four to five inches; that was their finalized length, and they stuck out cutely from behind purple hair on the right side, while on the left where Sakura normally left hair pulled back the full length could be seen.

There was certainly nothing human about these new ears, and they better resembled something out of fantasy like an elf or a demon. They, of course, belonged to neither; they were but a pair of tools for a witch, and they didn't even have greater functionality than regular human ears. Long story short, they were just for aesthetic for the most part.

Lines of **pastel pink** seemed to find themselves scrawled throughout her purple hair - purple hair that had once been stained by the suffering she'd felt as a child at the hands of Matou tradition. While they seemed to be little more than streaks initially, with time they began to spread and flourish, ultimately consuming the entirety of her head without any real difficulty.

Sakura *knew* what was happening to her body. In fact, she was *allowing* it to happen outright. Why resist this? This power that tempted her with ways to see her desires fulfilled? It was clearly affecting her mind, but she also fundamentally knew that while her personality might have been set askew, she would remain in control of her actions and interests.

So it wasn't *all* that off-putting when her body began to diminish in stature. Like a deflating balloon everything about her figure regressed, from the lengths of her arms and legs to the stretch of her spine. "**Fufu! I suppose this place will work for pig pen! He isn't here after all, so there's no point in making it anything but.**" Sakura giggled like a maiden even as her high school uniform became incredibly loose against her slackening frame. She didn't even sound herself, pitch of voice climbing while flesh diminished. This sudden desire to allude to things with references to pigs was guiding her current attitude.

But what were humans to a witch of her power if not pigs?

Her hands? Fingers *did* grow, contrary to everything else that was happening in quick succession. They took on a bonier aesthetic, skin

tightly wrapping around thin digits while nails basically fashioned themselves into claws when contrasted with the short, neat cut Sakura was usually forced to wear them with for archery. And speaking of: the callouses earned from drawing bowstrings all but faded away.

A wave of Sakura's hand found the staff head that had been nestled in the cardboard box flying towards her, shape of the staff fully reformed before it landed gently in her left hand. "**I suppose I need to do a little something about this getup. Size aside, it isn't suitable for a witch.**" This comment came in the wake of her skirt falling from her hips as they popped and resettled with a narrower gait. Ever since puberty hit, Sakura had possessed a body that was naturally curve and it normally kept her posture with knees pointed in. But now? She could almost keep legs completely straight.

She searched her new-found knowledge for a spell that could correct her growing wardrobe malfunction, for the sleeves of her shirt had all but engulfed her hands otherwise. "**...There!**" And once was found, a wave of the staff produced a dim, pink light that ate away at her clothes nigh instantaneously, leaving her temporarily buck naked.

With her body bare it was easy to see just how much Sakura's figure had plummeted. Nine centimeters or so had been pulled off her height, and tinier tootsies wriggled against the kitchen tiles in the interim. Breasts and ass that had been so large? They were lacking now - not as tiny as a child but hardly defined.

Her face created contradiction, even, by looking slightly more mature than it once had. It was helped by widened eyes that had all but erased her Japanese lineage, not to mention pursed lips. But it was really the quality of her skin that spoke more to the fact that she was now an adult, because while she had round cheeks and thin brows, the wear to her skin spoke of a woman that was likely at least in her mid-twenties.

"**Aaaaand there!**" Another wave of her staff recreated her clothing in a completely different form. A cream colored, pleated skirt with a golden belt hid curly, pink pubic hairs and her relatively flat rear, while her tiny feet were hoisted several inches off the ground by a pair of golden heeled sandals that looked impossible to walk on (*yet she was confident she could walk on them as if she were walking barefoot*).

A sleeveless, cream-colored piece then draped itself over her shoulders, humble covering her A-cup breasts while allowing their shapes to still be seen through the center, for it was otherwise open short of a golden glasp that bond the two sides just above her exposed navel. The rest of the ensemble was largely accessorized jewelry, such as arm bands that wrapped around just beneath her shoulders and the golden headpiece

adorned with tiny wings that curled in and up atop her hair. Her hair, by the way, now hung past her skirt thanks to her height decrease.

“Oh! The wings! That’s right!” The hefty weight of her headpiece reminded her of something she was missing: a key physical trait of the ancient witch, Circe. ‘Reminded’ probably wasn’t the correct term though since she couldn’t visualize what Circe looked like. It was merely intuition in a sense. But she didn’t have to wait long for them to appear, as from her shoulder blades brown, feathery appendages grew out and took on a set of joints that allowed them to fold over her shoulders. A pair of beautiful wings!

But then again, was everything about her not beautiful? Sakura felt more confident than she ever had. Small as she was, she did not question her level of attractiveness! If one didn’t find her beautiful then they were merely a pig that couldn’t appreciate a woman that wasn’t... *big.*

Sakura’s memories were the only aspect of herself that remained as she looked down at the pot of Kykeon from a much lower vantage point. She licked her lips, the witch’s personality nor pronounced and in charge even if her will was still her own. However, she did think she would take the witch’s name for the sake of ease! **“Now it’s time to--”**

“YOOHOO! SAKURAAAA-CHAN!” A loud, boisterous voice called out from the front door, forcing **Circe** to jump and hide in the kitchen’s corner. *Crap!* She’d forgotten all about Taiga’s visit! This is where her will faltered, torn between Sakura’s good nature and Circe’s willingness to look down on humans as beneath her. The Circe part of her told her to just turn Taiga into a piglet and be done with her, but the Sakura part was adamantly against it. So a compromise was found.

In the front doorway, Taiga awaited a reply from one of her favorite high school students. Typically the teen would rush to the door the second she arrived -- but where was she? In the toilet maybe? **“Hello!? You here, Sakura-chan!?”** The teacher could smell something cooking in the kitchen (*though it didn’t smell like the pasta Sakura had told her she was cooking the day before*) so she *must* have been here?

“UWAH!?” Comical as she was, the sensei let out a sudden cry of shock as something had seemingly *struck her through the wall?* How the heck was that possible? Was she just feeling things? Unfortunately not, and she’d just been hit by a spell cast by the witch in the kitchen. Circe had decided that if a piglet was too cruel, there were other uses for her.

Like making her a lackey.

“W-Wait, what? I feel weird...” The spell had an immediate effect on Taiga’s demeanor (*for Circe had intended this in order to keep her quiet*), with tone growing meek as voice jumped back several octaves. For a woman that typically had no issues saying absolutely whatever she wanted without concern for the consequence, she was now on the verge of second-guessing not just every word she took, but every move she made. **“Wait... Where did my confidence go?”** It wasn’t hard for her to tell that *that* was what was missing.

The woman fumbled sheepishly with her hands in her lap like a meek little schoolgirl, all while Circe’s spell took a hastened approach to sealing the deal. She didn’t have time to waste in waiting for her magic to do the trick, so in exchange for speed she had nullified the effect that would preserve any of Taiga’s sense of identity. It could be reversed later if she so wished, but it was just *easier* this way.

Already were the intended physical effects beginning to seep into Taiga’s body. Her ears sharpened in angle, their points nowhere near the same length as Circe’s own but still being noteworthy in how atypically non-human they seemed regardless. Her brown eyes lit up a bright but **paling violet** as they widened, Japanese traits likewise wiped from the teacher while a like color to her eyes not only swept through the length of the woman’s hair but also saw it plummet from her short cut all the way down her back and past shoulders.

One of those shoulders was bare now, not because her outfit was changing but because an evident loss of height had forced the cloth into a position where narrowed shoulders no longer possessed the broadness necessary to prop them up. Yet, unlike Sakura who had reasonably appeared to be older despite growing shorter, Taiga’s change was one that demonstrated quite the opposite.

A youthful glow had blessed her skin. Where pores were usually open and dry skin had wracked her complexion, skin had been rejuvenated as if it had been dialed back ten years *at minimum*. Cheeks were puffier, and while her lips weren’t quite as pronounced they certainly weren’t as chapped as they’d been just moments ago either. The fact that she resembled a woman of Mediterranean descent as opposed to Asian was blatant now, the very same change of race that Sakura had suffered on her path into Circe-dom.

Taiga’s mind race as she realized her clothing was now oversized. She couldn’t think straight. Part of her mind told her the problem was her body was too small as if that were abnormal, while the other part (*and a part that was becoming much more vocal*) was left questioning why she was wearing such big clothes in the first place.

“Wait... Where am I? Teacher...?” Further confusion ensued when her small head bobbed around, taking in her surroundings. She’d felt right at home just moments ago but now? She didn’t recognize this place! It made her panic, and in her panic she reached out to a familiar mana signature. It was her teacher, Circe! So she was here? Was this *her* doing then?

Fingers, soft and tender, ran down the front of the ill-fitting shirt as she cast a spell into it. Knowledge of magecraft from the Age of Gods had blossomed in the back of her head just as magnificently as her newly implanted memories were. Her clothing began to glow violet, and flickered on and off several times at the cost of temporary exposure. It allowed her smaller frame room to breathe while displaying just how young and gentle the curvature of her once tense body had become.

But once it flickered a final time, her attire was *completely* different. With her long, violet hair bound into a dainty but vast ponytail, the child witch was garbed in little more than a soft, purple dress with matching gloves and leggings. It all looked to be weaved from the finest of silks, the gloss of the attire reflecting even the dimmer light in the hallway above.

“Ufufu! There you are, Medea!” The teacher Taiga had sensed peered over the corner, smiling a pleasant but somewhat suspect smile. The moment she heard the name ‘Medea’ the younger of the two had perked up. She knew that was her name. *Her name was Medea.* **“You should hurry up and into the kitchen! I prepared some Kykeon.”** It was Circe’s specialty; Medea knew this well. But was she planning on explaining the circumstances while they ate?

Incidentally... Sakura had prepared dinner for Taiga just as intended, it was just that they were wearing different faces and personalities now.

“So... I don’t understand, teacher. You’re going to summon a human to this place? And we’re in the future?” For all Medea could remember she was still alive in the past. Neither of them were Servants - at least not in the traditional sense. **“But I don’t understand what significance this human holds for you? Is it love?”** Innocent as ever, she immediately hit the nail on the head.

But there was no way Medea could properly understand these specific circumstances. Circe was Circe, but she wasn’t. She was still Sakura Matou deep down, her ego corrupted by the witch’s essence and remade in her image with her demeanor. Medea? She hadn’t been spared any of

Taiga's memories. She just knew herself as she was, and she didn't know anything about this place.

“L-Love... I wonder if it's something like that?” Circe didn't quite seem sure. Those were Sakura's feelings towards Shirou Emiya, but did they carry over with her demeanor as it was now? It was only then that the witch finally realized that she might have lost more than she'd planned by accepting this power. But there was only one way to find out for sure. **“Either way, the preparations are complete. We just need to ignite the magic circle!”**

The spell in question was one meant to summon the person the caster yearned for. Naturally it should have been Shirou, and that was the hope Circe had in her heart. But when the light of the magic circle that had been constructed in the dining room finally waned, it wasn't Shirou standing there. It was a tall man in armor with his chest out. **“Geh!? YOU!?”**

Circe didn't know him, but she did! There was an immediate reaction, but she dared not say his name. It was, instead, Medea who lit up with excitement. She knew who this was too!

“Oh, Mister Odysseus!”

“YOU AREN'T THE ONE I YEARN FOR!”

She really *had* lost more than intended, it seemed.