

APPRENTICE WITCH

FEBRUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“THAT’S IT, BATTLER! YOU LOSE! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!”

The raucous screams of a witch victorious echoed throughout the conceptual space as both the screamer and the victim sat on either side of what looked to be a chessboard, the fading images of a world related fading from a magical view just above it following the victim’s defeat. The one yelling was the Golden Witch, Beatrice. Witch of this island of Rokkenjima. She was cruel and sadistic, taking out her boredom on the first human that had sought to challenge her.

That human? A boy who held no belief in magic. He stayed true to his belief that everything could be explained with facts and sciences, and in the mystery game they had just played that would have proved to become his most fatal mistake. His name was Battler Ushiromiya of the Ushiromiya family. For generations his family had staked Rokkenjima as their own, and he’d ended up playing against Beatrice in this murder mystery event. He was a contradictory fellow that denied magic even while playing in a conceptual realm, but Beatrice had been desperate to pwn an admission to the opposite out of him.

“Tch! You used some kind of a trick! Was it a trick wire? A swapped door?” But even after he’d lost, and miserably at that, he still seemed to be making excuses. How could magic possibly have been at work when magic didn’t exist in the first place? That was his line of reasoning. But it only served to infuriate Beatrice further, who merely wanted him to just accept that some things could not be explained.

Blowing smoke from her pipe, her large bosom heaved. Of all the things for Battler to notice it was that, and the Golden Witch noticed his leering. She’d known him to be perverse, but even when he was about to receive his punishment? Hmph. At the very least this gave her a good idea for the punishment game. **“There were no**

tricks! None that a mortal like you could apparently fathom at least. If you aren't going to accept the truth that is right in front of your face however...

HAHahAHa!" Nothing about that giggle seemed normal to be sure. Battler was getting a bad feeling. **"I didn't want to force you to submit thinking it a hollow victory, but perhaps a pervert like you could benefit from a loser's punishment like this anyways!"**

"I don't give a damn what you do! I'm going to defeat you, witch, whatever it takes!" Of course he wasn't aware that Beatrice had been counting on a statement like this. As an all-powerful witch that transcended both time and space, she was naturally aware of things past, present, and future. She was drawing inspiration from an anime that hadn't come out yet. One that focused on eliminating witches of a different sort.

Beatrice snorted cruelly. **"Well then, I suppose you can have your cake and I can eat it!"** A snap of her fingers saw the conceptual space jarred, world blurred presumably to both of them yet in reality it was only to Battler. **"Let's see now... Step one."** But Beatrice trooped on. **"You keep talking down to me like that even knowing what I am, so let's turn the tables hm?"** She tapped the length of her pipe against her breast, and the moment Battler stared at the gesture his body immediately seized up.

His posture was forced perfectly straight with arms to his sides and feet planted firmly on the ground. He could move little more than his eyes, which he was quick to catch onto the fact were dropping downward. Not literally of course, he hadn't *dropped his eyes*. But the painless process of stealing height from his body was made through Beatrice's magic. While he was confidently staring down at her prior, if he were to make eye contact with her now he undoubtedly had to look up.

But it wasn't like his body had just been crunched together. It all had to remain proportional. Arms and legs had both shrunk down naturally, torso compressed but thinned so that his muscle wasn't cumbersome nor his fat peaking unnaturally outward against a smaller frame. But it was clear, at least Battler's face, that it hadn't merely been a loss of height. His age had likewise waned and a rounder design and brighter eyes suggested he might be in his mid-teens. In regards to his clothing? The suit hung off of him now, pants having fallen off to expose his boxers.

The boy couldn't see all this though, not when he wasn't free to move his head nor mouth. He could tell he'd gotten smaller but all in all? That was just about it. His eyes were wide from shock, and Beatrice was yearning to drink his tears of despair once he finally realized what was happening. And what better time than now?

"Even bound and shrunk by my magic I can see it in your eyes. You don't believe this is actually happening! You believe it's a trick! You really are a FUCKING IDIOT!" Was there even a better term for such a blatant fool? **"But I can also see something else in your eyes. Your gaze keeps getting drawn to my bosom,**

doesn't it? Are you really all that interested in tits?" The Golden Witch knew the answer. **"Then here! Have a pair of your own!"** She tapped her pipe again.

This time, while most of the boy's body was still locked up he was at least allowed the ability to move his head. While was good considering he would have immediately wanted to look down after a proclamation as bizarre as that one. Once he pointed his head down he immediately noticed how much closer his gaze was to the ground and confirmed that his clothes were hanging off of him. How old had he been when he was last this short? Fourteen? Fifteen? Not that he was going to be afforded much time to dwell on it.

Not if Beatrice's magic had anything to say about it.

Much like with the loss of height there was no pain, but in this instance it was sensation-free either. A subtle pressure had begun to build beneath nipples that accentuated a chest that was much scrawnier than it had been when he was both taller and order. It was building and building like it wanted to push something outward to no avail, but once it reached a point that Battler's cheeks burned crimson and he was forced to bite his lip out of discomfort, he could readily see the front of his outfit begin to fill out. Not with muscle, of course. The size wasn't evenly distributed enough at all to be *that*.

"Those are looking nice. But maybe a little bigger? You like them big, don't you?" Beatrice continued to chide him as she watched the front of the ill-fitting dress attire wrap around two growing mounds, forcing the two halves of the Ushiro-miya emblem that was embedded on the boy's suit jacket farther away from one another. They grew larger and larger, but by the time the pressure faded? They weren't ridiculous. Battler's new breasts were certainly quite big, but that size was relative to his height. He was certainly panicking now. **"Oh? You look like you want to say something Battler? Go on."**

"How DAre YOu!?! What? What is happening to my voice?" The moment he'd been permitted to speak, a soft and sweet voice had screamed out his anger and left the young man stunned by the sound of it all. Not only that, but his head felt a little... floaty? **"Oh my!?! Why am I talking like this? I sound like a prim and proper--"**

"--Maiden?" The Golden Witch sought to cut off his observation and just state the reality plainly. Even as he'd made the effort to continue talking despite how ridiculous he sounded, his form was evolving to best accommodate this new voice of honey. Lips seemed plumper and decorated with light gloss, while eyes had rounded to better much wide, soft cheeks. Not only that, his eyes had gone from blue to green, and seemed to be lightening even more towards yellow. A yellow that had begun to claim his crimson spikes of hair and see them flatten, length flowing out a little bit in the back. **"That's because that's what you're becoming. I couldn't have a fifteen year old girl talking like the crude young man you were, could I?"** The Witch clicked her tongue as her gaze focused on his torso.

He'd retained the piece of masculinity that counted most thus far, but seeing the glint in Beatrice's eyes he could only fear what was to come next. **"No... No! Please do not do that! Don't use your magic to remove that... thing!"** He couldn't even bring himself to say 'dick'. For some reason that word just felt too *filthy*. Like it should never be uttered in all of its *crudeness*.

What Battler hadn't caught onto was something Beatrice had noticed immediately. **"My magic, hm? So you accept the existence of magic now?"**

"I... No! Um... but... why would I...? Not...?" The question forced him to fumble with his thoughts, memories in conflict as he felt more and more like he dealt with magic on a day to day basis. He'd rejected it so fervently before but now he wasn't certain, actually more confused about why he'd *deny* magic at this point than accept it. Magic was used to enact justice! At least by him.

Beatrice seized on his momentary confusion to just do the deed and end it all. It wasn't as fun to watch him admit it because he'd been forced to, but there was something amusing about the fact that she was shaping her own apprentice. Magic pointed at his groin he didn't even notice as his dick was brought in within a fold that quickly reshaped into *her* new female genitalia, area around it gaining an appropriate feminine design as well.

Butt swelled naturally once hips bounced out to stretch the boxers that had barely been clinging to Battler for dear life after she'd been shrunk down. Her cheeks were pronounced for a girl of her age, as was the circumference of thighs that shimmered with a fresh wax beneath the trim of her boxers. In the meantime though, she'd finally come to an answer. **"O-Of course magic is real! I used it to fight witches every day!"** Hands balled into tiny fists, it had been such an earnest response that Beatrice couldn't help but laugh.

This girl looked nothing like Battler once had, but that was fine. History could be rewritten too. She'd taken inspiration from Mami Tomoe, a magical girl from a modern series. Well... maybe a little too much inspiration? The girl not only looked identical, but had similar mannerisms too. A clap of Beato's hands saw the girl's outfit reform, ultimately shaping into a cream colored magical girl costume with a dark brown corset, yellow skirt, and brown beret which sat atop hair pulled into two twirling twin tails.

Battler(?) seemed stunned, because the rest of his memories were being tweaked. Mami Tomoe did not exist in this world, but Mami *Ushiromiya* did. Doting elder sister to Ange, apprentice magic user to the good witch Beatrice. It was a fantastic life of that nature that had just been forced upon her. She kind of felt like she'd done some bad things to her cousins too that she had to make amends for...

"Master?" Mami chimed up, Beatrice masking her sadistic expression in the meantime. This was all too excellent. Not as satisfying as breaking the man through

torture, but one could not deny the appeal of turning such a disgusting man into an obedient young protege. **"Are our lessons for today done? I'd like to make sure no evil witches are terrorizing the island."**

Well there was one pain. She was going to have to create 'evil witches' to keep this magical girl occupied, wasn't she?