

# MAGUS = WITCH

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I didn’t realize you had access to such an extensive library, Tohsaka.”**

**“Geez, Shirou! We’re dating now. You can just call me Rin, you know?”**

**“Well, yeah. But...”**

**“But nothing! I showed you this library because you’re someone I can trust, so refer to me in a way that shows you trust me as well!”** Ignoring her boyfriend sulking behind her, Rin Tohsaka puffed out her chest with pride as she led the man she was dating through the shelves of a basement library her father had set up many years ago separate from his study. **“You want to hone your abilities so that you can come to London with me, right? So there’s no better place to study than here!”**

Shirou knew she was right, of course. He was doing her a favor by helping him out like this. She’d been talking about going to the Clock Tower in London to study now that the Holy Grail War had been ended hopefully for good. Since they were dating, naturally he wanted to follow after her if he could. That meant he had a great deal he needed to work on as a magus.

Now in the library’s heart, he picked up the first book on the shelf that caught his eye. **“You said there’s all kinds of books down here, right? I think I’ll need a little help picking out which ones will be of a specific use, right?”** He could already tell that the book he’d picked up *wasn’t* one of those. The first page he flipped to was talking



about shrine maidens being an older form of magi. Witches too. That made some sense though, that these words would be synonymous with ‘magi’ in different cultures.

**“Well of course! Just hang out here a second! I’ll go get them ones you need!”**

Rin chimed before giving a quick wave and disappearing into the library’s depths. The boyfriend hadn’t managed to get another word in before she had disappeared, leaving him standing there with the book in his hand. He’d seen some tables farther back, but he also wanted to make sure Rin could find him on the way back.

**“Guess I’ll just read this for now, then...”**

And, so, he propped his back up against the nearest wall and began to flick through what he was referring to as the ‘Magus History Book’ seeing as how there wasn’t a name on the spine. It didn’t take him long to get to the section specifically about shrine maidens, actually.

**“History shows that shrine maidens were among the earliest accepted practitioners of magecraft due to their spiritual roots? I guess that makes sense.”**

His fingers grazed the words of the text idly as he read, a habit he’d kept to keep track of where he was in the book. But all of a sudden? Some of those words had begun to glow a scarlet red. **“Huh?”** Yeah, books probably shouldn’t do *that*. Using common sense, he was quick to drop the tome onto the floor in front of him and take a step back. **“Hey, Rin!?”** If anyone were to know anything about this, it would definitely be her, but...

No reply. Of course. **“Crap, what do I do about this?”** Seeing no other option, Shirou kicked the text with the hopes that it would close and that would somehow solve the problem. Maybe it wasn’t all that surprising that it *did not*, in fact, fix anything. Instead, whatever magic that was at work was, well, *already at work*. Shirou himself just hadn’t realized that he was already under its influence.

Even now the boy’s clothes were beginning to look a little baggier upon his visage. The sleeves of his signature shirt dangled to the centers of his palms as opposed to his wrists, and the base hung past his waistline while one side leaned slightly to the side because the neck hole was too

big for the present width of his shoulders. **“Is something wrong with my shirt?”** It was naturally something that he couldn’t help but notice, seeing as that he was *shrinking* and all. Hands tugged at his top to even the shoulders out, and while they did it was clear that the young man’s digits were a little more lacking in reach than they once had been. Not to mention that, in doing so?

His pants fell straight from his hips, pooling on the ground beneath them along with his boxers. **“Ah!? Wait!? Did I get smaller? Rin!? Hey, Rin!?”** Dropping down to about 5’1” was a pretty significant drop for Shirou, and yet at the same time it was clear that his figure had pinched inward horizontally as well. His shoulders had already been mentioned of course, but the sides of his belly had grown slender to give him a girlish arc that made his hips look all the wider.

But then again his hips were legitimately *wider* too. It had only been an inch or two, but they definitely protruded farther than they had before. Had his pants not already fallen, the magus might likely have noticed that fact on his own from them tightening said pants, but since that loss had already occurred and his shirt was so over-sized, now hanging across his thighs, there wasn’t really a means for him to realize.

**“This isn’t right! I’m not supposed to be... I mean, I’m taller right? And my voice is... Was it always like this?”** When had it become so girlish? Had it always been this way? Despite it being something that *absolutely* should have been easy to pick out, Shirou was left with a dark pit of uncertainty at the body of his chest. Like he couldn’t make sense of it at all!

A shake of his head came in an attempt to bring clarity to an otherwise trying time, and in doing so the rustling of his hair felt *wrong? Maybe?* In a similar vein to the concerns about his voice, a part of him felt like that feeling was normal someone? While in truth, his short hair had grown substantially shaggier at the time and was encroaching upon the base of his neck. Given a few more moment, Shirou soon sported a shoulder length hairdo that was painted a much more standard brown than the slight reddish hues he normally did.

The more mundane coloration soon slipped into thinned eyebrow, and then found itself in his eyes as well as irises soon turned a reddish brown. The shapes of his lids widened to leave those eyes wider in their wake, showing off the new chestnut hue of his irises while lengthened lashes danced. It brought a girlish appeal to the boy’s look that was only helped by softened cheeks and a smaller mouth with pouting lips. **“I mean, I’m pretty sure I was taller before? And not... Huh, is that really true? Would I have this many doubts if that was the case?”**

Involuntarily, Shirou's body suddenly let out a mighty shutter; the origin of which being the sensual feeling of nipples rubbing plainly up against the inside of his shirt. They weren't only erect but *bigger than normal*, and meat had found its way beneath them to bolster a once flat chest into the beginnings of a woman's bosom. All of the muscle in his body had disappeared along with his height, which meant their softness was quite apparent. They pushed out the front of the shirt ever so slightly, but as they were only small B-cups they didn't exactly stand out.

**“Ew! Boy, that was a weird feeling!”** Her thighs rubbed together suddenly as something that should have existed between her legs no longer existed whatsoever. And yet her mind processed it as just a ‘strange sensation without any real cause’, even though she'd just lost a dick and earned a woman's pussy. In turn these new genitalia were complimented by the area of the pelvis around them, for the thighs that rubbed together became fuller and denser, and the back of her shirt was flipped slightly with a perky, full buttocks.

No longer thinking, really, fingers reached down to scratch at her bellybutton through the cloth of her shirt. **“Something doesn't quite feel right here, does it? I can't really put my finger on it, but yeah! Something's totally amiss! Is this an incident of some kind? Actually, come to think of it...?”** Her hand was currently scratching through the problem like a slob, she finally realized.

The young woman looked down at what she was robed with. **“Huh!? These are a boy's clothes, aren't they? Doesn't look like anything I've ever seen in the village, either...”** It was hanging off of her like a blanket and smelled a little funny. But with a snap of her fingers it all disappeared, leaving her clad in a crimson shrine maiden's garb that left her armpits and belly exposed. **“Better! But where the heck am I? This doesn't feel like Gensokyo?”**

In fact, *Reimu Hakurei* couldn't piece together how she had ended up here as well. It was a library of some sort, but it didn't match the one in the Scarlet Devil Mansion. This one was too small, and too cramped. She paced around a little in her own confusion, but



eventually the appearance of another person livened things up at least a little.



**“I’ve got the books, Shirou! ...Uh? Who are you? Can I help you?”** Rin had returned with a stack of books that she immediately put down the moment she realized there was a stranger in her secret library. A... shrine maiden? That was what she looked like. She didn’t appear to be violent or even hostile, but the fact remained that she shouldn’t have been there in the first place.

On the other hand, Reimu didn’t see Rin at all. Well, she *saw* her, but in her mind that wasn’t a stranger standing in front of her at all. **“Marisa? What are you talking about! You know me!”** This just confused Rin even more, naturally. Why was this stranger acting like she knew her while using a name that *clearly* wasn’t hers. And yet, the book that had created Reimu in the first place? It laid on the ground open, flipped to the section about *witches*.

**“Marisa?”**

*And its words were glowing a golden yellow.*

Rin was honestly none the wiser to what had happened. She could sense mana residue hanging in the air, but she assumed that this girl had simply used magic to get inside and that the residue had been caused by it. It hadn’t occurred to her, and would not have in a million years, that the girl in front of her was *actually* her boyfriend having succumbed to a magecraft trap embedded within the random book he’d picked up. What were the odds of something like that happening? Close to impossible, surely.

Yet the impossible had become possible, and sensing another presence the book has opted to enact its trap upon the second person in the library without her notice. The effects were already obvious to everyone but Rin herself; a single look at the young woman’s hair likely would have been enough for most. After all, there was no ignoring the fact that strands of golden blonde had popped up midst her raven mane.

So obvious, in fact, that it was strange that Reimu hadn’t noticed. It only took twenty seconds or so for all of Rin’s hair to catch the blonde fever, locks naturally thickening in slight while the ends curled ever so slightly.

It was her bangs that grew thickest, the center parting eventually overcome by a shaggy, rightward fluff – but the shrine maiden didn't see anything as odd. In fact, she had a disinterested look on her face as it all happened, like she was sulking. **“I really don't know who you're talking about, honest!”**

The only answer she got to that was an upturned nose from Reimu. Weird. She was a stranger, but why did this sort of exchange almost feel *nostalgic*? Like it was all in good fun. The magus woman wasn't sure, but as she pondered it the blues of her eyes brightened to reflect her hair all while swelling over bigger. Sometimes Rin struggled with physical expression, but it didn't seem like that'd be the case with eyes like those. In general her face just seemed rounder and most petite, with any adult appeal she'd developed softening away in the end.

**“Hey, *Rei-mu!* Wait, Reimu? Is that your name? Why did I know your name?”** She had been little more than a stranger just a moment ago, and so why did she suddenly know something as personal as a name!? It didn't help that the shrine maiden appeared to be amused by this and was smirking smugly to herself. *I'll wipe that smug look off your face later, alright!*

Considering how distracted she'd been by her sudden memory lapses, one could hardly fault the young woman for not immediately noticing a little bit of malfunction when it came to her outfit. Rin was naturally wearing her favorite ensemble: her red turtleneck, black pleated skirt, along with black thigh highs and mary janes – but because she wore it near constantly that more or less implied it should have been a *perfect* fit.

But as things stood? The sleeves of her turtleneck now hung to the tips of her fingers, her thigh highs had scrunched up around her knees, and her skirt was a little lopsided to suggest that it wasn't fitted properly any longer. All of this suggested one thing, and one thing only: Rin Tohsaka was no longer the height she had been when she'd first entered the library. Rather, she had shrunk a few inches and it hadn't even occurred to her!

All Rin could really think about though was this shrine maiden's identity. *How did I know her name was Reimu? No, that's silly! I've known her for so long. Who else would she be? But I totally just met her now for the first time! Did I? Nah, that's gotta be wrong, right?* She paid absolutely no mind to the fact that her thigh highs were becoming even slacker as her signature, thick thighs diminished when it came to their appeal, thinning out until they were prominent, but hardly as bombastic as they had once been.

Of course, what befalls the thighs will inevitably befall the rear, and so her second point of appeal was robbed from her just as her thighs had been. Both buns, once firm and pronounced, slackened in size and perkiness until they became rather plain by comparison. It was the kind of ass that would make you go ‘*Well, that’s a girl’s ass and that’s certainly attractive in its own right, but it doesn’t really stand out*’.

Then again, Rin didn’t really like people leering at those aspects of her in the first place, so maybe it wasn’t that tragic for *her* at least.

Culminating the trifecta of travesty, the front of her turtleneck (*which was already loosened thanks to her leaner shoulders and regressed height*), emptied in a very similar manner. The build of her perky breasts never had been Rin’s greatest charm point, but it didn’t take long for them to essentially be *erased*. All that was left standing was an A-cup showing that could hardly be perceived beneath her top – smaller than Reimu’s, even.

*Well, not like she makes a habit of showing them off. Gives me something to fondle at least.* While unusual for Rin, such a thought no longer struck the maiden as unusual. Why would that be weird? She knew everything about Reimu! She’d known her for so long, after all. Following this line of thinking, it didn’t take long for a mischievous smirk to grace her lips, eyes leering in Reimu’s direction. The shrine maiden, of course, caught on almost immediately.

**“Marisa? You done acting weird? We kind of need to figure out where we are.”**

After changing her clothing into a witch’s gown complete with a hat, Marisa Kirisame’s attention was stirred by the words of her girlfriend Reimu Hakurei. It wasn’t unlike her to get distracted like that, but she hadn’t even realized Reimu was in the room! She felt like a *stranger* had been, but Reimu was no stranger, right?

Holding the brim of her witch hat in place, Marisa’s golden braid danced around as she shook her head to clear her mind. “Uh... **Yeah! You’re right, Reimu! Actually, how *did* we end up here? This doesn’t look like Patchouli’s place.**” Of course the pair



of them had possessed the exact same thought. They both visited that library on the regular, after all. **“It’s strange, though. Almost feels like this isn’t the same world. It sure as heck isn’t Gensokyo.”**

Reimu had *also* already come to *that* conclusion. They could both tell from the air. It was less oppressive than that of Gensokyo, almost like magic wasn’t nearly as common as back home. But the two of them didn’t have any better leads, and so the shrine maiden sighed. **“I’m guessing you want to research these books then? I guess I’ll try to figure out how to get out of this library in the meantime.”**

She made that guess because Marisa already had her nose buried in a book she’d found open on the floor. **“Hey, Reimu!? You ever heard the term ‘magus’, before? This book is all about ‘em!”** Flipping through the pages rapidly, the witch really didn’t have the foggiest idea that she had actually fallen victim to magic stored in the pages within. As Reimu had surmised though, she really wasn’t taking things all that seriously. Why would she? After all, Marisa Kirisame was basically the queen of chill. And what that amounted to in the end, was that...

*Someone was going to be no help here.*