

A GRIM(OIRE) SITUATION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Heeheehee... Once I find that book, I’ll be as great of a witch as Shiny Chariot!”

Atsuko Kagari, lovingly nicknamed by her friends as Akko, did little to disguise the mischief in her voice as the entrance to an old staircase opened up before her. It was actually a secret route hidden in the depths of Luna Nova Academy, one she had been tipped off about by a rather shady student. Apparently the academy had been built on top of a secret library that held a very important grimoire. One belonging to an ancient witch of unspeakable power, and that book was ripe for the taking.

Of course it *wouldn’t* be as easy as just opening the staircase and walking in. **“They said there would be traps, right?”** From Akko’s perspective, aside from the prize this adventure was exciting in its own right. It was like something out of those old Indiana Jones movies! A hidden treasure in the last place you might expect to find it, in a location protected by a number of unlikely traps! ...She just hoped that it didn’t end with a sudden reveal that aliens were involved. What a *terrible* plot twist!

“Nothing seems all that dangerous though? It’s just a normal staircase, isn’t it?” The deeper she went, the more paranoid the witch became. There hadn’t been any rolling boulders nor any rooms filled with snakes. It had just been a long and winding staircase, one hardly big enough to even accommodate two people standing side by side.

But Akko had a *really* bad habit of speaking too soon, and suddenly the next step she took saw her foot sink a little too deep into the step below, because she’d put all of her weight onto a weighted tablet. **“Uh...?”** That

was probably pretty bad, right? What was going to happen? Were arrows going to shoot out of the walls!? Was that boulder going to come chasing down the staircase after her? *Nope.*

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?”



Instead of something more exciting, the staircase below opened up and swallowed her. The girl fell and fell, screaming all the while. And *boy did she wish she could fly like a normal witch*, but even in a pinch like this she didn't exactly have the talent for it. **“ARROWS!? FIRE!? IS THIS HELL!?”** It only got worse as she fell deeper, because the walls of the pit had begun to shoot out flames and projectiles, each narrowly missing Akko due to her small size. She'd practically been on the verge of tears when her rear end finally landed on... a *pillow?*

“...Eh?” After all that she had landed somewhere safe? Well maybe that hadn't been the intention, because she *had* landed beside an adult-sized skeleton. The sight prompted a shriek and a shudder from her, and she quickly jumped to her feet. Evidently they had expected the pit's arrows and flame to kill whoever descended before they reached the bottom. Come to think of it, wouldn't those traps have been more effective against a witch slowly floating down? Maybe her lack of skill had *saved* her?

Dusting herself off and putting the skeleton behind her, Akko stepped into the room that was adjoined to the pit. **“Wait, is this the library? Who designed this place!?”** Lit dimly by magical torches, shelf after shelf of books lined the walls. Structurally, if this was a place that needed to be protected, then wouldn't it have been more effective to make it a labyrinth? She could even see the stairs she had been walking down off to the side!

But the girl eventually shrugged it off. It had made her adventure a little easier, and the tome she needed was even in plain sight! A beam of light was shining down on it from the stone ceiling – not to mention it was on a pedestal in the center of the room. She was quick to approach but *did* stop right before the pedestal. **“Actually what are the chances that's booby trapped too?”** Pretty high, in all likelihood.

Even though the chance *had* crossed her mind though, the girl thought her best chance of getting away unscathed would just to simply be *quick*. And so she lunged up the steps, grabbing the book with both of her

hands and jumping off the other side. Strangely enough? No arrows, no explosions, and still no giant boulders! **“Huh? Was that really fine?”** Hunched over, she peered back at the pedestal over her shoulder. And yet she didn’t notice that the *actual* issue was within her hands. For the tome of the all-powerful witch? Dark energy was seeping from its pages.

Right into Akko’s body.

Though she *did* look down at the book eventually, the energy by this point had already passed into her. There was nothing visible for the girl to take note of, and she recognized the grimoire as simply a book. Without any real notable danger since the pedestal seemingly hadn’t been trapped, she began to flip through the pages with curiosity. But in the end? Shouldn’t it have been more suspicious that the pedestal hadn’t been trapped? Almost like the one who had structured this hidden library had *wanted* someone to find it eventually.

In fact if Akko had been a more talented witch, then she actually *would* have set off a trap on contact that would have killed her instantly. But the grimoire required something. A base upon which it could pour its magic. A powerful witch would not do, because its abilities would not mingle well with someone that already had a developed magical palette. But a girl who was both inexperienced and appeared to have a naturally lackluster performative ability when it came to using magic? Well, Akko fit the bill absolutely perfectly.

“I was kind of wondering if the book might be so old that I wouldn’t be able to read it, but it’s even in English...” Fingers flipped quickly through the pages before her, the girl of course fluent in English despite being Japanese. She couldn’t attend Luna Nova without at least having that basic language requirement after all! While Akko could *read* it though? Understanding it was a little difficult, at least at first. **“Well I can’t expect it to just *make me a powerful witch, right? I guess I’ll need to do some work...*”**

She didn’t even realize how *wrong* she was.

The grimoire’s very purpose was to make someone into a powerful witch whether they wanted the power in that way or not, that was what the transfer of dark energy into her body had been for. And now? It was beginning to bear fruit in its intended way. An intended way that compromised the very schematics of the girl’s body.

Case in point? There were streaks of color emerging across all of the hair on Akko’s body – little as there was aside from atop her head where it was the most prominent. These streaks were a pastel pink that didn’t really mingle well with her natural brown, and in fact anything dyed

likewise appeared to grow in length. Longer *and* wilder, the color spread and distorted her hairstyle into something more chaotic and wicked, with pinkened strands instead swelling thick and sharp. Yet for all of the change in hair length, the witch's hat atop her head did not budge.

Instead? It changed too. The rim of said hat stretched longer and the color darkened to a rich purple. A tear formed in the front, revealing a hot pink that seeped outwards, and steel studs appeared just above the rim. Until the hat, while still a witch's hat, bore a great deal of menace aesthetically.

“Wow, there's scripts about all kinds of magic here... Mastering all the elements?” Was it even possible for a witch to become as powerful as the contents of the grimoire suggested? Regardless of plausibility her eyes were kept glued on the pages, Akko reading them much more slowly now. Yet the more she read, the more her eyes began to change. Her irises had begun to glow gold for one, and they stood out all the more thanks to a darkness seizing her sclera. It gave her an otherworldly and, quite frankly, rather *eerie* appearance. It went well with her new hat!

Golden eyes still flicking from side to side as she committed the words to an ever-growing memory, she passively licked her lips with interest while at the same time not noticing how they felt fuller. They certainly *looked* as much, engorged and puffy as her nose above took a sharper hook. All in all, the girl's facial construction became longer and narrower, and it left the impression not of a girl in her teens but rather a *woman* in her late twenties / early thirties.

But the rest of her body certainly didn't reflect this. At least not *yet*.

The fingers that had been holding the book were doing so with much less difficulty now. It was a little big for Akko's small hands to hold, and so the fact that she was holding it much more comfortably now could easily be attributed to the fact that her hands were *bigger*, and her fingers *longer*. What was stranger than all this, however, was the state of Akko's fingernails. They were growing longer and not just slightly – they grew almost as long as the upper halves of her fingers were, and were incredibly sharp with black paint. But the girl didn't even address them while turning to the next page.

“Hm? What's up with my uniform? I don't remember it being this tight...?” And she meant this about the uniform as a whole. The tightness was undeniable and widespread, from the fit of her boots around her feet to how it sat upon her torso. Yet it was fairly plain *why* this was the case... and her feet demonstrated it first, for toes erupted through the tips of her shoes. **“Wait, am I getting bigger?”**

She most certainly *was*, and the fact that she was so level-headed about it was a little unusual in its own right. She could see her toes wriggling free below, but that view was oh so quickly becoming obscured. Not only because her point of view was heightening, with her natural height swelling upwards, but because her *figure* itself was running interference when it came to what she could observe.

Licking her lips again, Akko's attention settled on the most notable point of interference – her bosom. Being young and relatively flat, she wasn't accustomed to having much there. Yet as her body grew, so too did her chest. Nipples swelled and became pointier, and she could only tell this because they were pointing so vigorously up against the inside of her Luna Nova uniform.

There was already plenty of malfunction with her uniform taking place, for a jump in height up to 5'7" when she was typically 5'3" was quite substantial. This alone was enough to lift the base of her dress' skirt from her thighs up to her hips, revealing her plain panties below. But the growth of her chest only hoisted it higher so that you could see her navel. By this juncture though, it was evident that Atsuko was no longer a mere teenager.

Every facet of her flesh bore the maturity of an adult woman. If it wasn't her breasts, which had fully formed into E-cups that forced her dress to rip down the neckline so they could spill out, it was made just as plain by her lower half. Her hips widening *certainly* helped, but even then it was only a symptom of something greater. It parted her legs and buckled her knees, and while this looked strange at first?

As the bloating that formed her tits came for her thighs and ass, it made sense. "*Mm...*" Still gripping the grimoire with both hands, held out so that she could look down at herself, she couldn't help the mature sounding purr that hummed from the back of her throat. She was *enjoying* this. It was pleasurable. She felt great. She felt *strong*.

Which was fitting in a sense, because by the time they had properly expanded, the woman was left with the type of thighs one might wish to have smothered around their head. Dense yet soft thanks to the fat that made them so abundant, when she stepped they would jiggle. But so would the thick ass they grew behind her to accompany it. An ass that practically shredded her panties before the waistband snapped and the front fell down to expose pink pubes... without falling entirely because they were wedged so deeply in her crack in the back.

"But this won't do..." The words on the pages of the grimoire no longer looked like knowledge to Akko, or at least knowledge she could

learn. Because she *already* knew it, and in fact could recall the time when she had learned it. Those memories just weren't 1:1 with those of Atsuko Kagari. But her comments were aimed at her clothing situation, for her body was essentially nude short of the uniform's skirt that had been lifted up below her breasts with how much she had grown. "**Fix it.**"

With this simple command, the woman's exposed body was suddenly bathed in crimson flame. Flames that didn't bother her one bit, but flames that ate up the scraps of her Luna Nova uniform. When the flames flickered out, mind you, she was clad in something else. Her hat remained unchanged, but she was now in something of a purple leotard with black tights, a crimson cape, detached sleeves, and steel heels. Her breasts were covered by little more than some black latex that mirrored the cups of a bra... while still leaving most of her tits exposed.

When all was said and done, *Nine the Phantom* closed the grimoire and lowered it to rest between her hand and her right hip. "**I see... so all of this was a product of what was written in the pages? Leave it to the original to craft such an ingenious plan. Now our genius can be carried into the next generation, into another world!**" There wasn't a single iota of panic in her voice, but then again she had hardly bat an eyelash throughout the events.

Instead it had seemed much more like she *enjoyed* it.



How could she not, though? She was older, wiser, and much more *powerful*. While her appearance appeared somewhat menacing, she was also undeniably attractive as well. Akko had always wondered what it might be like to be one of those women that drew the attention of everyone that saw them thanks to their bombastic figures, and she had certainly become one.

And that was another thing. While the memories of this member of the Six Heroes churned around inside the woman's brain, so too did the memories of her past self. She was just as much Akko as she was Nine, but it made more sense to consider herself under the latter labor, didn't it? She looked and acted like Nine the Phantom, so why in the world would she refer to herself by her old name? A name associated with failure?

No, there would be no denying her talents now. No witch of Luna Nova could out-magic her, and she didn't doubt that this included the powers of Shiny Chariot as well. She had become someone stronger. Someone greater. If her old self had been completely erased, then perhaps she might have set down a more vengeful path, and yet... **“Ufufu, I can't wait to show my classmates how much I've grown!”**

The only antagonistic thoughts she was left with involved using her new powers just to show off. Nine was a woman who was *very* proud of herself, and when that was mixed with Akko's ego it had created an individual who was willing to teach if it meant that she could flout her talents to others. In fact, wouldn't it be funny if she became a teacher at Luna Nova herself? Just what would Diana think if her ex-rival became her teacher?

“Well, if she can even keep her eyes off of my body!”

And with a snap of her fingers, she disappeared.