

SCRIBE'S KEY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Levy McGarden was perplexed.

She was a master of Letter Magic, a type of spell that gave form to whatever was written with the magic. If she were to write ‘water’ in the air, water would be created; it was *that* kind of magic. And because she was something of an intellectual, she was always studying new words *and* new spells in order to boost her arsenal. Because while Letter Magic could be powerful when used strategically, it certainly paled in comparison to some of the other magics wielded by her fellow Fairy Tail members.

It had been while since she had last stumbled upon a word and magic combination that had baffled Levy, but here she was. Within an old tome that Natsu’s team had brought back from a quest had been inscribed a number of words that she could add to her arsenal with the correct weaving of magic. But for *some* reason, the half of page that explained their effects had been torn out.

Levy had gotten several of them to work without this to varying degrees. A spell to reverse gravity, and one to create diamonds. But among the first of the words she could not comprehend, there was the name not of an item but of a constellation. “**Gemini?**” It was certainly the name of a constellation, and she knew this because her friend Lucy was a Celestial Spirit mage. Using keys she could summon the spirits bound to these names, and she was certain that Gemini was one of them. It allowed Lucy to create a copy of herself to double her power.

But what use could it have when it came to Letter Magic? With nowhere else to turn, and incapable of activating the spell without first

understanding it, the mage had made a point to stop by Lucy's apartment in downtown Magnolia.



“Lucy? Are you home?” Her friend had a bad habit of leaving her door unlocked, and so Levy walked in without knocking. She had permission, so it wasn't an invasion of privacy! Besides, Lucy was usually there when she came in anyways. For what she knew, Team Natsu wasn't off on any sort of quest at the time. She *should* have been home. **“Lucy? Maybe she's out shopping...”**

After investigating every room of the apartment however, she found it to be vacant. Lucy *did* like to shop, but it was just as plausible that another guild member had dragged her out to do something since it was rare for her team to be in town for more than a week per month. But strangely enough? She seemed to have left her pouch of keys in her bedroom. That was strange. Lucy never went *anywhere* without them.

“I guess a peek wouldn't hurt? Maybe a frame of reference is all I need?” The idea of just checking the Gemini key crossed her mind. She knew Lucy wouldn't be mad, and it wasn't like she could use a magic type that wasn't her own. The only two known Celestial Spirit mages were Lucy and Yukino, and the two of them were friends anyways. If there were any problems because of it, she'd just apologize later!

It didn't take her long to find the key she was looking for in the small, felt pouch. All of the golden keys were marked with the symbol of their related constellation, and Levy spent enough time with Lucy that she knew what all of them looked like. **“There it is! Gemini!”** Holding it between fair fingers, she rolled it back and forth to examine it, looking for any possible inspiration. **“Oh! What if I draw the symbol when I write the word?”** That was certainly a possibility worth exploring!

And so, while still in Lucy's bedroom while clutching the key in her left hand, Levy traced the word 'Gemini' in the air and then traced its symbol. The space immediately lit up with the word... but so did the key in her hand. **“Huh!? Wait, that's probably not supposed to happen...”** The light of the key was warm, and she could feel it *pulsating* in her hand. But the glow eventually stopped with a few minutes, just as the word in the air had disappeared.

Levy was pretty quick to put the key away after *that*.

“What *was* that? Did the key resonate with the spell? It didn’t really seem to do anything though...” Concerned, the teenager had begun to look herself over. She wasn’t so dumb as to just assume that *nothing* had happened. She’d felt it pulsating and she had felt that warmth, so she was just making sure that nothing had been accidentally cast upon herself. And yet? The area she *didn’t* check was the one that was the one that was actually exhibiting signs that might be cause for alarm.

To be fair, Levy *had* checked there first. Her hair, that is. With her bangs pulled back, she had initially tugged some of the locks that dangled at her head’s side before her eyes. They were just as blue as she remembered them – there was nothing that stood out as irregular from her perspective. But there already *were* signs by that juncture, they just hadn’t reached the tips she had examined in that moment.

Levy’s roots, almost looking like they had been bleached, had been turned towards a pastel blonde that should have been *very* familiar to her seeing as it was the same color of the hair of her dearest friend, and not at all similar to the navy blue it typically was. By the time she had taken her attention away from it, the blonde had shot up farther than her roots, beginning to dye its entire shoulder length in the color. What’s more, the subtle curves of it seemed to straighten out, and the natural spikes atop her head flattened in response to its length growing several inches. Not enough to catch her attention, but enough to show that length *had* been added.

The young woman raised a hand to her chin and began to stroke it. **“I guess nothing *seems* to be wrong. Maybe it was harmless?”** The irony of this incorrect assessment was that the fact that something *was* wrong was very clearly visible upon the face she was touching. Levy’s eyes were a shining example of that just looking at their *size*. She had a narrower set of optics compared to most of the women in Fairy Tail, but they had been gradually growing bigger and rounder – and their browns even darkened just a tad. When she blinked, her eyelashes did so with added length and volume.

And that was only part of it, really. Her entire face was succumbing to the magic that had given her those embiggened anime eyes. The shape of her skull grew taller without even a hint of pressure, giving her face a slightly longer appearance with cheekbones that *seemed* to be just a little higher. Her brows ultimately ended up dyed blonde, and her lips? Well, they swelled until they were incredibly plump and shiny. Even

the structure of her mouth had changed, with a larger tongue and reshaped teeth.

“I should definitely tell... Lucy... though...?” Tilting a rounded chin upwards, Levy *immediately* noticed something was off about her voice. It sounded like it bore a slightly higher pitch? A more melodious chime bounced off every word. Just like Luc— *herself*? No! That wasn’t right! That wasn’t *her* voice! *But it was totally her voice!* “Uh...?” This internal conflict bounced back and forth courtesy of what might have been expected: that what was happening to her was not isolated to body alone. It was also taking a toll on her mind, and in truth?

The part of her that was Levy was now doing battle with a part of her that was someone else. A part of her that was *Lucy Heartfilia*.

At the very least, her body had certainly begun to exemplify this struggle. From the neck up she looked identical to her dear friend, and now that trend had begun to plague the young woman’s figure. Her spine and limbs had *already* begun to lengthen, applying several inches to her height which inadvertently lifted the skirt of her orange dress along with it to show off some of her thighs. “**Did Lucy’s – I mean my – I MEAN LUCY’S – room get smaller?**” It made sense that she might think that seeing as a higher point of view could contribute to that interpretation.

Unfortunately she was still going back and forth on her perceived reality. Was this Lucy’s room? Was it her room? Could both of these things be true at the same time? And if so, *how*? She felt dizzied by the chaotic nature of her mental state, and it continued to serve as the perfect distraction while her body was wracked by added assimilation. Even by this juncture the pubes above her pussy had been dyed just as blonde as the hair atop her head.

As Lucy normally did when she was in thought, both of the woman’s hands came down to rest on her hips. Hips that were, by all definition, *widening* out to the sides. They pushed her skirt up, and even though her hands slid along with it – now featuring longer fingers and better maintained nails – she didn’t really seem to notice it. The trend left a rather sizable gap between her legs.

But it was one that was then enthusiastically filled in by the meat of her thighs, which had begun to expand not long after. Her skin became taut around the fat that filled them, and as they swelled so thick that they *nearly* met in the middle, they were left with a natural shine courtesy of the tension upon her skin. Of course, a stable footing was needed to maintain thicker legs, and she idly found herself kicking off her shoes

because they felt a little too tight? So far gone at this point, Levy didn't even think to consider that it was because her feet had grown larger.

“Why am I so confused? This isn't really that complicated, is it!? This room is...” Lucy's pep could now be heard in how she spoke, and intellectually she had fallen to match Lucy's own. Not to say that Lucy Heartfilia was an idiot, but Levy was just a tad better studied. She felt like she was on the cusp of identifying this room though. It was definitely... **“Woah!?”**

She wasn't able to blurt it out, because she'd promptly been struck by a very uncomfortable *wedgie*. From her perspective it seemed to be out of nowhere, but the cause of it also pushed up the back of her skirt to reveal an ass that had grown *several* sizes. It was plump and perky, bearing an enticing heart sharp that contributed to her overall bottom heavy aesthetic that had developed. Her panties couldn't keep up with the growth, but nor were that at risk of snapping off.

And as if the situation with her dress couldn't get any worse? It was gradually hoisted higher and higher off her hips so that you could see just below her waist... because her chest had *forced* it to do so. **“Um... Is something wrong here!?”** Because Levy was rendered incapable of comprehending it, she could only stare idly down at herself as her small breasts ballooned into a bouncy set of DDs. Her dress could not accommodate them, and with her dress' low cut? It was inevitable that, eventually...

They would pop out.

Having grown so big that the neckline was yanked down, and given nowhere else to go, they spilled out *over* that neckline so that they were completely exposed. Bouncing about, the woman herself was quick to cover them with her arms even though she had absolutely *no* audience. **“WHY!? WHY DID YOU POP OUT!?”** But then it struck her. Her *body* wasn't the problem. Her *clothing* was!

“Huh!? Why am I dressed in Levy's dress? No offense to her, but it doesn't really fit me...” With the last remaining trace of Levy's personality faded, *Lucy Heartfilia* was free to reign as she pleased. Or, at least, a carbon copy of Lucy. The Gemini spell was meant to duplicate things, and it had resonated with Lucy's key of the same name – taking the form last used by the spirits within and applying it to the one holding the key *through* the Letter Magic spell of the same name.

To be fair, the one who had created that spell couldn't possibly have foreseen such a development, that a young lady holding the Gemini key would *also* be capable of using the spell, but unfortunately it had transferred everything from body to soul onto Levy, and so now she fully believed herself to be Lucy. Heck, even her *memories* were the exact same.



And for all *she* knew, she had slipped into Levy's dress at some point? Her memories were a little groggy, actually. She could recall going to bed the night before? ...*Maybe*? But when had she put this on? Her breasts had busted right out of it, and her hips were so wide that the skirt had ridden up high enough to reveal her panties. Panties that, honestly? *Also* didn't fit. Was she wearing Levy's underwear too!? "**Maybe this was just a really, really weird prank?**" It wouldn't be unlike Natsu to have a *very* strange sense of humor.

Groaning, she yanked the orange headpiece away from her blonde locks and placed it gently on her bed. *That* was the easy part. Well, so was removing the detached, orange sleeves. The hard part, on the other hand? Removing the dress portion! "**How the heck am I going to get this off without ripping it!?**" It was hugging her waist so tightly that it didn't look easy! Rather... could she!? "**Sorry, Levy...**" She didn't have a choice, and so she tore it off. She broke the panties while trying to pluck them from their wedgie in her ass, too.

"Well, at least I can... EHHHHHH!?"

"WHO ARE YOU!?" She had been standing there naked, but her brown eyes had eventually wandered to her doorway thanks to the sound of footsteps taking by surprise. And who had walked in but... herself. A second Lucy! ...Even though it was the *real* Lucy, technically. "**Are you a pervert!? Who are you, looking like me!? Naked!**"

"I am you! No! I mean, I'm the real Lucy!" Even though she *definitely* wasn't. Both women were understandably confused, because both of them had absolutely no idea what had happened. If only the

copy had been left with even a single memory of her past life, and yet she hadn't been so lucky.

The real Lucy was quick to notice Levy's clothes on her bed, though. **"Wait... No, it couldn't be?"** But it was. And reversing it? As they would soon find, was more than impossible. But hey! At least Lucy would get a new roommate!