

MAGILOU THE KID

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“Liz? Patty?”

Where was this? Death the Kid didn't have a clue. The last he could recall? He had gone to bed, preparing for the next day's mission. Here, however? This was not his bedroom. In fact, it was a sight he'd never before seen in his life. The air was biting cold, snow-covered huts all around him. But the uncanniest feature about his surroundings as they were? The world was decorated in crimson, the obvious source being the moon above.

“**Hm...**” Was that the moon? It didn't look like the one he knew. After all, where was the face? Well, it wasn't as pressing of a concern as the red glow that eerily danced down to reflect upon the snow. The boy, clad in his suit, took a step back and looked around him. Uncanny as things were through the atmosphere alone, the absence of any life whatsoever around him was perhaps more unsettling.

It seemed to be the dead of night, but were the people just ignoring this unusual moon? Was it, then, perhaps a regular occurrence here? “**No, there are plenty of tracks in the snow despite it falling. People had been out here recently.**” Unsurprisingly though, he didn't see a set of his own. So he really *had* just apparated here? Wherever *here* was, anyways.

This was a complicated situation. Was this merely a dream? It didn't feel like one, but he couldn't be sure. Regardless, if Liz and Patty weren't here then Kid wasn't armed for a worst case scenario. What if he ended up attacked? Who knew what dangers lurked beneath a moon so sinister?

He had been about to ponder it more when a weight settled upon his head, bringing fingers up to touch the cause without delay. “**A hat?**” Tilting his eyes up, he could make out a pink underside that pointed forward in a triangle. Had it fallen down from above, only to settle upon his scalp? Kid’s good sense said to remove it, and yet... “...” Try as he may, it wouldn’t budge. It was more like it had been glued to his body without a means of removal.

“**Get... off!**” Agitation growled from the back of the boy’s throat as he put more strength into removing the accessory. It wasn’t his, and it didn’t belong on his head, so he had absolutely zero concerns about the fabric tearing. But on the other hand? His lack of concern was ultimately for not. Even with his talents and strengths, he couldn’t pull the hat free nor even shred it. “**Just how durable is this thing, and where did it come from!?**”

That was a silly thought. He’d made it a long time ago with the intention of never needing a replacement.

Right... Wait, that’s not true? Kid had almost accepted that unusual proposition as reality before catching himself in his own lie. Why had his mind perpetrated such an unusual explanation? He certainly wasn’t the hat type, much less one that had the know-how to create one of such craftsmanship.

As Kid fumbled with the hat, his eyes began to appear far more active. From birth they had been an unnatural gold (*well, he was Death’s son after all*), yet as they danced around energetically, speckles of an emerald green began to pierce this gold. Inevitably they overcame the original color, and the first inconsistency arose upon his visage. There would be many more to come before all was said and done, however.

For example? Kid’s hair had come alight with a much brighter color than it should have. Since both the eyes and his hair were so close to his hat, maybe it wasn’t all too surprising that these areas might change first in the end. It was immediately noticeable because the three stripes of white that ran across the left side of his skull dyed first, color actually *darkening* to a platinum blonde. This, however, were the only places where it darkened.

As mentioned previously, the rest lit up. His blacks shifted towards browns, before shifting once more towards the platinum blonde that the stripes now housed. This effectively eliminated the stripes altogether, giving the boy an even coloring of hair for the first time in his life. What’s more, it began to wriggle southward, growing to his shoulders

and tumbling even past that while unfolding into luscious curls that appeared incredibly voluminous and soft.

“My hair?” How could he *not* notice it? The length was so abundant that the accompanying weight was apparent, and filtering it between her fingers now? He couldn’t help but note a freshly shampooed scent. Not a shampoo *he’d* ever use, mind you, but one more commonly associated with a girl. Flowers? Herbs? *Something* like that at any rate. **“What caused it to grow like this?”** He pivoted with his right foot in the snow to get a better look over his shoulder, but unfortunately it didn’t yield any information beyond ‘his hair had grown and changed color’.

There was another change, however, once that he wouldn’t recognize without a reflective surface (*much like the case of his changing eye color*). It was his ears or, rather, their emergence. Their tips were poking up from behind the longer hair on the sides of his head, which didn’t sound all that unusual when stated like this, but... Upon closer examination, the tips were poking out for a reason. Long and drawn, the tips had become pointed and continued to stretch out several inches farther, almost like those of a fairy or elf.

“This is a nuisance, is this a dream or something ELSE!?” Several cracks in Kid’s voice provoked him to bring a hand to rub his neck, not taking notice of the absence of his Adam’s apple nor the fact that her fingers had become incredibly smooth. On the other hand, his fingernails weren’t quite so lucky. Long and chipped, they looked more like they belonged to a young lady that didn’t work much to maintain them. On the whole, his arms appeared far *slenderer*?

Or was it not just his arms? No... his legs, his torso, on the whole it was just becoming leaner. Kid didn’t shrink at all, and instead it seemed more like he might have grown an inch or two, but any discomfort in the fit of his suit that might have been made apparent by that subtle boost had been overcome by just how *loose* it all felt without his frame being as broad as it had been. Thinness seemed to define him now, and it came with a feeling he didn’t really like. *The feeling of weakness.*

He’d felt it before, when Bienfu had made a contract with- **“Huh? Who the hell is Bienfu?”** What kind of name was that, even? The crack of his voice from earlier seemingly had stuck in place, and now it was the permanent pitch at which he spoke. Strangely enough, he didn’t take notice like he had during the initial crackling, but it appeared the shifted pitch was there to stay.

Which, when all was said and done, might have been for the best. Kid’s body looked quite androgynous with the thin frame and long hair, but it was the softness of his face that really sold it. Eyes wider, lips more

pronounced, nose both smaller in size and slightly sharper in design, it was more like he was leaning towards femininity than not.

Something that was more or less confirmed by an agitation beneath his top. Fingers had idly begun to scratch at his nipples through his outfit, but before long they were kneading into his flesh at the same time; not intentionally, but because his chest had become more *ample*? Certainly not exceptionally so but had he awareness of it he certainly wouldn't have been able to deny that a pair of breasts, as perky as they were small, had perked up upon his chest.

They were accompanied by an inward sway of his waistline, which likewise brought his hips out wider. A necessity because room had to be made. Much like the case as with his chest, a plumpness had begun to accumulate beneath his skin, this time with focus on his butt and thighs. They didn't grow with particular vigor, but when all was said and done there was certainly a womanly roundness to them, more or less defining his new sex.

And so it happened.

She writhed with discomfort as that which rested between her legs was reduced to naught, and a fresh crevice was left in its place. There was no doubt that Kid was a woman in body now, but what about soul? Her memories were groggy, and while some things came to mind made sense, others did not. Like that name. Bienfu? And the fact that she was waiting out in this cold with some sort of purpose even though she could not recall what that was.

“Was a boy just now!?” The thought struck her as odd, and she held up an arm to question the fact. The looseness of her attire stuck out, but at the same time? That posed no issue for a *witch* as talented as herself! Unsure of where that confidence came from, a snap of her fingers saw her current attire disappear into the void, while something more suitable appeared in its place.

A skirt made of... books? It was unconventional, but something that merely felt right. As did the dress top, a mix of purple and blue diamonds that showed off her almost non-existent cleavage and the furred collar around her neck. Arms and legs were mismatched, with detached sleeves and thigh high boots of different colors decorating either side. On the whole, this outfit was quite reminiscent of a jester's.

A reference that was quite fitting considering how mischievously-gearred her mind had grown. She felt quite intelligent, like her memory was greater than it had ever been, and yet...

“Why am I waiting out here again? SERIOUSLY asking!”

At least the red light of the moon had gone away?

“ACHOO!” Hours passed, but the people the young looking woman had been waiting for didn't seem to show. What was taking them so long? The moon was already at its highest point in the sky, which meant they would soon be running out of time. **“AH! I want to go kick Melchior's ass already! Hurry uuuup! ...Eh?”** Melchior? Her memories had been so blurry, and yet that name had just been blurted out. Was that someone she knew? No, it was definitely someone she hated. She wanted to end his stupid ass existence; she knew that much!

But why? She was none too sure. She'd taken her transformation so casually, shrugging it off even as her old memories had become muddled. This was in no small part because of *Magilou's* extremely chill personality. Well, that and a sense of pride that made her think *'this body is way better than my old one!'*. She couldn't even remember what she used to look like now. Had she been a boy? That would be *really* crazy, huh? At some point during her wait, that strange name had just come to mind and it kind of stuck. She couldn't even remember her old one!

“Did you wait long?”

“AH!?”

With her back turned to Meirchio City, Magilou had been so caught up in her own thoughts that she hadn't noticed the sound of the footsteps approaching. The speaker? A young woman with long, black hair and a bandaged arm. **“Velvet... How long were you going to make me wait!?”** Again, a name just leapt from her lips. She knew this girl. She was fond of her. **“Melchior is going to age twenty years before we— Actually, maybe that isn't really a bad thing!”** Imagine if they'd climbed to the peak and he was so cold he could hardly stand? It would make his challenge far easier to overcome.

But now that Velvet was here, the puzzle pieces of her memories settled into place. She had no doubts about her identity, none at all! She was the great Magilou, or full name: *Mazhigigika Miludin do Din Nolurun Dou* or *Magillanica Lou Mayvin*. This was Velvet, which meant the rest of their disorganized party would soon be here.

And then they would kick some ass!