

# Magic Class

For Osha

By TheSpiralledEye

*An Interlude for 'A Transformative Ending'.*

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“Alright class, settle down.” The old mage wheezed, trying to contain the excited group of novice casters. “It’s a rare thing to have the Court Mage offer to teach you, don’t go and squander the chance by chatting the whole time.”

The students all settled into their seats but the air was filled with excitement; Stella had decided it was time she took an interest in the kingdom’s next batch of prospective mages. After all, one day she would need to take on a successor herself and while she would have liked to pick somebody she knew; the court mage position was too important to leave to nepotism. She had to see everybody the kingdom had to offer, and what better way than to start taking a few classes herself?

Penelope shifted awkwardly next to her, trying to hide her desire to get started. Stella shook her head and sighed; Penelope loved being transformed yet she continued to pretend it annoyed her. When Stella had mentioned needing a volunteer she’d seen the way Penelope’s eyes lit up.

“Thank you,” Stella smiled at the old mage and let him sit down as she took to the front of the class. “And thank you to all of you for allowing me to pass on some of my knowledge. This is my niece Penelope, she will be my volunteer for the day.”

The class clapped politely and Penelope hopped out to stand by Stella’s side.

“So, who here knows what my specialty is?” Morgan asked the class and nobody raised their hands. A disappointing start.

“It’s transformation. She said finally. Transformative magic is incredibly powerful as it has the ability to change not only form, but mind. If you do it right of course, transformations

are notoriously difficult, and any mistakes can be hard to fix.” She began, “For example, Penelope, if you may.”

The younger Drow stiffened slightly in anticipation as Stella cast out her wand and let a small beam of light shoot out and into Penelope’s body. The change was subtle, but effective. The Drow’s humble bardic outfit was slowly changed; frills and bows adorned a long majestic pink cape and the lute strapped to her back shifted and warped. The wood lost its polish as it turned long and thin until the instrument had been fully changed into a gnarled looking staff.

“Now Penelope is a wizard.” Stella explained with a grin and one of the student’s raised their hand.

“Why all the bows and ribbons?”

“Because she looks so cute when she’s all girly, don’t you think?” Stella giggled. “But to get back to my point, Penelope can now cast magic and I have vastly increased her intellect.”

Stella nodded and Penelope held out her hands, focusing for a moment before little sparks began to dance across her fingers. She couldn’t keep the smile off her face this time and even giggled a little. That bubbly little sound gave Stella an idea and she raised her wand once more.

“You can also do the opposite.” She said, shooting off another little light and watching with delight as Penelope’s chest began to grow.

“Hey what!? You didn’t tell me you were going to like....uh...ummmmm...”

The wizarding garb disappeared quickly, replaced with her performing dress once more. But it was far more low cut thanks to her increased bust. All the intellect Stella had given her leached away, along with some of her usual common sense and Stella’s face turned beet red.

“You’re makin’ me a bimbo like Briar?”

The class all laughed and Penelope straightened her back defiantly, though the movement caused her to wince. She was clearly trying to not give into the new ditzzy compulsions Stella

had filled her mind with and the court mage chuckled. She could see the signs; the dilation of her pupils, the slight tremble in her legs; Penelope might be able to fool the class but Stella knew how much she was secretly enjoying this.

“Mental changes are tricky, you can’t fully change somebody’s mind, just their mannerisms.” Stella explained. “Penelope, why don’t you demonstrate, walk from one end of the class to the other please.”

Penelope swallowed and did as she was told, Stella had to suppress a laugh seeing just how hard she was concentrating on not falling or tripping over her own feet. She’d made the change extra strong for the sake of demonstration. She pointed this out to the class and they all chuckled while scribbling down notes.

“Time to divide her attention I think.” Stella announced, pointing to the small pitcher of water sitting in the corner with the cups. The mages in training likely used it to practise their levitation. “Penelope, bring me a cup of water would you? On a tray.”

The idea of walking across a simple, flat room while holding a tray shouldn’t have been an issue but Stella knew it probably felt like an insurmountable challenge for a bimbo like Penelope. The class waited with baited breath as she poured the water without spilling it and loaded it onto the tray.

She held it in both hands, eyes laser focused on keeping the tray flat and still as she walked. Of course, that meant she wasn’t watching her feet; so it wasn’t surprising when, just a few steps from Stella, she got her ankles tangled around one another and went flying forwards. Stella was more than capable of stopping the cup flying through the air but she didn’t, instead letting it splash water down the front of the buxom young female mage sitting in the front row.

“Oh! I am so sorry, Stella!” Penelope gasped, “Here, uh, let me help!”

She stumbled to her feet and began to feebly pat at the front of the woman’s dress with her handkerchief in an effort to dry the water. She was so focused on the fabric she didn’t even notice that she was essentially just squashing her hands into the mage’s chest until the room filled with giggles.

“Oh!”

“Poor girl.” Stella patted Penelope on the head. “If you go any redder you’re likely to pass out! But, you did cause a little problem. How am I supposed to keep teaching looking like this?”

Penelope’s eyes went wide and she swallowed; she knew as well as Stella did that the court mage was more than capable of using magic to dry the woman off but they both knew that wasn’t going to be her solution. After all, where was the fun?

“Everybody pay attention.” Stella announced, “you can do a lot more with magic than just transform people into other humanoids or change their minds. You can make them into things as well!”

With a flick of her wrist, Penelope was unravelling in a shimmer of light. Her arms and legs flattened until she formed into the floating form of a beautiful dress. The fabric was the same dark purple colour as her skin and the trim was the silver of her hair. Stella rotated the dress a few times to show it off before magically swapping it with the wet one the woman was wearing. She sighed in contentment, feeling the soft fabric against her bare skin.

“There, is that more comfortable?” Stella grinned as the woman blushed. “Stand up and give us a twirl.”

The young woman got to her feet and did just that. In her dress form Penelope could feel every curve of the woman’s body; especially the pressure of holding up her large chest. Of course she had managed to spill water on the woman with the biggest breasts; that was so like her. Maybe Stella had even set her up.

Stella went on, talking about the uses of transformation magic while Penelope and her model got used to one another. She couldn’t speak, but she could feel the student mage’s heart racing in excitement under her chest. What the rest of the class didn’t know was that Stella had taken the liberty of removing the woman’s underwear. So Penelope could feel her bare skin against her, her naked nipples struggling not to go hard and poke through the soft fabric.

“Um,” The woman stammered, “how long do you want me to wear...her?”

“Oh all day if you like.” Stella said flippantly. “It’s the least she could do after making a mess of your old one. I’ll come to collect her tomorrow morning.”

“Oh alright.” The woman said demurely, but Penelope knew how excited it made her.

She could feel the warmth of her pussy brushing against the inner lining of her skirt and those nipples finally hardened against her bodice. There was no way for them to communicate but she was sure this woman had naughty intentions. She could only imagine what sort of sinful things they were going to get up to this afternoon once class was finished.

From across the room Stella smiled and Penelope was sure this had been her plan all along. She tried to be angry, but she couldn't. Being a dress was just so relaxing and pleasurable she instead settled in, ready to savour every moment.