

MISS BELSERION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



For some time now, Irene Belserion's soul had been mingled with that of Fairy Tail's Wendy Marvell.

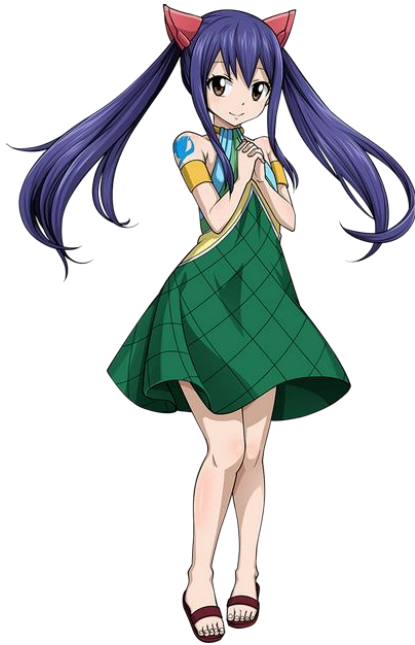
It was little more than a shadow of its previous self, a side effect of when she had attempted to switch souls with Wendy back during Zeref's war, only for her to be pushed out by the child's overwhelming power for her age. But the separation had not been without side effects, and with Irene's body all but dead and deceased, that little fragment of a soul amounted to little to nothing.

Wendy was aware that Irene's soul was there. After all, it was because of Irene that she had overcome a number of challenges posed by the threats the 100 Years Quest had put Team Natsu and all of Fairy Tail at odds with. She was actually thankful for her help even *if* it was a little strange to have another soul bond to your body, and one that had not only been your enemy but was also the mother of one of your closest friends.

Still, enough had happened that Wendy no longer perceived her as a threat. And Irene's soul herself? She'd had no intention of *becoming* a threat and was content with watching over the teenager. But that didn't mean that there was no room for something to go awry. At times the smallest of things could set off the most unfortunate of events.

“This is... Miss Irene's hat? But why did they give it to *me*? This almost feels like too much of a coincidence...” Having returned to Magnolia for a brief respite, Wendy had encountered some locals that had randomly offered her a witch's hat. One that was

extremely familiar, because it was the very hat that Irene had wore when Wendy had fought her alongside Erza. She'd returned to her room with it and put it on the bed, but it wasn't like Wendy had planned on dwelling on it. Rather she was more confused about where Carla was. **"Oh! Maybe she's out buying groceries?"**



But while Wendy hadn't thought much of the hat outside of what had already been said, there was someone else in the room that couldn't *stop* thinking about the hat. The piece of Irene's soul that had clung to the Dragon Slayer couldn't take her eyes off of it. She was entranced, fixated even. It was like something deep down had been *reawakened*. She wanted to touch it again. She *needed* to wear it. And she had a tool at her disposal that could allow her to do just that.

"H-Huh!?" Wendy *had* been on her way to the adjoined bathroom to freshen up a bit after a long day, but her body had suddenly froze in place just inches from the bathroom door. Was it the work of an enchantment of some kind? That didn't *seem* to be the case, but the situation only worsened as her body, despite resistance on her own part, turned around to face her bed. **"Miss Irene!? That's you, isn't it? Wh-What are you...!?"**

The only force that could exercise such an influence was the soul of the woman that was bound to her. Except despite all the time they had now spent together in this state, not once had the woman exercised control over her body like this. She could resist to an extent, but Irene's will was stronger. And so while it was done in an increasingly stiff manner, step after step led her back to the bedside. **"I-Is it the hat!? Is something wrong with the hat!?"**

Despite the control she was exercising however, Irene did not reply to any of Wendy's questions nor her concerns. Her body was simply forced to bend forward, pick up the hat in question, and ultimately? Set it atop her head. Which wasn't all that comfortable seeing it had been designed for a head that was a touch bigger than her own. Once that hat was on? Wendy found herself able to move freely once more at least.

"Why did she...? Miss Irene, why won't you talk to me!?" The younger mage was *beyond* confused by this whole debacle. Had she just wanted to wear the hat one last time? But she had managed to conjure her clothes onto Wendy's body once before! Had all of this really been

necessary? But she was truthfully overlooking something. Another piece of Irene's soul had been bound to the hat and now that Wendy was wearing it? The two pieces had combined. They had become stronger. And the new part, the one that *hadn't* been traveling with Wendy and warmed up to her?

It still possessed the same desire to do evil that the original Irene had.

The girl felt powerless and confused. She didn't know what was going on, and without Irene's soul explaining herself to her, how could she *possibly* hope to know? She *was* immediately concerned that the hat might have been enchanted though, and attempted to cast a counter just in case. "***Deus Zero!***" It was the enchantment that she had used to drive Irene away when she had first taken her body all of those moons ago. But rather than the cast working? No magic flowed from her whatsoever. "**H-Huh?**"

HOW UNFORTUNATE, WENDY! BUT DID YOU THINK I'D LET YOU USE THE SAME TRICK ON ME AGAIN?

"Miss Irene!?! Why!?! I thought we had become friends! Why are you doing this to m—!?" As much as she wanted to try and get some sort of answer from the spirit that had seemingly taken her body hostage, the ability to mouth her mouth was just suddenly *cut off*. She could still move the rest of her body freely, but when it came to communication. "***Mmn!?! Mmmmn!?!***" Irene had clearly cut off the only avenue through which she could do so. But she also stopped communicating with Wendy herself. She didn't need to anymore, it would just lead to unnecessary noise.

If attempting to reason with Irene was off the table, then, Wendy knew there was only one thing left for her to try to do. She attempted to *make a break for it*, breaking into a sprint towards the door out of the dorm room she was using. But much like she imagined it was going to go her body not only froze several feet from the door, but the suddenness of the stopped motion prompted her to hit the floor with a yelp.

Carefully she got back up into a standing position. Was Irene only letting her move so long as she didn't try to flee? What was her game here? Irene's real body was *dead*, so there wasn't anything she could really do... *except find a new one*. She had already taken Wendy's body once in the past but she had managed to drive her out. *But things were also different now*.

Irene's soul was fragmented, incomplete. Wendy could fight her power so long as her own soul was intact, but... An incomplete could become

whole again by dragging another soul into it, by assimilating it. *That* was the plan on Irene's part and it was already underwear. There were signs of it physically as well.

You needn't look much farther than the Dragon Slayer's signature blue hair to realize this, because it admittedly wasn't *completely* blue any longer. Streaks of a red that was much darker than that of her friend Erza had begun to run through her twintails, and any hair caught up in these streaks appeared to extend so that it was at least five inches longer. It spread throughout *all* of her hair before long, this mane becoming longer, fuller, and redder by the moment. It was quite heavy and, naturally, quite noticeable because of this.

“Mmph!?” Tiny fingers, now just as shockingly sporting long, manicured fingernails, pulled forth some of this red forest so that she could get a better look at it. *This looks like Irene's hair!* She couldn't speak, but of course she could still process her observations mentally. *Right, like my hair... Eh!?* Except, when she had continued that thought? Her line of thinking had slotted out her own identity for Irene's for a moment, comprehending the red hair as 'hers'.

Her face expressed shock at this inconsistency, but could it really be called *her* face any longer? Steadily her facial features had been shifting so that they momentarily looked like Erza's. Full, glossy lips, a sharp nose, narrow eyes with long lashes, a more oval shape... But it just as quickly shifted in slight to not *quite* resemble Erza's. Because it resembled the face of Erza's mother, Irene. And that included her perceived age, because while it was still bound to a smaller body, that face looked to better belong to a woman around the physical age of forty or so.

This inconsistency was only a temporary one. **“Mmph!? Mmmph!?”** Wendy couldn't make any noise other than these muffled attempts, but she sure was *trying* as the next wave of changes set in. Her eye level was rapidly rising, a product of the fact that her height was increasing. The girl had always been extremely short, but she had sprung up past the five foot mark after only seconds, and before long she was about 5'8" – *dramatically* taller, with a frame that was much more adult.

Because she *was* an adult now. Not even just in the physical sense. Adult topics she had spent her teens avoiding all seemed fairly normal now. This body was bigger and older, but she felt oddly at piece with it. *If only I was as attractive as Miss Irene though... N-No, I don't want to be... But I do.* On the mental front things were getting bad. Bad enough that she wasn't at all bashful about the fact that her tiny dress was little more than tatters across her body now that she had grown.

The ruined dress only really fit around her chest now, and only because while her body was very clearly no longer that of a child, her chest, rear, and all associated areas had yet to come in their own. This clothing malfunction *did* offer a nice view of the scar that was etched into the left side of her stomach, and the dress itself? Well, it wasn't exactly going to remain a problem for much longer.

RIIIIIIIP!

“Oooh!” The front of the dress blew open, as did Wendy's lips to reveal a much more mature sounding moan, as her breasts finally came into their own. Or *Irene's* own, technically. She was a woman known for her attractive figure, and Wendy knew what the weight of those breasts felt like since she had borrowed her body once before. But on that occasion it hadn't been as *pleasurable* as when *her* G-cup breasts tore through the child-sized dress and bounced there with an incredibly firmness despite her now advanced age.

Had she just spoken? **“Hmm... It seems I can speak again.”** Even though she had been so scared before and had wanted to reason with Irene, none of those thoughts were in the forefront of her mind now that she could speak again. She felt at *peace* with this. Because the two pieces of the woman's soul had already assimilated so much of Wendy's in the end.

She didn't even bat an eyelash as her lower body began to flourish. In fact, she snapped the band of her underwear preliminarily so that she wouldn't be treated to any uncomfortable wedgies. That seemed to be the right call, because her ass jiggled to attention and grew both in mass and shape, each cheek almost a rival for her own head in terms of sizing. This prompted her hips to widen to a child-bearing width. But as she could now recall?

She already had a child. Erza.

The woman licked her voluptuous lips, which then turned into a conniving smirk that was clearly not born from Wendy's personality. Long, slender fingers rubbed at thighs that were burgeoning with the weight that had run off from her big ass, nails pressing into them and then releasing to demonstrate just how slowly that supple flesh returned to its defined shape. Yes, this was a body worth having. The body she could *recall* having. So what if she was a middle-aged woman? It didn't matter how old she was when she was *this* hot.

Irene Belserion now stood completely naked in Wendy Marvell's room aside from the witch's hat that now fit snugly on her hat. She flexed the fingers on her hands a moment before guiding them to caress her breasts, ass, and graze the scar on her stomach. **“Well then, this worked better than expected. Thank you for your sacrifice, Wendy.”** But while she did say this, the woman knew full well that she was in no small part *still* Wendy. A third of her soul's composition now was that child's, but she had been wholly corrupted to become just as much a piece of this new being as the other two.



The only clue to this was the single streak of blue that weaved in her hair, and even then? Upon using magic to clad herself in the rest of her *favorite* outfit, her hair was weaved into four, crimson braids and that strand of blue was buried within. She tapped her heel against the floor of the room, and that sent another spell rippling through – one that reshaped the dorm room into a dimly lit studio from which she could lay the foundation to uproot Fairy Tail once and for all.

She didn't bat a single eyelash when the front door opened and a bipedal, white cat walked in. **“Wendy, I— IRENE!?”** Carla was naturally shocked to find an ex foe of the guild within her shared dorm room, but rather than address the Exceed's shock Irene instead bound her mouth with magic and conjured a cage to trap her within. She was taking no risks. Fairy Tail could not be alerted before she had gotten everything ready for an all out offensive. She would take revenge for what they had done to her.

“Not at the moment, cat, I've got work to do. But hm...” Strong as she was, the mage couldn't help but think about the fact that she *was* severely lacking in manpower. Wasn't this an opportunity to change that? **“Mixing Wendy's abilities with my own, I suppose you'll actually do quite nicely, Carla.”** Of course, the Exceed had no idea what she was talking about. Was that actually... *Wendy*? Not that she

could ask with her mouth magically clamped shut. But Irene answered it herself.

“Heine or Juliet? Which one should I change you into? Maybe by cleaving your soul in two, I could change you into both?”

She really supposed it depended on how much time she had before someone realized that she was there. Or what she had done. But she supposed if anyone else checked in? There were all manners of things she could change them into. **“And Carla? Don’t call me Irene.”**

“Call me Miss Belserion.”