

Changing Rooms

Unfurling the Mistress's Map, the Headmistress tightened her eyes and hmm'd. Inked on the parchment before her was a complete floor plan of Mistress Maledicta's Magical Academy--the *only* complete map of the school ever devised, rumored to have been drawn up by the founder herself before her mysterious disappearance. The Headmistress had been seeking it for years.

Enchanted, the Mistress's Map shifted constantly to reflect the Academy's layout. More than that, in the hands of an appropriately skilled witch, it could go beyond merely *reflecting* the Academy--it could be used to *change* it. Why spend thousands on renovations when you could simply open up the Map and *will* a new wing into existence? It was invaluable.

Now that she had it before her, however, the Headmistress found herself strangely annoyed. Was her Academy *really* this messy? Was there really no restroom in the entire East Wing? Was the entrance hall really at the back of the school? And what madwoman had ordered a music room placed beside the library? Oh, it was terrible. There was so much she needed to clean up.

No matter, she told herself. *The Academy might be a little disorderly at the moment, but with the Map in my hands, fixing it should be child's play.*

A wide smile lit up her face. Now, what should she do first?

Tapping a clawed nail against the Map's weathered parchment, the Headmistress thought for a second. There were so many things she wanted to fix--it was practically impossible to choose.

Ah! she thought at last, her eyes settling on one out-of-place room in particular. *This will be a good place to start.* The boys' changing rooms were in a completely inappropriate location. Right next to the girls'? No, no, no--she could only imagine the perversity *that* encouraged. No, she'd have to make them a new one on the other side of the gymnasium.

The current one needn't be demolished, of course. She was always getting complaints about how cramped the girls' room was, so why not give them a second? With the Mistress's Map, it would only take a moment...

Placing a hand on the offending room's label, the Headmistress willed it to change. The letters blurred, and the Map shone with azure light.

Elsewhere, the school started to change.

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William laughed as he left the Broomball pitch behind them. Sauntering into the changing room still riding the sweet high of victory, he clapped his friends, Daniel and Charlie, on the back and went to peel off his sweat-soaked sports clothes.

“Did you see the way I made my broom flip?” he asked, throwing off his flight cape.

Charlie laughed. “Sure, that’s great, but did you notice the way I got the ball through the hoop?”

“Forget that,” said Daniel. “What about that catch I made in the first half?”

William frowned. As he went to open his mouth and draw the attention back to him, an azure glare suddenly washed over the room, covering everything, from the lockers to the benches to their own half-naked bodies.

What the--? thought William, staring at his own glowing arm. He was about to ask what the hell was going on when his confusion vanished as quickly as it had formed. Nothing was out of the ordinary--they were only glowing.

In the center of the changing room, the wall of blue lockers shimmered like a desert mirage and changed color, their pale blue turning a bright shade of pink. A second later, an identical color change affected the room’s blue benches.

“Come on, what about my flip?” said William, pulling his sports top over his head.

“Yeah, that was pretty cool,” said Daniel, “but what about the way I caught the broomball in the second half? Wasn’t that even cooler?” Charlie clapped him on the back.

William huffed. As he tossed his sodden top aside, he felt a strange tingling running through his body. He shuddered and rubbed his arms, surprised at how smooth and lithe they felt to his fingers. They’d been muscular and hairy when he’d entered, but for some reason this change didn’t perturb him.

Staring at his friends, William found they looked a little smaller too.

That made sense, of course. People regularly underwent spontaneous shrinking.

As he opened his mouth to speak again, a lock of hair dropped in front of his eyes, obscuring his vision. He brushed it aside, but no sooner had he done so than another one fell to replace it. With a grunt of annoyance, he tucked his long brown locks behind his ears.

“Come on, Will,” said Charlie. “What are you doing?”

“My hair’s growing,” said William. His friends laughed as if this was an everyday occurrence.

Realizing how far behind them he was lagging, William tried to focus on changing. Dropping his sports pants, he found himself strangely impressed by how smooth and slender his legs looked.

He paused for an instant, frowning in confusion. That was a normal thing for a guy to be proud of, wasn't it? ...Of course it was--why wouldn't it be? Shrugging his doubts away, he gave his chubby thighs a squeeze--he loved how soft and squishy they felt in his hands.

Running his hands over his thighs, he found his cock growing hard inside his pants. In embarrassment, he whirled away from the others. The last thing he wanted them to think was that he was getting hard to them changing.

Turning into the corner of the room, he breathed deep and tried to think about something completely non-sexual, like the Arithmancy class he had next period. Sure enough, his penis soon started to deflate. He watched as the bulge in his pants shrank...

...and shrank... and shrank till it was utterly flat. A part of William felt he should be disturbed by that, but instead he felt nothing but calm.

As he poked his new pussy experimentally, his pants warped into a frilly pair of pink panties.

William felt a sudden pang of embarrassment. Oh Merlin, his panties were so pink and so frilly and so *wet* too! Snatching up the skirt that had replaced his uniform's trousers, he hurried to put it on before anyone could see.

As he tugged it up his legs, William's chest tingled, and his nipples perked up, pushed out by the swelling curves of his chest.

Now, where was his bra? Rummaging through his bag, William frowned in confusion. Where was it? Had one of his friends stolen it? ...Had he forgotten to wear one? He was a guy, after all, so he didn't exactly *need* to wear one, but--

All of a sudden, William realized. Oh, of course! They were turning into *girls*. Oh, *now* everything made sense. No wonder he couldn't find his bra--he didn't own one!

Her chest pulsed and doubled in size.

Hmm, that was a problem. A girl with assets like hers couldn't just go bouncing around without a bra, even if she had been a guy twenty minutes ago.

Turning to Daniel and Charlie--no, Danielle and Charlotte, those were their new names--she saw they already had their own bras on. Had the magic had put hers in her bag or something? No matter how hard she looked, she couldn't find one.

Throwing her arms up in frustration, she gave a great sign. To her surprise, her boobs didn't jiggle much. Looking down, she found them sitting snugly in a frilly pink bra that perfectly matched her panties.

Huh. There it was. Had that just appeared or had she been wearing it all this time? Oh, she was such a ditz.

Her crisis resolved, William--no, no, *Wilma*, if she was a girl now she needed a girl's name--hurried to put on the rest of her clothes, slipping her pantyhose up her legs and her arms through her sleeves. She left her top buttons undone, of course--she couldn't wait to see the kind of attention it got her from guys.

At last, fully changed, Wilma turned to Danielle and Charlotte.

"So, I guess we're all girls now," she said, as if commenting on the weather.

"I know, right?" said Danielle, running a hand through her hair. "Hey, we've got that cute warlock for Arithmancy next, haven't we? Did you think he'll be attracted to us now?"

"Mr. Goldstein?" asked Charlotte, blushing bright red.

For a split second, Wilma frowned. Half an hour ago, the thought of Mr. Goldstein being attracted to her would have made her throw up. Now, she couldn't imagine anything more appealing than his soft curly locks and tight buttocks. "Say," she whispered, "what do you think he's like in bed?"

They and the rest of the girls left the changing room giggling.

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"There, much better," said the Headmistress, smiling in satisfaction. The new layout was much less vulnerable to perversion. She'd have to find somewhere to put a new male changing room, of course, but she could handle that later.

In the meantime... back to the business of tidying up her school! She turned back to the Map.

After a few seconds of study, her eyes settled on a restroom in the West Wing whose placement she'd always found annoying. It was so out of the way, and so small. No, it had to go. With a swipe of her hand, she wiped it clean off the Map and out of existence.

Speaking of toilets, she remembered the East Wing's pressing need for a new restroom. It was one of their busiest wings, so it needed a big one. Of course, that made finding a spot for it difficult. Hmm.

After a few moments of study, her gaze settled on Classroom E20. Thinking about it, the East Wing *did* have a lot of classrooms. She was sure they could spare the one.

Licking her finger, she tapped the classroom's name, and with a little flash of azure light, it changed.

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“Okay, class,” said Miss Alicia Raveneye, “now I’m going to hold up the crystal ball--Jane, pay attention!--and I want you all to look closely and tell me what appears in it. Ready?” The Divinations teacher held up the ball.

As one, the class burst into laughter.

Frowning, Alicia looked into the crystal ball herself and gaped as its mist cleared to reveal... a toilet?

“Quieten down!” she snapped at her students, shaking the ball in irritation. A toilet? Why would her crystal ball show a toilet? What kind of foul omen was it meant to be? ...Was it something to do with what she’d eaten for breakfast?

The room started to glow azure.

All of a sudden, chairs scraped against the floor as every student in the classroom jumped to their feet and stood straight, as if at attention. As Alicia’s eyes opened wide, she found her own arms slammed against her sides and held there.

As she and her class stood there like soldiers waiting for inspection, their clothing--uniforms and underwear alike--simply faded out of existence, leaving boys and girls alike stark naked. Looking down at her own naked body, Alicia stared, understanding on some deep level that something was wrong, though she couldn’t quite put a finger on it. None of her students seemed particularly perturbed either.

For several seconds, she and her class stood there, unmoving, as the rest of the classroom’s features phased out of existence, wiped clean like chalk off a board . Empty chairs, desks and all their schoolwork, Alicia’s crystal ball--all simply faded, erased. Soon, she and her class stood naked amid the emptiness.

Beneath them the wooden floor glowed and smoothed out, its planks replaced by tens of smooth white tiles. The walls soon underwent a similar transformation, while the room’s big windows shrank and blurred, turning reflective. The row of cabinets beneath them smudged like wet paint before settling back into stability as a long line of sinks.

Alicia simply stood there and watched. She didn’t understand what was happening, but nothing actually seemed out of order.

All at once, the back row of students turned in unison, as if in response to some inaudible cue, and marched towards the back wall of the classroom. Reaching it, they turned again and pressed their backs into its surface. It rippled behind them, and they slipped partway into the tiles as if lying in mud. Their arms vanished entirely, as did their legs a moment later.

For several seconds, the line of boys and girls floated there, stuck to the wall. Their expressions were calm; they showed no sign of panic. Like Alicia, they clearly understand that what was happening was entirely normal.

Beneath each of them glinted a little bud of silver, and a metal pipe sprouted from the tiles with speed. As Alicia watched, expression calm, they covered the boys' cocks and plugged the girls' vaginas. Still no one showed the slightest reaction, not even as their skin paled and hardened into smooth, white porcelain.

Finally, her student's bellies caved in to form bowls, porcelain bowls, perfect for men to piss in.

The realization that half her students had turned into urinals barely earned a reaction from Alicia. If she could have moved, she would have nodded at this development. Of course. That made perfect sense.

All of a sudden, she found herself turned around--herself and all her remaining students. *Of course*, she thought without much surprise, *it's our turn to be transformed now*.

As one, they marched to the front of the classroom, where a featureless expanse of white tiles had replaced Alicia's blackboard.

Like the back row before them, Alicia and her students came to a stop before the wall. Unlike the others, they didn't turn and press themselves into it. Instead, they dropped and lay on their backs, raising their legs and opening their mouths wide.

Alicia watched, jaw agape (though she was anything but surprised) as her legs fused and bulked into a porcelain tank. Her mouth continued to stretch and stretch, yawning far wider than humanly possible. In seconds, it had become a large bowl, and a lid formed out of her thighs to cover it.

A toilet's lid, she realized, looking at it. She felt no particular horror at this fact. It only made sense that she and her front row of students would become toilets to go with the urinals the back row had become. Everything was perfectly in order.

Down below, Alicia's arms dove into the wall and changed into a pair of silver pipes, while the rest of her body paled and hardened into porcelain. She tried to move--purely out of curiosity--and found she couldn't in the slightest.

At last, a silver handle sprouted from what had been her left foot, and with that it seemed the transformation was over. She watched, unable to turn her gaze, as cubicle walls and doors sprouted from the floor around them. In seconds, they were entombed.

Lying there in the darkness of her new home, unable to move, Alicia felt a serene calmness. So, she and half her students were toilets now. Interesting.

Slowly, the azure light suffusing the new restroom faded.

Alicia heard the creak of the room's door, followed by footsteps. Her door opened, and a man loomed into view, slamming it shut behind him. He grunted, looking hurried, as he unbuckled his belt.

Hmm. He'd chosen her, rather than one of her urinals, so he likely had more to do than urinate.

She had no complaints, of course. She *was* a toilet, after all.

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Much better, thought the Headmistress, rubbing her hands together in satisfaction. Classroom E20 would make a much better men's room than it ever had a classroom.

...In retrospect, hadn't Alicia been teaching a Divination class there? Oh dear. She hoped their lesson hadn't been too badly derailed by the transmutation of their seats into toilets. Ideally, the Map had simply plopped them outside--it had to have some manner of safeguard.

Now, what should she do next? She tapped her chin in thought. Oh, there were so many changes she wanted to make.

At last, her finger settled on one of their outdoor classrooms. She'd conjured it herself to resolve a shortage of rooms brought about by flooding (it turns out that having a giant serpent crawl through the pipes is bad for your plumbing). It had proven so useful, however, that she'd never found an excuse to remove it. There was always a class who needed a room.

Well, if there was ever a time to take a stand, it was now. What should she do with it though? Another block of toilets? A storehouse? A gymnasium?

Oh! Or perhaps she could make a greenhouse. Yes, to replace the one the mandrakes had shattered last spring. Yes, she liked that idea *very* much.

Tapping the classroom's name, she started the transformation.

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"Silence!" snapped Miss Emily Rosethorn, rapping her knuckles against the classroom's murky blackboard. "Be quiet!"

Before her, her class went on laughing as if they hadn't heard a word.

Emily's eye twitched. She was on the verge of snapping her wand in half.

Just as she was about to scream again, an azure light suffused the room, and her students settled instantly in silence. Emily blinked in surprise. Was it a miracle? She tried to open her mouth and say as much, only to find her lips glued shut.

As one, her students leaped to their feet and slammed their hands against their sides. Emily found herself doing the same.

Something was wrong, she realized dimly.

As they stood there like a row of dolls, their expressions carefully blank, the light peeled away their clothes like the skin of an apple. Watching her own top disappear, exposing her perky nipples, Emily felt a strange sense of calm. She should feel embarrassed, she realized, but she simply didn't for some reason.

Their clothes weren't the only thing to vanish. As she watched, as their chairs disappeared as well, as did all their schoolwork and the classroom's other miscellaneous accouterments. In seconds, the only things left were herself and her students, standing naked to attention, and their desks.

As they stood there, silent, in the emptied classroom, Emily noticed something happening to the walls. The windows were growing, overwhelming the brickwork. The roof was changing, turning translucent too. In seconds, they were standing in a greenhouse.

Emily felt she should be especially embarrassed now, but for some reason, she couldn't work up the emotion.

Beneath her feet, the wooden flooring glimmered and crumbled into a layer of soft brown dirt. Atop it, stone tiles appeared, running in rows and columns through the room. Emily could only stare, uncomprehending. She wanted to understand what was happening, though she didn't feel any great urgency. She felt an overriding certainty that everything was in order.

Now, as she watched, those of her students in the center of the room suddenly clambered onto their desks. They moved as one, clearly following some shared imperative. Emily could only watch and wait.

Standing on their desks, her students held up their arms and stopped moving. Beneath them, the sides of their desks stretched until they met, fusing them into one long wooden bench.

From the surface of this new table rose something like clay. Emily watched it surround her students' ankles and harden into a number of pots that promptly filled themselves with soil, burying her students' feet inside them.

Potted, her students started to turn green. As Emily watched, the color spread upward from their soles and covered their entire bodies. Their arms, outstretched, thinned into branches, while their hands flattened into leaves. Their hair, meanwhile, flowered like fields in spring--in seconds, their heads were like giant bouquets.

As the transformation ceased, leaving over half her students as suspiciously humanoid plants, Emily finally realized what was happening. *Oh, the classroom is turning into a greenhouse*, she thought. *That makes sense*. For some reason, it didn't alarm her.

Before she could ponder this new knowledge any further, a set of invisible strings tugged at her arms and legs, dragging her away from her own desk and towards the row of soil by the

wall. A few of her students marched after her. The others headed to the row of soil on the other side of the greenhouse.

Stepping on the soil, Emily shivered at how nice it felt. It was surprisingly warm on her soles. Standing there, she found herself sinking. In seconds, she was into the dirt up to her ankles.

Now, as they stood there with their feet in the soil, Emily and her students turned as green as the rest of the class, while their hair thinned and twined around their bodies all the way down to the soil. Their arms followed shortly, fingers digging into the dirt.

Their torsos, meanwhile, started to plump up. Looking down at her stomach, Emily watched it bloat till she looked as if she were several months pregnant. Growing and growing, it overwhelmed the rest of her, leaving her head resting atop a swollen orb of plant flesh.

As her torso changed color again, going from green to bright orange, Emily realized what she'd become. *Oh, I'm a pumpkin*, she thought. She should probably have been horrified, but it made too much sense.

Around her, her other students had become vegetables as well: tomatoes, cucumbers, cauliflowers--one boy had even become a giant, phallic eggplant.

As the azure light faded away, Emily basked in the more natural light of the sun, wondering how long it would be before someone arrived to water them.

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There, much better, thought the Headmistress, looking down at the new words on the map with a smile. Her school would certainly benefit from having a new greenhouse.

Sitting back in her chair, she felt rather proud of herself. She hadn't made many changes, but she already felt as if she'd made a massive improvement to the school. Oh yes, her name was certain to go down in the history books for this.

She deserved a reward for her hard work, didn't she? She'd made the school a much better place after all. It was only fair she got to use the Map for her own benefit as well. Perhaps a nice new office? One a little bigger than her current, perhaps?

Turning her attention back to Map, she searched for a good location. Her current office was rather out of the way; she wanted her new one to be in the very center of the school, where she was in the center of everyone's attention.

Oh! Like the janitor's closet on Floor 2. It was in the perfect position. It was a little *small*, of course, but she could soon solve *that*.

Tapping its name, she overwrote it. 'Janitor's Closet' vanished, replaced by 'Headmistress's Office'. The square on the map expanded several times over, quadrupling in size.

The Headmistress beamed as she saw how big it had become. Oh, she couldn't wait to get over there and take a look.

She was just about to snap her fingers and apparate herself over there when something made her eye twitch.

Of course, she couldn't leave the school with *two* headmistress's offices, could she? That was just redundant. And since she was no longer in need of *this* one... well, there was an opening for a janitor's closet, wasn't there?

Licking her finger, she tapped her room's name. It changed.

All at once, an azure light filled the headmistress's office. It covered her desk, coated her drawers, lay itself across the floor, and ran up the walls.

The headmistress raised an eyebrow. So *this* was what it looked like from ground zero.

With a pop, one of her bookshelves became a shelf of cleaning fluids. With another, a stool became a wheeled bucket and a coat stand became a broom.

As she watched with mild curiosity, the room spasmed and contracted as if squeezed in the hands of a giant. She felt a strange sense of claustrophobia as the walls--now grey and dull, stripped of wallpaper--surged towards her, but the sensation passed an instant later. Why should she be claustrophobic? She'd been working from closets smaller than this for her entire career.

The headmistress paused. Was--was that right? Why would a headmistress have been working from a closet like this?

As she pondered this enigma, the light covered her shoes, worked its way up her socks, and spread over her tight black skirt. They blurred like smudged paint, and in seconds she was wearing boots and a pair of loose blue slacks.

Absently, she adjusted them, trying to focus on what was happening. The room had changed, so why was the Map's magic still in effect? Closing her eyes she tried to concentrate. If she could only cast a divination charm...

Her top shimmered, distorted, and became a simple polo shirt in the same color as her slacks.

Sweat dripped from the headmistress's brow. Something was wrong--something was clearly wrong. She just couldn't figure out what. Why couldn't she remember the words of the damned divination charm?

With a snarl, she opened her mouth to speak, to shout any spell that came to mind, divination or not...

...and found that she couldn't think of any whatsoever. "Abra-uh-kadabra?"

With a little pop, a janitor's cap appeared on her head.

All at once, the janitor's worry faded. *Of course* she couldn't cast spells anymore. She was the janitor now, not a witch herself--she didn't have an ounce of magical talent.

Shaking the idea out of her head, she turned to grab her broom and noticed the Mistress's Map lying open on the floor. Picking it up, she frowned. If she still had her magical skills...

Well, it was no use to her now. With a shrug, she tossed it into the waste bin, grabbed her broom, and marched to the door, whistling a jaunty tune.

She had work to do. Lots of it. There was so much she needed to clean up.