

Luna had been crying on the floor of her room for half an hour.

She had a spell to cast but she couldn't do it until her breath was steady and her mind was clear. Maybe going through everything one more time would help? It would at least help pass the time.

She looked at the pages before her where the plans for the spell were written. She would skip checking the construction of the spell, she had already done that dozens of times in the months she had spent agonizing over whether or not to cast it. She knew that the spell provided a frame that her magic would mould to, and that her will would fill in the details too specific and fine for the written spell to provide. It would work. There was no reason it wouldn't work. She looked over the shape of the spell in passing anyway. All the disparate parts that were usually entire spells on their own, the part for breast growth, the part to reshape her bones, the combination of so many spells for healing abnormalities in and repairing damage to all different parts of a vaginal system. There might have been a spell cast at some point to create one from wholecloth, but not likely. She had made her spell her own. It wouldn't have been the type of spell to be carefully recorded or kept anyway, it'd surprise her if there were a single witch alive who was able to cast that on someone else. Successfully at least. The amount of concentration it would take to hold a body, and all of the organs to make, and how the existing organs would have to shift... to keep all that in one's mind at once is completely unfeasible. Her spell would work though, because her body already knew how it should be.

That steadied her a bit. Even if all of the tragedies that could stem from this came to pass, she'd be able to face it with her body as it should be. She assessed the components again as well, all of the plants in bunched together in neat piles, the candles spread out throughout the room, and the few required animal components on dishes so the blood and other fluids didn't have to be washed out of the floor later.

After a quarter hour of looking at the spell and running the process through her head, her hiccoughy and shallow breathing had grown steady again, and the tears had slowed to a pace where she could work around them. With an slow, intentional breath, she started the process. She lit the candles. She prepared the herbs, roots, and berries, burning some, grinding and mixing others. Eating a select few. The animal pieces were prepared as well, thankfully without having to eat any of them.

She sat in front of the big platter with all of the prepared components on it and started calling her magic. Once she felt it flow into her, she brought it from her body into her mind, to keep from having to deal with awareness of her body as much as to read the spell to her magic so it could take shape. Minutes of stillness passed as she read her

pages carefully and in their entirety. Once she had read it all, she closed her eyes and felt the shape of the magic. It looked exactly how it should. It was rough to a degree that usually meant that your concentration had lapsed, but that the magic was close to the right shape at all meant that the written part of the spell had worked. Magic this large couldn't be finely adjusted as if removing shavings with a chisel. To focus on any part of it for that long would let other parts of it fall back into shapelessness and chaos. To get it to the perfect shape she couldn't rely on traditional spellcasting, instead she let all of her thoughts about herself and her body flow into her magic. To open your mind to magic like this was something witches were only taught about know to avoid doing it, as any stray thoughts could twist the spell to unrecognizability. The sorrow earlier had left her drained though, so all she thought about was her body, and how it should be.

She closed her mind off again and looked at the spell. There wasn't anything exact she was looking for, but the shape and the details felt right in a way she had only imagined they could until this point. The tears started to come faster again. She held them back even though she knew she'd have her eyes closed for the last step. She took off her robe, and, now nude, lay down on it. Now on her back, Luna moved one hand to touch the components on the platter. Her breath started shuddering again. The only thing left to do was coax the magic down her arm. It followed her direction all the way down to her fingertips. Now all of the components of the spell: her, the plants, the animal parts, the light and heat from the candles, and the magic itself were now together. It was terrifying moment as for the first time in her life the magic hesitated, but after just long enough for her to start to panic, it caught. All the flames from the candles were suddenly sucked to the platter, as well as the light filtering into the room. The light and heat, coming together with the material components, melting together and forming a glowing fluid of magic made temporarily physical. It glowed with the warm radiance of a sun soon to set, but even in the darkened room its light wasn't harsh.

The spell was underway. The magic wicked up her arm and started spreading along her body until she was entirely covered in it, the magic on her face mixing with tears she didn't have to hold back anymore. It started soaking into her, glowing through her skin. She'd written the spell so that the changes would happen gradually, and start at the deepest level first. She felt her bones shifting, stretching, contracting. she could feel her hips widening and her shoulders narrowing. Before her bones had fully settled, she felt the magic start to affect her chest. Lying in a dark room with her eyes full of tears it was basically impossible to monitor how her breasts were growing without essentially groping herself, but she was too overwhelmed to move. Finally, the spark for the idea of the spell in the first place, she felt the magic start to affect her crotch. Luna was quite skilled at ignoring anything to do with her penis, so she instead noticed the activity in the area she had gravitated to the few times she'd tried to feel herself up. She

managed to close her legs, to hopefully feel the changes as they happened, to revel in them. It worked. She could feel that there was already a shallow dish right where it always felt there should be a passage. She could feel the skin around it stretching and folding in on itself while changing qualities. She could feel something...! Oh! She had been avoiding paying attention to it, but while feeling the her labia take form her attention slipped to the top end, and she noticed her clitoris. She knew what that meant but still it was nerve wrecking to let her awareness grow, just in case she was wrong, just in case it didn't work properly. Her awareness travelled up and it was only once it hit her belly button that she stopped trying to sense what was no longer there. She managed to rouse herself enough to move a hand to her crotch and didn't collide with anything. So much pain she wouldn't ever have to feel again! She put her hand back on the floor and continued to cry, now also shaking with sobs of relief. She let the relief and the pain she'd felt and the pain she wouldn't have to feel again consume her and stopped paying attention everything else around and within her.

She didn't come back to awareness of herself for quite a while. When she finally opened her eyes the magic had long since dissipated and it looked to be mid afternoon. She couldn't deal with the thought that it might have been a dream or that it might not have worked or that it might have reverted, so she used what she knew from the years leading up to this. She thought of anything and everything else. She stopped being for a moment, instead just being an observer to a story she'd heard recently. While thoroughly distracted, she wrapped herself in her robe and stood up. She walked shakily over to the mirror against the wall, covered with a cloth and only brought into the room yesterday for this purpose. Luna waited until she had been still for a little while before coming back to herself. It was incredibly scary to risk being hurt by what she saw, but the whole point of the spell was to not have to separate herself from her body like that ever again. She'd have to look at some point, so might as well do it now. Knowing that didn't ease any of the fear she felt. She pulled the cloth off of the mirror first, and looked at how familiar her face looked, more familiar after being altered than it ever was before. Not only did it feel good for her own face to be familiar to her, she also liked how it looked. After a while admiring her face, she steeled herself and let her robe drop around her. Even though she didn't have many expectations, she was still a bit shocked to see that her shoulders hadn't gotten that much narrower and that she'd stayed the same height. But seeing her shoulders or her height didn't hurt anymore. Her hips had grown a surprising amount and her breasts were smaller than she had thought but they just fit her perfectly. Her skin had the same scars and the same spots and moles but it looked so different, it was amazing that it looked so vastly different as a whole without her being able to tell any component of why. It was an overwhelming amount of bliss. She was so filled with it that she called her magic not for a spell, but just to open her mind to it and let it bask in her radiant joy. It was debated by scholars

if there might be a consciousness associated with magic, but even if there wasn't she needed to share the feeling.

There was so much about her body that felt right, but there was so much more she hadn't even known to imagine. What caught her curiosity first were her breasts, Luna had never been intimate with anyone before, mainly due to intimacy with another requiring intimate awareness of yourself. She had only learned about breasts through magic designed to heal them, and she was curious how they felt. She found that they were firmer than she had expected, but only in the middle. They were soft closer to the surface, she hadn't expected the layers to feel different like that. She continued exploring, finding that her other breast was slightly larger and that her nipples had also grown. That was how they felt to touch, but how did they feel to be touched? She had only been poking at them up to that point, she lightly ran a finger along the bottom of one of her breasts and suddenly felt an incredible tingling sensation spread out from below her belly button.

She wasn't expecting to feel that, she shifted her weight as she tried to figure out what that was. She was suddenly very aware of her vulva. She instinctively shied away from the feeling but brought herself back after reminding herself that the spell had worked. She brought a hand down to try and feel what was going on. Her vulva was really sensitive and as she explored how that felt she realized that her fingers were getting wet, and also sliding a bit easier? Was that there from the start? No it would have dried out from lying on the floor for an hour. "wait was... the fuck? Was that an orgasm?" it was the best sexual pleasure Luna had ever felt, but it was still really surprising. "from just touching my breast?" she stood there dumbfounded for another couple of minutes before realizing that she finally had a voice that she actually liked (and that she should drink something, her throat was a bit sore)

the spell had been her whole plan for the day, all that was left to do was eat something and go to bed, but now she really wanted to figure this out. After she ate first, though. She put her robe back on and went to get some stew left over from breakfast, accidentally knocking into a table as she tried to go past. She loved how her hips looked, but it would definitely take some time to adjust herself to them now that they'd changed.

Her mind raced as she ate, she had tried to masturbate before, but it was never enjoyable and she was always filled with self loathing afterwards. She had known that the spell could change everything in her life for the better, but she hadn't expected anything to do with sex. Honestly she'd tried her best not to think about sex at all, but now? With a body she actually liked? That's an entirely new thing she could choose to

explore. Once she'd finished her stew and had some tea, she cleaned up and went back to her bedroom (carefully so as to not accrue more bruises).

The sun was setting and streaming beautiful light into her bedroom when she got back to it. Luna went and laid down on her bed, and thought, for a while. Fairly soon she started thinking back on the sexual feelings she used to try so hard to distance herself from. "a couple of times i really felt like pressing something into the area that's now my vagina..." she trailed off. Even if she knew it wouldn't hurt like it had before when her body wasn't right, her defences were still up. Eventually she reached up to touch her breast again, to see if it would feel the same way it had before. "hmm" it didn't feel the same as it did before, that weird tingly sensation didn't come back. It did feel nice though, so she didn't stop.

Her crotch started demanding more of her attention as she continued, eventually she stopped, deliberated, and gingerly reached down with the intent to put a finger inside herself. Her motions were a bit jerky. Once she brought her hand down she hesitated, hovering over her crotch. She forced her hand the rest of the way down. It definitely felt interesting to have her hand cupped over her vulva, but that wasn't the feeling she was trying to explore right now. She started poking around with her index finger. Her vagina opened right where it always felt like something should, and there was more fluid than there had been the first time she'd felt down there. Eventually she got the nerve to move her finger from around the opening to inside it. it felt nice, she hadn't ever had something inside her like this, and just putting that finger in made her squirm a little. Physically it was a nice feeling, but emotionally? This was something she never knew that she always wanted. The finger in her felt nice but the fact that she was able to put it in in the first place? She started tearing up again, and just lied there taking in that she could be so much more than she ever even knew to want.

Eventually she got up, not quite ready to sleep yet, and went to see what she could wear other than just the shapeless robe. She knew that clothes that would have fit her wouldn't fit her new frame... except that she never wore anything that wasn't intentionally oversized. She dressed herself with ones that she used to avoid wearing, the fit had been too close to her actual size and that was a risk she couldn't have taken before, but now? She took a while to pin the excess fabric to get a proper fit, still loose and comfy, but now the clothes were at least approximately complimenting her body. She'd have to experiment a lot to find out what clothes she liked to see herself in, but at least she had something to wear for tomorrow. She used her magic to stitch the seams marked with the pins, and cut the excess off in a way that it could be re-attached (if you had access to magic at least). after she stored the excess fabric away, the events of the day caught up to her and she felt that she was ready to sleep.

She takes off her clothes and gets into bed. After she gets comfortable, she feels that she can finally have a future to look forward to, the possibility in the days ahead feels so incredibly freeing as she closes her eyes and drifts off.