


PART 7:
**RECKLESS PUBLIC
PRACTICE OF
MAGIC**

Alright,
Horodamus,


what did
you do this
time?





A 3D rendered character with purple hair, pointed ears, and red markings on their face. They are wearing a white cardigan over a dark top and are sitting at a desk with an open book. A speech bubble is positioned above their head.

Wait...!
you're not
Horodamus!

A 3D rendered woman with brown hair pulled back, blue eyes, and a blue bikini top. She has a confused expression with her mouth slightly open and hands clasped in front of her. Two speech bubbles are positioned to her right. The top bubble contains the text "Wh... where am I?" and the bottom bubble contains "Wh... what just happened?".


Wh... where
am I?

Wh...
what just
happened?

What happened indeed.

Alright, let's see what you were brought in for...





Reckless
public practice
of magic.

tsk-tsk

Well girl,
aren't you in for
a whole heap
of trouble.

The Society
does not take
oath-breaking
lightly...



But I...



Shh!

Who are
you anyway?

I'm...

Rob
Harper,

Huh... you
don't look much
like a Rob...

What's with
parents these
days and giving
their kids such
usual names?


Age... 24.



Twenty
-four?!

You're
just a child!

So that's why
I've never seen
you before!



Have you
even taken the
Oath yet!?

Uh...
no?

Well then
somebody's parents
are in for a whole
heap of trouble!

Letting their
untrained kid run
around among
the unsighted
unsupervised!

With not even
with a familiar
to keep them out
of trouble!

Who are
your parents,
child?



Hold on,
don't even
bother saying
anything...

The answer
will be right
here...

Wait...

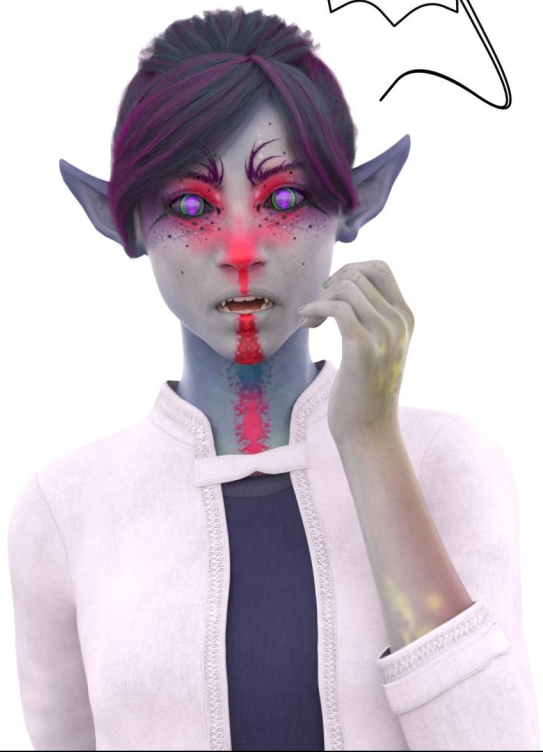
What...?

Both
parents... are
human...? And
unsighted?

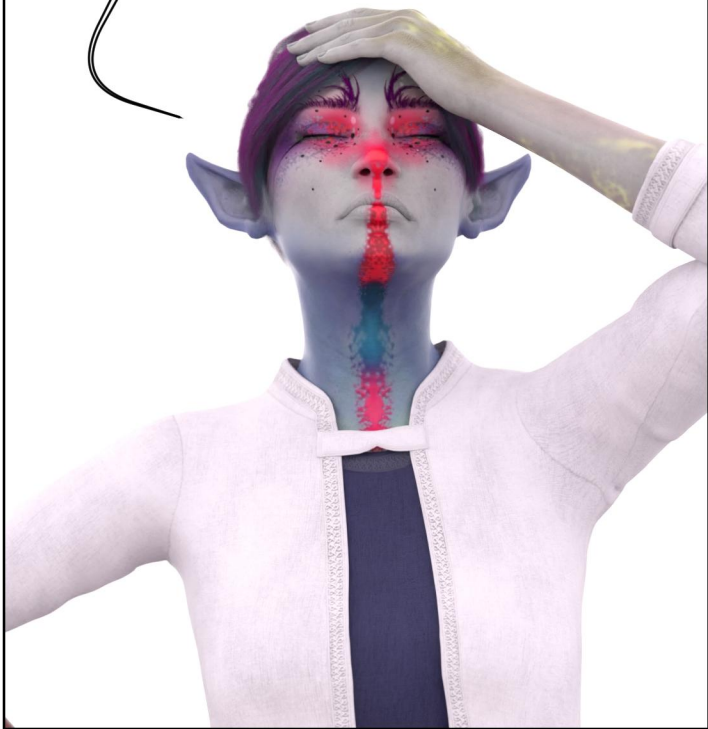


By the stars!

You're new!



Oh snails!
now I feel
like such an
arse!



*Oh you
sweet poor
thing!*

*You must
be so confused
and terrified!*





Let's try
this again:
I'm Mira.

And I'm so
sorry about
reading you the
riot act!

Most of the
people who are
summoned to my
desk are
hooligans and
malcontents.

Always
trying to push
the boundaries
of their oath.

And like a
fool, I mistook
you for one
of them.

And this,
as you might
guess, is my
office.

This is a
special place the
enchantment that
protects the world from
magical misuse sends
any trouble-makers
for judgement.



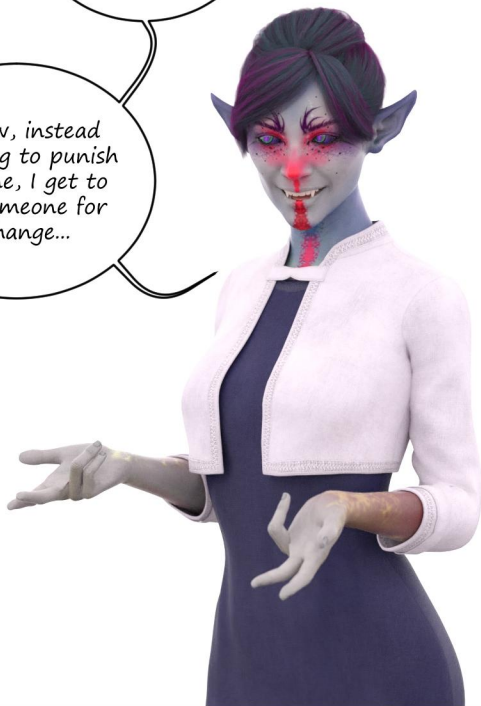


And it
thought I was
a trouble
maker?

Yes, but
through no
fault of your
own.

You can't
break an oath
you haven't
taken.

So now, instead
of having to punish
someone, I get to
help someone for
a change...



But to do that, I need to have a closer look at you.


Hmm...
Sylvan in nature, with human proportions and a reddish complexion.



And a lovely shade of hair and long pointy ears...

Long?
Wait, aren't they short and subtle?





These don't
look short and
subtle to me!

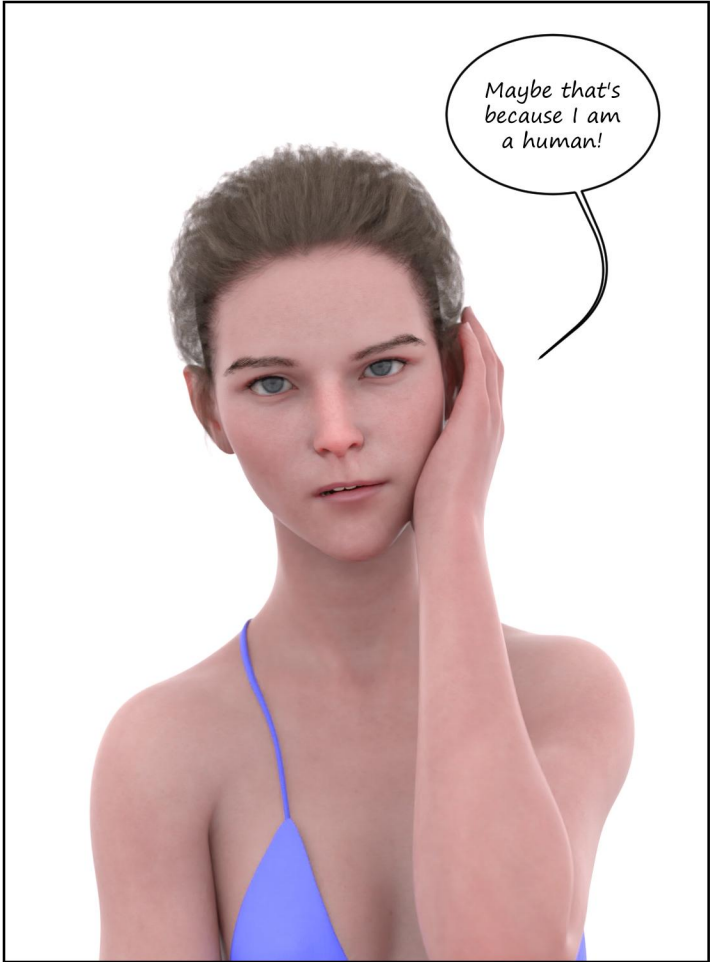
Ow!

Hmm...
interesting.
You can't see
through your
own glamour.

It's *disguising*
you from yourself
just as it would hide
your true form
from a human...

It's as if
your glamour
is mistaking your
own mind for a
human's!



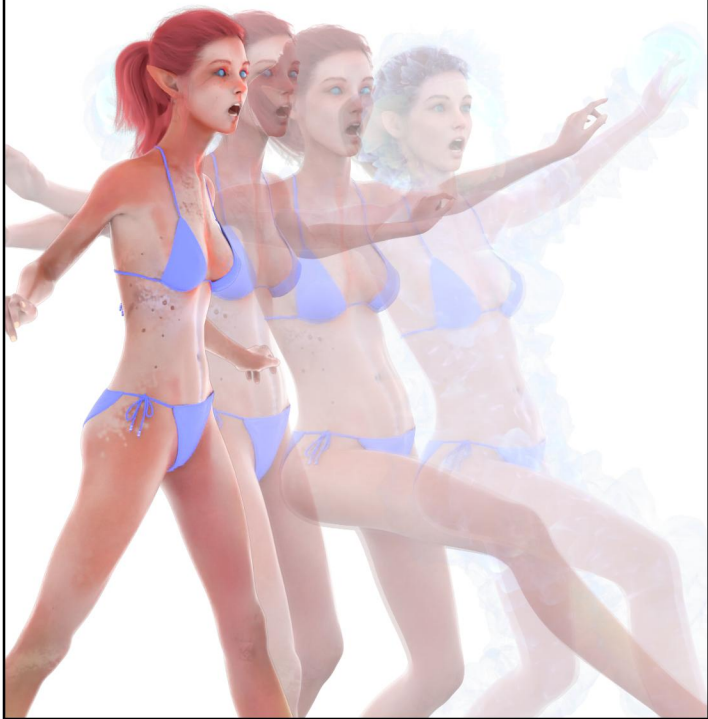


Maybe that's
because I am
a human!

*Oh you
sweet naive
girl...*



*...you are
not human
at all!*






You are
one of the
Fae!

Just
like me!

Here,
look!

Snap!


Poof!



But how...?

I edited that
enchantment
so that I'd be a
human with
magic!

Why did
it make me
a fairy?



*Hold on, what
enchantment?*

*That's weird,
these seem
slightly bigger...*

My friend
brought over
some enchanted
berries last
night.

They turned
me into a girl
who could cast
magic, so I...





Hold that
thought...

Magic
shop...

Enchanted
fruit... wishing
magic...



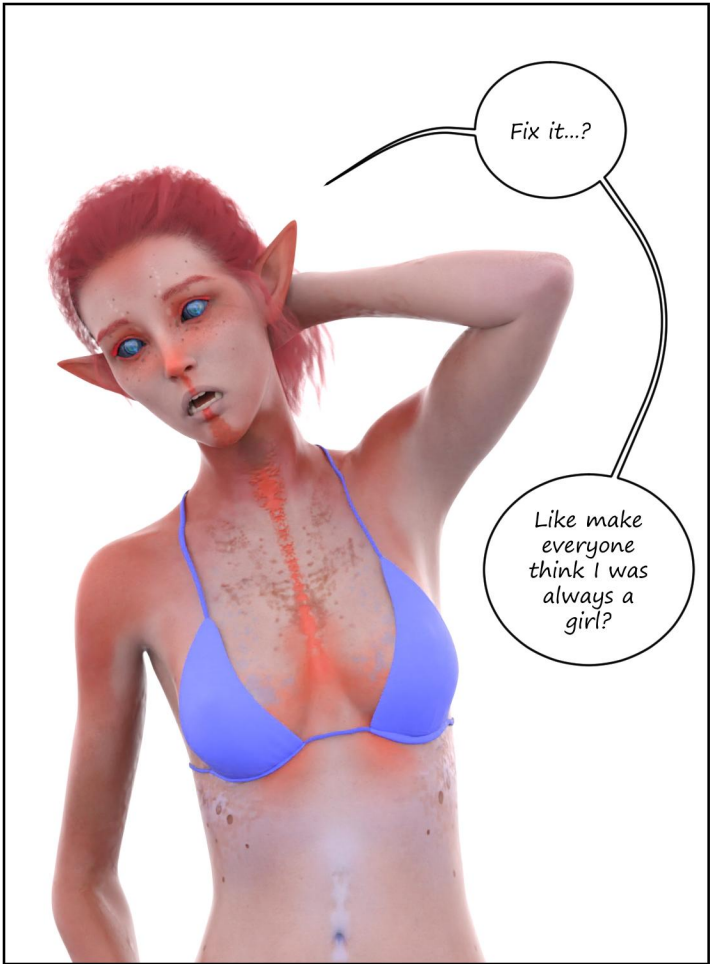
Sigh...
oh Gildamore,
what are you
up to this
time?



Hold on...
you used to
be a boy?

Well, that
explains the
name...

Oh dear,
we'll have to
fix that..



Fix it...?

Like make
everyone
think I was
always a
girl?

How many
people do you
know?

And how
many people
have simply
heard of you?

That's a
lot of minds
to track down
and alter. We
would need a
complex spell.
Or preferably,
an expert practiced
in casting that
sort of magic.

It would be
easier to change
history itself so
that you had
been born
a girl!



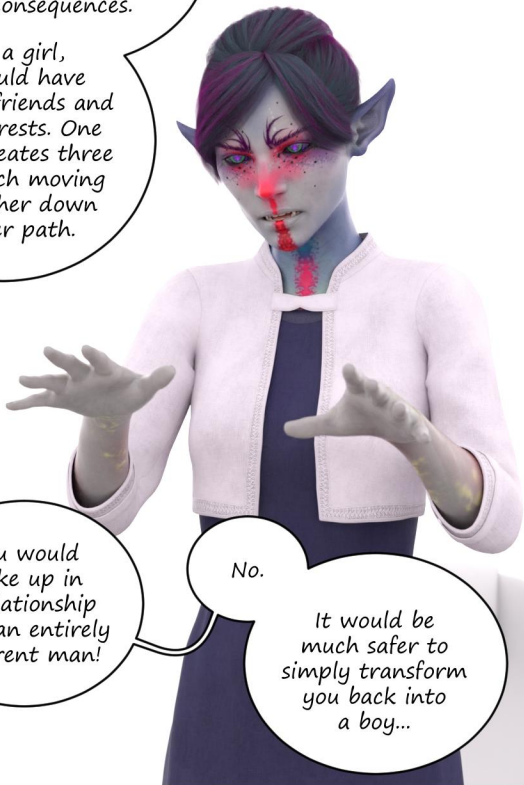
But using magic to change history is dangerous, with many unintended consequences.

Born a girl, you would have different friends and new interests. One change creates three more, each moving you further down another path.

You would wake up in a relationship with an entirely different man!

No.


It would be much safer to simply transform you back into a boy...





But I don't
want to go
back to being
my boring
old self!

I want to
be the woman
I've become!



*Oh stop
being such
a child!*

*Even those
of us with magic
at our fingertips
can't always get
what we want!*

*Without my
help, how did you
plan on adopting
your new female
identity?*

*How were you
going to explain
your transformation
to family and
friends?*




Well so far
I've just been
showing them
magic...

Which will
send you right
back here if you
do it again outside
of the privacy of
your own
home!

And even if
I were to let
you continue
doing that...

...it's not a
permanent
solution!





*Because
of how many
people I'd have
to show my
magic to?*

No, because
they won't
remember it
for long.

You must have
noticed at least a
few of your friends
struggling to recall
the events of
last night.



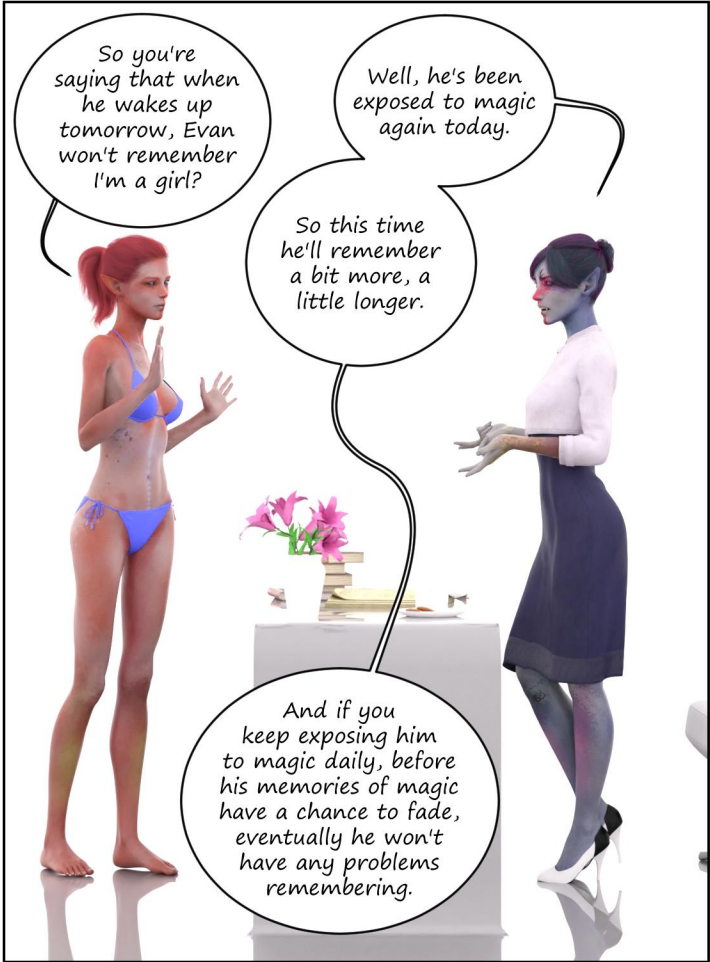


Yeah, my
boyfriend Evan and
my friend Dave seemed
to think last night was
just a dream when
they woke up this
morning.

Which is completely normal for the majority of people after an encounter with magic.

Without repeated exposures to magic, ordinary people will forget about their experiences with it.





So you're saying that when he wakes up tomorrow, Evan won't remember I'm a girl?

Well, he's been exposed to magic again today.

So this time he'll remember a bit more, a little longer.

And if you keep exposing him to magic daily, before his memories of magic have a chance to fade, eventually he won't have any problems remembering.

However,
exposing people
to magic on a daily
basis to help them
remember it will
only get you
so far.

You might be
able to pull it off
for friends and family
who live in or visit
your home every
day...

But you
can't invite all of
your coworkers,
teachers, and peers
home for daily
visits!

And if you
tried, I'd drag
you back here for
a few words!



So changing
you back into a
boy is the safest
course of action
for now.

And later,
after you've
mastered a few
basic spells...

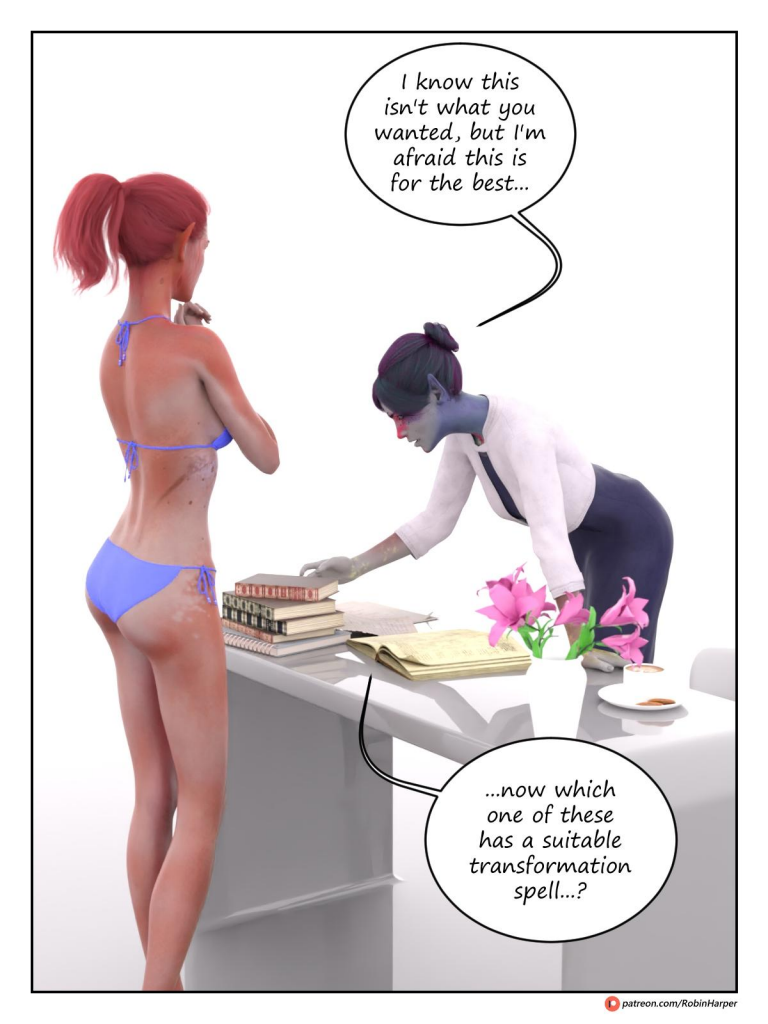
...I can find
you a mentor
to teach you some
transformation
magic.



And then, once
you've mastered the
ability to transform, you
can freely spend your time
as a woman in private
with no one the
wiser...

We all have
our needs and
desires, but keeping
magic a secret from the
world at large takes
precedence over
everything else.





I know this isn't what you wanted, but I'm afraid this is for the best...

...now which one of these has a suitable transformation spell...?

Ah! This
one should
have a good
one!





Wait!


What is
it now?





The
glamour!

What about
the glamour!?



What
about it?

Can't I use it
to look like my old
self, but physically
remain a woman
beneath it's
illusion?

You
could...

...but your
glamour works
best when the
shape you project
is close to what's
physically
beneath.

So you'd
want to pad
your clothing
and bind your
chest.

And you
would have to
do that for the
rest of your
life!





Actually, I
wouldn't need
to disguise myself
for the rest
of my life...

...I'll just use
the glamour to
make it look like
I am gradually
transitioning into
a woman!

**Sigh*...*

*...a slow magical
transformation
is still a magical
transformation!*





What?

No!

This won't
look like magic
is at work
at all!

It will look like
I am changing
my gender by
taking hormones
and undergoing
surgery!

Oh...
right.

I forgot that
the unsighted
are capable of
that now...



So if I use the
glamour that way,
faking a transition,
can I stay a
woman?

I suppose...
no one would be
any wiser to the
existence of magic
after all.



Oh!

I wonder if
that is why
Gildamore
sent you my
way!



He is the
Society's leading
expert in magical
precognition...

So at first
glance, having the
foresight to know those
berries would kick off a
chain of events that
would gift you
with magic...

...but then not
following through
and leaving you to
your own devices
would appear to
be careless on
his part.

But he also knew
you would be sent
my way the moment
you tried casting any
magic outside of
your home...



And what
could I offer you
that he couldn't
offer other than a good
scolding?

Well he
might be a
wizard, but he
is still only
human.

And the best
kind of person to
teach you how to use
your glamour would
be another Fae!



You know,
to take that
further...

He would have
also predicated that
you would also try to
stay female when you
modified the berry's
spell to keep your
magic.

And he must
have known that the
closest real world magic
to your fictional Elf's
magic is Fae magic!

He knew
you would
become one
of us Fae!

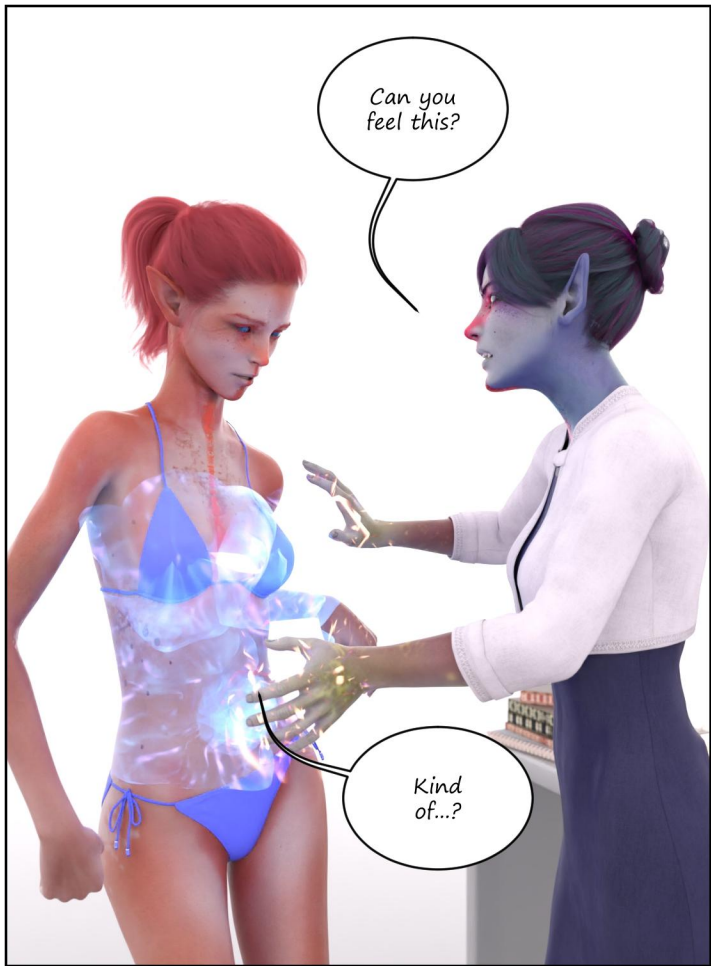


*Gildamore
didn't leave
you to your
own devices...*

*...he sent you
on the exact path
that would provide
you with everything
you would need, not
just for magic...*

*But to also
remain a
woman!*





Can you
feel this?

Kind
of...?



Good.
This is your
glamour.

Even though
I nullified it
earlier, it's still
here, waiting for
you to bring
it back.



So now that
you know where
it is, take hold
if it...



Shape it.



And
restore it!

exhale...!



Well, that's
a start, I
suppose...

Now, let's
see if you can
make yourself
look like a
man!



Stand in
front of the
mirror and
imagine your
old self.

*Visualize
yourself as
that person.*



*And lock
that image
into your
glamour!*



Hold on!
Did you have
breasts when
you were a
man?

Um no?

Then try
it again!





Were your features that delicate, your skin that hairless?

No...

Well then,
stop thinking
of yourself as a the
woman you are and
imagine yourself
as the man
you were!






How's
this?

You tell
me!



Alright,
fine. I'll try
one more
time!



There. Are
you happy
now?

If you're
happy with
the results,
then I'm
happy.

A blue-skinned elf with pointed ears, red markings on her face and neck, and a white cardigan over a dark blue dress. She is holding a glowing book with the text '*Poof*' written on it. The book is surrounded by radiating lines, suggesting it is magical or powerful. She has a slight, knowing smile.

Now
then....

With that out
of the way, it
appears that jump
starting your
education starts
with me.

Poof

You'll need
to start to
this:

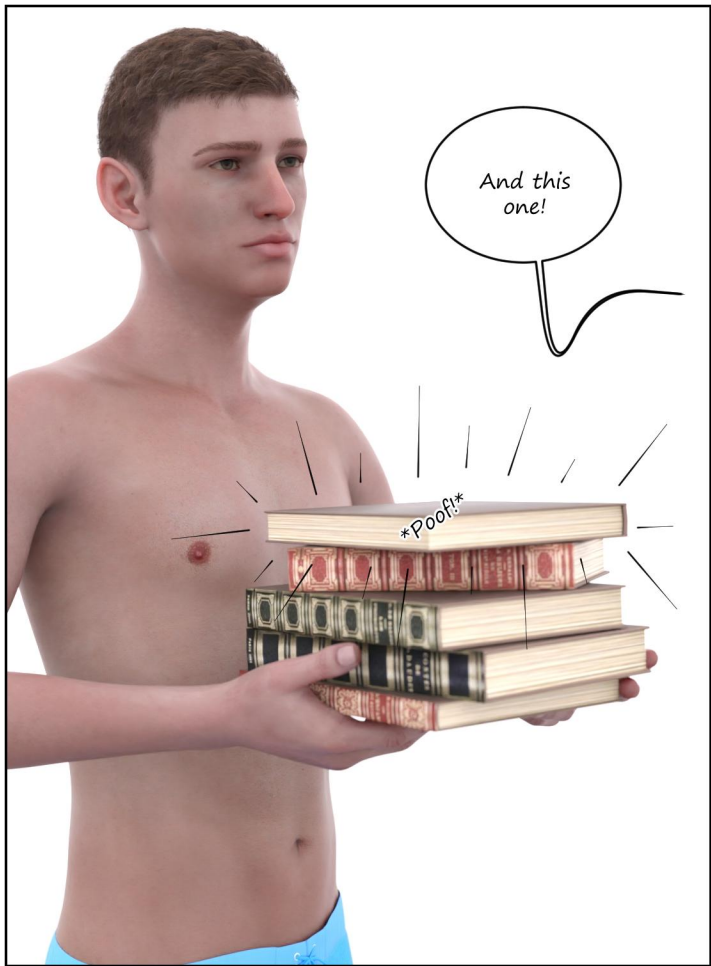
a handbook
on our rules
of professional
conduct and
Society law.

And these
magical
primers!

Poof!

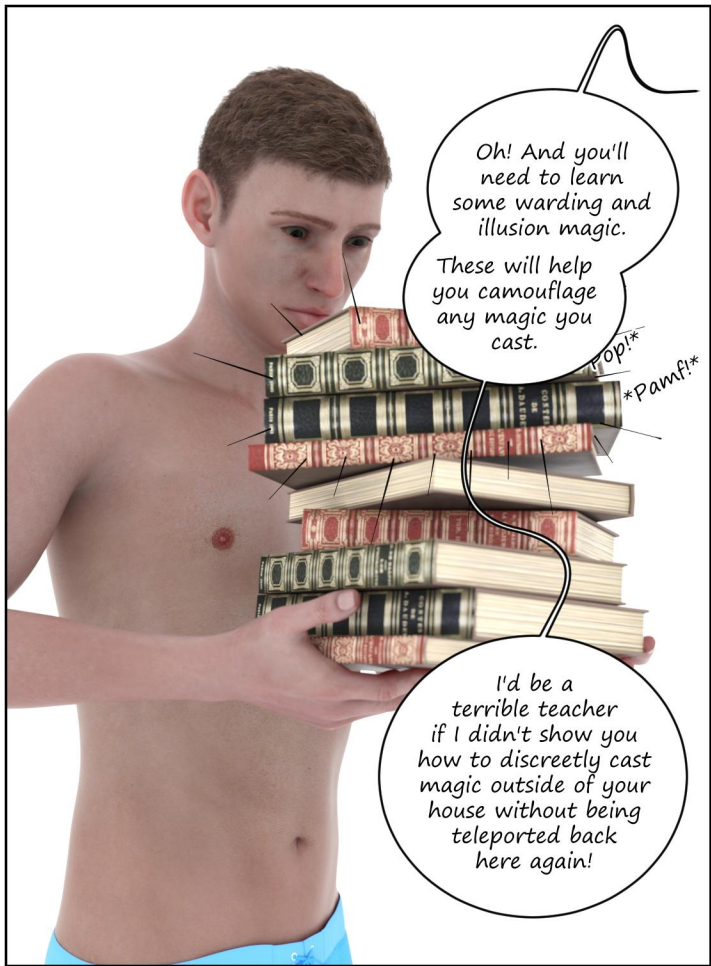
Pop!

Pamf!



And this
one!

Poof!



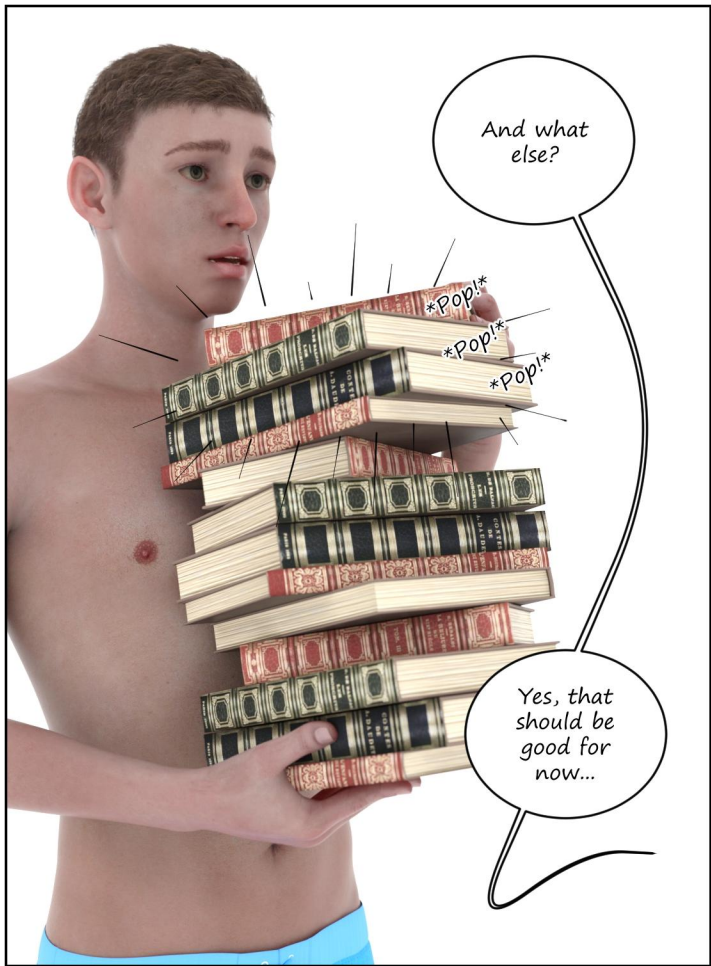
Oh! And you'll need to learn some warding and illusion magic.

These will help you camouflage any magic you cast.

Pop!

Pamf!

I'd be a terrible teacher if I didn't show you how to discreetly cast magic outside of your house without being teleported back here again!



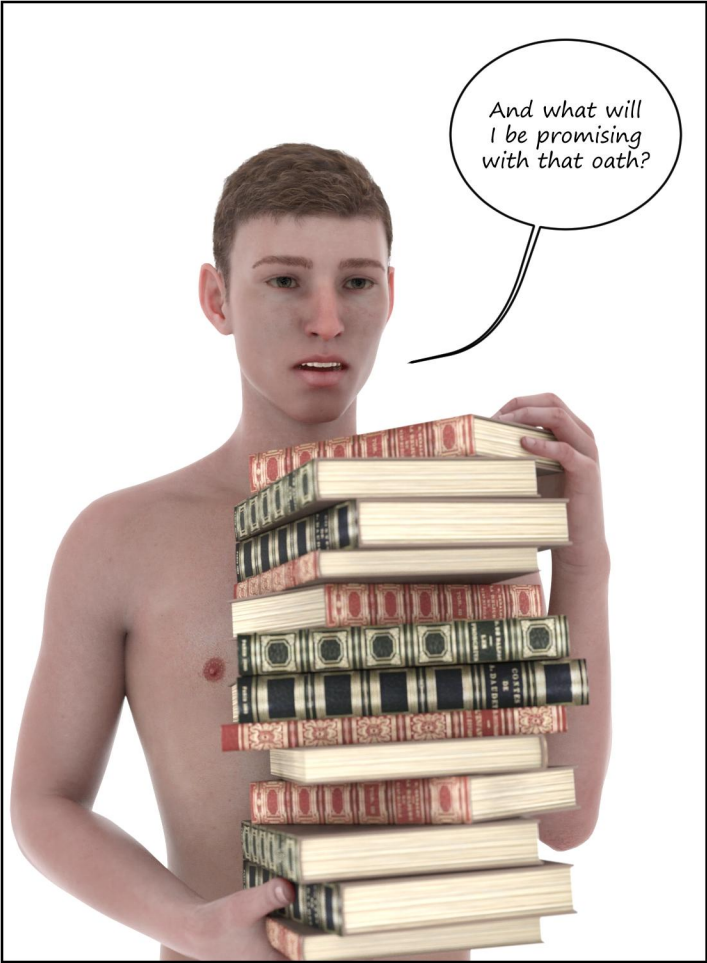
And what else?

Yes, that should be good for now...

Okay...

So, concentrate
on that first book,
it'll prepare you for
the Oath you'll
take next week!



A 3D rendered young man with short brown hair and a red mark on his chest is holding a large stack of books. The books have various spines, including red, gold, and black. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing the text: "And what will I be promising with that oath?"

And what will
I be promising
with that oath?

To keep
magic a
secret of
course!

Discovering
a new magic
user like yourself
once every blue
moon can be
fun!

But supervising
and teaching just
one person in how to
use magic safely takes
a lot of time and
effort.




So imagine if the whole world knew about magic!

Millions of people would be trying to cast magic all at once!

And being untrained and inexperienced, many of them would make mistakes!





And when you
make a mistake
while messing around
with the underlying
fabric of the
universe...

...bad things
happen!

Anyhow, it's
all in the book!

And since
your friends are
all aware of magic,
I should safely be
able to send you
back just as
you are!



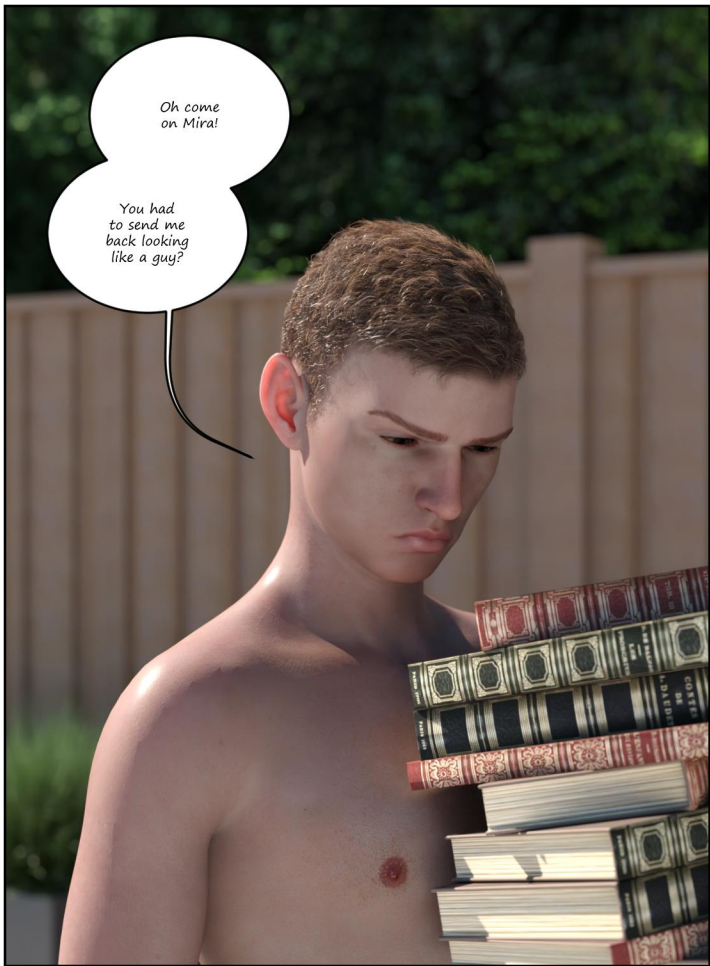
Wait!
What do you
mean by 'as
I...!'






*Oh come
on Mira!*

*You had
to send me
back looking
like a guy?*






I thought
you said you
didn't know how
to transform
back into your
old self!

What?

No... I
didn't know
how...



Hold on...
how long have
I been gone?



How long
have you been
gone? Robin,
you never left!

Weird...

Well this
isn't a trans-
formation...

...my
appearance
is just an
illusion.

It might not
look like it, but
I'm still wearing
a bikini!

The lady who
gave me these
books taught me
how to do this.



Lady?

Yeah some
sort of magical
police officer
or warden.

She interrupted
me when I
summoned a small
ball of fire in my
hand.

She teleported me into her office,

chewed me out for trying to cast magic in public,

taught me how to change my glamour,

and then she gave me all of these books to read.



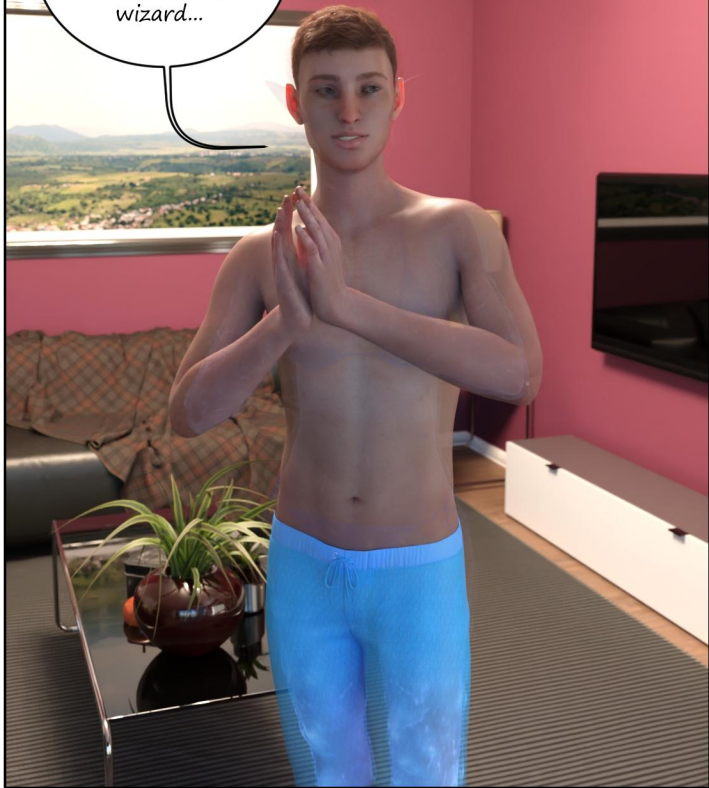


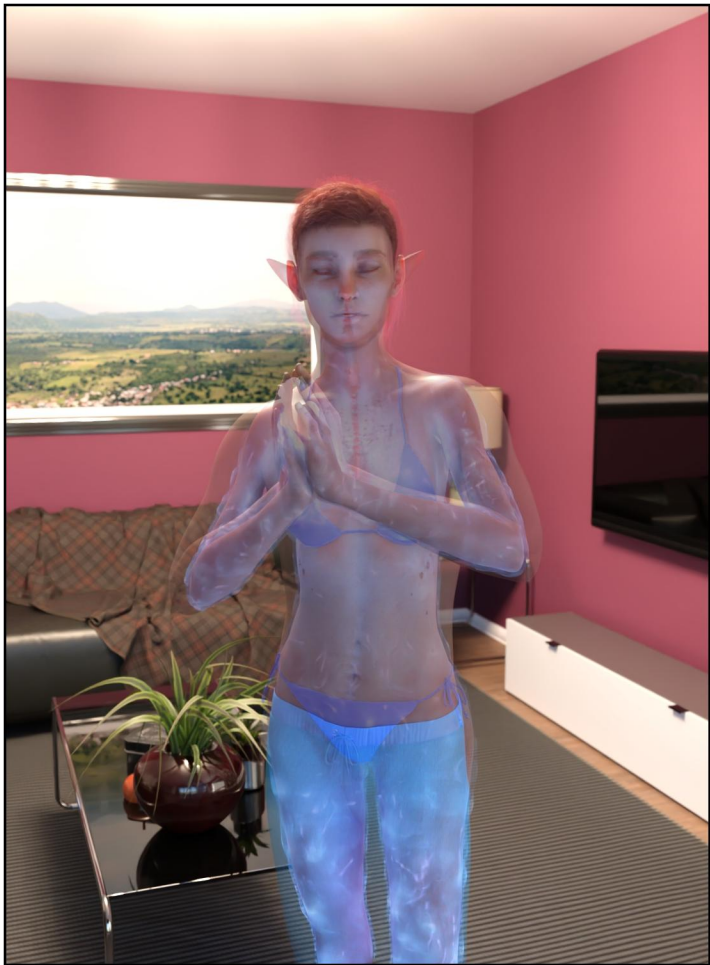
Glamour?

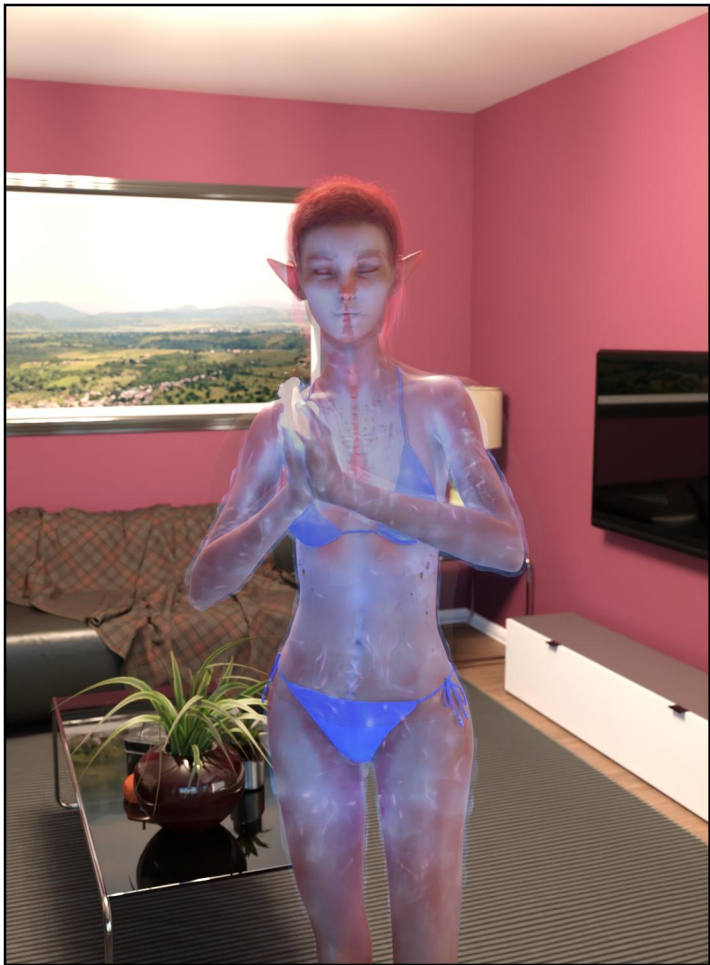
Well, I know
I keep on asking
you not to get
angry this
morning...

...but you guys
were probably on
to something when
you pointed out
how Elf-obsessed
I am.

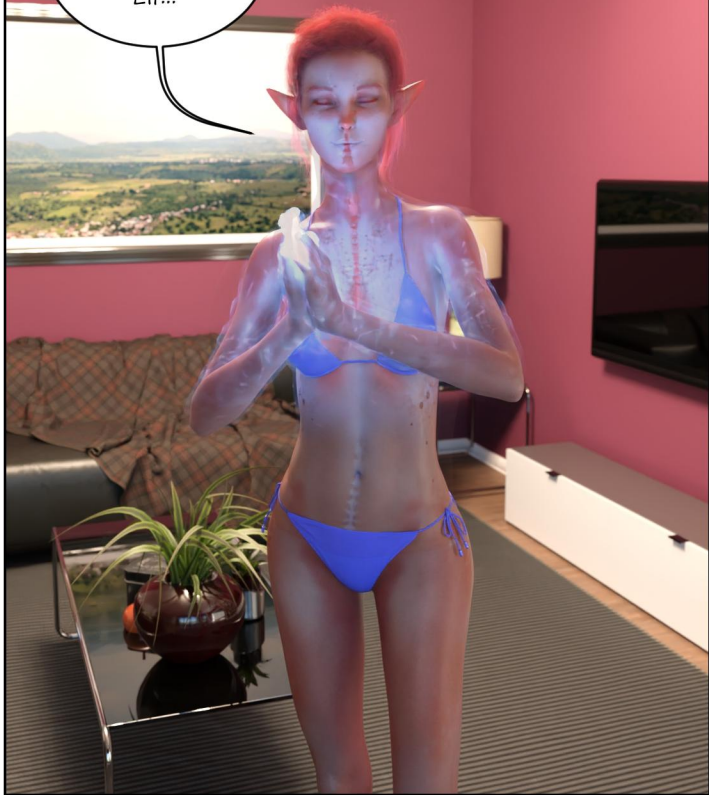
Because
apparently I didn't
just turn myself
into a female
wizard...







...I became
the next closest
thing to an
Elf...





A fairy!

Sigh...

*Oh my god,
Evan! Do you see
those teeth!?*

*I hope you're
not planning on
sticking your dick
in that razor
sharp maw!*



*This doesn't
add up.*



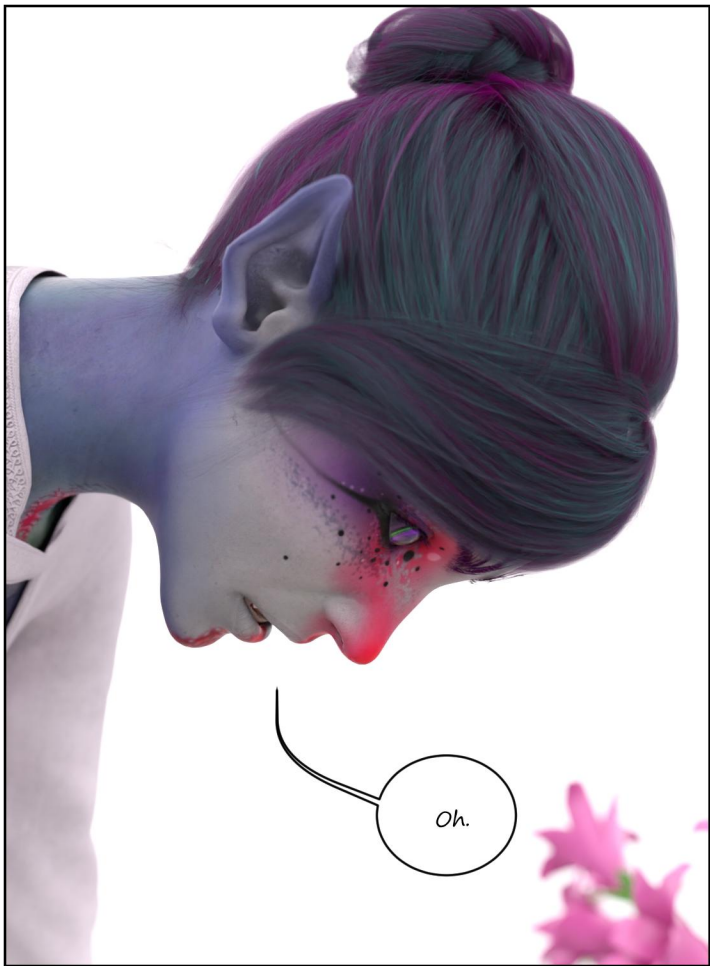
If Gildamore
wanted to find
every stray kitten
who could cast
magic, we'd be
swimming
in them!

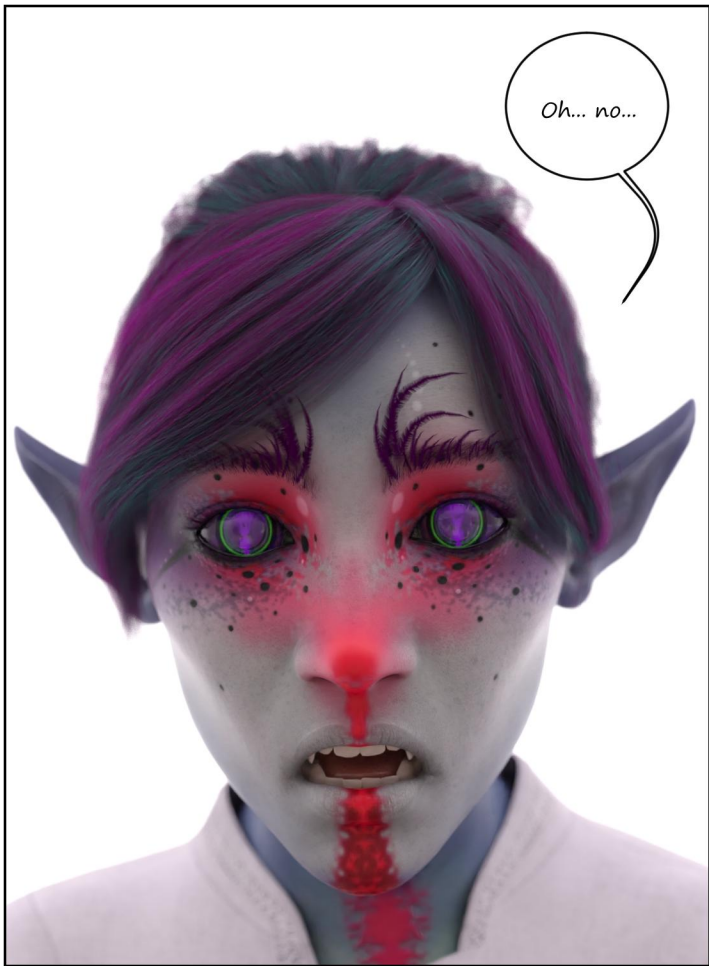
And then
this job would
be too much
for me to
handle!



So tell me
Book, what's so
special about
this girl?





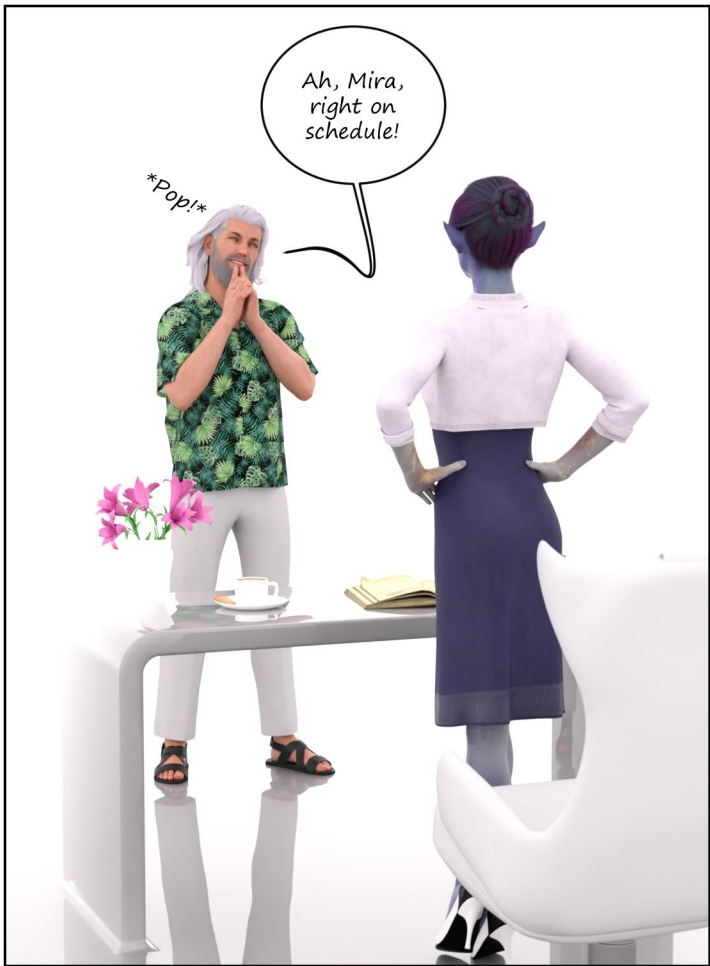


Oh... no...



That's it! I've
had enough of
this!

It's time
for some real
answers!



*Oh shove
it up your
ass, Gild!*

*We are dealing
with a serious
situation where we
don't have room
for any of your
games!*



Oh no
Mira, I have
to disagree.

At this moment
the game is our only
hope to get through
this with the world
intact.

And I must
put every ounce of
my concentration into
this game, where every
action I take and each
word I speak could have
dire consequences if I
mis-play them!

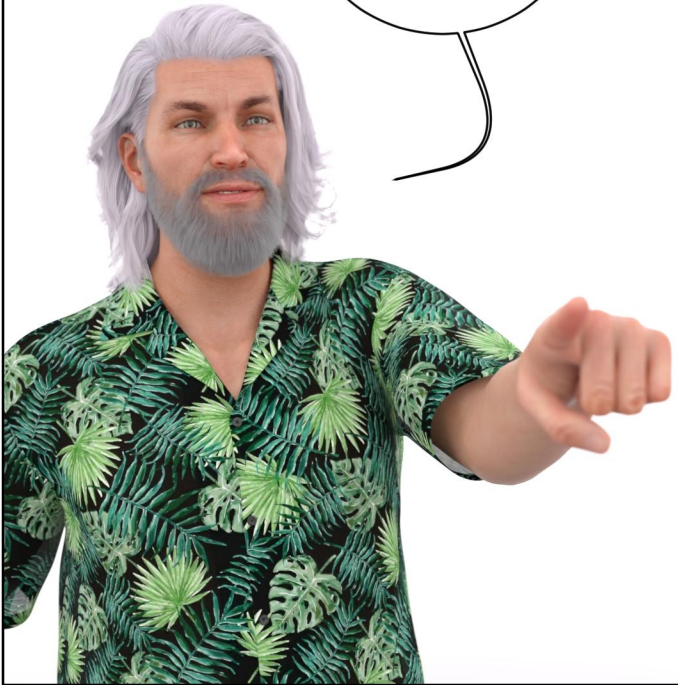


Right...

And I suppose
this is the part
where you tell me
that you can't tell
me the plan, because
it will throw you off
your game.



*Says the
woman who just
a moment ago flat
out lied to that sweet
girl about why we
all keep magic a
secret!*



You know
as well as I that
secrets aren't
always for our
benefit...

...sometimes
we are forced
to keep things
secret in order
to protect
others!



But have
no fear dear
Mira...

...in this
case, I can tell
you all about
my secret
scheme...

...in fact,
for it to work,
I have no choice
but to tell you
my plan!





But I'm
afraid...

...that you
won't like
it.

You won't
like it one
bit!