

WORKING GALS

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“Ugh. Is Kazuma still asleep again? We need to start our walk!”

The shrill complaints called out by the explosion mage, Megumin, were certainly of the hypocritical sort. She had only just awoken herself, and it was *well* past noon. Kazuma, on the other hand, could still be heard snoring up a storm in the room of their shared manor, while Aqua and Darkness had clearly gone out to work on their own jobs early in the morning.

But the mage hadn't intended on doing any work that day, anyways. Not at least until she had completed her traditional, daily adventure with Kazuma. It was a task of the utmost importance, one that made life worth living (*in her own opinion*)! Without this routine, surely she would fade into obscurity as an explosion mage, destined to live homeless on the street while doing a special kind of favors to the passersby just to live!

It was all very dramatic, but this was the story she gave the boy every time he tried to weasel out of going. Kazuma was a better guy than he acted at times, which made him far too easy to *manipulate*. Or so she believed that was what she was doing, while in truth he was just playing along for the hell of it. The trip in question? A trip out to a castle far on the village territory's outskirts, where she would let her daily explosion spell fly!

...Much to the dismay of the demons occupying it.



While the people of Axel tolerated this behavior? In truth, there was a shortage of workers as of late. Many of the adventurers, and even the guild staff member Luna herself, had all come down with a disease that had left them bedridden for over a week. There was far too much work piling up for *anyone* to plausibly go off gallivanting while in the adventurer profession, and as a result they had earned the ire of some of the fellow guild members.

“I guess I’ll take a bath before he wakes up, then.” Not wanting to laze around until he got his sorry ass up, and fond of spending time in their mansion’s open bath, Megumin wasted no time in shuffling into the changing room that was attached to the bathing area. **“Huh? Did Aqua or Darkness forget to drain it when they left this morning?”** But when she got into the changing room, she

could see steam wafting in from under the sliding door that led out to the bath.

Well, she didn’t really think all that much of it, honestly. Those two could be forgetful (not that she could talk *at all*), and if the bath was already drawn then that saved her a step. So after stripping down and tying a white towel around her torso, she headed into the steaming bathing area. Unaware of the fact that the clothing she had left folded on the bench? It changed into blue shorts, a white top, and a collar with a crimson bow.

“I wonder if Aqua bought a new soap?” As soon as she stepped into the bath itself, a delightful fragrance she had never smelled before greeted her. It was floral – probably too floral to suit Kazuma’s tastes – and she wagered it was mixed in with the bathwater. It *had* been, but not by any of her friends. In fact, what was mixed in was a *special* brew that had been *gifted* to them by overworked members of the Adventurer’s Guild.

We’ll say to ‘*inspire*’ them to get working and help out.

Aqua and Darkness had already bathed in it earlier that morning and had been subjected to its magical effects, but now? It was absolutely Megumin’s turn. All that was required of her was... Well, there she went, sitting down in the pleasant, warm bath water.

“At least the others already left. That means that I can just relax until Kazuma wakes up!” Megumin felt quite chipper now that she was in the water, the moisture soaking into her flesh and bones. Normally, if she bathed too early Aqua or Darkness would opt to bother her for the entire session, but today? She could just kick back, tilt her head, close her eyes, and let the warm comfort of this nice smelling bath wash over her.

And well, the nice smelling bath really *did* have effects that were washing over her. It was difficult to see with her eyes presently *closed*, but the crimson color that was so typical of her clan’s genetics was lightening, with her irises instead taking on a golden glow in its place. Not only that, but the fourteen year old’s lashes grew substantially longer, and even the shapes of those eyes filled out some – eliminating the sharp corners that were, once again, typical of her clan’s people.

Megumin let a comfortable sigh escape her lips as she leaned back against the bath’s wall a little more. She was ignorant to the fact that the water was slowly altering the body that it was interacting with, and that included the fact that her body’s skin tone had lightened several shades of pigment. Idly, without opening her eyes, she cupped some water in her hands and dropped it over the hair on her head.

What was much *more* obvious could be seen in the girl’s hair. From the day she had been born she had been a brunette, undeniably so, but the full length of it appeared to gradually be lightening. At first into a sandier brown, ultimately it shifted into the realm of a golden blonde that was much lighter at the base than it was at the tips.

These locks gradually took on a much more lustrous volume and began to curl near the base – a base that seemed to stretch in the back, for Megumin’s hair grew to reach just past her shoulders, though since she was wet she didn’t really notice. Even the style of the girl’s bangs was altered, with them all lifting to reveal her forehead, a long length curling to the right and a slightly shorter length framing the left.

“Hm? I wonder what they put in the water? It’s making me feel all tingly, and not really in a bad way.” She didn’t open her eyes to check, because she didn’t expect her friends would put anything dangerous in the bathwater, but it was clearly having an effect beneath the towel she had draped over herself even *in* the water so that Kazuma wouldn’t see her naked. ...*Again*.

Her nipples were erect for one, and they could be seen poking out of the towel’s underside. They had swollen several coin sizes larger and were denser to boot, but what was more shocking was what built *beneath* them. Breasts that were supposed to be essentially *nothing* appeared to

be pushing the towel's fold forward. It was just a little at first, but the phenomenon seemed to be building speed, until finally... "**WAH!?**" Megumin couldn't afford to keep her eyes shut any longer, not as her towel popped open and a pair of DD-cup tits blasted out just above the water's surface with a splash. "**Wh-Wh-Wh-What!?**" The surprise of it all provoked her into jumping up onto her feet, and just that action alone caused these tits to bounce – at least until she grabbed them. They were huge and heavy! The tits she'd always dreamed she'd have!

"What's... going on here?" As much as she wanted to celebrate, the tactile part of her brain was trying to figure out what had brought this ample growth about. She accepted their presence a little *too* quickly, and her previous excitement waned enough for her to let them go. "**Woah!?**" But not before she almost fell back into the water, courtesy of her hips suddenly swinging wide.

They had done so for good reason. With her towel dropped into the pool, it was easy to see that the cheeks of her ass were coming to make good use of the space allotted by widened hips, quickly inflating into a plump peach shape that was perky and appealing. If she were to walk from that point on, a cheek would enticingly rise and fall, with a slight jiggle applied to thighs that had become similarly thicker.

Megumin was in awe of herself. This wasn't her body, was it? But it somehow felt right. Normal. And there was another feeling, too. *Guilt? Why am I here bathing when the guild needs my help!?* It was certainly a strange thought for Megumin to have, all things considered.

Warm water droplets dripped from her body, but they appeared to be taking longer to hit the bottom than they probably should have – because the girl had begun to grow taller. At her original height, she looked something like a shortstack with her huge jugs and bountilicious beauty, but with a little time her height grew to about 5'4", and so that excess weight was left to look much more natural – with Megumin herself left looking *stunning*.

It was evident that she was no longer fourteen years old. As she'd grown taller, lips had swelled to be more luscious, and her overall facial design had lengthened and matured. Rather than a young girl, she better fulfilled the role of a woman in her twenties. A woman that mentally thought very highly of her job and the responsibilities that she was obligated to oversee as a result. To those ends, she began tapping a bare thigh with a lengthened finger. One that was uncharacteristically manicured for Megumin, but not for the woman that she had become.

“**L... Oh my!**” Standing tall in the bath, her towel no longer able to obscure her ample, *ample* curves, *Luna* stood in awe of herself. From her big, perky tits to her wide hips and plump ass, it was the type of body that Megumin had always been curious about having. And now she had it. “**There must have been something in the water... Did they need my help that badly?**” But from the way the woman spoke, to the way she cupped a cheek with a hand, she didn’t really *seem* like Megumin.

She was acting every part the kind, mature Adventurer Guild desk clerk that everyone knew and loved. While Megumin hadn’t felt guilty about not helping pick up the guild’s slack, this Luna most certainly did. In fact, she could understand why they had opted to transform her in the first place! But she very much still had the awareness that she had been Megumin as well. It was just more like... an *afterthought*.

“**I better hurry and get to work!**” She was overwhelmed by the desire to get to the guild building and help out,

and so her voluptuous body stepped out of the water and moved towards the exit into the changing room without delay. But as she went to reach for the door? It opened on its own, and through it a boy clad in a towel of his own stepped without looking both ways – his face immediately planting into Luna’s cleavage in the meantime. “**Hyah!?**” Of course she let out an effeminate cry!



“**HUH!?** **LUNA!?** **Wh-Wh-Why are you—!?**” Kazuma had a million questions as he tumbled back and couldn’t choke out a single one when confronted with Luna’s luscious flesh. He just couldn’t stop staring at her chest, and Luna, while upset and shy, took notice. She understood what she had to do here – a side effect of the magic that had transformed her, that would see to it that every member of their little group met a similar fate.

Luna drew an arm across her tits, obscuring



nipples from the boy's view. "My own bath broke, and Aqua offered to let me use yours. I'm sorry, I thought my clothes in the changing room would have been enough..." She was *acting* guilty, but this was only to lower Kazuma's guard enough to do what she was planning as she stepped closer to him. Kazuma himself was still flustered, and he was surprised that Luna hadn't smacked him for bumping into her chest, but...

Nope, she grabbed his arm and *THREW HIM IN THE BATH* instead!

"WHY MEEEEEEEEEEEE!?"

"I'll see you at the guild desk, Lan~!"

That was the last exchange between the two of them before Kazuma landed with a splash in the pool, his towel coming undone in the process. When he surfaced again, Luna was gone, and the door was shut. "**Why you...! Wait, did she just call me Lan? Like the guild girl?**" She was just some adventurer that he'd met once or twice. Once hired by Luna to pretend to be his fangirl – and he was still salty about that. But why had she called him by that name? Did it matter? Maybe he should have just focused on his bath now that he was already in the water.

Believing that, he slowly scooted over to the edge of the bath where he planned on relaxing until Megumin called on him. He'd deal with Luna later he assumed, but he wasn't looking forward *to* dealing with it. Just as the young man had settled in to relax, though? He found himself scratching at not one, but *both* of his nipples. "**What the hell? Is there something I'm allergic to in the water?**"

He eventually withdrew his fingers and looked down and was surprised to find that his nipples appeared quite *puffy*. Larger, even? "**That's not right.**" He poked them next, noting just how tender and sensitive they seemed. Beneath they almost seemed a little swollen, too. "**Haha... If I wasn't so sure this was an allergic reaction, I might think I was growing boobs...**" Yet the chest beneath the nipples just *continued* to swell, to the point that they were a pair of sizable orbs. "**...This is just an allergic reaction, right?**"

As much as he wanted it to be, before long they were big enough that he could grab them. And being the pervert he was, Kazuma did just that. They were tender, sensitive, arousing, and they were beginning to fill his palms completely – until they were a pair of perky Ds. "**I grew tits!?**" He was *naturally* shocked. He'd so desperately wanted to fondle a pair, but never had he expected they'd be a pair upon his *own* chest! "**No way! This is fucked up!**"

Kazuma jumped up from shock alone, and as he did so, those breasts bounced. It felt *weird*, weird enough to distract him from a bounce that came from lower down on his person at the exact same time. Because distracted by his new, perky tits as he was, it hadn't quite occurred to him that his seat had been gradually rising within the pool. All because his rump had begun to fill and stretch just as his rack had.

By this juncture he had a very enticing ass, and it was big enough that its mass had widened his hips, and in turn passively pushed his knees in towards each other so that his posture accommodating their width. The skin of those ass cheeks was pulled so tightly that there was a natural sheen even without the water dripping off their rosy peeks, and they would certainly look good shown off in a pair of tight pants or, say, *overalls*.

“Why is this... MY VOICE!?” With his Adam's apple gone, Kazuma even sounded more maidenly now. Which was of no surprise, as between thickening thighs— **“MY DICK!?”** Well, Kazuma's cock and balls went the way of the dinosaurs, slurped inside him as a woman's pussy shaped itself in its place. A hand reached down to check, but *she* couldn't really see with her breasts in the way. A finger accidentally slithered inside, prompting a shudder and a moan upon touching her own snatch for the first time. **“That felt amazing!”**

In an open bath? I'm not that kind of pervert!

As much as Kazuma *wanted* to masturbate then and there, an inner voice steered her away from the idea. A voice that was much less perverse and more serious, albeit a voice that was exceptionally confident in what was becoming of her body. The young woman's fingers traced the insides of her plump thighs, and as they did? Those fingers thinner and became just the slightest bit longer, palms shrinking just as her feet did below.

That hand was ultimately pulled away from her crotch, past a bush of trimmed, *blonde* pubes as her perverse nature dwindled further. That blonde didn't match Kazuma's usual brown hair color, but it soon found its way *into* her scalp. From her roots, up to 75% of every hair, that blonde made its way in permanently. Yet the other 25%? There was a crimson dye that also saw her brows thin and arch cutely. That hair all lengthened, falling down just past her shoulders. The way it was styled loosely suggested it might usually be worn up in tails, though.

“I can't believe I'm becoming a woman...” The comment itself suggested shock, but Kazuma's voice itself didn't really convey that shock with the efficiency you might expect. It was like a part of her just

accepted it, and really? That was exactly what was happening. She could tell it was abnormal, but it also felt right. Why make a scene about something like this? *Especially when there's work to do!*

It wasn't like Kazuma to care about working almost at all, but nonetheless it was thoughts of helping with the guild that filled her brain while the final wave of changes saw her remaining discernible features fade into obscurity. Her skin tone, for one? Well it darkened several shades. Beginning with a few odd patches that looked quite out of place, they spread and mended until her perceived melanin levels were a little richer than they had been before. In fact, they had even darkened the tone of her nipples and pussy lips.

And then there was her face, which thus far had still retained a look that was very Kazuma-like. The point wasn't for her to be recognizable as Kazuma, however. That would cause too many questions, and her mind had been reprogrammed so that she would never reveal who she once was to anyone other than her fellow transformed.

So it was of no surprise when her eyes swelled bigger and rounder, retaining their green but with something of a more vivid contrast as lengthened lashes blinked not long after. Overall, her facial structure and head itself shrunk slightly, and cheeks rounded to give Kazuma's face a much fuller and youthful look, even though her age hadn't really changed. The real kicker, aside from a smaller but more pointed nose, were lips that grew quite bloated. All in all her face seemed rather plain, like that of a regular village girl, but those plump lips at least gave that facial structure a defining feature.

“Oh, that's right! I'M Lan!” After scratching a head of wet hair briefly, the young woman who had pulled herself out of the bathwater reiterated the conclusion she had already come to prior, but now with far more certainty in the matter. While she had been keen on touching herself as her transformation had ensued, the most she did now was eye her sizable, albeit not overabundant chest before reaching for the towel that had landed on the side of bath when she had previously been thrown.

Lan was very much in the exact same situation as Luna had been before. She could remember being Kazuma, but she *wasn't* Kazuma. In fact, the thought of being *that* pervert more or less made her feel sick to her stomach! Why was he allowed to get away with all of the crap that he pulled!? ...Anyways, *it* was also



within her. An understanding of why this had happened, and what was expected of her. **“Why wouldn’t I help out? I need money, after all.”**

She couldn’t even *imagine* being so irresponsible as to not help out with the guild that had given her so much!

It really *was* disorienting though, being a different person. Eventually pulling into the changing room, she found it becoming more comfortable with time. The way she walked, her physical mannerisms, the amount of energy she had bubbling up from her depths – it was all more or less natural. Lan didn’t even bat a long eyelash to find *her* clothes – a pair of overall shorts and a green top that showed off her cleavage – sitting where Kazuma’s had been left before.

“I should hurry up and get to the guild. But I swear to Eris, Luna better give me a raise for having to have been Kazuma at one point!” Would the two ever be changed back? Well... there was some merit in having two Lunas, much less more guild members on hand.

And who had Aqua and Darkness become?