

THREE FOR ONE

APRIL 2026 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What the hell kind of prize is *this*!?”

“Kazuma, shut up. It was your idea to participate in the first place.” The front door of the estate that the party of Kazuma occupied swung open as three familiar faces walked inside. Between Kazuma himself, Megumin, and Aqua, the young man was the only one wearing a sour expression, while the two women just looked to be vaguely annoyed at how he was acting.

The girls had planned to go shopping in the afternoon that day, when Kazuma had suddenly barged in and redirected their plans. He'd caught wind of an eating contest sponsored by the Succubus Café. They had promised 'glorious' prizes for whomever came out on top. Considering how Kazuma tended to think, there was no doubt in the minds of the girls that he only wanted to participate think he'd receive some sort of perverse prize considering the sponsor.

He'd *begged* Aqua and Megumin to participate with him, and in the end? Somehow the three of them had taken the top three places... with Aqua actually taking first place. In the end, though? All they had received were a trio of *belts*, each one more ridiculously colored than the last. **“This sucks! I'm going back to my room!”** And so, he stormed off without another word, carrying his yellow belt in tow.

Kazuma was back *to* grumbling as soon as he returned to his room in the manor. **“Stupid contest... All I got was a lousy belt when I could have gotten a night alone with a succubus...”** That must have been something like false advertising! Could he sue them!? Well,

no, things didn't really work that way in this world. He threw the studded, yellow belt that he had received onto his floor and dropped into a sitting position on his bed with a groan. It wasn't even a *cool* belt! "**Looks like something you'd find on a gyaru...**" And even then, it looked way too big for his body.



"Who even wears a yellow belt?" Of the three, Megumin's had probably had the most 'masculine' color, and even then, it was bright green. There hadn't really been any winning for him, and that pissed him off because it had been such a big waste of his time. He was just *sulking* at the end of the day, though. There wasn't a person in the whole wide world that wouldn't think that how he was acting wasn't completely immature. Well, aside from himself.

Naturally, Kazuma thought this was a completely normal response. But he also had a bad habit of thinking with his dick.

The young man had been about to lay down when he peered back down at the floor and noticed something was *wrong*. "**Huh? Where'd it go!?**" The belt that *should* have been there was missing, and it was only once he stood up that he noticed a strange weight hanging loosely off of his hips. "**How the hell did it end up there!?**" Even more concerning was the fact that he couldn't seem to *unbuckle* it? He didn't even understand how it was staying up, but he couldn't push it off either even though there was a pretty sizable gap.

"HEY!?" Or, well, there *had* been a pretty sizable gap. He soon found his fingers jammed between the yellow belt and his *hips*? Hips that certainly hadn't been wide enough to create that result *before*, but that had changed in an instant as the feeling of his pants slipping down and digging into his skin became more pronounced. The young man was left staring down, gawking at a pair of hips that had *double* in width, forcing his knees to buckle. "**WHAT THE HELL!?**"

Those hips were wide. A little *too* wide for a— "**What, did a grow a chick's hips or something!?**" That *was* the impression that they gave off, and Kazuma certainly knew a thing or two about a woman's hips with how often he stared at them. "**Is the belt doing this? Is it, like, cursed!?**" If that hadn't already been clear, then the growing tension within his pants certainly made it clearer. It hadn't been *just* his hips that were thickening.

And his 'Little Kazuma', so to speak, endured the full brunt of what that entailed. "***E-Eh?***" All the man could really do was continue to stare as it looked like his pants were about to *burst*, like someone was inflating them with air. It wasn't air, of course, and he could tell by how their *weight* pressed into his cock. His *thighs* were actually bloating with flesh; flesh that split the seams on the sides of his pants as each one swelled until it was, ridiculously, thicker than his own waist. "***OMG!?***"

Hands flew up to his mouth to cover it with shock. *What* had he just said? He'd sounded like some vapid *bimbo*? Even his voice bore a sultrier tone. "***Why... did I sound like that!?***" It wasn't even a matter of 'did'. He *still* sounded that way. And well, it didn't necessarily clash with the appearance of his face. Not only had his jaw grown longer, leading to his cheeks seeming lifted and thinner, but her nose was sharper, his lips were fuller, and his eyes had become narrower. He looked *incredibly* feminine, and *incredibly* *attractive*.

Aside from the fact that he was still a dude whose dick was basically being choked by his thick, voluptuous thighs.

"***EEP!?***" Or, well, *she* had been a dude. Kazuma's hands flew down to grope at her own crotch, groping it intimately and the shuddering when she felt her fingers, which were now longer *and* manicured, press up *into* a slit. Its sensitivity led to her gasping just as the *back* of her pants split by her ass swelling with the same vigor that her thighs had previously... with an added issue. The cheek flesh that peeked through was a bronzed tan that rapidly spread throughout the *rest* of her skin. "***I'm totally a chick!?*** ***How!?***"

While this was totally the case, as she spoke those words aloud she began to wonder what she was even freaking out about. "***Wait... Why would that be a problem? Or different for that matter?***" Had she not *always* been a woman? A beautiful, tanned, *blonde* woman? One of those things hadn't been true *just* yet, but the moment she visualized herself that way, the truer it became. A trashy, platinum blonde dyed into the roots of her hair and rapidly approached her medium-length, messy tips, painting her hair in that color in a matter of seconds.

But it didn't stop with this dye job – which wasn't *actually* even a dye job. It was her natural hair color now, and there was more and more of it courtesy of that hair growing longer and thicker too. Kazuma's bangs parted in the center to show off her smoother forehead, while the hair that fell over the front of her shoulder curled into subtle waves that reached past her chest. Or at least they *would* have if not for the fact that her chest had begun to suffer changes of its own.

All things considered, it probably shouldn't have been *that* surprising that as her narrowed gaze adopted crimson in their irises, that her chest began to swell. Being male before, she naturally hadn't had to worry about the size of her own breasts while picking out a shirt, but the fabric that now wrapped around her torso was pulled up and tightened around a pair of mounds that rapidly burgeoned into *G-cup* tits that not only used up all of the room within the top, but her puffy nipples almost slipped out through the exposed underboob.

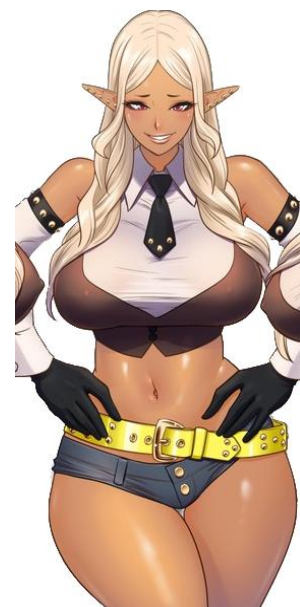
“Uh... The hell's going on with these clothes? They're *totes uggo!*” There was still a small part of her that wondered why she kept talking the way she did, but she wasn't thinking all *that* hard about it... or much of anything. Her intellect now matched what you'd expect from the 'dumb blonde' stereotype, and it was so bad that she didn't even really notice her own height creeping up to 5'8". It wasn't really felt much with her clothing already so torn, and she didn't really notice her tummy gaining a slight bump to lip over her shorts, either.

So, if her clothes were what she registered as a 'problem', it was probably a relief from her perspective that they were 'dealt with' – utterly replaced just as her short, round human ears crept longer, pulling into thin points that surely couldn't belong to any race that *wasn't* an elf! Not to mention the many piercing holes that would soon be filled. **“Oh! Of course I'm dressed... *Duh. Didn't I just get changed?*”** Did she? *No*. But that was how her memories had adapted to things, it seemed.

Change of clothes or not, her yellow belt still hung off her hips above a pair of microshorts fashioned with jean material and buttoned up by a pair of golden buttons. She *wasn't* wearing panties underneath, nor was there a bra under the cropped, sleeveless top that was white across her collarbone yet black across her breasts. The upper half had a collar with a short, black, studded tie hanging from it, and it matched with detached, white sleeves that had similar studs wrapped just below her shoulders. Bringing the outfit together was a pair of black gloves and matching boots.

Her legs and her tummy were *completely* bare, however, and those shorts were so tight that they were practically flossing her eyes. Nonetheless, she felt they were *comfortable*?

“Mm... My shift should be starting soon; I guess I should, like, check on the others...” *Lacey* didn't shy away from running her hands down her tanned body before resting her gloved



just randomly show up on her hips. The usual brown belt that she normally wore wasn't even gone, she was just wearing *two* belts as a direct result. But as Kazuma had already demonstrated, wearing the belt invited changes, and her own green one was no exception. There was just no consistency in how those changes unfolded after it was worn.

This wasn't as cryptic as it sounded, in fact. All you really had to do was look at the girl's brown hair to see that not only were her own changes unfolding in a different order, but the methods were slightly different as well. While Kazuma's hair had changed color from the roots to the tips, Megumin's own adopted the same blonde strand by strand. It worked across her hair, almost looking more like *streaks* initially, but it soon painted over her mane as a whole, lengthening it to hang thicker, over her shoulders, with the exact same style that *Lacey* wore.

Of course, this wasn't difficult for the mage to notice at all. "**M-My hair is blonde!?**" Being a magic user herself, her attention *immediately* fell down upon the belt that was effectively hanging there by magic as well; her hips were *not* wide enough to support it! Her body was underdeveloped in every conceivable way, but considering she was only in her mid-teens there had still been hope for her future! ...And that future was *now*?

Megumin was still staring at a handful of blonde hair when she began to feel unsteady on her own two feet. "**Whoa!?**" She reached out her free hand to use the nearby wall to stabilize herself, but she ended up wincing and wondering if she had to kick off her boots. They felt *tight*? But she was too slow, and her toes *split* the front of those boots so that larger toes could wiggle free upon larger feet. And yet, it wasn't even isolated *to* her feet.

The thigh high legging on her left leg slipped down past her knee, and the bandages around the opposite leg soon came undone – all while arms jutted out of her sleeves, the skirt of her tunic lifted higher, and everything became exceptionally *tight*. "**Ugh!? What gives!?**" Her red eyes, actually *narrower* than they had been before, blinked with surprise as she found her movements to be terribly restricted. Looking down, was the floor farther away, or was her mind playing tricks on her? It had to be the *latter*, right?

But the fact that she even entertained that possibility was proof that her mind was being affected... though the way she was talking was *also* a problem. The mage's voice definitely *sounded* deeper, and it kept creeping closer to Lacey's voice in ring as her body *shot up*. Anyone with a pair of eyes (that wasn't beholden to some sort of reality altering mind control) could see that the girl had been *growing*, and she'd shot up to

5'8" – which was a much more dramatic jump for her than it had been for Kazuma since she'd been shorter than him.

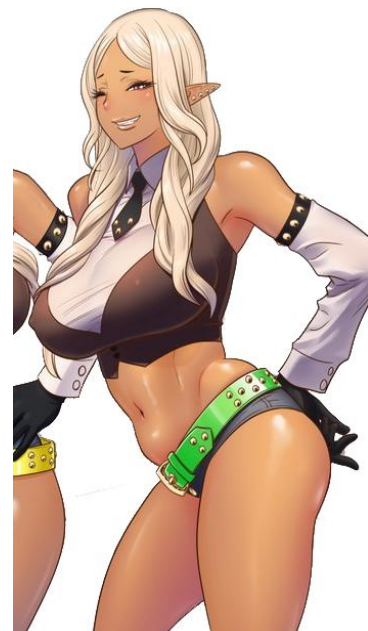
Now though? She was the same height as the woman he had become, and the similarities were only becoming more *numerous*. Take her figure, for example. "**Hm!?**" The *woman*, and she *was* a woman and not a teen anymore if her swollen lips and more angular face were to be believed, practically *moaned* as clothing that was already much too tight became even *tighter* in key areas. Her panties were yanked *into* her swelling ass while what remained of her tunic was hoisted up by her ballooning tits, all in the service of giving her a figure that matched Kazuma's, subtle belly bump and all.

Megumin's physical changes hadn't completed *just* yet, but the process of re-robing her began just as her hips swung wide so that the belt was snug and that the weight of her ass and thighs was more evenly distributed. The outfit was effectively the same one that Lacey wore, just with the different colored belt. But she still didn't look *identical* to Lacey, even though her pierced elf ears *were* growing out. No, she was still *far* too pale.

Only for her skin to evenly darken over the next ten seconds.

Macey took a moment to adjust the belt resting on her hips but soon wondered why she had thought that it was fit poorly in the first place. It was the green belt that she had been wearing to her job at the Succubus Café *every* night since she had started working there, and it was part of a matching set with her sisters. "**Mm... Like, why do I feel kinda weird? Like I just woke up from a boring-ass dream or something~?**"

Well, if it was all a dream or whatever, then it probably didn't matter, right? The blonde dark elf cupped her own, fat tits and gave them an enthusiastic squeeze. "**Seems the girls are totes ready for tonight as well if things take that turn. We've been a pretty big hit, though!**" People were coming from all over to see the beautiful dark elf triplets. And honestly? She enjoyed the attention. "**I should make sure the others are... Oh!**" She went in to work with her sisters every night, but it seemed one of them had a similar thought based on a knock on her door!





“Haaah... Just what I needed!” Unlike the other two, Aqua had beelined for the bath when she had gotten in. The goddess had needed to destress after that big, free meal and having to listen to Kazuma whine all the way home and had even left the bright pink belt she’d been given on top of her clothes while in the water. When she had returned to the adjoined room to get *redressed*, however? Not only was that belt missing, but *all* of her clothes were. **“Who the heck took my clothes!?”**

It wasn’t the sort of prank that Megumin or Darkness would play on her, so Kazuma did feel *likely*. But he probably should have known better by this point. **“KAZUMAAAAA!”** But Aqua wasn’t foolish. She could swathe herself in a towel and storm out, but she would just be playing into Kazuma’s presumed hand if she went looking for him dressed that way. She’d have to return back to her room to find a— **“Huh?”**

What was that strange weight on her hips? Wasn’t she *naked*?

Aqua found that this didn’t *appear* to be the case when she checked though, because the hands she lowered caught onto something thick and leathery. **“The belt!?”** She *had* carried it back to the estate with her bare hands, so she had known exactly what it was even before she looked down. **“How is this thing even staying up, though?”** Even if she tried to force it past the hips that it was *clearly* not adjust for, it just kept getting caught by an invisible force. Magic?

She arched a blue brow when something else caught her eye, though. She *was* naked otherwise, so the rest of her body was completely exposed for her to see. And she could see... *dots? Freckles?* At first, that was what they looked like. An increasingly wide sea of bronze dots that spread down her limbs and across her torso. **“Huh?”** She couldn’t see that they crept around her back and on her face, but they also *continued* to multiply even where they had spread before. They merged together, becoming a constant color that even darkened her nipples to brown. It was as if she had suddenly entered a tanning booth.

But that was now her *natural* skin color. **“What the hell!?”** Aqua ran her hands all over her body in shock. She valued her own appearance highly and believed herself to be incredibly attractive. The bronzed skin wasn’t what she was used to, and she didn’t *want* it to remain that way. But as she rubbed and grabbed? It became clear that she was so obsessed with the color of her skin that she hadn’t really noticed the

color of her *hair*. A familiar platinum blonde bled in, because it had already rooted itself in the hair of two other women, and saw it shorten into blonde waves that just reached past her chest... all while ears peeked out from behind the lengths at the sides, pointy and littered with piercing holes.

“This skin is so... *rad!* Uh, wait. No! What did I just say!? I *totally* didn’t mean to say that!” Aqua never really sounded like the *smartest* woman around, but could it be that she sounded even *stupider*? Her choice of words had given her pause when the state of her *body* should have given her more of one. Maybe it was because she was naked, but it hardly clicked with her that her height was slowly rising, bringing her to the same 5’8” that Lacey and Macey stood at.

Of course, as the other two had already demonstrated, she was destined to grow in more ways than one. Though, in the meantime, her blue eyes were tainted with crimson as their shape narrowed below thinned, blonde eyebrows. The signs were consistent with the other two – like overly supple lips and a longer, pointed nose. Her face took that same sharp yet beautiful shape, giving her a maturity beyond her years. Then again, seeing as she had a pair of *elf* ears, how old she *actually* was became a more mysterious question. Visually, all three women looked to be around *thirty* when compared to a human of a similar appearance.

Aqua clicked her tongue, seemingly confused about *something*. **“What’s *wrong* here? Is it the belt? Like, why am I wearing one and nothing else... is a good question. Or maybe it’s why the belt doesn’t *fit*? These are *totes* my measurements, right?”** If that was how she saw it, then that was how it would be. Because around pubes of blonde that had grown thick and well-groomed, her hips soon came to life with the girth that filled the belt’s width readily.

Each step from that moment on would lead to more and more *bounce* when it came to her lower half, and not just because her gait was wider. Naturally, she adopted the same curvaceous form that her ‘sisters’ possessed. Bronze thighs that doubled from their already impressive girth, and an ass so fat that it would struggle to remain in the jean shorts that appeared upon her just moments after her belly developed that familiar bulge. The same, of course, could be said of her bosom. Aqua’s D-cups had nothing to restrain them as her nipples became even puffier, larger than her eyes, and the tits beneath them reached the same perky, *G-cup* sizes that her siblings had.

Only to be covered by the same top, and her arms to be equipped with the same gloves and boots. Even her pierced ears found the same silver studs embedded within them.

As *Gracey*, the third of the dark elf sibling saw things, she had only just gotten dressed after taking a long soak in the bath. She had no issue with rubbing her body up against the bodies of whatever men or women sought out the Succubus Café for such pleasures, but she was fairly meticulous about how *clean* she was both before and after. “**Lacey and Macey must be waiting for me by now, I should probs hurry up.**”



She whipped her head over to look at the mirror and double check her appearance. Hair looked good, tits looked good, and her pink belt was hugging her supple hips as always. “**Perfect!**” She proudly declared before letting out a *scream* when she noticed two mirror images staring at her from behind in the mirror. Well, mirror images aside from the different colored belts they were wearing. “**Ah!?**” They were, of course, her identical siblings.

Identical siblings that slipped up behind her and wrapped their arms around her, some hands even groping her. “**Gracey~! You totally know what we’ve said about making us wait!**” Said Lacey, who was the one that was groping her tits. A hand squeezing her ass came courtesy of the younger sibling. Lacey and Macey always treated her like that for being the ‘youngest’, even though they were only like minutes older than her!

“**R-Right, anyways! We totes gotta go else we’re gonna be late!**”

This type of behavior was only acceptable if they had a customer!