

PARTY DYNAMICS

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“Come on you two, is this really the place to be doing this!?”

Considering the three had personalities that were very *docile* in their own ways, at least socially, the adventuring party that consisted of Frieren, Fern, and Stark didn't often get into disagreements. Frieren and Fern specifically had very quiet and introvert temperaments that led to them talking things out whenever there was some sort of miscommunication.

There were almost *never* fights, and when there were? They tended to resolve rather quickly. Well, provided either of the women weren't feeling particularly *immature*. Both of them had bad habits of getting sulky over petty things sometimes, and then Fern would get nonverbal and avoidant while Frieren would pout and whine in her own way. Unfortunately? This was one of those moments.

Stark was possibly the most distraught of the three of them, despite not being directly involved with the core argument. They were in the middle of a *dungeon*, which was why it wasn't the best time for anyone to be fighting. They'd already fought a number of monsters on the way down before deciding to take a break, which was what incidentally had led to the fight.

Because while pulling out the snacks they had stashed from their last stay in a town? It had been revealed that the cookies Fern had stashed had been *eaten*, and Frieren had admitted to doing so 'accidentally'. Fern didn't play when it came to her sweets, so she naturally got upset and had said something mean to her master, and the two had ended up

storming off into different corners of the large room they had decided to rest in.



It was large enough that Stark had been forced to yell in hopes that either of them could hear him, especially when they disappeared behind some rubble. At least the room was illuminated by some glowing stones in the ceiling? And quite well, at that. “...**Now what?**” Neither of them had bothered to come out of hiding, much less reply to him, leaving the young man to kick a rock beside the campfire they’d put together.

Or, well, he kicked what he’d *thought* was a rock.

The item had been sticking up out of the dirt in a rock *shape*, but upon kicking it? A *crystal* went flying into the air that emitted a bright yellow flash. “**Whoa!?**” It was strange. The light had left him feeling oddly *warm*, or maybe that was just a side effect from the embarrassment he’d felt from making a mistake like that in the first place. “**Was that magic!?**” At the very least he’d hoped the other two might come back after seeing that light, but... Nothing!?! Seriously!?

“...*Eh?*” Unfortunately, Stark soon became aware that he had bigger issues to worry about than the fight between his fellow party members. Or were they *smaller* issues? Because he noticed it. His clothes had begun to feel *baggy*, and the room the dungeon had begun to appear *significantly* larger. “**Wh-What the hell!?**” And it wasn’t like he was just getting a *little* bit smaller.

It was like the world around him had just *exploded* in size, and his body was *swallowed* by what he was wearing until he was smothered, with no means of telling how small he’d actually become. Of course, this also meant that it didn’t matter *how* loud he cried – he was simply way too small for his voice to carry for enough for either woman to hear him. “**Let me out!**” Smothered in the darkness of attire that had once fit him perfectly, it took him some time to search through the cloth for the neck hole he could escape through.

But *while* he was struggling to break free? Stark’s body was actually shrinking in *different* ways. He did become even smaller, shrinking to only *six inches* in height instead, but this loss wasn’t consistent with his usual build. He became a smaller person in terms of his silhouette, with his shoulders and waist narrowing in the process and the bulk of his body otherwise evaporating. All of that bulk he had built up as a warrior just *disintegrated*, leaving his limbs and torso nice and soft.

While the silhouette of his body became significantly *feminine*, spurned on by his hips actually parting wider as he fumbled through the fabric. **“Come on, it’s gotta be here somewhere!”** Did his voice sound higher? Significantly, but he was quick to blame how much he’d shrunk rather than question anything more nefarious taking place. It was too dark for him to see what was happening to his body, and he was confused about being shrunk by that light in the first place.

He couldn’t fathom just what had been happening to his *face*. That it had softened and leaned, losing its masculine edges as his lips pouted up nice and cute, his nose shrank, and his eyes became big and dark green, with lengthier lashes. This was clearly the face of a pretty young *woman*, and that fairness spread throughout his hair. Not only did locks of red lighten to a bright blonde, but the hair grew longer and thicker, eventually pulled up into a pair of bushy tails on the side of his head.

Incidentally lifting it up to reveal that his ears were pulling long and elvish. But, of course, no *elf* was that small.

Stark was beginning to forget how he’d ended up buried in those clothes in the first place. His memories were being changed, so he could no longer recall being a size large enough to fit in them in the first place. **“Did someone trap me in here!? Did I get too drunk?”** He didn’t really even *drink* in the first place, so that shouldn’t have even been a possibility in the back of his head. Or, well, *her* head. She shuddered and gasped as what had existed between her legs shrunk into naught, pulling into a new slit between her legs.

Her changed sex went *unquestioned* beyond that, so it wasn’t at all surprising that she didn’t really question the added *padding* that her naked body received. You couldn’t really fault her *that* much as her thighs thickened until they were thicker than her waist, her ass following until it created a peach shape behind her. Because she was in a sea of cloth that was rubbing against her body all over anyways, it was difficult to grasp the sensation of anything growing. Not even her *breasts*, which rose from nothingness into a pair of perky *C-cups*, ended up striking her as odd.

“Hah!?” And then Stark found it! The neck hole! She escaped with a gasp and pulled herself out, but the woman? She wasn’t *naked* like she should have been. She was dressed in a strapless, green dress with a short skirt and white panties underneath, all small enough to fit on a doll. Even so, she was clearly a young adult, and her cleavage was bare above the dress’s low neckline. **“How did I even end up in there!?”**

And why am I so low to the ground!?”

The thought prompted something *magical* to appear. She did a little hop in the air, but didn't end up touching the ground once more. This was because a pair of rainbow-colored, butterfly-like wings had grown from her back and allowed her to fly up to the same level her head had been at *before* she had transformed. This didn't strike her as weird. She had always been able to fly, right? She *was* a fairy, after all!

“Eh!? Where is the rest of the party!? Don't leave me all alone! Especially not without a drink!” There was no longer even a pile of clothes on the ground for the fairy to notice, because that might have tipped her off that her new reality wasn't exactly what it had once been. So instead? *Tiki* could only flutter there with her wings in her low-neckline dress as she looked around in search of *whomever* she had come to the dungeon with in the first place. **“There were two party members, right? Weird...”**



As she looked around, she couldn't get the thought of a cold drink off of her mind. **“A goblet of ale would really hit the spot...”** And an entire goblet was a *lot* for a being as small as she would. But that was what made it all the better! She could practically *swim* in the goblet as she drank at her leisure! Which was kind of a problem when the fairy was such a lightweight. That made sense considering her size, though.

“COME ON! WHERE IS EVERYBODY!?”



“Hm?” Even if she'd been behind some rubble, there was no way that Frieren wouldn't have noticed the light of the gemstone going off in the air. Stark had hit it *pretty* high, and it hadn't flashed until it had almost struck the ceiling, which was *more* than high enough to cast the light's glow upon both women regardless of where they were, since the rubble wasn't *that* high. **“...Did I pack a stone like that among my things?”**

The elf's confusion *was* justified. She'd been paying attention as they moved through the dungeon, and she had been ready to surmise that it didn't have anything to do with magic. No magic items, no artifacts, no signs of spells ever being used. That meant that Stark had probably found something packed amongst their belongings? Of course, that hadn't actually been the case.

And the mage had begun to feel a similar warmth to what the man had when he'd been subjected to that light.

“Hm? I don’t recognize this spell...” It was *clearly* magic, and Frieren was always keen on seeing new spells in action. But one cast upon her own body without permission when she wasn’t aware of the effects? She wasn’t so keen on *that*. But of all the potential expectations she’d had for what it might have been doing, she couldn’t have fathomed what would ultimately become of her. In fact, the earliest signs should have been plenty alarming... if she had noticed them, that is.

The issue was that they weren’t directly in the woman’s peripheral vision. Her *ears* were a good example of this, as their length regressed and their shapes rounded until they were no different in shape from any normal *human’s* ears. But that wasn’t all. There was also a change of color palette that not only saw the silver in her hair burn to a bright red, but also the green of her eyes dulled to brown. **“Wait. My mana is fluctuating?”**

Considering she had effectively become *human*, the fact that her mana supply had only diminished by $1/3$ was surprising, even if the woman herself didn’t recognize what had happened. It still made her twice as powerful of a mage as the strongest S-Class human. Frieren’s lips pursed as she contemplated this loss, utterly unaware that those lips were swelling fuller and redder. In fact, her entire face shape changed until it was more clearly the face of an attractive woman in her *early 30s*. Those full lips were part of it, but her nose was longer, her cheeks leaner, and her eyes narrower as well.

Somehow, there was something more *seductive* about her resting expression too.

“...? Oh dear!?” The woman blurted out a phrase that was *very* out of character for her when she suddenly felt... unstable. Loose on her feet, but also her clothing felt *tight*? The reasoning *was* obvious. She was growing. Somewhat *and* rapidly, with her limbs and torso lengthening until she was nearly *5’3”*. That didn’t make her sound all that tall, but considering she had only been *4’11”* prior, those four inches were surprisingly significant.

It was enough to yank her tights off her waist and down to the center of her ass, while her arms now just too far from her sleeves and her boots somewhat *cramped* with feet now a tad too big for them. This was indicative of the fact that she hadn’t *just* grown vertically, and the seams of her top around her shoulders tearing and her skirt lifting up from hips that widened *significantly* helped show this. Frieren’s body looked *significantly* more mature.

“My height... My clothes?” It had been heard slightly before, but the next time she spoke she certainly *sounded* the part, with a tone that was almost passively *flirtatious*. And yet, while the woman should have been standing in awe of her new height? The mental element of it all had taken root as her red hairs grew longer and thicker behind her, her twin tails ultimately coming undone from the growth. **“Why am I wearing something too small for my body~?”**

The woman’s clothing *certainly* wasn’t the issue, but that was the only problem that *she* could see with her mind being assimilated into the new life that had been decided for her. She remained focused on these clothes even as their fit became all the more ill fit by her *figure*. Fat that she’d never possessed, but had been curious about in the past, poured into the elements of a woman’s body that you’d *want* to see fat. Namely her *breasts* and her *ass*.

Of course, the dress that the ex-elf had been wearing was not designed for any amount of abundance, so as her A-cup breasts *ballooned* within it, it was naturally that the sound of cloth tearing would be heard as they ballooned into a pair of *J-cups* with nipples larger than her brown eyes. The front of the gown was practically blown out above, while the skirt rode up her sides and her undergarments were flossed between her cheeks below with her ass swelling into an immensely desirable heart shape. Each cheek was larger and shapelier than her tits, and would sway from side to side enticingly as she walked... with the excess fed into thighs that nearly *quadrupled* in width between widened hips.

“Hm~?” The woman had been so fixated on her attire, yet couldn’t even *recall* that fixation by the time that attire had *changed*. The torn dress had been replaced by a dark purple dress with no straps and a neckline so low that her thick nipples were only covered by white lace trim upon the gown’s top. That same trim decorated the detached sleeves that ran from her wrists to the middle of her upper arms, while her thighs could be spied through a slit cut in the gown. It was tight enough that the shapeliness of her ass was more than obvious, and she now wore dark purple shoes and a big, black witch’s hat sat atop her head.

With a crooked, wooden staff now



resting idly in her right hand.

While you could technically still describe her as a ‘powerful mage’, the *Sorceress* would much rather have gone by her title of choice. The *incredibly* voluptuous woman took a moment to adjust the neckline of her dress after it caught her attention, not visually but because she could tell she had been on the cusp of one of her puffy nipples slipping *right* out. **“Whoops~! That would have been bad!”** Her more playful personality when compared to how *mature* her figure was still stood out.

“But hm... What am I doing back here? Was I not just with Tiki?” Had she stepped away to use the toilet or something? She didn’t *need* to go and couldn’t remember doing so however, so that likely wasn’t the reason. Maybe she had just wandered over to check things out? That surely made more sense! **“I suppose I should get back though!”** With a skip to her step, she moved back towards the center of the room without much of a care for how she looked.

Because *boy* were her ass and tits jiggling as she did so!



“...Did Master Stark just do something stupid?” Even if Fern *did* see the light, and even though she could feel her body heating up, she didn’t feel inspired to check on the situation outside of her little hiding spot. She couldn’t imagine a glowing rock would be any danger, especially since Stark hadn’t *shouted* about any danger even though she could hear him yelling beforehand. Well, hopefully it hadn’t been one of the artifacts from within Frieren’s suitcase.

Or maybe hopefully it had? She *was* still mad at her master for eating her cookies, after all.

As things stood, the S-Class Mage *did* intend on returning to the group after she’d taken some time to cool off, but she’d absolutely be going nonverbal and ignoring Frieren for as long as she could. At least until she apologized and promised to buy her new cookies at the next village. She would probably cave, and probably even sooner if Stark got off her butt and tried talking to her.

But things weren’t going to go that way if the growing warmth within her body had anything to say about that.

“Hm!?” There wasn’t much of a delay between feeling that warmth and Fern noticing the effects of the spell. One of these effects was difficult to perceive without the ability to sense mana, but her mana pool had *emptied*. That wasn’t to say it had lessened like it had for Frieren. It had disappeared *entirely*, meaning that she could no longer use magic. For Fern, that was alarming enough on its own. But she had to grapple with the *physical* adjustments as well.

The mage (or ex-mage at this point, realistically) could only marvel with concern as her eye level *shot* up. She stood at 5’4” normally, which was a fairly average height for a woman of the age of twenty as she was, but she was quickly *surpassing* that with great abundance. Not only were her limbs lengthening, but her shoulders broadened and her thighs spread *significantly* wider until you could easily make out their shapes through her dress.

In a way, it was fortunate for Fern that she wore a gown that was so loose-fitting. Her lower legs and knees may have been exposed as the skirt had been lifted, but her jump to an astounding 5’11” and the widening of her gait had remained contained within the cloth for now. **“Why is this... AHEM? My voice...?”** Why did it sound so *deep*? So *commanding*? It was so *unlike* her.

But the woman could not see what had happened to her face. She could not see how her lips had swollen and the shape of her face had become more *rigid*. Her chin was sharper, her cheeks leaner, and her eyes had both narrowed and brightened from purple to green as eye shadow spread around them. It was a face that retained her beauty, but it was a *wilder* and more *mature* beauty that made her look like a woman in her *thirties* herself.

Her expression was *stern*, which better matched her voice, and her complexion appeared far more *yellow* as if her racial background had been altered. Though, this wasn’t the only place yellow had spread. *Blonde* was a shade of yellow in a sense, right? And it began to dye the woman’s purple hair as it became thick and wavy in the back and wavy bangs were parted to the sides to reveal her otherwise bare forehead. Even her *pubes* inherited the same platinum blonde color, but the bush became much more *abundant* as well.

“My... voice?” Why had she been so worried about her *voice*? Perhaps it was because her mana had depleted so quickly, but the mental ‘correction’ had taken hold much more strongly much more quickly for her. Things that had been strange a moment ago no longer felt out of place, and aside from her clothes? Nothing from that point on really stood out to her, either. Which was why she barely bat an eye as the

three buttons down the breast of her dress popped off, revealing yellowed tits that *doubled* in size to *H-cups*, her cleavage now exposed.

The woman looked around. “**Why do I feel so... weak?**” Was Fern referring to her *magic*? No. She felt like she should have been *stronger* physically. Like someone accustomed to swinging a *huge* weapon around, but mages typically weren’t built for such feats. Considering her increased height, however, she had been well on her way. The base had already been built, and so now it was only a matter of building *upon* it.

A burst of energy accompanied a sudden *tightness* that spread across the woman’s body. It was as if all of her skin had been pulled against her flesh to the point that it might burst. But that *wasn’t* what was happening. The weak muscle that her body possessed had all begun to *swell*, seeing the yellow skin of her belly pull into the grooves between well-defined abs as muscles rippled beneath her enlarged tits and around a broadened chest.

“**These clothes...**” They were *way* too tall for her body, weren’t they? Whatever shame the woman had possessed before had seemingly dried up, because she reached an enlarged hand across her breasts to tear the top half of her dress clean off with a single tug. It revealed just how chiseled her upper body had become, including arms that were sculpted with bulging muscle, and fingers that were hardened with callouses. But peculiarly? It also revealed that her tits were *barely* covered in a silver chain bikini top.

The skirt of the dress remained affixed for the time being, but *only* because her hips had grown so wide that they could not so easily fall. It obscured just what was happening within them, as her thighs swelled with muscle until either thigh was as large and thick as her entire torso. Brown tattoos wrapped around them while the bulk spread past her knees and into her calves and shins, even seeing her feet become large and calloused. “**Hmph!**”

But all was laid bare when she tore off the skirt with a second pull, including the fact that her ass had burgeoned with the same abundance that her thighs had. It was equally as gigantic and hardened with strength. But it jutted out so far behind her that it was hard to admit that it had an appeal of its own. She certainly wasn’t the type of woman that would bottom in bed. ...Even if she’d crush the one she was mounting if she wasn’t careful.

Of course, pulling the skirt away also revealed a chain bikini bottom that matched the top, barely bothering to conceal her ass crack. The woman didn’t *need* to worry about her boots, because she was soon accessorized with leather boots with steel plating on the front, large, black gloves over

her forearms, and a circlet in her hair with a long, black feather fluttering to the left. One of those gloved hands now held a giant axe that was taller than her own body with utter ease.

As if it had always been by her side.

“Hm... Perhaps I misheard? There aren't any enemies to defeat back here!” From the perspective of the *Amazon*, she could recall traveling back behind the rubble after sensing signs of a possible opponent. Perhaps more monsters to crush? She was a battle hungry woman you see, but a woman of her stature and bulk could hardly be expected to be anything *else*. She was so massive that you could see the peak of her head from behind the rubble, and so bulky that a single swing of her axe could likely bring down a dungeon wall.



But that was sexy in its own way, especially with how her tits were barely covered and how *huge* her ass and thighs were. Not that she worried about things like that. In fact, she'd caught that Sorceress staring at her once or twice, and she certainly didn't mind *that* at all. Maybe once they'd finished their current quest and broken ways with Tiki, she might be open to a little... *alone time*.

“There you are!” A tiny voice caused the Amazon to turn, and while she saw the Sorceress in question there, she'd almost missed the one who was talking. Tiki was poking out of the spellcaster's cleavage? Well, it appeared that she had been beaten to the punch on that one for the time being! **“You need to stop running off on your own at the first sign of monsters, Amazon!”** Well, the fairy *was* their guide. She should probably listen to what she had to say.

“I don't mind seeing you from *behind* as you run off, though!”

Oh? Maybe she had more of a chance with the spellcaster than she'd thought!