

# CLASS PLAGIARISM

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Ugh. This place *suuuuucks!*”**

It was basically a tale as old as time for Kazuma at this point. Despite coming from another world, he had ultimately felt right at home in the one that he presently occupied. He'd been a nobody on the Earth that he'd come from, where he hadn't really understood much of *anything*. But here? He was *somebody*. He was an adventurer that understood plenty about a world of monsters and magic, because he had spent so much of his past life engaged in fiction like that.

Because of this, he was generally pretty excited to do adventuring work. He'd travel out beyond the walls of Axel with his dysfunctional party and tackle whatever insane task they'd been given. Killing monsters? Uncovering lost artifacts? Exploring dangerous dungeons? These were typically all *very* thrilling tasks that he'd jump to tackle... even though he could be something of a coward when things were a little *too* dangerous. At the end of the day, he was still just a regular guy!

A regular, excessively *perverted* guy.

**“Would you cram it over there!? I'm not exactly having fun, either! And whose idea was it to take this job!?”** The sound of a familiar voice *shouted* at him from beyond several walls of towering bookshelves. It was the voice of his party's young mage, Megumin, who had volunteered for this job alongside Kazuma himself. As it turned out though, taking that job had been a mistake on *both* of their parts.

But only because their description had been misleading – whether intentionally or not, they couldn't be certain. **“Don't look at me! The**

**job was to find a magic tome! That sounded cool! They didn't say it was going to be in a lame ass library and that we'd have to look through *all* of the shelves!**" A half-truth. It was true that the listing's main text hadn't mentioned all that, but the full proposal the guild possessed *had* said it. Kazuma had just been too lazy to read that blurb and had made assumptions about what the job entailed.



The only reply he received from Megumin after *that* explanation was an “**Ugh**”, and the two both returned to searching for the tome all on their own. They hadn't been given any clues beyond the fact that it could be *any* book in the otherwise unoccupied, ancient library. Well, that and there was a witch hat marking engraved on the inside of the front cover. At this rate, the two of them were going to be there for *days*, and the young man was already losing his mind from boredom. He was debating just calling it quits.

“**Huh? What's this?**” Eventually, though, he came across something more interesting than a dusty, old book. Something thin and metal had been resting beside one of the books, and after pulling it out? There was a pair of small, silver-framed reading glasses. Kazuma would typically have just discarded them, but the biggest text on the attached note said *CHEAT ITEM*. “**An item that allows you to copy the class skills from another adventurer...?**” That was what the text underneath said.

Anyone with even an iota of integrity would have taken those glasses and given them to a higher authority. Cheat items were tools that allowed the people of the world to get around its systems, creating power imbalances that could eventually reshape the way the world's history unfolded. It was also important to be cautious while using them, else you might find yourself with unsatisfactory, sometimes even *fatal* results.

But Kazuma pretty much had *zero* integrity and would never shy away from exploiting something that could give him an advantage. Doing so could be the difference between life and death, right? And he'd rather have the 'life' thing than the 'death' one! “**If this note isn't lying... Then let's see what they can do!**” The boy didn't waste *any* time throwing the glasses on, even though they were a little too small for his head. They didn't blur his vision or anything, so that was good.

His testing target was obvious enough. There was only *one* person in the library with him, and it just so happened that she was from an entirely different class than him with zero overlap in their class skills. So long as

the glasses weren't a *scam*, then he'd be able to nab something. What if he could replicate her explosion magic? Then their party would be unstoppable! ...Unless he passed out while using it like Megumin did, anyways.

**“Heheheh...”** Because Kazuma was practically incapable of doing anything *normally*, rather than just approaching his friend and teammate naturally? He moved into the shelf behind her and pulled a book out so he could stare through it without her noticing. Megumin would probably just call him an idiot for believing a sketchy note he found in the library anyways, and he couldn't even deny the possibility that this was just a scam. After all, wouldn't a cheat item like that be somewhere more... *secure*?

He adjusted the fit of his glasses on his nose and peered at Megumin right through the small crack he'd created. He couldn't tell if it was working or not, but he did notice *something*. The frames of the glasses felt strangely *warm*. Almost hot! But when he tried to remove them? They wouldn't budge? He moved away from his hiding spot to make some distance from the wage. **“What the hell!?”** Had he been pranked? Were they secretly cursed glasses that stuck to your face!? He probably looked *ridiculous*, especially when they looked more like the frames a *woman* would wear!

...Kazuma had no idea just how on the money he had been with that last thought, though. Much less how relevant it would be.

You see, there was already something *strange* about the young man's appearance *aside* from the fact that the glasses were stuck to his face. If you examined the eyes *underneath* the lenses, you would see speckles of a light pink sprinkled throughout his irises. Few at first, these speckles multiplied *and* grew, eventually banding together to replace the original green altogether. If that wasn't strange enough, then there was something odd about their *shapes*. Not only did they expand in size to be rounder, but the pinched, Japanese corners rounded until they looked much more... *Caucasian*? European. Like most everyone else he'd met in that world.

**“Ugh. Am I going to have to show my *face* to Megumin like *this*? She's gonna laugh her *ass* off!”** The *several* cracks in his voice that squeaked as he mumbled this sentence to himself didn't go unnoticed, but he just wrote it off as a side effect of his shock. His voice already tended to become extremely shrill when he was excited. That said on the subject of his *face*... Things may have begun to differ in Kazuma's eyes, but that wasn't where the changes to his face – or body overall – ended.

He couldn't exactly be faulted for not recognizing that something was wrong *with* his face. It was a library. There weren't exactly any mirrors hung up that he could examine his reflection in, and he hadn't been tipped off that there was anything *to* be worried about aside from the glasses yet, regardless. But his own level of awareness didn't determine whether or not what was happening to him was *actually* happening to him, however.

When it came to Kazuma's face, two things about how others perceived him would change. The first, as his eyes *already* teased, was his *sex*. There had already been something far more feminine about his gaze that lengthened eyelashes certainly didn't help. But then? His chin lengthened and rounded, his lips swelled, and his nose narrowed while pulling into a more pronounced point. It gave him the face of a beautiful... woman. And one that must have been in her early 20s, marking his *age* as the other altered point of perspective.

By the time the Adam's apple below his chin shrunk until it was practically nonexistent, that cracking in his voice that he'd noticed earlier, it, well... **“Wait, I feel kind of... odd!? M-My voice!?”** Not only was it higher and sweeter sounding, but wasn't the way he was speaking strangely *polite*? **“Testing... What in the world is going on? I mean... Shoot! I sound like a young lady!?”** He'd meant to swear when he'd said 'shoot', and he'd said 'young lady' instead of 'a chick'!?

The sudden growth of his hair certainly didn't help things. The adventurer's messy hairdo flattened and smoothed before extending, passing by his shoulders and spilling down his back in vague waves while lengthened bangs were swept to the right side. *Because* they were swept outside of his control, however, he caught sight of a *soft pink* color where brown had once been. It was a color that had replaced *all* of the hair on his body – at least all of the hair that hadn't been shaved away. His arms, legs, and torso were all *unusually* smooth now. As if he had *waxed*?

**“Are those glasses really a cheat item? Perhaps they were enhanced with some manner of magic? There are cases like that noted down in some ancient mage tomes, after all...?”** Kazuma had been *trying* to make sense of what was happening when he blurted all of *that* out, only realizing at the end that he didn't know *why* he was saying all that. Like he understood *why*, but since when did he know that much about magic history? There was knowledge that had been crammed into his head that *hadn't* been there before.

He also knew how to use some spells now that were associated with mage skills that he hadn't possessed. So, did he possess them *now*?  
Maybe the glasses really *had* worked?

**“I think they’re doing a little too much, though...”** This was commentary *she* made to herself as her body shuddered. The *old* Kazuma certainly would have reacted strongly to what had caused her to shudder – the reality being that her *sex* had just changed. She had been so perverted before that the man she had once been probably would have dropped his pants immediately to check it out. But now? She had too much *shame*. She was too *shy*! She was not going to drop her pants! **“So... I’m really a woman...?”** And a really *pretty* one at that! ...Was that vain of her? It felt a little vain.

She knew it for sure. But it wasn't *only* that. More knowledge had been added to her repertoire that hadn't been there before, but this time it wasn't scholarly nor related to her class. How to take care of her hair, how to clean herself as a woman, when her cycle was supposed to begin... It was all information that would make her time as a woman a little easier, and so that she could feel more *comfortable*.

In terms of comfort, however, there was a developing *discomfort* that she couldn't help because she couldn't control her transformation. Now that her sex had changed, it seemed that the more feminine aspects of her body were developing. But even though her *height* wasn't exactly one of them, that didn't mean it wouldn't change as well. Kazuma had *been* a perfectly average 5'5" – but it had sprung up to 5'7" without much fanfare on her part. In all fairness, that had gotten a little lost with everything else happening.

Because even though her increased height lifted her top and pants on her shoulders and hips respectively, there were other growths that she attributed to the clothing malfunction to. Take her pants, for example. **“Things are feeling pretty tight...”** Before anything else, her hips swung out into an impressive gait that was roughly four inches wider than it had been before. She was *already* tugging at her pants at this point, with fingers that were not only slenderer, but had become decorated with slightly longer, manicured nails at that.

Giving herself a manicure was actually one of those new skills she had learned!

**“O-Oh my... Is my butt growing?”** The moment she noticed her pants and underwear growing tighter in the back, she attempted to curl around a bit to get a closer look without using her hands to fondle it. She shuffled in shoes that were now a little too big for feet that had become softer and daintier, only managing to *barely* make out the shape of her

ass in the back of her grey pants balloon into a shape so ample that the back hem of those pants were wedged right in between its cheeks. Making her pants even *more* uncomfortable, her thighs burgeoned in kind to try and fill the impressive gap left by her widened hips.

Her lower body had become one half a perfect, soon-to-be hourglass figure – as she realized the moment she found her posture slowly falling forward. **“U-Um... Oh, I suppose it makes sense that I would grow breasts as well, wouldn’t it?”** Again, if Kazuma had been her *old* self then she probably would have been fondling as they grew them with no hesitation, but she couldn’t *fathom* doing something so *indecent*.

She simply watched the front of her shirt expand, lifting at the base to reveal more and more of a belly that had pinched in to be much narrower at the waist. She could feel her nipples rubbing up against the fabric as they, too, grew to sizes that were comparable to gold coins. Her bosom reached a substantial *E-cup* bra size when all was said and done, but it wasn’t like she was wearing a bra. Come to think of it, did this world even *have* someone modern underwear for women?

**“Oh!?”** Kazuma didn’t find an answer to this question, but she *did* find the clothing she was wearing changing in an instant. Gone were her old robes, replaced by a sleeveless, black dress with a thigh high skirt worn underneath a light red halter top. So much of her arms and inner torso were on display through this outfit that you could make out her tits trying to bulge out on the insides, at least when the white sweater she now wore rested on her elbows. Socks and red boots kept her feet comfortable while exposing most of her soft legs, and a white *witch’s hat* with a red band had appeared atop her head, just above the new crystal earrings that had pierced her ears.

She felt *very* comfortable dressed this way, somehow.

**“This is so *strange*. I’m a very beautiful woman, aren’t I? And so *refined*, too.”** Deep down, the woman still very much *was* Kazuma. She still perfectly remembered what had happened, and nothing about her history or memories had changed. Well, aside from one thing: her name. **“*Kayla*? My name is *Kayla*?”** *Kayla* couldn’t think of herself as anything else and would certainly respond to that name as if she had been her entire life. But ‘Kazuma’ wasn’t gone from her vocabulary.



She would simply not associate herself with it without a little bit of focus.

She was tall, beautiful, and buxom enough without being *too* buxom. It gave her a bit of a complex. **“I think they’re bigger than Aqua’s... or maybe about as big? But compared to Darkness... Ugh, does this mean I’m not the sexiest member of the party?”** Was she feeling *breast envy*? For someone as perverted as Kazuma *had* been, Kayla evidently wasn’t all that perverse. Rather than wanting to gaze at others, she was more interested in garnering the attention of *other* people instead. She acted reserved, but in actuality was quite vain and had a habit of looking down on other women.

Like wasn’t Megumin *way* too flat? She’d never be competition for her!

**“Oh dear... But I’m a bit sheepish in how I convey myself, aren’t I?”** Which was funny, because aside from being overly confident about her looks, she was also a *genius* when it came to magic. She had plenty to assert in terms of dominance. It went without saying that she had a number of mage class skills at her disposal, and all of them were tied to a deep respect for magic – and a desire to learn more. **“Can I reverse this? Considering the properties of the glasses, I can only imagine this must be temporary?”** She would have to study them in greater detail to be sure, and so she went to remove them. But stopped.

Her vision went blurry. **“Um...”** Wait. Did she *need* the glasses to see now? Had her vision deteriorated during her transformation? Then how was she supposed to study them? **“That might be a problem. Not to mention...”** She could hear footsteps approaching, and Megumin was calling her old name as she did so. It was jarring to hear a name that had once been hers, only for it to not click that it was being directed *at* her like it normally would.

**“...Huh? Who are you!?”** It went without saying that she’d have a reaction like that.

**“Um... I... I can explain, Miss Megumin!”** Whether or not the mage would *believe* her was a different story.