

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

FINAL CH: (JUST) ORDINARY

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“Kabru has been gone a while, I’m going to go look for him.”

Had anyone else gone missing from their party, there wasn’t a single chance that Rin would have taken it upon herself to go and seek them out. It was late at night now, and their leader, Kabru, had gone scouting ahead hours ago. Rin was always fretting over him for a number of reasons. They were close, or at least she liked to *think* they were, but in truth? It wasn’t much of a secret that she wanted to be *closer* to him.

Rin harbored feelings for Kabru, and it was obvious to everyone *except* Kabru himself, evidently. That was why no one really tried to stop her when she took off in the dead of night through the tunnels they had been camping in. He had told them he would be back shortly, but he *hadn’t* returned. He *must* have been in danger! The reason that the rest of the party didn’t jump to the same conclusion was that he’d done this before, though.

They just didn’t know that Rin was right this time. Not that any of them would ever realize *what* had happened to him, much less Rin who was now doomed to become just as much of a victim of it as he had been. So, at least in that sense, they’d be ‘together’ after all? **“Huh? What’s going on here? I turned back, but this isn’t the same at all...”** The girl was just being led into her the trap that had been set for her in the moment.

She had left a trail as she traversed the tunnels, guided only by lit torches for roughly an hour. The paths branched multiple times, and after hitting a dead end she had decided to turn back and pick a different route. Her confusion ultimately came when she stepped off of

the path where it should have diverged... only to find that she was no longer in a tunnel system at all. **“This is a forest biome? Why? ...Is the form of the dungeon changing?”** The young woman knew that this was a possibility even though she had never witnessed it firsthand.



“Is this what happened to Kabru? Did the dungeon change around him and he got lost?” While *wrong*, it was the most likely explanation from Rin’s point of view seeing as how she now found herself in that *exact* situation. Tall trees towered over her and there was no indication of a proper path. It was going to be almost impossible to find her way back to the camp with her markers removed and the area entirely unfamiliar.

There was also the threat of monsters, but the mage *had* noticed it too. That it had been oddly quiet, like all of the monsters were in hiding, or perhaps like there weren’t many of them out there in the first place. She certainly hoped they weren’t lying in wait to ambush her. **“Ugh, so how am I going to get back?”** Either way, she couldn’t return without Kabru. He was the entire reason she had ventured out in the first place.

But she’d soon forget about that goal.

Oddly, the young woman began to feel rather *itchy*. Not just a little itchy, and that itchiness wasn’t just isolated to a singular point of her body. It was *widespread*, plaguing her from head to toe, to the point that Rin began to idly scratch at her own skin through her robes here and there. But what made the sensation *stranger* was that she didn’t react much to it in the first place. She didn’t comment on it, or even look down to try and figure out *why* she was so itchy.

If she *had*? She surely would have noticed the cause immediately. The pigmentation of her skin seemed to be *off*, though that description was also something of a red herring because her skin color hadn’t *actually* changed at all. It was what was *growing* from her skin; a soft, almost downy fur that wouldn’t have looked out of place on an animal, though it was quite sure. Well, depending on the animal it *might* have looked a little out of place.

This was largely due to the *color* of this fur. A lot of it was actually a snowy white. From below her nose all the way down to her ankles, it was all covered with a soft white that didn’t do much to hide her nipples nor the indentation of her bellybutton. But her feet, backside, and the upper half of her face? This fur was a shade of pale green instead... which didn’t look like any animal’s fur color, really.

“Ugh.” Rather than catch on to *any* of this, Rin instead groaned in a voice that was not her own as the shape of her face began to *distort*. It was almost like someone had just gripped onto it and had begun to pull it forward, because her nose was slowly extending away from her skull, pulling the rest of her furry face along with it. As her nose was tugged, her nostrils gradually shrunk, and the very tip darkened into a black, triangular shape that looked more vulpine than anything. And really, in the end? Her head resembled the head of a fox.

A *green and white* fox. One whose dark eyes had lightened to silver, widened, and became surrounded by thickened lashes that were just as blonde as the thinner brows that now showed a worried expression above them. **“What do I do...?”** But why *did* the mage look so worried? She had been so *annoyed* just a moment prior, but despite the *very* dramatic changes to her body that made her look like some sort of green, increasingly fox-like woman... none of *that* was bothering her. She just felt *confused*.

The paling of her black hair to blonde certainly didn't abet any of that confusion, but it also didn't contribute to it either. What was dyed ended up restyled, shortening to her shoulders in the back, while some of her bangs were displaced in the front by, of all things, her *ears*. Her muzzle and sharp teeth had already been plenty fox-like, but in the absence of anything like a tail, it fell onto her ears to make that all the clearer. They slid up the sides of her head and elongated into lengthy, upward-pointing triangular shapes composed of green fur with pink interiors.

With her ability to hear heightened, those ears began twitching in response to every sound nearby. Not that there were many. **“I just feel so strange!”** And she was *acting* strange too. There was something oddly polite about how she was speaking, and her body language was a little more reserved now even though she was all alone. Though, was her posture part of that? Her upper body appeared to be teetering ever so slightly *forward*.

But the reason behind *that* wasn't related to her altered demeanor. The culprit was a physical one, though at first it had been a little difficult to make out with her black robe the way it was. Nonetheless, *beneath* that robe her bosom had begun to grow, inching forward inch after inch as fat pooled into them as if they were being funneled by a hose with lewd intentions.

Rin's robe didn't have much of a neckline, so this weight was uncomfortable kept in check by her clothing's fit as it surpassed the D-cup range, but *finally* began to rip and tear once that threshold was surpassed. **“WAH!?”** While she'd be relatively ignorant to the things had transpired thus far, not even the magic's influence could stop her

from crying out as her breasts ultimately *exploded* through the front of the cloth, *G-cup* tits bouncing to full attention while thickened nipples peeked out from beneath their white fur. “**E-Eh? What’s up with my clothes?**”

That *wasn’t* the takeaway she probably should have had from her breasts growing so big, but it was all she could muster while under the dungeon’s spell. It had also drawn any possible attention from the *lower half* of her robe which was suffering similar woes due to her hips widening and the areas surrounding them becoming plusher themselves. It was things like her ass bloating into a deliciously bubbled shape behind her, or her thighs swelling so much that they pressed against each other in between her legs that ultimately gave her quite the bombastic hourglass figure.

“**This is— Oh!?**” Her body now looked and sounded nothing like it had before, but evidently her transformation was *not* complete just yet. The fabric that remained tightly clinging to her body had grown even *tighter*, and more tears were forming as she... *grew*. Her absolutely average height shot up in a consistent manner so that she towered well over even the biggest person she knew. Over six feet? Forget that. By the time she’d exploded through basically *all* of her old robes, she was roughly *nine feet* tall!

The dungeon saw fit to at least redress her though, giving her a red, button up shirt and brown pants, not to mention a red bandana on her head and matching shoes.

“**Oh no. This isn’t normal at all...**” The fox-like woman’s eyes were better adjusted to the darkness than they had been before, so she could more clearly make out her surroundings. She grasped the basics of her situation. She had been summoned into this dungeon to function as one of its ‘monsters’. “**I take offense to that, though. I’m not a monster, this appearance is just because of my Quirk...**” Truthfully, she was just an *Ordinary Woman* back home. Aside from her curvy appearance and fox traits, she was just a regular person.

Her Quirk wasn’t even useful for causing harm. Sure, her fox traits could make hunting easier if she *had to*, but the woman was used to a diet of take out and microwavable dinners.

That was why her tummy was so *plush* despite how tall she was. “**Are**



there even microwaves here? ...Probably not.” She couldn’t even see any lights, so she had to assume there was no electricity. That was *problematic*.

But she’d make do. She had to, right? It wasn’t like she had a choice in the matter.

By the time the morning’s light shone on the dungeon once more, it had undergone a pretty dramatic transformation. Each floor had been repurposed to accommodate the new monsters that *everyone* inside had been transformed into, including a modern city on the first floor that the Ordinary Woman would hopefully find before long. But in the end? This dungeon would be deemed too dangerous after all of the ‘mysterious disappearances’ and the island abandoned.

Monsters left inside and all.