

PUT TO WORK II.

BIWEEKLY STORY #160

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If things had gone Frieren's way, she would have stayed in that small town for a year.

Not only had it possessed that library that she had spent the last few weeks holding herself inside as she searched for magic tomes, but there was also a relatively large bookstore on the village outskirts that she *hadn't* told her disciple about on purpose. If Fern had been aware that there were multiple locations that the elf might like to explore, she probably would have pushed her to leave sooner just to avoid a situation where Frieren had to be dragged away kicking and screaming like a child.

"I'm not ready to leave just yet." Fern had probably thought she was being sneaky when she arrived in the library that day with treats, but it was a strategy that the master had caught onto. When her disciple was ready to move onto their next destination, she'd first ask nicely. The girl would try to butter her master up so that she would kneel to her demands easier. It was a trick that had worked better when Fern was younger. Frieren had been more willing to let things slide back then.

These days? Frieren would take the snacks and then still refuse at first. As had been the trend during the past few incidents, Fern would likely wait another week and become more *forceful* about it. She was already snooping around the library's offerings, likely waiting for what she considered to be the ideal moment to bring it up, Frieren had gotten ahead of it though.

Fern had been pouting about it since, exploring the books of the library while looking for a better opportunity to make her case. But she didn't



get a *chance*. “...Fern?” The elf had been looking directly at the human when it had happened. Fern had grabbed a book from the shelf, and when she opened it? There was a flash of light, and she was *gone*, with the open book dropped to the floor. “**So much for having a peaceful day in the library...**”

Frieren didn’t panic, instead rising from her seat and slowly walking over to the open book. Obviously, the book had been booby trapped with some manner of teleportation spell. If she analyzed it, she could easily reverse manufacture it and bring Fern back. And so? The elf didn’t pick the book *up*. She stood a few feet away and conjured her magic staff. Pointing it at the book, a magic circle appeared beneath it.

“**All I need to do is— *Hm?***”

No, something was wrong.

The spell had activated when she had attempted to analyze it? No, that wasn’t quite right. If it had activated in the same way that it had activated for Fern, she undoubtedly would have been teleported in much the same way. But Frieren was still in the library, it was just that the magic in the book was barraging her with *feedback*? “**Should I cancel my spell? ...No.**” If she did that, then she wouldn’t get any closer to figuring out where Fern had gone.

And this was why she grew even more confused when the spell was disengaged anyways. “**Hm!? Why can’t I reactivate it? Casting this magic... All I need to do is...?**” Considering Frieren’s voice almost *never* showed emotion, the widening of her eyes in that moment revealed just how dire of a realization she’d come to. She couldn’t re-establish the spell because she couldn’t remember *how*. In fact, when it came to the topic of magic? She was having a much more difficult time drawing on any knowledge *whatsoever*.

“***I-I* can’t remember magic *and stuff*!?**” Things were *far* worse than she had even originally thought. Frieren wasn’t one to stutter, much less speak in such a vapid way. The book had done *something* to her, but it was different than spiriting Fern away? She only thought that because she wasn’t aware of her protégé’s ultimate fate, though. For someone whose focus was normally so sharp, the elf was having problems focusing on much of *anything* at that moment though.

A tingling phenomenon spreading throughout her elven body certainly didn’t help things in that regard, especially when, well... Was it even

really *Elven* if she no longer possessed a pair of pointed ears? That was the exact fate that awaited her, with the points of her coveted ears compressing closer to the sides of her heads and rounding away until they were just as small and insignificant as any short-lived human's. Of course, the woman herself was too distracted by other things to notice that they had changed at all.

“What now?” Frieren was doing her best to remain composed. She didn't want to succumb to another unintelligent, emotional outburst like she had just moments before. But on the other hand? It was difficult to reign in these growing impulses when the magic from the book seemed to be dead set on making it difficult to concentrate. If one could easily shrug off the sensation of her limbs and spine *lengthening*, then maybe she could have pulled it off.

But she couldn't. She was *growing taller*, and the woman looked down at her body in awe as her slightly below average height of 5'3" gradually stretched upwards. One inch, two inches, three inches, four; she shot all the way up to 5'8", lifting her dress just enough to show the bottoms of her undergarments, helped because her black tights had also been tagged off her butt – forcing them to peel all the way down to her knees. **“These clothes *totes* don't fit!”**

Her expression cringed at the sound of her own voice. She didn't sound intelligent at *all* and she *hated* it, even if her words weren't off the mark. That five inch spurt of growth had led to her shoulders widening and her hips flaring out as well, though the latter grew *much* more than the former so that her hips were arguably *childbearing* in size at the cost of her undergarments' waistband digging uncomfortably *into* them.

“Like, what spell could even...?” She didn't appreciate how her subconscious immediately rejected the notion of magic being real, despite her *extremely* long life having been dedicated to the craft. But try as she might? She couldn't think of a single spell in *general*, much less one that could make an elf stupider, taller, and as she was beginning to realize? *Fuller figured*. The fact that her clothing had been designed for a smaller elf woman was becoming a *major* problem.

Frieren restrained herself from grabbing her chest. Once small, comparable in size to *Serie's*, the limited space within her dress became bloated with a mass that not only match the size of Fern's bust but *surpassed* it. Which was bad news for her outfit, ultimately. The sound of fabric ripping became louder than the woman's heavy breaths, allowing flesh from the pair of *G-cups* that had developed to poke through individual tears, while the neckline pulled all the way down to show off her cleavage.

“My boobies are sooo big!” And her clothes were incredibly uncomfortable, but she was kind of... *proud of them*? It felt nice to have such a big pair! Just like it felt nice to have a big, full ass and thick thighs; a set of features that were bestowed upon her frame with the same vigor. It became pretty clear *why* her hips had grown so much wider earlier. They *needed* to be that wide to accommodate the mass that accumulated in these regions.

With Frieren’s tits so big, her dress was being worn more like a shirt than a gown now, and the ‘skirt’ was lifted even higher thanks to the cheeks of her ass bloating like they did. The rudimentary underwear she was wearing had been given no choice other than to unravel as her cheeks jiggled to life, but they grew so massive that their girth forced away anything that clad her pelvis. It was for the best, because anything that had remained probably would have been done away with by the plushness that *tripled* the girth of her thighs, too.

And for some reason? The bare bush of pubes above her loins now brightened from silver to a *vivid pink*.

Not that it remained a mystery for *too* long. The same bright pink possessed both her brows and the hair too, quickly painting it all but altering the length and style of the hair that grew from her scalp. It pulled into a shoulder length bob as the scent of strawberry shampoo radiated from it, fluffy bangs crossing between her eyes. **“I just don’t know like, what’s going on! Where even am I!?”** A stuffy old library? She couldn’t even remember going there, and it totally wasn’t her scene! She’d rather be in a cute café, trying to flirt with the waitress!

Frieren’s confused expression changed several times, but her face itself was changing in the process. Her lips swelled just in time for a dark pink lipstick to spread across them, while blush was pressed upon rounder cheeks to draw attention to the button nose wedged between them. The blue of the woman’s eyes were even enhanced as her eyelash grew long with mascara, but it was actually their *shaped* that stood out. They narrowed in the corners, likewise, becoming hooded, Asian eyelids. *Japanese*, much like those of the woman *Fern* had become.

“I totes don’t know what I was doing. Was I supposed to—!?”

The woman’s question wasn’t fully stated, namely because she *disappeared* from the library, only to find herself standing in front of a small cubicle in a modern office building? She stood there stunned for a second, but it finally clicked. She was at *work*! That was why she was wearing her black turtleneck, light blue microskirt, black tights, blue jacket, and matching heels. It was also why her nametag was hanging around her neck and why she was wearing earrings!

“Oh! That was like, so strange! I feel like I just woke up from a dream where I was one of those fantasy elf thingies?” How could she have just ‘woken up’, though? She was on the job at her first day of work at the new office! *Takahashi Fukumi* had only *just* been hired after getting out of college. She was thankful that such a reputable textile company had accepted her application, but she *was* a little nervous about her first day.



Fukumi leaned back in her chair, her sizable rack jiggling a little from the motion. **“Dressing this way is so uncomfy. Why’s everything gotta be so tight?”** Some of the men had been eyeing her too. Maybe being a little pretty was a curse, huh? She hadn’t even started work, because apparently she was going to be trained by a senior lady. She’d been expecting an old hag or something like that.

“Are you Takahashi-chan?” But the woman that ended up greeting her with a bright smile couldn’t have been *too* much older than her. She was pretty. Maybe a little round around the tummy, but in a way she was Fukumi’s type. I-It’s the first day on the job, don’t be having thoughts like that! **“My name is Yamaguchi Fujie! I’ll be going over everything with you for the next month, and if things go well you can work with me in my department!”** Was she an *angel*?

“I-I’d love that!”

Simmer down, girl.