

PUT TO WORK I.

BIWEEKLY STORY #157

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“Frieren-sama, what does ‘OL’ stand for?”

The question posed was an innocent enough one, but a little bit of context regarding *why* the mage, Fern, was asking it probably wouldn't have hurt. You see, the two mages had arrived in a new village in the north along with their warrior, Stark. It seemed that their party had finally been afforded an opportunity to take a break and settle down in a village for a few weeks. Though... Fern was a *little* worried that it might have ended up being longer than that.

Her master, the elf named Frieren, lived a very long time and wasn't often very considerate about the passing of time for humans like Fern herself. Five years for a human could pass by in the blink of an eye for an elf comparatively, and as a result they had spent way too much time in some towns in the past. The risk was often there when the village had a lot of work that needed doing or, even worse, if they had a library or bookstore. Frieren would spend weeks, months, or even *years* reading through their offerings if she could get away with it.

And unfortunately? In this case, the village had a fairly sizable library. They had already been there for *two weeks*, and she'd hardly seen Frieren since. Stark and herself had begun to think that it was time to move on, so Fern had been sent to the library to reason with her. But she wanted to have the conversation naturally, and in the meantime had begun to browse.

That was when she had found it. The tome with those two letters on its spine. The younger mage removed it from the shelf to take a look, because her master had shaken her head to suggest that she *didn't* know

what the meaning was. She assumed that she could easily gleam some context just by reading a few passages within, and yet... Something went awry the moment she opened the front cover. That is to say that Fern, she...

Disappeared before Frieren's eyes.



“...H-Huh?” It was pretty difficult to get Fern to express shock with how reserved she tended to be emotionally, but how else was she supposed to react to finding herself in a completely different location? Much less one she couldn’t recognize at all. It wasn’t *just* the place, though. The furniture and technology didn’t match what she was accustomed to. Steel lockers lined the narrow walls, the uncovered walls were firm and white, there were long benches behind her, and the space was illuminated by white light from above.

It was a modern changing room. Not for a gym or anything like that, but where women came to get ready and stash their things for their *Japanese office job*. Without any knowledge regarding these topics, however, the mage just stood there stunned. “**Frieren-sama?**” Had the *tome* done this? Regardless of whether or not it was the culprit, it seemingly hadn’t brought her master along with her.

Things were more dire than she’d realized just yet though. The young woman, oddly, felt a little *heavier* all of a sudden. She initially passed it off as what was likely a little bloating from the snack that she’d brought to share with Frieren at the library. It happened now and again, after all. You couldn’t exactly control the human body. Fern was used to it. She’d feel a little heavier, and her dress would feel a little tight around her stomach. It’d pass in ten minutes or so, so it wasn’t worth worrying about.

But she probably *should* have worried about it a little. With a bit of bloating your stomach usually would distend a little, that much was true. But in *this* case? It wasn’t... *that*. Despite being a mage, the young woman’s body was actually rather fit. She had toned abs in the present tense – soon to be in the *past* tense. Because those abs *melted* away and, as her stomach distended with bloat, that bloat took the form of *fat*. One inch, two inches... until she had a stomach pouch that pressed against her dress’ inside.

And while *this* weight was negligible enough in the easiest to dismiss place for Fern to not think too hard about it? She received a wakeup call almost *immediately* after. **“Hm? Why is my dress so tight around the chest?”** Bloating in the tummy? Sure. Fine. Completely normal! Bloating in her *breasts*? Weird. Abnormal. Something that stomach problems absolutely *wouldn’t* cause. But once she looked down?

That was the sight that she was greeted with, even though it wasn’t *too* dramatic. Her D-cups had already been discreetly envied by her master, but the tightness within her gown, paired with how much more of the floor had been obscured when she looked down, indicated that they were *F-cups*. The old-fashioned brassiere she was wearing felt close to succumbing to their mass. **“They... aren’t supposed to be that big...”**

A fact. Fern had just stated a fact, or at least she recognized it as one. On the other hand, she didn’t exactly sound *certain* about what she was saying? Like there was a part of her that accepted them at their current size, just as she accepted the reason that her equally old-fashioned underwear had become so tight. It really *was* quite similar to what had happened with her breasts. Her ass and thighs sprung to life with added mass, cheeks edging an extra two inches farther behind her, while her thighs rubbed more naturally against one another between her legs.

But in the end? Her physical build wasn’t *dramatically* different from what it had been prior. Less fit, a little curvier, and slightly... taller? It had been hard to notice and hadn’t really affected her clothing much more than her curvier shape had, but an *inch* had been applied to her overall height rather suddenly. **“What was I doing? Why do I feel like I’m *late*? Hm? My voice!?”**

That voice struck her as odd for a number of reasons. The first was its *pitch*. It still sounded like a young woman’s, but it was also *slightly* higher. On the other hand, for someone who hardly ever showed emotion? She’d certainly *cried out* fairly apparently there, while making an uncharacteristically surprised expression at the same time. It would have been utterly bizarre to see Fern’s facial features show the range of emotions it was now demonstrating.

Or, at least, that would have been the case had her facial features remained untouched. That wasn’t the case at *all*, though. The eyes that had gone wide actually *narrowed* in shape. Their corners were pinched in, ultimately gifting her with a racial profile that was much rarer in the world that she hailed from. But it was very common *here*. After all, as she now knew, she was in *Japan*. She was *Japanese*. She had even begun to think and speak in that language.

“What would I be late for? I feel like I’m forgetting something! Or is it more like something isn’t very clear? Hmm...” The woman had subconsciously begun to act very *cute*. It was a quality that was enhanced by a facial design that lent itself into these cuter aspects while simultaneously coming across a little more mature. Her narrowed eyes, now brown in color, were part of this, but so were poutier lips and a cuter nose. Her cheekbones were lowered, and the surrounding cheeks became vaguely chubbier, all in the service of enhancing the new Japanese genetics that defined her appearance’s schematics.

Fern looked around the locker room for about thirty seconds, as if she had realized she was supposed to be looking for something. *Where is it? Which one is mine?* She didn’t express these thoughts out loud, and those thoughts *definitely* weren’t relevant to what was happening to the last remaining trait from her previous life. Her *hair*. While purple was considered a normal hue from the world she came from, it definitely *wasn’t* one in this one. So, all of that purple was drained away *regardless* of where on her body it was situated. The hair atop her head was shortened to her shoulders, her brows thinned, and her pubes? Well, they were shaved away with care to avoid unnecessary irritation within her thong.

...Wait. *Thong?*

Thongs didn’t even exist in her fantastical world of magic. But, then again, neither did *any* of the garments that suddenly replaced her dress and cloak. She was instead, suddenly, swathed in a black set of lingerie consisting of the aforementioned thong and a lace brassiere that hugged her F-cup tits. Not that you could see it. Not when she was wearing a black turtleneck underneath an open, beige jacket. Or a white pencil skirt that hugged so high on her waist that you could see her stomach pouch clearly defined beneath it. Black leggings and heels completed the look.

But wasn’t she missing something important?

“I’m going to be laaaaate, I’m going to be laaaaaate!” The twenty five year old *Yamaguchi Fujie* reached out to one of the many lockers and placed her finger on a scanner beside it, unlocking it and allowing her to reach in to grab the nametag hanging from the inside hook – the thing that she realized her outfit was missing. After hanging it around her neck and grabbing a coffee mug from inside, she hurriedly closed the door and shuffled towards the exit in her heels.



She had been working at the office of this textile company since she graduated college. That was only a few years ago now, but she was already an experienced OL (Office Lady) that was revered among her peers for being the *angel of the office*. Not only was she kind and helpful, but she was *extremely* pretty despite the slight softness to her tummy. Her shift was about to start, and she was *not* risking her perfect attendance record!

“Good morning, Satou-kun~!” As she hustled past a man that was slightly younger than her, she bowed and greeted him. The new hires in particular had really taken a shine to Fujie, likely because she’d been helping train them, but they saw her like a big sister in a way. But at the time? Fujie wasn’t aware that she’d be receiving a *new* trainee. And while this trainee wouldn’t *seem* familiar to her? She actually knew her well.

Or, at least, *Fern* had.

After all, that trainee was her old master.