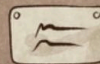
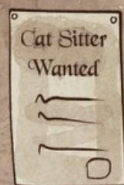
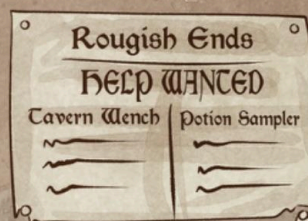
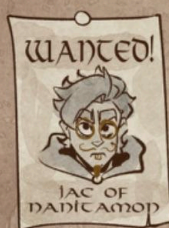


A Wench in the Works

chapter 1



an adventure by
Jessie Star
and **Jakal Ovid**



CHAPTER 1

Part 2

"I... I feel a little odd. Was there something in my drink?" Jac whimpered as his belly continued to bubble and boil and send weird, lapping heat deep into his nerves and up his spine?

"No, I didn't put anything in it." Jess shrugged, and Jac let out a small relieved sigh. "It's a potion, doesn't need anything *in* it."

"P-potion!" Jac's voice cracked. His fingers were jittery and his nipples were hard as rocks. "What kind of a potion?!"

"Um, a potion to transform you." The ginger continued to tidy up her messy bar.

"Transform me?! Why?" He squealed, his vocal chords tightening as his pitch rose.

"Well... it could be the bar tab you opened for the entire tavern, the damage that ensued, the hostesses I had quit. We have a lot to work off my friend."



"W-Wait!" The rogue grabbed the bill again looking at the charges. His bones pulsing with a perverse heat. "I can do another job! I can get more gold and pay this off!"

“Well, your little miracle pull went amazing when you were some super skilled nobody off the radar. But you just broadcasted who you were to the biggest Rogue’s Guild den on the continent. Eeeeeverybody knows you now.” Jess smirked, watching as his blush grew, and curly brown hair began to lengthen.

“No no no no, they can’t blurt it out to the world. I have to pull off another heist, I need money to keep the first people I robbed off my trail, I’m going to be on wanted posters everywhere.”

“Don’t woooooorry” The ginger tavern owner put her hands on his shoulders, her grip surprisingly storing. “The potion will take care of your debt and your appearance.”

“My-” He coughed, trying to lower his voice. It sounded so darn high. “M-my appearan-” Before Jac could finish, the intense heat in his pectorals peaked... literally. “Ooooooh Oh my.” His leather tunic gently creaked as it stretched away from his body. Beneath it, flesh was plumping, rounding, rising away from his ribs. Jac cupped the two, firm, round shapes in his tunic with his hands. Highly sensitive round shapes. They were his. They were growing. And when he pushed back on them hoping they’d recede, he was hit by so much pleasure he let out an incidental moan as his knees went weak. Bent over, sweating and bracing himself on the counter, he could feel his hair brushing his cheeks, lengthening into view. His lips felt like they were swelling, pillowy. Even his eye lashes felt thicker with each flutter. “You’re... you’re turning me into-”



"I told you, I had hostesses quit, so you get to work off your new bill... as my tavern Wench."

"Your Wooueeench" His brief moment of "Ug she's making me look girly" quickly shifted to "Oh no she's changing me fully!" when he felt his belly begin to shift and new organs bloom into existence. There was a deep tug, pulling his cock inward. New, thin girly digits clawed at the shrinking bulge in his trousers, leather stitches popping as his blooming breasts blossomed further. Thighs ballooned, ass wobbling and rounding as his widening hips ripped his pants. He could feel his balls pulling tight, sucking upward in a pleasure blinding, head spinning shift as they switched into ovaries. His breath was shallow, heaving, making his new tits squash in his top.

"I'm..." his voice was so high. "I refuse to be a bar maid... a serving wench. There's no way-"

Like a cat pouncing on a mouse, Jess darted across the room and backed the newly feminine Jac to a wall, brandishing a dagger out of who knows where and putting it right under his chin. "Listen, we don't know each other very well, but if you think I'm just some... floozy bar owner, in a tavern built for thieves, then you have a lot to learn about our world, my cute little noobie. So, Jac of Nanitamon, do I turn you in to whoever you stole all that gold from for a bounty to pay for all this, or do you be a good little wench... and work it off?"

~ + ~

"This is demeaning..." Jac huffed as he tried to get his new set of boobs more covered, but the chemise would not pull up any higher. So there he stood, with two very round, warm tits bubbling out of the low cut cotton bodice and hanging over his corset. Beneath was an apron-skirt combo that barely covered his new panty wrapped plumbing, exposing his soft feminine thighs, with the actual length of the skirt bunched up and trailing behind him, covering his fat arse. At least something was covered.

"What do you mean?! I'll have you know that my girls designed their own uniforms." Jess smirked, watching Jac attempt to stretch the material for the fourth time. "They wanted it to be like that."

"Why would they want this?!" He stomped his heeled boot and gave a little wobble.

"For tips... duh? Something you should be thinking about if you are going to pay off your 'tab' in a fast and responsible time."

"As long as they don't stuff it between my tits." He grimaced as he lifted up his sensitive boobs, picturing coins tossed in there.

“Boobs are probably the MOST comfortable place they could stuff it.” She snorted. “But also don’t let them, don’t even let anyone touch you, I protect my girls... and... well you.” Jess giggled. “Now go ahead, show me what I taught you.” She watched as he clomped around like an uncoordinated horse. “Ooof. You gotta sway that booty more. Like this.” Jess did a waltz around the bar swishing her hips.

“It’s covered by my skirt. What does it matter?” He huffed through clenched teeth.

“It makes the bustle bounce! They love that!” She pointed at her butt and mouthed ‘They’ll think your thiccccc..’

“Could I maybe have more coverage? In the... front?” Jac swished some hair back over his shoulder and gave another go at tugging his skirt down. If he still had a cock he’d swear it would be hanging out for all to see... which he might take over the warm wet mystery he refused to acknowledge down there.

“You have stockings, and a cute little skirt.”

“THIS is not a skirt. It’s a belt.” He huffed. If he lifted one leg, every patron would get a panty shot.

Jess waved it off. “Your thighs are so fat they won’t see anything.” Jess giggled as she finished pouring the drinks for a table across the room. It was two hob-goblin loaders from the pier, burly, bulbous, with a fair few teeth on display when they smiled. She lowered her voice to a whisper. “Now remember, when you bend forward give them a nice deep view down your cleava-”

“SURELY,” Jac’s voice cracked as he snatched the serving tray with the drinks, the jerk sent his breasts swaying in their top, nipples dragged against the cotton material. “-There must be another way of paying off my debt than traipsing around in... this...” He sighed and made his pitch one more time, voice way more girly and winey than he could stand. “Can’t I just... rob the place across the Pier?”

“I would *not* go to the pier dressed like *that!*” Jess shook her head. As if on queue, the pier Hob-goblins gave a flirty wave and an eight tooth smile. “Now get servin’, spit spot.”

Jac rolled his eyes and proudly hoisted the drinks above his head as if this was going to be a piece of cake. Only to stumble three steps in on his heels and dump the drinks all over himself.

His curls dripping, top almost see through, Jac tried to ignore that Jess just added two more “waisted drinks” to his tab.

“Bullocks.”

He was gonna need a better plan, really really quickly, or get much better at walking in three inch heeled boots.

