

SMARTEN UP!

BIWEEKLY STORY #113

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“ACK! Why did I end up being the one stuck with this job!?”

The goddess, Aqua, was at her wits end! Based on how she was speaking you might have assumed that perhaps she was stuck cleaning stables or tending to some remedial task related to the manor that she was living in along with the rest of Kazuma’s group. But it wasn’t anything quite so dire. In fact, the job she had been given was technically a comfortable one. It just wasn’t *her* kind of job.

You see? Wiz, the owner of the local Magic Item Shop has been forced to go on business in the capital. Apparently she had to meet a connection in person in order to secure some sort of new stock for the store, although she had been a little coy about *what* it was she had gone to get exactly. Apparently even *Vanir* had gone with her for some reason, and what did that mean? That she had no one to care for her shop for roughly a week.

And so she had phoned in a favor with Kazuma’s group. She had been supplying them with the odd item during their recent quests free of charge, but it had become time to collect on a favor. She didn’t care *which* one of them looked after the shop because it wasn’t exactly difficult. But *someone* had to. In the end the loser had been decided by drawing straws, and considering Aqua’s luck...

“That stupid draw was rigged! How did I lose *all seven draws!*?” A straw had been drawn for each day and Aqua had pulled the shortest one all seven times in a row. She was *confident* that it was rigged! But it legitimately *hadn’t* been. Despite being a goddess her luck was genuinely just *that* terrible. And so her first day was now winding

down, and she had bored out of her damn mind. **“Watching paint dry would’ve been more exciting. Did I even have a single customer!?”** Nope! She hadn’t!

Well, aside from Kazuma and Megumin coming in to mock her.



But at least the first day was *almost* over! **“What did Wiz leave in the notes? Check over the displays to make sure nothing is out of order?”** Yeah, she *wasn’t* going to do that. It was already late evening and since no one had come in there was *zero* chance that anything was out of place. She’d watched her friends like a hawk when they’d been inside too.

She snuffed out the lights behind the counter and passed the shelves and displays as she moved towards the front door where she planned on flipping the open sign and seeing herself out. A sensical plan if not one that neglected her responsibilities, but ultimately that neglect would lead to big consequences for the goddess. Wiz took no chances with her store and she knew full well what Kazuma’s group could be like. And so? The paper with the instructions that had been left for them suddenly began to glow, and Aqua felt all of the hairs on her body stand on end.

“...Huh?”

That was magic. There was some sort of spell affecting her? But the parchment was so far away that she couldn’t see what was glowing – she just knew that it was targeting her. **“Did I accidentally set off something in the shop?”** Well it *was* a magic item store so it at least made *some* sense for her to assume this, but even if she *had* been correct (she wasn’t), she didn’t know which item it was or *what* it was going to do to her.

Technically it was what it was *doing* to her though, because the spell had *already* begun to act. It wasn’t immediately noticeable to the goddess because what occurred was a change in things that weren’t exactly easy to notice without a mirror present – though at least one of them was something she *would* notice by the end thanks to a change in style.

To begin with, did the goddess’ hair appear *fuller*? It was almost like the humidity had wreaked some sort of havoc on it, because her blue locks were thicker and puffier, natural waves curling about where her locks

had been perfectly straight before. The subtle curliness almost made them appear shorter... though the truth was that they actually *had* shortened a few inches as well. The hair ornament that kept Aqua's hair styled up eventually slipped out as a right-leaning ahoge sprouted.

There were all changes that *might* have gone entirely unnoticed if not for Aqua's bangs. They grew longer and were swept over her right eye, hanging down as far as her *nose* in this direction. "**H-Hey!? I can't see!?**" She did her part to push them away, but they kept sliding back down over her eye. What's more? She realized that they weren't as *blue* as she remembered. What was with those streaks of brown?

"What the hell is going on with my hair!? Is it that spell's doing!? When I get my hands on whatever is causing this...!" She spun around several times, trying to get a grasp on where the spell was radiating from as her hair *completely* turned brown. Even her eyes lost their blues, irises turning to a chestnut brown not at all unlike her hair. That said, the *shapes* of those eyes were altered in equal measure. Her eyelids appeared droopier, giving her resting expression a more fatigued feel above a notably more pronounced nose and fuller, poutier lips. It almost all made her look *older*. Not significantly so, but like a woman in her early twenties. And she didn't even really look *like* Aqua...

...so much as she did this shop's owner.

Of course there was still a pretty significant physical difference between that woman and herself. "**My hair is... Bleh!? What's wrong with my voice? I sound so much like... like...? Oh no.**" She sounded floatier and arguably *gentler* and *kinder* by nature. Aqua immediately pieced two and two together between her hair color and her voice. But she didn't feel shocked or mad about it? Even though Aqua definitely had the type of personality where she *should* have been freaking out about changing into someone that wasn't her regular, 'flawless' self.

She blinked, noting that the shelf beside her seemed a touch smaller than it had been a moment again. It was a realization that was found in tandem with the sensation of her top lifting to show off some of her tummy, and her thigh highs slipping down to her knees. "**I got taller?**" The woman noted it in a voice that was perfectly calm. She had grown ten centimeters taller, roughly.

But Wiz had *always* been a little taller than her. That got the goddess thinking. "**Wait, if I'm becoming her, then...**" Not only was Wiz taller than her, but she was a lot more— "**Oh gosh!?**" Right on cue the woman's body was thrown forward, the upper buttons of her top flying off at the same time as any assumption that she might have been

wearing a bra was dashed – she hadn't been, and that was obvious because her tits surged out into the open with a hefty bounce.

Hands reached up to 'catch' them (as if that would do any good), and she instead shuddered as longer fingers sunk into their round, perky shapes. They were at *least* twice as heavy as her old breasts, and Aqua had always wondered how Wiz's back handled the weight of such a huge pair of tits. *Not well*, she now realized. They were causing some serious strain! **“So... heavy...”** They had to be G-cups *at least*.

Her body felt heavier as a *whole* though. Her tits weren't the only places that had gotten fatter, with even her tummy bloating with a very subtle lip of fat. She was just the slightest bit chubby in the gut from a life spent mostly behind a counter these days, but when it came to the areas a little farther down?

Much like her tits, the weight here *wasn't* the result of her lifestyle but of her changing genetics. **“Guh!?”** She immediately had to reach her hand back to pick a quickly forming wedgie as panties slipped in between two growing cheeks. Porcelain skin was pulled tightly around their bubbling shapes, and in the end she was given no choice but to pull her panties down to prevent them from becoming a permanent fixture in the depths of her canyon-tier ass crack.

“Shoot, my thighs too?” Leaning forward with her breasts so heavy had already been uncomfortable enough, but now she had to reckon with her thighs as she attempted to pull her underwear down all the way. They had grown incredibly plush and thicc, and paired with her ass her hips had been pushed a few inches wider to accommodate this new girth. Try as she might, she couldn't get the cloth past the density of thighs that were now thicker than her own head. “Ah!?” In the end their cloth band snapped, allowing her to just pull them off.

But this marked the end of her transformation.

“Oh no... I've become a copy of Wiz?” At the very least the twenty year old Lich had the awareness that she had been changed, along with the memories of her life as Aqua. But in terms of appearance, personality, and knowledge? She was wholly *Wiz* otherwise. She didn't sound shocked nor troubled, and in fact? She came across as a *lot* more acceptant of the hand she had been dealt compared to the state of nonsensical panic she had been in over the transformation's course.

She blinked, her gentle expression displaying a bit of confusion, but glowing with a mature kindness, nonetheless. **“Wiz. I am Wiz... I can’t even say my old name? Hm...”** She knew *exactly* what had happened. The original Wiz had enchanted the instruction page in a way that it was keeping track of the tasks that were written upon it. At the first sign that the list was being neglected? The one in charge of running the shop in her absence would be turned into a copy of herself so that the work got done.



And this seemingly *worked*, because while the new Wiz hadn’t really realized it, she was looking over the stock and shelves and correcting anything out of place as if it was the most natural thing in the world. **“Everything seems to be where it should be now, but my clothes...”** There was a spare outfit of Wiz’s in the back room as she could recall. Which was good, because her more ample figure had all but escaped Aqua’s clothing. **“I sure hope she changes me back when she returns...”** That *had* been Wiz’s intention, but neither of them knew the truth.

That it *couldn’t* be undone.