



Nero sighed as he walked through the streets, finally finished with another hunt. His latest target had been a slippery shit with how it had been running around the area. He had spent hours hunting it until he had finally cornered it and killed the bastard.

"I need a damn think. I hope there are some restaurants worth something still open." Nero looked at the various restaurants. Most of them were closed, with their signs and lights turned off. "Can't even ask anyone if there's a hotel nearby or something with how dead the streets are."

A shining neon sign caught his attention and made him stop. It was on top of a large wooden door, with a sign above it that said, Bar-Sun.

"Bar-Sun? Weird name for a joint. I think I heard about this place. But where did I hear about it?" The name resounded in Nero's head. It was on the tip of his tongue as he stared at it, yet it evaded him. But then, a conversation he had when he visited Dante's came rushing forward, and suddenly it clicked in his head. "Right, this is a Devil Hunter Bar! Might as well see if this joint is any good. Might be able to get another job here and some decent food. Maybe I could even get a bed."

Nero entered the bar and immediately noticed the place looked like an old jazz club. Most of the furnishings were made of wood from the tables and seats, while ornate chandeliers hung from the ceiling. Acoustic music played throughout the room. Yet, despite its design, every table was filled with people chatting and drinking beer from fancy mugs.

"Let's hope I can get a drink and maybe another job," Nero muttered. "Could use another gig after the headache that today was."

Nero went to the bar, his eyes studying the people around him. The people eyed him as he passed as if they were judging his work and finding him wanting. Some of them even openly glared at him.

'If these guys think they can scare me off by just looking at me badly then they're in for a disappointment. I already got long since used to that back in Fortuna.' Nero raised his hand and flipped them off. Those glaring at him gripped their drinks tighter while others frowned. He smirked at the loathing looks from the people around him. *'As if I got anything to worry about. All of these guys don't seem so tough.'*

Nero grabbed the nearest empty seat by the bar. Some patrons shot him a look before they went back to drinking their beverages and chatting with their friends. He waited for the bartender, a large handsome man dressed in a suit with black hair and stubble, to finish with another customer as he rapped his fingers against the bar. After a minute, the bartender looked at him and frowned.

“Something wrong big guy?”

“Just seeing trouble and wondering how it's going to go.”

Nero smirked. “Hey, no need to throw an attitude, aren't I supposed to be a customer?”

“I haven't seen you around these parts before, and you look like someone else who caused trouble when they showed up minutes later, so I got a right to worry.”

“Hey I'm not going to mess with anything or anybody without a reason. So long as nobody tries to start some shit then I'm not going to do anything Mr. Bartender.”

The bartender frowned. “It's Cicero.”

“Sure thing, will you be nice and get me a drink or what? I got the money to pay.”

Cicero stared at him as if wondering what he should do. His hands balled into fists, and his nostrils flared.

“Going to let me know what you got that's worth something?”

“Right...I'll be right back, sir,” Cicero said. The last word came out with such forced politeness Nero could almost taste it. He turned his back and looked among the beverages.

Nero eyed the others in the joint. The good mood was returning as the conversations returned with some vigor. Yet there was still an underlying tension in the room as if they were waiting to be permitted before they act out.

Nero noticed a large gothic dispenser that hung off the wall. It looked like someone had taken multiple demons' skulls and cast them in iron. Their mouths were open, and they had small faucets coming out of their mouths.

“What the hell is up with the weird dispenser?” Nero questioned. “I get that we kill demons and all, but I think people would prefer a more normal keg to get their drinks from.”

Cicero smiled, his expression losing its forced nature. "It's something I got while I was hunting few years ago. It's been a nice holder for some of the kegs I got. Besides like you said, we are Devil Hunters so its only fitting that we have something like this around."

"You got something like that from killing a demon? Don't you think that asking for trouble? You gotta have heard some of the craziness that comes from people trying to use Devil Arms and all."

"Hey I got it cleaned up and didn't have to deal with any demonic bullshit insanity. Besides, I was able to make some good money from selling some off."

Nero pinched the brow of his nose. "What sort of loony bin did I walk into?"

"You shouldn't speak about everyone here like that. Some people might not like it."

"Right, right." Nero waved off as he waited for Cicero to finish.

Cicero placed a large wooden mug in front of him. "Well here you go. A nice strong batch of my finest booze since you're such a tough guy."

Nero picked it up. He examined the red-colored beverage inside it. It seemed alright, but still, he couldn't help but grimace at the smell.

Cicero smirked. "What's the matter? Can't handle your booze? And here you are acting as if you own the joint."



"As if."

Nero took the drink and guzzled it down. The taste of strawberries assaulted his tongue, dancing off it, with only a slight alcoholic burn following afterward. The cool drink warmed Nero's body up as it traveled through his body. It landed in his stomach like a fired cannonball, making him shudder. He gulped and tried to keep a straight face.

"You looked like you had some trouble there for a second. Want something easier for such a delicate flower?"

"As if I would have any problems with this stuff. You're going to need something stronger to mess with me."

As he recovered, Nero's stomach altered. His hard abs rapidly reduced as the defined six-pack smoothed over, disappearing into his stomach until

there was no semblance of its previous physique. Despite how flat it was, it still maintained a trim fit appearance, but now the muscle it had was thinly hidden, perfect for a model.

Nero burped and took a deep breath to get his senses under control. His fingers tingled. He gripped the mug tighter, struggling to keep his body from going wild. *'Damn this stuff has more of a kick than I thought. Still, taste's better than I expected. I'm just barely tasting the alcohol.'*

Nero took another sip of his drink. Again it traveled through his body like a gentle flame and then turned into a raging inferno when it hit his stomach again. He frowned and gripped the mug tighter as he shook his head. His nostrils flared as another, louder gurgling noise came from his stomach.

Unknown to him, the sides of his waist shrank as mass traveled downward. An hourglass figure quickly became apparent with every passing second. The flat, defined stomach he had gained looked even better the further it changed. His lower body flared out the more his core changed. With every second, his waist looked more enticing and would have drawn people's attention if Nero's clothes didn't conceal it. After a minute, his mid-section settled when he was left with a tiny, slender waist that would have looked tantalizing on anyone else.

Nero squirmed in his seat. The heat that was coursing through his body was getting worse. His face flared up, and his breathing picked up slightly.

Cicero smirked. "What was that about you being able to handle yourself? It doesn't seem like you can handle a wee bit of alcohol after all."

Nero frowned. "I can handle it just fine."

The mass from his midsection settled on his thighs. They swelled like dough rising in the oven, crushing his privates between them. Nero groaned as he adjusted how he sat. He winced and pulled at his pants, trying to deal with some of the tightness they had gained, yet it did nothing to alleviate it. His ballooning thighs strained his pants and continued to crush his genitalia between them. Nero moved his legs further apart and was forced to do so moments later. Despite how much larger they were getting, his hams maintained their definition.

"You sure can with how you're squirming around like a little kid?"

"Oh shut it!"

Nero guzzled the rest of his drink down as his body transformed further. Every little blade of hair on his arms, chest, and legs disappeared until all the hair below his eyebrows disappeared. Again the alcohol made him cough and place the mug down.

"I'm pretty sure I can get you some apple juice if you want to feel like a grown-up kid."

“Fuck you.”

Nero's patted his stomach and noticed the lack of abs there. Seconds later, his ill-fitting clothes registered in his mind, and he shot out of his seat like a gunshot had gone off. He stumbled momentarily as a pins and needles sensation assaulted his feet while his calves let out a crack.

The bottom half of his legs thinned just like his stomach had. Any extra flab and muscle they had traveled up his body and settled on his thighs. His hams suddenly ballooned in size again and became almost thrice their size, maintaining their brawn, while the supple curve they had become more prominent. Small holes and tears formed on his strained pants while his meaty thighs crushed his privates between them, earning a groan from Nero. His new long womanly legs and thick thighs looked like they could easily crush a melon between them.

“Heh finally found some much-needed release did you? So many people would kill to get a feel for those delicious thick thighs of yours.”

Nero's face darkened. “S-shut up! What the fuck is happening to me!”

“Oh, don't worry, Mr Big shot. You deserve this for walking in with your weapon in the open and acting like you own the joint.”

Nero grabbed Red Queen's hilt and went to strike him down.

“No fighting in here, and for even thinking about trying something like that, your punishment is only going to get worse!”

The eyes of the beer dispenser glowed, and Nero's body locked up. He glared. “What the hell?”

“I'll be taking that.” Cicero said. He took Nero's sword and struggled with it for a moment. Then, after a moment, he adjusted his grip and placed it against the wall. “Do you have any other toys on you, or do you just have that giant blade to compensate for a lackluster member?”

“He got this gun on him.” The patron next to Nero said. He pulled Blue Rose out of Nero's holster, earning a hateful glare from Nero.

Cicero smiled. “And I'll be taking this as well. Thanks Pete.”

“Not a problem man. Going to have some fun with this one?”

Cicero chuckled. “We're all going to have some fun seeing this guy get knocked down a peg!”

“Stop talking like I'm not here you schmucks!”

“Trying to keep up all that big talk now that things aren’t going your way? Hope you like what’s coming.”

Nero growled but stopped when he noticed everything was getting bigger. His clothes draped on his frame as his body got smaller. His pants hung slightly against his hips. The tail of his coat barely touched the floor now. Everything kept getting bigger until he lost over half a foot of his height.

"Oh come on."

“Heh, that new height seems far better for you. Good thing you lost some of that hot air in you. It makes you a little easier to talk to.”

Nero twitched as he could feel his face morph. His skull let out faint pops and snaps as the shape of his face became softer and rounder. As if soap had gotten into his eyes, they stung, forcing him to close them. A gasp came as his nose suddenly let out a crack. His breathing picked up right as his nose diminished and became a smaller, sharper nose. He bit his lips and could feel them grow into softer, plumper lips. He ran his hands over his higher cheeks and softer jawline. Gone was the face of a young man, and in its place was that of a beautiful young woman with chocolate brown eyes who would gain the lust and admiration of all with a pulse.



“Hot damn you’re a looker! Can’t wait to see how the rest of your body turns out!”

Nero’s face burned as the onlookers cheered. He turned to them with the foulest glare he ever had. Some of them jumped in their seat, while most kept their composure and continued to watch.

A patron said. “That face really does make you want to say step on me to it.”

The anger Nero had disappeared in an instant. He sputtered, gibberish leaving his mouth.

“Aww doesn’t she look adorable like that.”

“I’ll show you adorable!” Nero unveiled his demonic limb, making the crowd recoil. He smirked with vindictive glee as he balled his monstrous hand into a fist.

Nero’s Devil Bringer glowed brighter momentarily and then began to change. The scales on it were replaced with human skin. He cringed the moment he touched the human skin there. The

blue lines between the transforming red and black scales dulled. His clawed fingers dulled and were replaced with normal human digits.

“What the hell?” Nero stared at his now human arm. It was smaller, thinner. He looked at his other arm and saw it was just as slim and had the same feminine grace as his former demonic limb. There was some defined power there, but no one would think his arms were a man’s. They continued to refine until they looked like the peak of toned feminine muscle.

Cicero smiled at the rest of the patrons. “Well, I think we can all agree that you look far better without the demonic limb. Those slender arms are much better for you. Wouldn’t you all agree, guys?”

The crowd cheered, smiling broadly.

“Even if I don’t have that arm I’m more than a match for all of you!”

“I doubt that, though let’s get you some new clothes that shows off the goods.”

Nero stumbled as his brown boots shifted into a dark black. The heel on the back of them became thinner and grew longer. Bright green lines formed on them. He gritted his teeth as he tried to keep himself stable. The straps and laces disappeared as they melted into them. In seconds, they finished changing into black and green heeled boots.

Nero shuddered as his pants altered, making his succulent thighs ripple. They tightened around his lower frame as they softened. It hugged every supple little curve his body had gained. His pockets disappeared along with his pants zipper as the softer fabric consumed it. His pants merged with his socks, becoming the same stretchy fabric as his pants. He whimpered as the new fabric stretched across his hardening member. The size and curve of his thighs became increasingly apparent as he trembled in aroused glee. They stopped changing when they became brown nylon stockings that hid nothing of his new legs.

“My oh my, someone’s got some lovely stuff to strut!”

Another patron groaned. “Yeah, but the dick takes it all away for me. I’m not a fan of futa.”

“Give it time man. I’m sure that it will go away in time. Let’s just watch the show until then. Man, I wish I had a camera!”

“Don’t worry I got a security camera just in case. I’ll be able to make a copy for you and the rest of you guys if you want it!”

“Don’t you fucking dare! And if anyone else thinks about recording it then I’ll break it and your skulls!”

“You look like you're having some trouble. Are you struggling with something down there? Are your boys giving you any trouble?” A younger member asked cheekily.

Nero bucked his hips as a hot surge went through his body. He gasped and shimmied where he stood. The patrons watched him intently. None gazed at his face but focused on something lower.



Nero looked down, and his face darkened further at the sight of a receding mound. His rigid member tingled from how his tight stockings felt like they were tenderly stroking it and his balls. His digits itched to fondle everything between his legs as they got smaller. He bit his lips, drawing blood from them. His shaft had lost half his size, and the head of it slowly receded into his body. The stockings felt like someone was gently kissing the tip and sides of his wood. When the head of his sword entered his body, Nero opened his mouth and squealed like a needy slut as he cummed.

With a loud wet slurp, the tip of his member entered his body. A saucy moan left Nero's mouth that he couldn't suppress. The crowd cheered, but Nero hardly registered their exuberance as he panted. He could feel his balls trail against his trembling thighs. They brushed against the tip of his nails, and he spasmed as if he blew his load again. Another slurp came from his body as his balls entered his new hole and changed into a set of ovaries.

Nero leaned against the bar, struggling to remain standing. Her supple legs trembled like small bushes in a hurricane. She reached down with one of her hands and paled as the tip of her digits lightly prodded a new moist hole.



“Bet there's something real pretty down there. Well, now all you guys don't have to worry. She's now 100% a woman down there!”

Nero panted. “F-Fuck off!”

She shuddered as her hair exploded behind her in one burst. Her hair touched her shoulders, and she grabbed handfuls of it. It spilled down her hands and continued. She flinched at the softer, silkier texture it had. Her lengthening mane called out to her fingers to roll it around and play with it. She was so mesmerized by her new locks she never noticed her hair trail down her back and brush against the top of her posterior.

Specks of red appeared in the roots of her new mane. The red became more prominent and shinier as it did. The red color went down her hair as if someone was spraypainting it, removing every trace of her silvery-white hair until every sign of her original hair color had been replaced by a dark scarlet. Her new beautiful scarlet mane shined brightly in the light and enraptured everyone.

“Damn, normally I don’t pay attention to hair, but that is beautiful.” One of the guys said, unable to take his eyes off it.

Another nodded. “Yeah, I kinda want to just run my hands through it.”

Nero flushed under the praise. Something ran through her head, making her jump. She turned and saw Cicero staring at his hand and then at Nero’s hair.

Nero scowled. “Hey!”

Cicero continued to stare at his hand. He rubbed his fingers together as if he was still feeling her hair.

“Hey, was it that nice Cicero?” One patron asked. He stood up and grabbed some small strands of hair.

Nero jerked away from him. “Back the hell off!”

“Damn it really is that good. I want a blanket just as soft.”

“Shut your damn mouth!” Nero glared hatefully, wishing he could lash out at them all.

“Yikes can be damn intimidating too, good thing we don’t gotta worry about getting hurt.”

Nero activated her Devil Trigger. Her eyes glowed a bright crimson as a bright blue aura surrounded her frame. For a moment, the shadow of a demonic being formed behind her. Unknown to Nero, the Devil Arm beer dispenser glowed again. Suddenly, her body felt off, and her Devil Trigger deactivated as a warm sensation invaded her chest.

Nero whimpered. “Wait no.”

Cicero cupped his chin. “No, what? Was that light show supposed to be something special? Or were you hoping you could spook us with a little trick?”

Nero's nipples hardened underneath her shirt. Her breathing hitched. Horrified curiosity demanded she look down, but she restrained herself. All the patrons in the room, along with Cicero, eyed her like wolves waiting to pounce.



One of the patrons said. “Oi what’s happening? Where’s all of that big talk and curses you were spouting earlier? Is the transformation already done?”

Nero glared at him but flinched when her nipples perked underneath her top. Her breathing picked up. The areola of her nipples widened, becoming slightly more sensitive. She could easily visualize them becoming the size of quarters as her fingers moved erratically. A lewd groan escaped. She grabbed her

thighs, desperate for any distraction. Her erect nipples rubbed against her top as they grew, further heating her loins. They poked through her shirt like thumbtacks but were hidden under her jacket.

A chuckle got Nero’s attention, and her eyes snapped to the source. It was Cicero who had a sizeable cocky smirk.

“Oh I think it’s just something we can’t notice due to her clothes. Bet she’s got some finer points now just begging to be seen underneath that jacket.”

‘You shut your mouth!’ Nero shot him a look that would have killed lesser men.

Cicero laughed. “Now I’m sure that I hit the nail on the head with that guess! Everyone get ready to see a wonderful show!”

Nero gulped as her pecs inflated. She could feel small soft little mounds form, which made her face burn scarlet. Her eyes darted to her chest. A tiny bit of cleavage formed that rapidly swelled. Her throat tightened as her panting increased. The heat in her body exploded. Her ballooning fun bags and new vagina ached for attention, her fingers twitching in desperate need to play with herself. In less than a minute, the outline of her breasts became visible, making the onlookers cheer as if they were watching a competition.

“No! Stop this!”

Cicero smiled. “There is no way we’re stopping a good thing like this.”

Nero forced herself to stand up straighter. To her disgust, there was a slight bounce to her breasts as they became the size of ripe apples. The zipper of her jacket was forced down by her swelling bust, exposing her cleavage. She grabbed the zipper and tried to zip it back up but failed miserably. Her biceps mashed her boobs together as they continued to grow. A bolt of pleasure went through her body, making it warm further in sexual need. Despite her failure, she continued to try to pull the zipper up.

One patron cried. "You can try as much as you want, but there's no way you're going to be able to hide those girls!"

"Just show them off!"

"Fuck off shit stain!"

Nero's frustration rose as her bosom blocked the sight of her feet and continued to expand, almost as if they demanded that she give them her full attention. No matter how hard she tugged on the zipper, her boobs refused to hide underneath her jacket. Their growing weight and size kept forcing the zipper downward. She groaned as her growing tits pulled on her back as if someone was filling a pair of milk jugs on her chest. Nero could only stare at them in horrified awe as the zipper slipped from her fingers. She moved her arms away, allowing her bust to move into a natural perky tear-dropped shape. Her ballooning bosom's growth ceased when her knockers became a massive F-cup that looked larger than basketballs.

"Damn you could probably kill a few demons with those massive knockers." A customer said, getting laughs from the crowd.

"Oh yeah, swing those boulders hard enough and she could probably send a demon's head flying off!"

"Might be worth taking a hit if you could get a feel for those tits!"

The jeers continued to Nero's fury. Her toes curled as she tried to punt a table at them. Yet her legs remained put. She tried to raise her leg, not to go on the offensive, just to see if she could and, thankfully, was able to do so.

Cicero filled some mugs with alcohol. "Testing to see what you can get away with? Maybe there is a brain somewhere in that cute head of yours. I thought that whatever brain power you had went to those tits of yours."

"Fuck off! Once I figure a way around this bullshit you did, I'm going to kick yours and everyone else's asses!"

"I have a better idea, why don't you get to serving the customers? Best start apologizing for acting all big and such," Cicero placed the mugs on a tray and pushed it to Nero. "This tray of drinks is supposed to go to that big round table over there."

"As if I'm going to do anything you say you bastard!"

"You sure about that?"

Nero stared at the drinks. She shimmied. Her hands shakily grabbed the tray despite her efforts to stop herself.

"There we go, now was that so hard?"

"Fuck off."

Nero spied the table he was talking about and went to it. With every stomping step she took, Nero tried to fight the need to head to the table. Every muscle in her body strained to turn herself around. Yet no matter how hard she tried to turn in any other direction, her leg refused to move any other way. When she arrived at the table, she looked at the people there as if they were giant cockroaches crawling all over her favorite food.

"Here are your damn drinks." Nero placed the tray down. She wanted to throw their beverages all over them, but instead, she gently gave them their drinks.

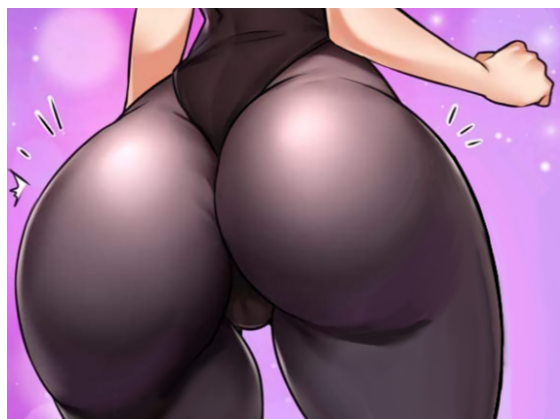
One member said as he took his drink. "Now, now, there's no need to look at us like that, might ruin that pretty face of yours?"

"Shut it you bastard." Nero's fingers curled against the tray, pushing into the metal. She looked at it, wondering if she had damaged it, and to her amazement, saw no marks or even little divots.

One patron opened his wallet. "You know I'd be willing to give you 100 bucks if you let me get a feel of those tits."

Nero stomped back to the bar. Again, she shot the people leering at her a vile glare that would have killed them 10,000 times over. Some of them recoiled, but some continued to look at her with desire.

With every step Nero took, her hips swayed a little more. After a moment, she looked down and saw her hips widening. Her look of rage was immediately replaced with a horrified slack-jawed look. Every step she took made her hips roll as if she was demanding people look at her rear.



The hemline of her pants dug further into her hips the wider they got. Her jeans tightened around the rest of her legs and dug into her crotch. A low grunt escaped as the button dug into her stomach. She tried to adjust her pants with her free hand, grimacing at the broad curve she felt. Despite her best efforts, her pants tightened further. The wide swing of her hips became more apparent the wider they got. She slowed her gait, hoping that would be enough to make the alluring draw disappear, but it only brought more attention to her cheeks. No matter how she tried to move, her booty continued to swing.

"Mother fuckers." Nero clenched the tray harder. When she reached the bar and dropped the tray on the counter. The tray, to her shock, looked just as fine as when she first held it.

Cicero poured another drink. "You look like you're stumped about something. You can tell me whatever is bothering you, and I'll answer to the best of my ability."

"You mean aside from the fact that you're turning me into a fucking woman?"

"Yes, aside from that."

"...I know that when I normally put all my strength into it, I could throw a giant stone sword easily. Yet this damn tray is fine, and I know there isn't anything special about this."

"You think that I would let someone like you access your full strength? In here you got just enough to protect yourself and move stuff around to fulfill whatever tasks I give you. I ain't going to let you break my stuff every time you throw a hissy fit."

Nero growled at him and then yelped as her pants tightened. Her hands balled into fists. She tried not to look down, but her need to know what was happening got the better of her.

Cicero leaned over the bar and grinned when he saw Nero's pants morph. Her blue jeans softened and gained a brownish tint that became more prominent. The various buttons, studs, and zipper melded into the fabric, leaving no trace they had been there. Her pants legs transformed into taut black stockings that showed off her sexy legs. Black spandex with a green trim formed into the bottom half of a leotard and pressed down on her rear and crotch. A large white cotton tail formed just above her butt on the leotard.



"Can't wait to see what the rest of your outfit looks like once it's finished, though it seems like a pair of something needs some work. Considering your tits, I'm sure that ass of yours will be just as nice and give just as many fantasies."

One patron laughed. "Trust me I'll definitely be having some lovely dreams tonight. Perhaps even more so if you're willing to do a little more."

Nero glared. "As if I'm going to do anything with a drunk fuck like you!"

"Damn, with your new body, that fire of yours is fantastic. Don't worry; I won't let you become a fuck doll or something. You're just going to be working for me and be perfect eye candy."

"Just going to enjoy watching me squirm until I find a way to break your jaw, aren't you?"

Cicero smiled with cocky confidence. His eyes rested on Nero's impressive bosom.

Nero growled but then stiffened as if something had sneaked between her cheeks. She looked over her shoulder, but her beautiful red hair concealed her posterior.

Another squeal left Nero's mouth as her butt suddenly ballooned. She gripped the bar as Her stockings gently trailed against her expanding cheeks. The incomplete leotard dug tighter against her butt and needy crotch, further exciting her body. She trembled as if she was standing out in a blizzard. Nero's eyes twitched, and her fingers moved haphazardly. Her hands opened and closed, desperately wanting to caress her ballooning cheeks, but she refused to. Nero screamed as another wave of juices went down her legs as her lower cheeks finished growing.



"That's a lovely expression on your face. I will definitely be dreaming of that face tonight."

"Piss...off." Nero panted heavily. Her bust bounced up and down, sending more bolts of pleasure through her body.

A small black headband with several green beads attached to it formed on her head. The dots grew and developed into three green hearts. Little black points poked out of the headband and formed into long bunny ears.

Nero ignored the weight on her head and forced herself to focus on her booty. She looked over her shoulder, and her jaw dropped at how massive her rear had become. Just like her bust, her ass was just as huge and looked like it would have been able to crush a man's skull with ease if she sat on them. The weight her heart-shaped ass pulled on her body as if they were a counterbalance to her immense breasts. She gagged at the sight of her luscious full ass. Her

hand unconsciously caressed the curve of her rear, unable to fully comprehend how it stood out almost a whole foot behind her.

Cicero licked his lips. "Damn you're perfect. You got everything most people want in a gal. A massive bust, wide hips, a fuckable ass, and a pretty face. You'll be driving people crazy."

"You're going to die the moment I'm free."

Cicero shoved another tray of drinks into her hands. "Keep telling yourself that. Now then get to serving Nero, all of the guys are hard workers and deserve a good drink."

Nero glared, struggling to get the words out. "As...if."

"C'mon Nero, we both know that you want to do it." Cicero smirked. He pointed to a table to the side of the room. "These drinks are for them."

Nero stood still. Her grip on the tray tightened as her toes curled. After a moment, she went to serve their drinks. "Son of a bitch."

She walked through the crowd, ignoring the lecherous gazes of everyone in the room. All the patrons drank in her altered form as if they were seeing the most enrapturing show on earth. Her face burned brighter. With everyone looking at her, her attention to how she was walking slipped. Her steps immediately turned into a sexy hungry saunter that brought attention to her hips and butt.



Nero gasped as her shirt and jacket tightened around her body. A large cut formed down the center of her shirt as it merged with her coat and jacket. The hood and fabric around her

shoulders disappeared, while the zipper melted into the cloth as it thinned. Black splotches formed on her clothes, combining with each other as a green trim appeared. Green straps appeared on the leotard and connected to her collar, prospering her breasts. A small collar with a green bowtie formed around her neck. The sleeves of her jacket altered into long white opera gloves that went up to her biceps while green ribbons appeared on her wrists. In seconds her shirt and jacket transformed into a tight black leotard with a green trim that propped her breasts up and mashed them together, somehow making her hooters look even more immense.

She finally reached the table and tried to portray an aura of confidence. Nero stood up straight. "Here you go, you fuckers."

"Man despite how much of a crotchety big shot you acted, you look real good now."

Nero quickly passed out their beverages, desperate to get out of there as soon as possible. One of them looked behind her, and his jaw dropped.

"Damn, look at that dump truck of an ass! She could probably kill a few demons with those too!"

Nero snarled. "Shut it!"

Again Nero could only return to the bar, snarling with a seductive sway in her broad hips, making her ass bounce. She noticed how much more her ass bounced now, almost as if it was trying to rival her hefty jugs. Now that she no longer had her pants, there was no restraint to them, allowing them. The way that her butt and bounce kept demanding her attention, despite all the distractions. Every time it bounced, a little bolt of pleasure asked her to play with herself.

The moment she reached the bar, Cicero gawked at her. His eyes roamed over her delicious frame. He whistled. "Wow, just wow, you turned out better than I ever could have dreamed."

Nero snarled. "Stop staring at me like that, you bastard! I'm still a guy!"

"With tits and an ass like that I think its clear that you're not a guy. Especially the lack of whatever member that you had between your legs. You're a bombshell of a woman. I don't think that you can keep using a name like Nero. You need something more womanly. Something fitting for a beauty like you." Cicero's eyes trailed over Nero's frame and settled on her hair.

"Bullshit! My name is Nero you fucker!"

"I got it! From now on your name is Erza, Erza Scarlet!"

"As if you bastard!"

Cicero grinned. "Alright then why don't you tell us what your name is? Whatever it is we'll stick with it."

“My name is Erza you bastard!” Nero cried. She gasped. “No! It’s Erza! Shit! My name is Erza Scarlet! Fucking Hell! I’m from Fortuna and my name is Erza! Oh dammit!”

“Alright everyone, meet the newest employee of the Bar-Sun! This is Erza Scarlet and from now on she’ll be our new waitress! So I expect all of you to treat her nicely!”

The crowd roared in glee while Erza was repulsed. Her hands clenched around the tray, trying and failing to throw it at someone, no matter how she tried. Instead, all she could do was flip them off.

Cicero chuckled. “You better get to serving the patrons, Erza. This is the rush hour after all. You don’t want to keep them all waiting do you. It would just be a shame to do that.”

Cicero gave her another round of drinks while Erza glared at him. She wished she could chuck them at him, but all she could do was place the beverages on her tray.

“Now Erza, make sure to put on a nice smile while you’re serving them. I’m sure the customers will be willing to give you plenty of nice tips. Especially if you bounce those jugs of yours and let them cop a feel.”

Erza grumbled as she walked away. Her wrath expression was immediately replaced with a beautiful smile. She stepped forward, her wide hips swaying widely. Her butt and bust bounced delightfully, making her body heat. It was only enhanced by all the attention she got from the patrons.



When she reached the table, Erza stopped. Her smile remained despite the lust in their eyes, which made her want to slam the tray into them as hard as she could.

“Here you are boys.” Erza leaned over and placed their drinks on the table. They all eyed her bust, making her want to hurl. When she was done, someone else called her over.

Erza jumped as someone smacked her full round ass. She squealed as the offender chuckled. Her smile became more genuine for a moment, and then she continued to the next customer, eager to serve. All the while, every customer and Cicero admired her, happy an extraordinary beauty like her was here.

Epilogue

“Here’s the latest round for table 5, Erza.” Cicero said as he placed three drinks down for Erza to take.

Erza sighed as she picked up the latest round for another table. Her eyes landed on her sword, which hung over the bar like a trophy. She longed to wield it again, but she couldn’t touch it. Whenever she tried to, her fingers would stop just before she felt the cold steel.

Cicero chuckled. “Maybe one day I’ll let you play with it again. If I don’t sell it before that day.”

“Don’t you dare!” Erza snapped. For now, she could express her true thoughts, yet it became more of a struggle as time passed.

Cicero chuckled. “Relax, I just wanted to see that fiery expression of yours. It’s just as beautiful as the first time I saw it.”

“Hurry up Erza! The beers are gonna get warm!” A patron cried.

Erza glared at them. “You just want to grab my ass again you dirty old prick!”

“Heh, like you don’t like it. Your cheeks are almost as red as your hair. I’ll give you a matching set down below too.”



Erza glared at them, wishing that she could unleash her fury. A familiar heat built up between her legs that made her face darken. She clenched her butt cheeks.

'Damn this body! It's like I'm constantly in heat! I can't leave this stupid town because I have to work here!' Erza mentally grumbled. 'I can't even beat one of these drunk fucks now. And Dante just thought it was a joke when I contacted him. I can't even say my real name when I'm alone anymore. Fuck I'm getting even hornier!'

"Hurry it up sweet cheeks!"

"I'm coming you bastards!" Erza went to serve their drinks. As she did, a smile blossomed as she rolled her hips. Her bust and butt bounced like the perfect waitress she was. *'God, can this shift be over already? I'm going to go crazy if I can't deal with this damn heat!'*