

# MEGA-MIN

## BIWEEKLY STORY #93

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***“I’m going to kill KAZUMAAAAA!”***

The shrill shriek that rang through the mansion shared by Kazuma, Aqua, Megumin, and Darkness was undeniable, but fortunately for the source she was the only one of the four that was even home at the moment. And that source? It was Megumin herself, evidently frustrated about something the only male in their shared party had done. But was that really all that unusual? Kazuma was *always* causing problems even when he didn’t mean to. It was just in his nature to be a nuisance, particularly thanks to his perverted nature.

But nonetheless, in different ways he had captured the hearts of the women in his party. Even if the women themselves didn’t quite seem to realize it themselves yet. Among them, it was Megumin who appeared to be the most blatant about the affections she was unaware she even possessed, so perhaps that was why his comments had hurt her so much that day.

**“How dare he say that to me! I’m not as flat as a washboard! Those are waaaaay flatter!”** If it wasn’t evident enough, he had totally made a passing comment about the girl’s cup size. Which was a little unfair of him really, seeing as the mage was the youngest member of the party by quite a wide margin. There was a good chance she would grow in the future, and the existence of her own mother should have been proof of that!

She really *was* overreacting, though. Kazuma’s opinion on this matter should have been worthless, but the feelings she had gradually been developing over time had become a hindrance and clouded her ability to

brush off the comments like these he made here and there. But it had reached a point that, with Megumin's stubborn personality, she was now in the mood where... **"I'm going to show him!"** Yeah, that. She wasn't going to take his comment laying down. She was going to take some sort of action!

...Even if that meant dabbling with a cursed object.



Well, Wiz had marketed it to her as a wish-granting device, and that was what Wiz had believed it to be as well. Thanks to her business partner, that is. It was cursed in the sense that while it *would* grant the holder's wish, that wish would ultimately spread to every person she touched in the process. So depending on the wish she made? It could have some far reaching and terrible implications. Which meant it was awful that Megumin had no idea about any of this.

**"I wish my body was super bombastic! I wanna prove that I can be a sexy woman too!"** Thus was the wish that came out of her mouth as she clutched the item, a star-shaped pendant that looked like it might match the girl's general aesthetic. The wish sounded harmless in a sense, but when you considered the truth of its

cursed nature you could only wonder about what sort of far reaching consequences it might have.

The star began to glow within Megumin's open hands a moment, leaving her to gawk as she felt a strange warmth radiate into her body. But when the light finished glowing? Nothing had changed! **"Huh!? Is this thing defective!? I like, totally look the same— Wha!?"** Maybe it wouldn't be all that obvious to anyone that didn't know her personally, but she had blurted out something that didn't really match her character. She'd uttered some words that made herself sound like a total airhead!

**"Why the heckie am I talking like this? I'm not some dummy like Aqua!"** Despite the fact she was trying with all her might to speak normally, nothing normal escaped her lips in the end. It was all peppered with the same vapid verbiage – a way of speaking that she had always assumed men found attractive (*even if it was just her naivete that had led her to that conclusion*).

In fact, her assumptions of what made a woman 'sexy' were what was guiding the curse's work. It fed off her youthful misunderstandings, and

it was those things that were ultimately applied to her. Both in mind *and* in body.

There were clear indications that the latter was taking place as well, although the initial changes to her physical appearance were subtle enough that she didn't quite notice. Predominantly these changes were focused on her head – such as how the crimson of her eyes found a little more vibrance, soon sparkling a bright pink instead. There was also the matter of Megumin's *hair*, for not only did it soon snake longer, but layered color was applied to once brown strands as in all of its waviness, it spilled down to her rear end. Ultimately the hair closest to her scalp was left a very bright red, while it turned more and more orange the closer it got to her tips.

**“Huh? Like wait a second, why is my hair so long and *super pretty!*?”** Longer hair meant that it was heavier, and with her bangs fluffier as well it was only natural that the girl would take note sooner or later. Hands held bunches of it, thankful that she had not yet put on her hat since the hair growth would have knocked it off. But she had just wanted to be sexy, so why had her hair grown? Even her own words seemed skeptical, but there was a joy she couldn't place mixed in as well.

That joy only swelled as, well, *her body began to swell.*

**“Oh! *Ooooh...!*”** A pleasant warmth spread throughout her body, and it was very much pleasant in the *‘it made her feel aroused’* sense. The feelings sensually caressed her skin, and as it lingered? Bones began to lengthen and flesh began to swell, all in tandem with each other. The growth of bones could *only* allude to the idea that she was getting taller, which absolutely *was* the truth. Even if she had *only* gained height, it would have been enough to lift her tunic from her hips because she had sprung up to 5'6”.

But it *wasn't* just her height that grew. More in line with what she had expected when she had made that wish, her tunic soon constricted around her own bosom as her ‘washboard’ breasts were quick to defy any and all expectations. **“*They're really getting bigger!*”** Her voice all but carried the new airier, ditzier tone by this juncture, while hands greedily reached up to grope her own tits as they swelled.

And it wasn't like they just grew a little. They grew *a lot*. Through her tunic, her fingers – which had lengthened as she had grown taller – sunk into the swelling tissue beneath them, while the bottom of her tunic was hoisted higher and higher upon her growing body. Nipples, engorged, could be seen through the relatively thick fabric, and in the end she had begun to twerk them. This level of technique shouldn't have been possible for the old Megumin, but as her face clearly showed signs of her

getting older? So too did her mind adjust and inherit skills that would better match her idealized sexy woman.

Her tits eventually grew so big that the neckline of her tunic was torn downwards, and littler tears began to form around a bosom that clearly couldn't be contained by the fabric. **“Be free, big ones~!”** But the woman inevitably did the rest of the work herself, tearing down the front of the clothing so that both boobs could bounce free, beads of sweat dripping from them while she massaged them further – now skin to skin. By the time their growth had completed? They were G-cups, if not H. Each breast rivaled her own damn head in size, and she was *loving* it.

Megumin had been so distracted by her tits that she hadn't realized she had grown taller, nor that her lower half had experienced similar growth to her breasts in tandem. Her hips had widened not naturally, but because they had been given no choice thanks to a surge of meat that saw the cheeks of her ass erupt, along with a burgeoning of thighs so that skin was pulled tightly around them, and they rubbed sensually together. *Had* she noticed? She likely would have given her shapely rear a nice smack all things considered, and that was just the sort of mischievous bedroom play that was being imprinted upon her mind.

A bush of unruly, reddish-pink hair sat bare above her pussy for a moment, for her panties had snapped and fallen off thanks to the new girth of her hips. But her pussy, evidently not one of a virgin, did not remain exposed for long. Now basically naked, clothing that bore *some* resemblance to her old outfit appeared. It was similar in that it also resembled a witch's garb, but there was, well...

90% of her body was exposed. She was basically only wearing a purple hat and witch's cap over what looked to be a latex showing that only covered the sides of her breasts, while dangling down to hide her pussy and ass crack. Otherwise? Aside from some boots and fingerless gloves, along with some latex trim? She was *basically* naked. And the Megumin who would have felt shame about wearing something like this was overwhelmed with pride.

**“Wowie! It like totally worked!”** Everything from Megumin's flesh to the clothes she was wearing had all fittingly changed to suit the desires she had expressed. And while, facially, she still resembled her old self? Overall, it was almost like she had become a different woman altogether. Her hair was red, her curves undeniable, her eyes slightly pink, and her demeanor, well...

Hoping to be a ‘sexy woman’ had affected her age and her mannerisms. Not only was she in her twenties now, but she was acting like more of an airhead than ever – because she believed that airheads were seen as ‘sexy’. Her understanding of what made a woman attractive, while flawed, had been a big proponent in her transformation. Huge breasts, a big butt, a flirty and dumb personality, clothes that skimpily showed off her body... all of those traits were things she had believed sexy women possessed.

And now she possessed all of those traits.



**“Heehee! I can’t wait for Kazuma to see this!”** In her excitement, Megumin did a little hop – which in turn forced all of her new flesh to jiggle sensually, fully displayed by how skimpy her latex leotard was. Her thoughts kept wandering to the idea of pouncing on him, getting him to acknowledge just how hot she was, and then maybe doing a little of *this and that*. But if she so much as grazed him, or *anyone* in that case?

They would become a woman as sexy and dumb as herself.