

# ASCENDED

MAY 2022 REQUEST STORY

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**“Ugh, well if they’re going to sit around I’m going in myself!”**

It was not like it was uncommon for any members of Kazuma’s party to grow *impatient* considering how volatile they all were, but in this case Megumin seemed to be a little antsier than she typically was under more circumstances. The reason for this? Well, considering her personality and hobbies there could really only be *one* thing. She had been asked to repress one of her baser instincts throughout the journey that had brought them to this place. Something raw, carnal, and something that defined her very being. Of course it could only be...

*She really wanted to use explosion magic!*

No sooner than they’d accepted this quest in Axel did Kazuma sternly tell her that it was for the best she not blow anything up on the way. Because the trip would take just under a day by carriage, they could probably get to work as soon as they arrived, which means her magic might have been necessary then. And if she’d already ‘blown her load’, then she wouldn’t have been much use in that regard.

Much to the teen’s dismay, though, their carriage ride had suffered several delays, and they had arrived late in the evening. Much too late to go exploring without first getting a good night’s sleep. But that just didn’t sit *right* with Megumin, who had been promised she would be given an opportunity to do the one thing she did best. The one thing she always, *always* wanted to do. Blow things up!

So while the rest of her party set things up, the girl in question slid into the entrance of the dungeon they were going to explore. A smaller party

before them had already set up torches and left them notes – notes Megumin had not read – so it wasn't like visibility would be an issue. All she really knew that the dungeon was full of earth-based creatures and they'd grown so rowdy lately that they had been disturbing the other villages in the area. Earth creatures ripe for exploding!

...Ignoring the risk of using explosions underground, of course.



And so the girl headed deeper in. Apparently there were some open areas within the caves, which was why she was confident she would be able to use her explosion magic safely. Doing so would most definitely awaken the others, but if it did then that was their fault for asking her to suppress her urge to release in the first place, right?

**“Huh? What’s this place?”** For all of the generic looking caves, though, she eventually came across a room that had given her a great deal of pause. It was spacious, but now open. It wasn't the cavern's design that had given her pause so much as it was the contents of this cavern, however. Because there were a number of unusual machines populating its walls, while in the center? There was a big, green— **“Goop?”**

Maybe that was a crude way of looking at it, but she couldn't really describe it in any other way. It was just *floating there*, ripples traveling through its translucent, green form. In terms of size, it was probably three times the size of Megumin herself. **“It’s kinda gross. Should I blow it up?”** Considering doing so would likely cause a cave in, probably *not*.

Fortunately for the cave's integrity, the young mage wasn't afforded an opportunity to do just that. Because it sensed something in her. Potential. That explosive power could be harnessed for something else. Something much more amazing. Something *divine*. Well, truthfully it was just surprised at how malnourished she was, ultimately. And so, a tendril of green suddenly launched from the ball of slime. **“Hey— MMFF!?”** Right into her *mouth*. The force of it all had sent her cape flying right off of her!

Megumin naturally wanted to gag as the slime forced its way down her throat, and for a brief moment she thought the entire orb was going to go into her along with it. Luckily for her it was little more than a few

mouthfuls, but she was left flabbergasted by both the suddenness of it and the warm feeling of its presence inside of her. “**What the heck!? What did you just do to me!?**” Not that a ball of floating slime could really respond to that question. If it could, it probably would have just told her to *wait and see*.

While she had felt bloated at first, that feeling eventually dissipated as the warmth she felt spread throughout her body’s entirety, no longer isolated to only her tummy. She felt incredibly weird, and there was no doubt that it would have been for the best that she go get help, but something kept her pinned in place. Instinct? Acceptance? For how weird this all was, why didn’t she feel all that panicked? She didn’t even feel like she should try and get it *out*. Even though she probably, most certainly should have wanted to.

“**Uh...**” Nonetheless, the presence of the slime within her had already begun to show some effects in her physical form that might have been considered alarming to most people, but Megumin wouldn’t have ended up alarmed even once she had realized thanks to the complacency that had somehow been instilled within her.

There was, for example, the color of her hair to be considered. Like every other member of her tribe it was a chestnut brown through and through. But... *no longer*. Because at first, what appeared to be blonde highlights had plucked up midst the sea of short and messy brown. As the seconds wore on their population multiplied at the brown’s behest, and before long? All of her hair had taken on this color, from the hair atop her head, to her eyebrows, to the hair between her legs.

Were that all, maybe this dye job wouldn’t have seemed all *that* strange. Strange nonetheless, but people dyed their hair all the time, did they not? On the other hand: one’s hair inexplicably growing? Well, that was a little more notable. And it was a fate that had befallen Megumin’s locks just the same, hair wriggling and growing rapidly, falling down past her shoulders without even provoking a tugging sensation in her scalp. Before long it had fallen down to her feet and pooled behind them, not only longer but most certainly thicker and straighter.

If she had been a little taller, then they likely would have been hoisted  
up to her ankles.

Of course a change this dramatic could only go unnoticed for so long, and with that hair pooled on the ground, the girl had almost tripped over it. “**Woah!? What the heck? My hair...?**” She was surprised, grabbing a handful of gold between fingerless gloves, but the shock wasn’t negative. Megumin felt calm and accepting. Some might even say it showed *maturity* that she was acting this way.

And as she stared at her hair? Change was provoked in her facial features. Her eyes, for example? They swelled in size and rounded in shape, while the only other trait of her clan – her crimson eyes – lightened into something of a purply pink in comparison. Her lashes lengthened as well, contributing to what was an increasingly *mature* expression with the other changes considered. Such as how her lips had swollen thicker, her nose fairer, or her cheeks becoming broader while just slightly thicker. It gave her the appearance of an older woman, particularly with blonde bangs brushed as neatly as they were.

“**My, I feel so pleasant.**” The words that came out of her mouth next weren’t exactly very *Meguminy*, that’s for sure. It sounded more like something a gentle mother might say, not a teenaged girl. But considering the look of her face, perhaps that wasn’t too far off the mark? Her size was still more or less an issue, however. That face did *not* match that tiny body of hers.

Fortunately that would be corrected, but not in a fashion that felt like it made sense at the time. After all, while it would have made sense for her to grow taller before anything *else* grew, the fact of the matter was that some key areas flourished before others – and they were quick to set the teen *dramatically* off balance.

One aspect of this began with an itchy feeling beneath her tunic that was focused on her chest – more specifically her nipples. Crude as the girl had once been, she would have typically just scratched them through her clothes whether there was an audience or not. But something else kept that impulse in check. It wouldn’t have been *proper* of someone of her *status*. What status? She wasn’t exactly sure, but it felt important and sacred somehow.

Even as the itching turned into a strange pressure that seemed to push against the front of her tunic, Megumin resisted the urge to touch herself where most wouldn’t. After all, the cause was the simple act of her once tiny bosom swelling with great vigor. Her breasts were growing bigger and bigger, at first jumping through cup sizes that would have appeared regular, rivaling Darkness and Aqua as time wore on.

But they eventually surpassed these marks. “**Oh my!**” And it provoked a womanly cry from the voice of a girl that had once been so high and squeaky. It was for a good reason, though. Her chest had swelled so much by this point that the v-neck of her tunic had been torn right down the center, and both G-cup tits had bounced free of their cloth prison. They appeared *comically* large upon her small torso, and hid much of the cloth beneath them as they danced about with huge nipples erect.

And yet they were also in good company, for Megumin's lower half had received similar, yet slightly different boons. Similar in that they had also received a great deal of growth, but it also wasn't like she had tits down there. But she did have an *ass*, and it had been filling up with the same amount of tenacity. The skirt of her tunic was very quickly lifted up, showing off more and more of her bare ass while her underwear were slipped in between the deepening crack.

This phenomenon gave her hips little choice but to widen, incapable of holding their size otherwise as they were. And so the sides of the tunic ripped, and so too did the waistband of her panties snap. But they were so rooted in her ass and pussy with a steep cameltoe that they did not fall, even as her thighs engorged gratuitously around them. Thicker and plumper they became, inheriting an almost nurturing appeal. Perhaps the kind of appeal that would make for an excellent lap pillow. Of course, this also unraveled the bandages on her right leg and forced tears to appear in the legging on the left.

If not for the fact that, at present, Megumin looked like a thick, beautiful shortstack. **“Is my body supposed to look like this? I believe I should be a little taller...”** It was actually an assumption based on her body's curvature, not because she had any memories of how it *should* look. In fact, other than her personality her mind had not been altered at all short of an understanding. An understanding that she was becoming a specific goddess, but without the backstory for that particular individual.

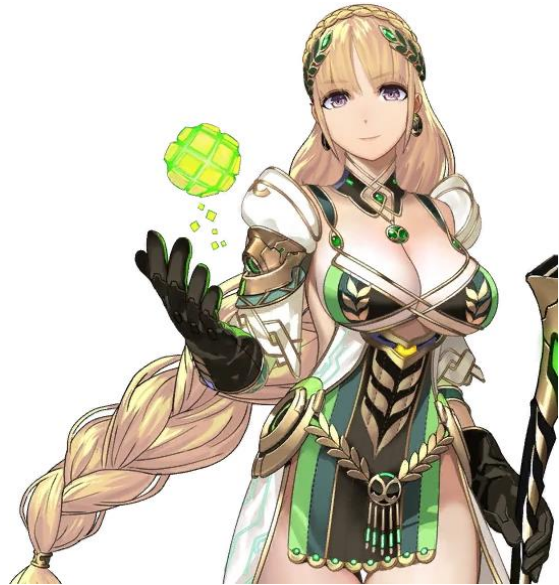
She was on the mark, nonetheless. For her height soon climb dramatically, bringing her to jump up to around 5'7" over the course of a few seconds before the change ultimately settled. But it was so sudden that her breasts and ass bounced once it stopped suddenly, and the rest of her tunic? Well, it was shredded as her torso thickened to accommodate her new mass. Even her gloves slid off, for fingers had not only lengthened dramatically but gained long fingernails.

'Megumin' also kicked off her shoes, for her feet had grown several sizes.

**“Wow. Is this... me?”** While she no longer sounded like her old self when it came to her voice nor mannerisms, the fact that this beautiful, older woman was still Megumin deep down was not something that could be refuted. While she looked and acted completely different, the fundamental knowledge of where she had come from and who she had once been persisted. The ambrosia had not fed her with the intention of erasing her, but with the intention of blessing her with divinity and the beautiful, full figure that was expected of one that commanded such attention.

That said, her only reference point when it came to divinity was Aqua, and that goddess wasn't exactly full figured. Not as full figured as *she* was now, at least. There were undoubtedly those that would have described her new appearance as incessantly lewd, what with how big and exposed her breasts, ass, and thighs were. But rather than see that as a negative, the woman that now understood her name to be *Demeter* heralded it as a positive.

She had become a goddess of harvest and fertility, and so it was only natural that her body would also suggest such things, didn't it? Nonetheless, she couldn't walk around in the nude, and the tatters of her old clothes wouldn't serve her very well. All it took to correct that was a clap of her hands, though, for born from a light just as green as the ambrosia orb in the middle of the room came a new ensemble.



It was an armored set that still showed off much of her breasts and legs, with robes decorated in whites and greens making up the rest. A headband befitting of a Greek goddess took shape midst her hair, which had likewise been restyled into a thick, long, and flowing braid of blonde. Mixed with her newfound elegance, she looked the part of a mother just as much as she resembled a goddess.

**“Now, what should I do? These new powers of mine are far more potent than mere explosions, but there is also the matter of my party...”** Would Kazuma and the others even accept her like this? She was unsure, but she was also fairly certain they would *not*. But wasn't there a way around that? After all, she could hardly bear the thought of being isolated just because she had become something so much greater than she had been before.

And so, her attention turned back to the orb of ambrosia that floated midst *her* laboratory. **“I suppose there are manners through which I can get them to accept me. In one way or another.”** If it had the power to transform *her* into a goddess, then why not the others? Even if they didn't accept it at first, they would given a little time – just like she had.

Not that they would be given a choice, all things considered.