

# LADY KEYHOLDER

BIWEEKLY STORY #102

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Lucy Heartfilia had been very, *very* excited, but now she was very, *very* upset.

For what felt like the first time in *forever*, a new bookstore had opened in the city of Magnolia where the guild she belonged to, Fairy Tail, was rooted. Being a city it was always changing, with businesses seemingly opening and closing *constantly*, but when it came to things like libraries and book stores, they weren't typically among the locations that popped up. If you wanted to visit a new restaurant then it felt like a million new ones were constructed every year, so why was there not all of that support for books!?

But finally this book store, named "*Turn the Page*" had opened. Having caught wind of it months before, Lucy had been waiting with bated breath and had even made sure not to take any quests from the quest board during the presumed opening month so that she would be in town when they finally *did* open. Her intention had been to be the first person in line that morning, so that she could see *all* of the book offering that might have been on display.

And yet *all* of her plans had been foiled by Natsu almost *burning down her apartment* that morning! She hadn't been able to leave until the local law enforcement had managed to look everything over, and by the time she had gotten to *Turn the Page*, there was a line wrapping around the corner! She had been in it for what seemed like hours, yet no one had lined up behind her. Had she really been the last person in the *entire* city to get in line!?



The sun was setting by the time she had finally got into the store, and they were on the cusp of closing. **“This sucks!”** All of the shelves had been picked over. It looked like half, if not more of the bookstore’s inventory had already been bought out. And so with the store about to close, she simply grabbed a few books and headed up to the checkout counter. It looked like she was the last person left in the store anyways.

...Literally. **“Huh? Helloooo? Is there a cashier somewhere?”** Lucy could *certainly* recall one having been there when she’d stepped in, but there was no one manning the counter now. The mage placed her books down and looked around, but eventually her gaze settled on a pair of items in the middle of the checkout counter. An old looking key on top of a piece of paper. A note?

**“I’m sorry?”** The young woman had begun to read the note in question. **“There was an emergency and I had to go. Could whoever reads this lock the front door for me?”** A deflated noise escaped Lucy’s lips soon after. Did this mean she wouldn’t be able to buy the books? But how was she supposed to even lock the shop up? She would have to take the key with her, wouldn’t she? **“Uh...”**

But the store remaining unlocked would also be a problem, so she hesitantly picked the old key up and walked to the front door where she inserted and turned it before sliding it into her skirt pocket. **“I wonder if there’s a back door I could leave through? They must have a spare key, right? So I could probably leave this one here?”** She wandered about aimlessly a moment, feeling a little lost and warily slipping into the back room. Unaware that the key in her skirt pocket had begun to *glow*.

And then there was a flash of light, one that completely startled the Celestial Spirit Mage. **“Uwah!?”** Where had it come from? It was almost like the entire shop had lit up! Yet when it cleared she felt *odd* to say the least. **“Huh!? Why is my vision so blurry!?”** To begin with, even though she could *see*, she couldn’t see properly? Everything was all fuzzy! Was it a side effect of being temporarily blinded? Maybe that made sense...

She had to rely on her hands to figure out what was up with her clothing, and something was definitely *up*. **“These aren’t the clothes I was wearing!”** Her top was loose, but still dangled across her breasts

despite the *very* deep neckline. It had no sleeves, but even with her vision blurred she could tell it was white with a collar. Otherwise she was wearing jeans that were strung to her waist with a belt, but why were the legs so *baggy*? **“They don’t even fit! And where are my keys!?”** She was wearing heeled boots along with it, and she hadn’t noticed her hair was now tied into a loose ponytail tied with green ribbon. It wasn’t until her fingers came up to rub at her eyes that she realized why her vision was so blurry.

**“...Wait! Glasses?”** No wonder she’d been blind. She was wearing prescription lenses that hadn’t been made for her. And yet trying to remove them? It proved fruitless, for they wouldn’t budge. **“That’s weird... Is this the work of someone’s magic? I don’t get why they’d change my outfit?”** Aside from the clothes not fitting though, she was certainly dressed like a bookworm you might find frequenting a book store, if not *working in one*.

What was she supposed to do here? She could *kind of* see through the cracks around her glasses, but this was an unfamiliar store, and she might knock something over! Struggling with how to proceed served to be plenty in terms of a distraction, and so the young woman didn’t initially notice that more had been changed than merely her clothes. Or, well, was *changing*.

Because not only the color, but the *length* of Lucy’s beautiful, blonde locks were both shifting. In terms of style? It lengthened past her shoulder blades, dangling just above her rear without disheveling where the green tie kept it in a ponytail. The tufts that curved around the sides of her face became more ample, and bangs fell down to brush past her nose. But in terms of color? It all inherited a chestnut brown that was notably darker in color than her usual look.

**“Ngh... This is really a pain.”** The bubbly energy that was always so evident in Lucy’s voice was growing more subtle, and in general her voice was softening – but why did she not recognize this? Or the color and length of her bangs for that matter? Even when speaking, the lips through which she communicated were different. They had grown fuller, glossier, and more mature in shape – with that same maturity spreading not only through her face, but her entire body.

The tightness of her skin had loosened some, and looking at Lucy’s face in particular you *truly* get the sense that she was somehow an older woman. Crow’s feet had yet to fully form in the corners of her eyes, but there were traces of them. What’s more, those eyes were droopier and her lashes longer. This was to say nothing of her eyebrows, which now brown, were much thicker than before. As were her cheeks, slightly. She

didn't look at all like Lucy from the neck up now. **“...Huh? I can see even with the glasses on?”**

The voice she spoke with was softer still, and now commanded a more serious impression to anyone that heard her. Which was very non-Lucy. Despite commenting on how her eyes adjusted though, she answered her own question soon after. **“Wait, these are my prescriptions. Why would it be weird for me to see with them on?”** Wasn't that the *point*? No, but something didn't make sense. The inconsistency, for better or for worse, caused the woman to momentarily freeze up.

Which gave her body some time to better show off her new age in terms of figure. Though actually, it went a little *above and beyond* the line of duty in that regard. Her fingers were idle beside her, but those fingers looked longer and a touch wrinklier than they had before, with her beautiful nails now showing signs of being chewed. But these changes to her digits weren't even the highlight.

The issue was that, while her mind was frozen, her hands were being pushed off to the sides farther away from her body. And *not* by some sort of magical force, but by her *own body*. While her waist remained thin, Lucy's hips increased *dramatically* in width, well surpassing what might be considered 'child-bearing' and ascending into a world all their own. Frankly though? They weren't widening by their own accord.

Because while the mage's figure had always been impressive even by the standards of a girl in her late teens, the girth that was soon poured onto those already standout thighs and that tight ass of hers was amplified to extremes of their own. It quickly made sense as to why her jeans had been so baggy because the intention had been to house *this* figure. Her ass swelled to a size where each cheek could almost rival her head in size, and perhaps surpassed it in overall mass, with the crack of her rear meticulously detailed by the fabric.

Though with the jeans so tight, you could make out the shape of the old key still stashed in her back pocket.

With an ass *that* huge, though, it almost felt like she was missing something. And she clearly *had* been as her thighs quickly demonstrated. Much like how the back of her jeans now completely encapsulated the mass of her ass, the once baggy pant legs did the same for her thighs as they grew rounder, and rounder, and rounder. The fullness of her thighs *really* couldn't be understated, and they stretched her pants to the absolute limit. The overall curvature of her lower half could best be described as 'thiccacious', though each step saw it jiggle even with her jeans since her skin was still looser thanks to her advanced age.

Lucy felt... off. Groggy? Dizzy? “*Mm...*” Unlike before, she didn’t even seem to have the energy to comment. She felt like she’d just worked a long day at a full-time job. Idly she pushed up her glasses like it was the most natural thing in the world, not even addressing her bombastic lower half. Nor how *equally* bombastic her upper half became.

With her rump so huge, the woman’s posture had shifted backwards a touch, but now it was shifting forward again. With how the space in her baggy jeans had been used, it was probably easy to anticipate why her white top had been so loose around the chest and why the neckline was so deep, but nonetheless that reason was keenly demonstrated.

Because the cloth began to push forward at the behest of her bosom. Lucy tits were swelling at an amazing rate, each surge of tissue forcing them to jiggle and even bounce as they surpassed cup sizes even as ridiculous as F-cups. Their pink flesh, after pushing the neckline as deep as it could go, began to spill up and over the hem of the cloth with the continued surge being held back like a dam holding back flowing water. Both tits *easily* surpassed the woman’s head in size, with nipples bloating bigger than her eyes, just barely avoiding poking out and over the cloth.

They jiggled with a motion as simple as her exhaling, which wasn’t surprising since they were *L-cups*.

“*Hm... I almost forgot to turn out the lights.*” Her voice quiet, the woman pushed up her glasses on the bridge of her nose again before wiggling back through the door into the main store from the back room. With her hips so wide and her breasts and ass so big, she just barely fit through that narrow doorway. But such was the side effect of having such an abundant figure. Everything about the woman from her appearance to her voice, to her mannerisms? They were all completely different.

Not even her *memories* were the same. She was now *Tricia Brooke*, the *owner* of Turn the Page. But was Tricia a person who had existed prior to this moment? No. The forty year old woman was the product of a spell



that had been cast upon the key now wedged in her incredibly tight jeans. The destined owner of the shop was meant to find that key, and then they would be reshaped into the ideal owner for it.

That was why Tricia appeared to be such a bookworm, and why she had so much business knowledge. Her ridiculous figure? Well, that was something that had been fed from Lucy's own subconscious desires. Maybe she'd always wanted to be a little *curvier*, but her old self's eyes probably would have fallen out at the sight of what she had become. "**There we go.**" Calm and cool, a manicured finger fell upon the light switch and dimmed the entire store.

From Tricia's perspective, she knew this store like the back of her hand even if it *was* opening day. She had been so integral in its construction and layout. It was essentially her child. ...Which was the subject of jokes from her friends, seeing as how at her age she didn't even have a spouse, much less a child.

"**...Maybe I should go to the bar for a change?**" Introverted, she was always being told by her peers to take risks. But being just as much a lesbian as she was a bookworm, what were the odds of her finding a woman that would be interested in her there? It would likely just be a bunch of men ogling her.

**"...Or maybe I'll just go over the ledger when I get home?"**

That sounded... *safer*.