

Panty Thief

The Adventurers' Guild roared with laughter. Tankards banged against tables and stools clacked against the stones, while men quaffed their drinks and clapped each other on the backs and pawed at the skirts of squealing waitresses. On one side of the room, a blonde crusader shivered and blushed at the lecherous attention of a gang of muscular barbarians. On the other, a blue-haired priestess danced about and sprayed water.

And elsewhere...

"Steeeeeal!"

"K-K-Kazuma!" Red-faced, Megumin pulled down her dress to conceal her privates.

Around her, the drunken men of the Adventurers' Guild burst into laughter, picking up Kazuma and hauling him into the air even as he continued to twirl her tiny black panties around his finger.

"K-K-Kazuma! "W-wait!" " Megumin could only watch, eyes wide in horror, as the drunken mob hauled off Kazuma. "C-C-Come back! Kazuma!"

As Kazuma and *her panties* vanished from sight, Megumin simply stood there, tugging down her dress. Just as she was about to give chase, a stray draft blew through her nethers and made her shiver. With a little squeal, she slammed her butt back onto the bench and sat there sniffing. *I'll make that pervert Crapsuma pay for this*, she thought, tears welling in her eyes. *In fact, I know just the spell...*

The first rays of morning hit Kazuma like a battering ram against the front gate of his skull. Groaning, he rolled out of bed, blinking and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He *really* needed a glass of water...

Stumbling downstairs like Aqua's worst enemy, he made his way to the mansion's kitchen, grabbed a glass, and cast Create Water. Pouring the cool drink down his throat, he sighed in satisfaction, scratched his ass, and shuffled on into the living room.

As he entered, he noticed the fireplace was lit. Someone was up already, sitting on the couch before the flame.

At the sight of their brown hair, Kazuma froze, a jolt of pain shooting through his skull.

He must have gasped, because the figure on the couch turned to face him. "Good morning, Kazuma," she said sweetly.

Kazuma gulped. "M-Megumin," he said, "w-what are you doing up so early?"

Megumin smiled a disturbingly serene smile. “Oh, I couldn’t sleep, so I thought I’d start the day early. Did you have fun last night, Kazuma?”

Kazuma’s eye twitched. *Oh no.* She was smiling brightly--too brightly. Megumin only smiled like that when he’d upset her. His suspicions were right; he’d definitely done something to offend her last night. Stared at her chest, or slapped her butt, or...

Slowly, Kazuma’s eyes slipped down to his pocket and the little piece of black fabric peeking out from inside it. He felt a bead of sweat form on his brow.

“Are you okay, Kazuma? You look a little nervous.”

“N-n-n-no, I’m okay,” he insisted, holding his hands up defensively. “I-I-I think I left something up in my room. I-I-I’m just going to run and f-fetch it, okay?”

Megumin smiled. “I understand. Before you go though, could you do me one little favor?”

Shit! Shit! Shit! thought Kazuma. He smiled a big, fake smile. “S-s-sure!”

“Just hold really still...”

Shit!

The next thing he knew, Megumin was up on her feet, and her lips were working their way through the words of a spell that Kazuma didn’t recognize in the slightest:

“Silkiness softer than soft and silkier than silk, I beseech thee...”

Kazuma took a cautious step back as magical sparkles and swirls of rainbow light started to coil around Megumin’s fingers. “M-M-Megumin?”

“...I desire for my torrent of power a transformative force, a transformative force without equal!”

“W-w-w-wait! Hold on!”

“...Come forth from the abyss and make this pervert suffer! *Polymorph!*”

The bolt of sparking magic struck Kazuma in the chest. He squealed like a little girl as its energy coursed through him, raising every hair on his body and making his skin tingle.

As the magical lightning arced over his form, he dropped to his knees with a moan of surprise, feeling all the strength seep from his limbs like air from a punctured balloon. He stared, still sweating, as his fingertips turned a deep, dark green. As he watched, the color rolled down his digits and over his palms, rapidly reaching his wrists and spreading onward up his arms. He opened his mouth to speak, and found he couldn’t produce words.

Jaw gaping, eyes shaking in their sockets, he could only watch as the darkness spread all the way up his arms to his torso and from there outward over the rest of his body. He stared at it spread beneath his tracksuit, wanting to tear it off with a scream.

Flowing down his torso like a wave of sticky ink, the stuff coated his groin and made him squeal at the sensation. It felt as if someone had trapped his Little Kazuma in the tightest, silkiest pair of undergarments. Face flush, he raised his head to the ceiling and squealed.

A moment later, the stuff covered his toes, leaving only his head exposed. For a second, he could only stare at Megumin, standing over him with a smug grin on her face. He gasped, trying to find the words to beg her for mercy, but they just wouldn't come, no matter how hard he looked.

At last, the substance rolled over his face and blinded him.

For an instant, he sat there struggling, feeling as though someone had wrapped a bag tight around his head. A second later, he could see again, though he couldn't speak or breathe or close his eyes no matter how hard he tried.

As he watched, wanting to squeal in shock, his fingers crumpled as if hollow and folded into his hands, which were themselves flattening out and compacting into his arms. He tried to scream as they rolled up into his torso--down below, his legs followed suit and shriveled up into his hips.

In a matter of moments, he was limbless, nothing more than a dark green torso and head struggling inside his tracksuit. Then his head sank into his neck, and what remained of his body crumpled in an instant. The world went dark for the second time in as many minutes.

What happened? thought Kazuma, lying there and trying futilely to move. *What did that stupid chūnibyō do to me?!*

The cocoon of fabric around him rustled, and light spilled into the darkness, making him want to wince at its brightness. A silhouette loomed into view and resolved into Megumin, grinning in amusement. Her hand rose, so large he wanted to quail.

A second later, her fingers were digging into his flimsy new form, their touch sending a spasm of pleasure rolling through his body. If he still had lips to move, he would have squealed.

Dragging him out of the pile of his own clothes, Megumin held him up and grinned at him like an imp. "Wow! You make such a pretty pair of panties, Kazuma."

Panties?! He wanted to scream. You turned me into panties?!

All of a sudden, Kazuma's hangover returned with full force. He wanted to throw up. Panties? How could Megumin have made him into panties?!

Megumin herself was still giggling. “This is what you get for being such a pervert, Crapzuma!”

She pinched his sides sharply and stretched him wide, making him want to squeal at the feeling. It felt as though it should hurt, but instead it was ecstasy. When she released him, he almost wanted to ask her to do it again.

“Now,” said Megumin, placing him on the table, “let’s get you in place...”

In place? As Kazuma watched, uncomprehending, Megumin kicked off her boots and reached for him again.

Kazuma could only stare as he flew towards her crotch. If he still had a face, he could have been bright red and panting.

Pinching him by the waistband again, Megumin held him tight and lifted one of her legs. As it fell towards him, Kazuma’s mind flashed with fear. It was going to crush him! It was going to--

What it actually did was pass through one of his holes, making Kazuma squeal in silent inanimate delight. It felt almost exactly like the time Dust had stuck a broom up his butt, only larger, harder, and even more pleasurable.

Holding him by her knees, Megumin lifted her other leg and slipped it inside him as well. Kazuma wished he still had a mouth so he could squeal in ecstasy. As she tugged him up her thighs, stretching his slim holes even wider, his mind practically split with the pleasure. If he could still speak, he would have been burbling and moaning, too overwhelmed to form words.

“Urgh,” said Megumin, giving him a tug. “You’re a little--urgh--smaller than you’re supposed to be.”

Harder... thought Kazuma. Every tug jabbed a sharp spike of ecstasy straight into his mind. *Ai!*

At last, with one final, sharp pull, Megumin pulled him over her thighs...

...and slammed his face straight into her butt.

Aiii! As Megumin’s asscheeks pressed hard into his transformed face, Kazuma’s mind exploded into a cloud of fluffy dust. *I’m wrapped about Megumin’s ass~*, he thought deliriously. He wanted to break down and giggle--he’d always wanted to press his face against Megumin’s ass.

And that wasn’t the best part. As Megumin pinched his band and adjusted him, he felt his flimsy black crotch slide squeezed straight into her own. If he still had lips, he would have moaned.

“There,” said Megumin, with a final laugh of satisfaction. “Enjoy your new life as panties, Crapzuma. Soon you’re going to be begging me to turn you back.”

She gave him a little slap, making his fabric ripple. *More!* he wanted to shout. *More!*

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Giving his waistband one final, teasing tug, Megumin let him snap back into place and went on with her day as if Kazuma were any normal pair of panties. Concealed beneath her dress, he couldn’t see what she was doing, only hear the sounds she made.

The clanking of cutlery told him she was making breakfast, after which her footsteps sounded her return to the living room. Kazuma had only a second to see the couch and wail with sudden fear before she plopped herself back onto it, slamming her ass--and him with it--hard into the cushion.

Trapped between her behind and the couch, Kazuma felt as if he’d been flattened by a boulder (something Aqua had almost made happen more than once). Instead of incredible pain, however, the pressure became an intense, lingering pleasure that flowed through his new form like lava, setting him aflame with ecstasy. With every wiggle of her butt--she seemed to be doing often and on purpose to tease him--this feeling only intensified. Soon, he could barely muster a thought.

Megumin, he wanted to whimper.

Lying there, trapped beneath his new owner, he heard a familiar voice.

“Kaaazuma! Hey, Kaaazuma!”

That’s me, I’m here, thought Kazuma, blearily. It took him a second to sober up. *Aqua! Aqua, help me!*

A second later, Aqua crashed into the living room. “Where is he?” she asked Megumin. “Have you seen that shitty NEET?”

Kazuma could practically hear Megumin blushing--she was terrible at telling lies. “N-n-no. Sorry, I haven’t seen him since last night.”

Unfortunately, Aqua was even worse at recognizing them. He heard her huff, and a second later, her stomping sounded again, fading slowly as she marched off in search of him.

“Don’t worry, Crapzuma,” Megumin whispered, “I won’t embarrass you by telling the others where you are. ...Unless I think it would be funny.” She giggled and went back to eating.

M-Megumin--Ah!

Soon enough, another familiar voice sounded. “Good morning, Megumin,” said Darkness. “Did you sleep well?”

“Oh I couldn’t sleep at all,” replied Megumin. “I was way too excited.”

“Excited for what?”

“N-n-nothing!”

“Huh?”

Megumin’s plate clattered against the table. “Darkness, do you want to help me with explosion practice today? I don’t think Kazutrash is available.”

“Oh! Of course,” said Darkness.

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Having finished her breakfast, Megumin scurried upstairs to the toilet, plopped herself on the seat, and let herself go with a sigh of release and a tinkle. Kazuma, lying loose around her ankles, wanted to groan at how poor his viewpoint was. Being reduced to Megumin’s panties was bad enough, but what was the point when he couldn’t even see anything?

Finally, the tinkling ceased, and Megumin stood. Kazuma felt her harsh fingers on his waistband, dragging him back upward. He squealed at the feeling of being stretched by her thighs.

At last, he was back around her ass, tight as ever, face planted in her ass. Something was different though. It took him a second to realize, but the *taste* was different. Instead of just tasting Megumin’s sweat, he was tasting something sour and bitter as well.

To his horror, he realized he was tasting piss.

Urgh! You stupid Chūnibyō! You didn’t even wipe properly! He wanted to cough and hack and spit, but of course he could do none of those things. All he could do was sit there, stretched tight around Megumin’s crotch, and soak in the taste of her urine.

Giggling to herself, Megumin pulled her dress down over him.

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“Explosion~! Explosion~! La la la~!”

“Ex, uh, explosion. Explosion,” said Darkness. “La la la?”

“No, no, no, you’ve got the rhythm all wrong! Let’s start again.”

With a big sigh, Megumin started her little chant again.

Trapped beneath her dress, face crushed into her ass, Kazuma could only barely make out the words. Not that he was able to sing along at this point. Mentally and physically, Kazuma felt drained.

With every step Megumin took, her thighs stretched him, and her ass cheeks jostled against his face. It felt like having her butt slammed into him again and again and again, till he could barely muster the strength to think. By the time they actually reached their destination, he was practically insensate. He felt as if his brain had been bludgeoned with a hammer.

“Okay,” said Megumin. “This should be a good spot. As she came to a stop, Kazuma found himself able to focus again.

“Ah, what a beautiful field,” said Darkness.

It's not going to look that way for very long, thought Kazuma. Come on, you stupid masochist? Can't you hear me?

Darkness, of course, didn't respond at all.

Left in the dark beneath Megumin's dress, Kazuma could do little more than wait for her to finish her routine.

As Megumin started chanting her spell, however, he noticed something strange.

Was it getting warmer in here?

“Darkness blacker than black and darker than dark, I beseech thee, combine with my deep crimson.”

It was getting warmer! No, worse than that, it was getting *humid*. As Megumin recited her spell, Kazuma felt something splash his face. Instantly the taste spread all the way through his form, as if he'd slurped it up and savored it. It was shockingly salty.

“The time of awakening cometh. Justice, fallen upon the infallible boundary, appear now as an intangible distortion!”

For a few moments, Kazumi could only stew in the heat and taste the liquid in confusion. Was--was she *pissing* in him? No, it didn't taste right.

“I desire for my torrent of power a destructive force: a destructive force without equal!”
Megumin was practically squealing.

Hearing the tone of Megumin's voice, Kazuma came to a realization, and the force of it hit him like a hammer blow: she wasn't *pissing*--the bitch was getting off!

“Return all creation to cinders, and come from the abyss! Explosion!”

A blast of air made Kazuma's prison ripple--he heard the familiar sound of Megumin's favorite spell wiping out a small part of the countryside.

Over the crash of the explosion, he also heard her give a high-pitched squeal of delight. At the same time, liquid splattered his fabric face and suffused his form, leaving him as drenched as a used dishrag. *Urgh!* He wanted to spit. *Megumin!*

With a final moan of ecstasy, Megumin fell backward, slamming her ass and Kazuma with it straight into the ground. He lay there trapped, soaking wet, between the earth and her fat buttocks.

Megumin! he cried. *Please, turn me back!*

Megumin only sighed in delight.

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Hauled home on Darkness's back, Megumin rushed to the toilet as soon as she recovered. Peeling down her panties, she giggled at how wet they were. "Oops. I might have gotten a little carried away out there."

Sodden, blazing hot, and frustratingly horny, Kazuma could barely muster the strength to think of a response.

"I'd *like* to wash you," said Megumin, "but you'll have to wait. We've still got a long day ahead of us."

Kazuma whimpered.

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He spent the rest of the day in a state of fearful anticipation, under constant assault from the movement of Megumin's thighs, and terrified that at any moment she might do something new to torment him.

The constant motion, the stretching and straining of his body, made him want to moan in pleasure in exactly the same way the broom up his ass had. And just like the broom up his ass, it was also a massive pain.

By the end of the first few hours, he wanted to beg for freedom. The pleasure he'd felt being stretched and worn had been nice to start with, but by this point it was wearing as thin as his own fabric felt. All he could focus on were the worse parts, like how awful Megumin's urine tasted. The stupid chūnibyō seemed to be constantly pissing, and no matter how hard he screamed, she never bothered to properly wipe. He suspected she was doing it on purpose, the bitch.

When Megumin wasn't splashing him with urine, she was lying on the couch, crushing him beneath her ass, or playing a game with Darkness, wiggling her hips and squeezing him

between her thighs every time she made a winning move. Every motion sent a fresh jolt of pleasure coursing through his body, interrupting his attempts to scream at her to stop.

Megumin took no notice of his pleas, of course. Nor did Aqua and Darkness seem especially concerned about his sudden disappearance, the bastards.

As the day stretched and the sun started to set, Kazuma found himself wishing he'd never come to this world in the first place.

Finally, however, the sun dropped over the horizon, and the rest of Kazuma's team started making preparations for bed.

Saying goodnight to the others, Megumin made her way upstairs to her bedroom, her every step sending a quake of pleasure rolling through Kazuma's form. He wanted to whimper.

In her bedroom, Megumin stripped off and changed for bed. In any other situation, Kazuma would have loved to get a sneak peek of this, but as it was he wasn't really in the mood for it.

Finally, she threw on her pajamas and threw herself into bed. As she landed on the mattress with a sigh of exhaustion, the bulk of her ass slammed Kazuma hard into the fabric. The pressure was so great he could barely think.

Fortunately, Megumin soon rolled over.

Unfortunately, she also slammed her thighs together, crushing Kazuma's flimsy crotch between them. He wanted to scream at the sensation--it felt as if she had his cock in a vice.

Lying there, breathing shallowly, Megumin giggled. "How are you feeling, Kazutrash? I know you always wanted to get into my bed."

Kazuma wanted to moan.

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As Megumin slept, she turned and rolled in her legs, rubbing her thighs together and mumbling 'explosion'.

If Kazuma had been sleeping beside her, this would have been annoying at most. As it was, wrapped tight around her crotch, soaking in her juices, he was trapped in a state of tortured pleasure. The feeling was as intolerable as it was enjoyable, like being simultaneously crushed, drowned, and sucked off.

With every jolt and squirm of her body, a fresh pang of pleasure went rolling through his form, bringing his tortured mind that little bit closer to orgasm. He could barely think now--the pressure of his situation had crushed him, ground his mind into a handful of dust and thrown it up into the air to blow away in the wind. If he'd still had a mouth, the only sound it would have produced was a mindless, delighted burble. And with every motion, the pleasure grew stronger.

Finally, Megumin snapped her thighs together like a pair of tectonic plates, driving his ecstasy up towards the surface. Like a volcano, he erupted, silently, invisibly. If he'd still been human, he would have woken everyone in the house with his scream.

As the ecstasy of orgasm died away, Kazuma felt his owner roll over and whimpered at the sensation.

Already, the pleasure was returning.

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For the rest of the night, he simply lay there in the darkness, trapped between Megumin and her bed in a state of painful ecstasy. He wasn't sure how many times he got off to the straining of his form by Megimum's rolling body; by the time the sun finally rose, he'd long lost count.

As the first rays of morning sunshine peeked into the room, Megumin blinked and yawned blearily. Stretching, she hopped out of bed and scurried to the bathroom to empty her bladder, before returning to her room to change.

Standing before her mirror, she threw off her PJs and reached for her panties. They peeled away from her skin with a sucking sound like an exaggerated kiss. Holding them to her face, she inspected them with a scowl, sniffed them, and turned her nose up in disgust. "Urgh," she said, tossing them into the washing basket.

And with that, she moved on with her routine without a second thought.

Lying there, draped over the edge of the bin, Kazuma could barely work up the strength to groan. He felt as if he'd orgasmed fifty times in a row, with the slightest break between sessions. If he were still human, he would have been sweating and panting. As it was, he could do little more than lie there...

...and hope that being washed was a little more relaxing.