

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

BIWEEKLY STORY #74

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“UUUUUGH! I’M NEVER COMING OUT OF MY ROOM AGAIN!”

Locked up in her own room, Kyaru of the guild Gourmet Edifice had been having something of a bad day. A bad of her own making mind you, but a bad day, nonetheless. Her flippantly tsundere attitude had led to a misunderstanding with Pecorine that had ultimately been extremely embarrassing for the cat girl. Even though not only had Pecorine already forgotten about it, but she hadn’t even been offended in the first place.

In fact, the event itself was so insignificant that it wasn’t really worth getting into. Rather, what was important was that the cat was laying on her bed on her belly, cheeks buried in a cat-shaped pillow as she whined to herself. Was she crying? Just a little bit, but only because she was cursing her own personality. At least she was in her comfy, blue nightgown!

Kyaru had opened up so much since joining Gourmet Edifice, but because she had made improvements it was now a lot easier for her to see her own flaws. The fact that she never backed down when she was arguing with someone was a big one, but an even bigger problem was that she didn’t know how to accept affection of any sort. **“If I was a cooler person, I bet I wouldn’t have problems like these!”**

What she was imagining when she cried this out was a woman that let everything roll down her back. Someone that, in every social situation, was so unbelievably calm that she was never taken by surprise. But as a

result she would never say the wrong thing, either. Ultimately the total opposite of what Kyaru was like on the daily.



But she couldn't simply change who she was. *That* much she knew for certain. Any change had to be done internally, and that kind of change took time. She couldn't just wish away the things she didn't like about herself. From her personality to her appearance. Well, *typically*.

However, there were extenuating circumstances at work here. During the guild's last outing they had stumbled into some ruins and brought back some treasures, all of them divvied up between the guild's members for the sake of fairness. Among a few gemstones, Kyaru herself had also been given an idol that she had immediately labeled as 'lewd' and shoved into

the drawer of her nightstand because it was just a wood carving a curvy woman.

Yet that very idol was responding to the beast girl's feelings, glowing within the drawer where she could not see.

Still laying on her stomach with her feet kicking in the air behind her, something rather awry had begun to take place beyond the girl's notice. His black, furry cat tail, white tip and all, appeared to be wriggling about less and less behind her. In fact, was it also drawing closer to her body? Almost as if it was becoming shorter, and shorter, and shorter... until it was little more than a nub sticking out of her dress, before disappearing entirely back into her tailbone.

This wasn't the only feline feature that was robbed from her, either. The kitty ears upon her head folded downward, soon disappearing into her head of hair and, while this had led to a momentary deafness, it went unnoticed because the girl's room had been so quiet in the first place. It didn't take much longer for a pair of normal, human ears to erect themselves on the sides of her head anyways.

“Maybe I should apologize? But that sounds too *haaaard!*” Like a brat, Kyaru was too busy sulking over the earlier incident to do

anything that would ultimately lead her to discovering something was amiss. And short of having her race suddenly swapped from Beast to Human, there was a lot more at work here that was making itself known. In this case, it had begun to target the girl's color scheme.

Take her complexion for example. It was typically a pinkish pale that was, by all means, a wholly natural and healthy skin color for a girl of her age. On the other hand, dark splotches began to appear against this pink, resembling tiny spots like freckles and beauty marks at first before swelling and merging so that her skin tone grew consistent with this new color, which was a light brown tan that was just as natural as her previous skin color had been. From her face to her torso to her limbs, it had all inherited this tan – aside from her nipples and pussy lips, which were even darker than her skin now was.

The tuft of hair above that pussy succumbed to a change in color as well, but in the case of this hair it actually lightened to a dark, but not as dark as the black as it had once been, brown. This was true of all of the girl's hair, from her eyebrows to that which rested upon her head – even the white streak that ran through the right side of her bangs.

“Ughhh...” Face still buried in her pillow, she remained ignorant to all of the changes she was enduring. Even the color of her eyes, which were slammed shut while buried in the soft comfort of her bed, had lost their green hues in exchange for an irregular gold. All the while, her hair pooled around her head because it was growing – *doubling* – in length and thickness alike. Bangs would still sweep to the right, but they were much longer and much more voluminous than they'd once been.

Finally tired of laying on her tummy to sulk, Kyaru did eventually roll back onto her back. Once she did, however, something took her by surprise. Her hair was more in her eyes than she was used to, and that was certain *part* of it. But what stood out more was a feeling. A feeling that didn't make any sense at all considering how lacking her figure was.

JIGGLE JIGGLE

“...Eh?” Her golden eyes shot open. That had been the weight of her chest, hadn't it? She had an A-cup bosom, so it shouldn't have—

“HOLY COW!?”

'Cow' being more indicative what she saw than one might assume. Since she was in a loose-fitting nightgown and not her usual outfit, it wasn't unsurprising that there hadn't been any tightness but... As she laid upright now, she was left gawking at a bosom that was double, maybe

even *triple* the size that she was accustomed to. C-cups? No! They were getting even bigger, yanking up the fit of her gown even though she was laying on the skirt! **“This is impossible, this is impossible, this is—”** Her neckline was pulled further out while breasts continued to swell, now easily in the E-cup sphere. But with so much of her cleavage exposed she was finally able to note the fact that her skin tone was darker. **“Wait, what’s going on here...?”** Why had that realization hit her so calmly? She’d literally been freaking out only seconds before, but *that* observation was processed with some very *chill vibes*.

Seeing tanned skin still wasn’t as shocking of a phenomenon as watching your breasts balloon into unruly sizes, anyways. They had already surpassed any *normal* weights, and the nightgown had been hoisted above the girl’s waist with the neckline pulling farther and farther. What was stranger still was that the material of the gown appeared to be mending, thickening, and darkening... until it was a black, sleeveless shirt with a naturally deep neckline. At the very least it snugly fit her H-cups, which were clearly crushing down upon the girl’s body as she laid there.

“This is... Why are they so big?” At which point had her voice deepened? She couldn’t be sure, and at the same time Kyaru was beginning to care less and less about the fact that she was changing in the first place. It hadn’t merely been her breasts that had grown anyways – for while they had inflated to the ridiculous size they were now; her spine had lengthened so that her height was five or six inches taller. Her feet were dangling off the end of her bed now!

With her tummy a little thicker below, yet only chubby in the slightest, most appealing way, it was her hips that found themselves enflamed a short time after. It was a step that was needed, for the girl found her back forced to arch as hips lifted higher and higher off the bed. Not because of the hips themselves, but because her ass below was jiggling to life with a weight that rivaled her immensely sized titties.

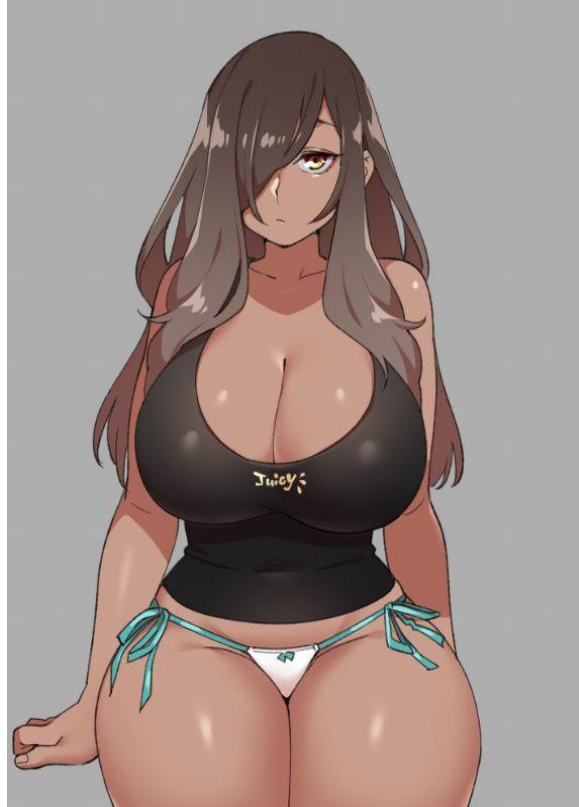
The blue panties of her bedwear found themselves wedged between steadily growing cheeks, and while the waistband appeared set to snap thanks to the girth of her hips, they soon firmed as the panties themselves transformed into a white thong with a bright green strap that tied at either sides of her waist.

Just below her thighs inflated with the intention of both matching the scale of the growth of her tits and ass, while making quick work of the new gap between her thighs. Tanned flesh rubbed against each other sensually while Kyaru groaned again – this time because she felt a little aroused. Who knew that having your body swell into the proportions of a bombshell might feel arousing?

Well, it could certainly be assumed that this would be the case.

Biting her lower lips, it hardly occurred to her that this lip was plumper. In fact, maturity shone against her facial features, which had both lengthened and filled out to give her a look that was both sexy and mature – the look helped by the brown hair cast over her right eye.

Having rolled herself onto her back previous, Kyaru took a moment to pull herself up into a sitting position before throwing her legs over the bedside. Everything just felt so heavy, from breasts that were bigger than her head to an ass and thighs that rubbed sensually across the fabric of her comforter. Not only was her body tanned and bombacious, but her expression no longer showed off any fear, confusion, or even happiness.



The only thing it really showed was indifference. An unwavering *cool*. **“This is actually me now? But... I guess it isn’t so bad.”** The woman gave a shrug of her shoulders after pulling the neckline of her new top out a bit so that she could peer at her big, brown nipples. It was strange feeling so little about such a crazy transformation – she wasn’t even a cat girl anymore, for crying out loud – but at the same time it was *exactly* what she had desired, for better or for worse.

As the glow of the hidden idol dwindled, so too did the bombshell’s awareness that anything had changed at all. This was her body. She was in her room. And she was wearing her clothes. How could anything be seen as different when she didn’t register anything that way? She was the eldest and most attractive member of Gourmet Edifice and, as far as she was concerned, she always had been.

“I feel a little fidgety though. Maybe Pecorine will sleep with me tonight if I ask?” And this Kyaru was a *lot* more forward with her feelings towards Pecorine.