

Lessons In Alchemy (Alchemist to Bimbo TG)

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A Commission for Jessagam

Melony Aplan is a rather clumsy and introverted young woman, but she is also a brilliant alchemist who helps create potions for adventurers. But when she gets sick of her own clumsiness ruining her work, she devises a potion that will make her more confident. But things backfire when 'confident' starts to mean 'bimbo.'

Lessons in Alchemy

Melony sniffled. Another alchemical formula, ruined! And this one was just a simple healing potion batch. Rhakar was gonna be so annoyed when he found out they'd have to delay on clearing out that goblin nest for another whole day.

"Why am I so clumsy!?" she whined. "The beaker was right there! I knew it was there and I still pushed it over!"

She cursed herself. The young alchemist was only twenty one years old, but she was brilliant, even if she was so shy that only her friends and customers knew it. She could devise formulas in her head that most alchemists had never dreamed of. She could make potions of strength from just a few herbs, eggs, and essences that were lying around a given campsite! Hells, sometimes she could only imagine what she could accomplish if she stayed stationary in the big cities, and actually planted her roots down and had a proper alchemist shop full of ingredients.

Ah, but she liked adventure too much. She didn't look like your standard adventurer. Melony was what you would describe as 'mousey,' appropriate given her introverted nature. She had short brown hair that only went to her chin, and she required spectacles to see more than a few feet in front of her. Her adventuring outfit was light: just a blue shirt and black skirt, as well as the requisite belts and buckles and a pair of bracers. She wasn't bad-looking. In fact, she'd had a few customers and adventurers try to flirt with her, their eyes going to her chest, which while not huge was not inconsiderable either. But this always made her flush and blush and fill with embarrassment, which had the follow up effect of making her extremely clumsy.

"Maybe I just need to cook some delicious pasta and think on this," she muttered to herself from the interior of her tent. "I just need to be calm, and I can think my way out of this."

"Melony! Where are those healing potions we need! Can't go goblin hunting without them!"

That was Rakhar, the shouty dwarf whose sharp tongue set her on edge.

“I - there’s going to be a delay! S-sorry!”

A chorus of sighs and groans followed, even from Lasinia, her ranger friend.

Melony got out of the tent and stood before the party, hands clasped and her eyes locked upon the ground.

“I, um, may have knocked some of my equipment over. Again.”

“By all the Gods, Melony, I love you!” Lasinia sighed. “But you really need to be less clumsy.”

“I know,” Melony said. “I wish there was a way.”

But suddenly a brilliant thought sparked. Or was there?”

Melony overcame the delay, tiring herself out making the healing potions so as not to let the group down. She stayed behind to watch the camp, and instead got to immediate work on her next potion. This was the one: it would make her confident. It would make her decisive. It would stop her being so damn clumsy all the time!

“Essence of tree frog. Dilution of basilisk tongue. Heat for one minute and I’ll be perfect!”

She was giddy, even in her current anxious state. The notion of no longer being shy and introverted was wonderful to her, but even better to not knock her ingredients over. She turned to pack up her things while the concoction heated, but she failed to notice that as she spun she knocked a vial of succubus sweat into the mix. It emptied out into the concoction, changing its colour for just a moment before its heating resumed.

When she turned back, the potion was finished, and she was none-the-wiser.

“Confidence and happiness, here I come!”

She took the potion, blew on it to cool it just a little, then drank it all down in one gulp. Confidence and happiness were indeed on their way. She just had no idea how differently they would manifest . . .

For a time, everything went swimmingly. Not only was Melony not knocking over her own concoctions in the days that followed, but she was indeed far more confident. She no longer stared at the ground, she no longer stumbled over her words, and more than that, she actually had the confidence to get out into the thick of it! While Rakhar and Lasinia were still the primary fighters, alongside the mage Garkev, her own skills with alchemy allowed her to

hurl smokeshell grenades and crumble rocky passes in their way to literally liquid. It was unbelievably freeing for Melony to find herself at the front of the action. Even Rakhar gave her some compliments, and was big, coming from him.

There were even other added benefits she hadn't considered. Within just a week of drinking the potion, Melony found that she no longer had to wear her spectacles. With her confidence had evidently come some physical changes as well, because her vision was now perfect. The same could be said for her walk: she no longer shuffled but strode one foot in front of the other, letting her hips sway.

"A bit of confident womanhood looks good on you," Lasinia complimented.

It only made Melony stick out her chest even more forthrightly. She wasn't sure yet, but it seemed like her breasts had subtly grown a little. Perhaps it was just the change in her posture, but it really did seem like she had to loosen her support bandage lately.

There were some unexpected side effects, however. For one, Melony's hair had started to grow. Rapidly, at that. It still retained its mousey brown colouring, but it was soon reaching her shoulders, and even when she cut it, it grew quickly back to where it had been.

"I suppose it's just part of my new, sexy look," she told herself. She'd never used the word 'sexy' on herself, but it seemed to . . . fit. "Yes, I can be totally sexy. Can't leave it all, like, to Lasinia.

That was her attitude more and more as the days passed. She was swaying her hips suggestively, even around camp, and her breasts were definitely growing. She was glad when their adventuring group stopped by the town of Innskathe, because she had to visit a tailor just to let her shirt out.

"By the Gods, girl!" the woman fixing up her shirt announced. "How did you ever cope before? You were smuggling ripe fruit in there!"

Melony blushed, a little embarrassed by this. She cupped her breasts. "I just . . . I guess I didn't realise how big they were becoming."

Indeed, they had grown significantly, and now presented a very lovely pair. It made her giggle to feel them bounce and jiggle, and while that should have felt juvenile, it felt weirdly freeing to giggle away.

"Jiggle and giggle!" she said to herself as she left the tailor's. "Wobble and chuckle!"

She'd ended up buying a new outfit entirely, one that only had straps over her shoulders and lifted her expanded bust significantly. It showed off her enlarged bosom and caught the eye of a number of male passerbys. Melony had always been fairly shy in relationships, and certainly rarely approached anyone. Practically never. Now though, she found herself batting her eyelashes and letting her boobs bounce in an exaggerated manner. She grinned at a handsome young man who passed, then had to giggle when he literally ran into a poll, too busy looking at her.

“Wow, I’m becoming such a wench!” she declared, trying not to giggle all over again. “You’d never think I was an amazing alchemist or anything!”

Melony swallowed as she looked over her alchemist supplies. The request had been simple: a few toxins for arrows, and antidotes against frog-kin poison. A third-rate alchemist could do that in her sleep. But . . . what did she have to do again? She’d been staring at the fold out table in her tent for over an hour, trying to work out her own notes, but every time she started to figure something out . . .

Boys.

Men.

Handsome shoulders, broad jaws, strong muscles. Mhmm . . . she couldn’t keep her mind off of them. She had already starting feeling herself far more often that one should in her tent. In fact, Lasinia had given her a look just the previous day.

“Interesting sounds coming from your tent last night. Wild animal, right?”

“Right,” she’d said, confident in her lie, but still embarrassed.

And yet she’d still had the sexy dreams. It had been far too long since she’d lain with a man, and now it was all she could think about. She’d started hiking her skirt up shorter, and wearing a corset with few garments over the top, allowing her full breasts - now double their original size - to threaten to spill out with every intake of breath.

“Stop thinking these thoughts!” she whined to herself. “Get ahold of yourself. You can do this, Melony, you can . . .”

She couldn’t. She realised it. She simply couldn’t. The knowledge wasn’t there, and when it was, she was too distracted by how deeply sensitive and alluring her body was. She wanted to daydream about sexy tavern wench dresses and pressing her body up against dashing young men, not making silly potions with overcomplicated instructions!

“Gods, I think I’ve made a huge mistake.”

“What do you mean, you can’t make any potions?” Rakhar demanded.

Melony giggled awkwardly. Even in his anger, Rakhar was trying not to stare at her deep cleavage. “S-sorry! It’s just . . . I made a potion to make me more confident!”

“I thought it was a beauty potion?” Lasinia asked, worry on her face.

“Um, that was just, you know, a nice side effect. But I think I really, really screwed up, because I can’t, like, remember any of my alchemy knowledge now! I didn’t realise it was slipping until it was gone.”

Lasinia slapped her forehead with her hand. “Are you telling me that you’ve turned yourself into some kind of strumpet? A no-brained harlot?”

“Um, maybe? But I’m really, really good looking, right? I mean, look how long and nice my hair always is? And my breasts are soooo big and sensitive? That’s got to count for something, right?”

Rakhar stood to his full, rather small dwarven height. “For an adventuring party? For mercenary work? Hells no! You need to reverse this, now!”

Melony swallowed. The only thing she was confident in was her sexy body and her new appetites. She wasn’t confident in this situation, though.

“Um, I think I might, um, be permanently stuck like this? I don’t know what I did wrong, and I just really, really want to get away from this muck and find some sexy dresses to wear. Maybe we could go to the city, just for a few months? It might wear off?”

From the looks on Rakhar and Lasinia’s faces, she knew this wouldn’t be the case.

“You definitely can’t turn back?” Lasinia said again.

“Um, like, definitely not. I’m stuck as, you know, a really lustful harlot. That’s accurate, right?”

“I think it is, sadly. Melony, it might be time for a career change.”

Melony beamed. This sounded exciting! She thrust out her chest and placed her hands on her widened hips. “What kind of career!?”

Everyone in the *Hole in the Wall Inn* cheered as Melony strolled out in her deeply revealing outfit, carrying a tray of frothing ale. Her bust was practically bursting out of her tight corset, and her skirt was so short as to be deeply scandalous, with slits on either side that went right up to her hip. The gap between her skirt and her corset allowed her gorgeous midriff to be displayed, and her hair was wild and free.

“How are we feeling today, fellas?” she grinned, her voice now high and bubbly compared to her former self.

“Much better now that you’re here, Melony!” one patron cried, a regular named John.

She beamed, setting down her drink and taking orders, making sure to lean over tables and show off all her body parts in the most alluring manner possible.

“Just you wait until this evening, guys,” she said, giggling. “Because that’s when I get out the *really* good looking outfits.”

The men cheered again, and one even groped her ass. It made her moan, as it always did. She looked at the man who did it and grinned. He was a handsome fellow, and she already had plans for him on her shift break. Her changed body had strong needs, and she needed to be fucked at least thrice daily, and her regulars certainly knew it!

“Are you dancing later, Melony?”

That was Hawkins, another regular. He tipped very well, which was why she did things for *his* tip.

“Of course I am!” she proclaimed. “You know I wouldn’t miss a good jig. And we’ve got, you know, that new Lysian pole installed. I can’t wait to try it out.”

She could see the chemical reaction on a number of customer’s faces; the way the blood pooled away from their foreheads, racing down towards . . . other parts. It filled her own nethers with excitement.

Funny really, how sometimes her alchemical knowledge came back to her.

The End