

BEAUTY BOOST

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How far out was she from graduation now? About one month?

It was the very middle of the spring season, and yet while the weather was nice, Nico Yazawa had holed herself up in her bedroom as she manically scrolled through websites on her laptop. It was hard to believe that she was already at the tail end of her final year of high school. She'd done a lot of studying (against her will), completed an endless sea of projects (also against her will), and participated in plenty of performances as a school idol over that time.

She'd accomplished plenty of things. She had a *lot* to be proud of. But she also still had one lingering regret that she just couldn't shake. Although it wasn't *actually* a problem that she could do anything to realistically solve. She believed she had tried everything and anything under the sun. Drinking milk, walking on her tiptoes, even daily upward stretches! But what sort of problem could she even have been attempting *to* solve with methods like the ones that had been listed?

“Argh! There’s gotta be something I can use to increase my height! Even if it doesn’t work by graduation, I can go to college looking like this!” Well, that problem of hers was evidently fairly self-explanatory when you paired what she was saying with her general appearance. She had recently turned *eighteen*, which meant that she was closer to adulthood than she had even been before. And while you could definitely tell her age when you looked at her closely?

Her *vibes* didn't really give you the initial impression that she was almost an adult. She was only 5'1", which was a below average height for most girls her age. It wasn't *that* short on paper, but when you also

factored in both how flat she was and how unimpressive her buttocks was? It was easy to mistake her for someone much younger than she was.

She didn't do herself any favors by wearing her hair in pigtails, however.

Nico's furious scrolling and hectic typing upon her laptop had come about because she was *desperate*. Desperate for *any* sort of solution that could give her hope of *finally* having her growth spurt and looking older so that she didn't need to worry about being mistaken for a child. The young lady was so desperate that she was even liable to fall for the simplest clickbait in the world.

“Yeah! Something like this!”



Three days ended up passing, and Nico arrived home around 5pm after school in her usual uniform to find a small package in front of her door. **“Is that...? It is!”** She saw her name on the shipping label on the box after crouching down to take a closer look, and once she confirmed that it was what she had been waiting for? She grabbed it, hopped up, and then ran inside where she hid within her room before either of her younger siblings could see her.

She'd naturally had her doubts about the contents of the box that she had ordered. The teenager had been desperate for a solution at that moment, and that had made her so vulnerable that she had made a purchase on an impulse. A special tonic that was labeled as a 'growth potion', said to do just as it described by helping 'transform' the drinker so that they were tall and beautiful.

“...But now that I'm looking at it, isn't this just a regular energy drink? I *totally* got scammed.” The box hadn't been sealed especially tightly. It hadn't taken very much effort for her to pry it open and pull out what was a labelled bottle with a murky, pink fluid inside. **“I wonder if they just changed the label... Only one way to find out...”** She'd sampled more than a few drinks meant to 'boost your energy' over her time as a high school student. Whether it was for homework or practice, sometimes she had just needed a little extra *something* to get her through the day.

It *wasn't* dangerous, or at least it felt unlikely that it would be dangerous. The bottle's seal hadn't been broken, and there was an expiry date on the bottle that hadn't passed – assuming that the date

wasn't *also* a lie. Either way, Nico wanted to hope that someone that had scammed her wouldn't *also* send her something that might *kill* her if she drank it. So— **“Down the hatch!”** All it took was one twist of her small hand to break the seal, and once the cap was removed, she took a big gulp (after confirming it didn't smell unpleasant).

The scent *and* the flavor both resembled pomegranate but there were clearly other things mixed in. Juices and vitamins in all likelihood, but the one thing the bottle *had* been missing was an ingredients list. At the very least, it didn't taste like anything *dangerous*. She set the bottle down and screwed the cap back on. **“I don't *feel* any differently.”** Not that she was expecting it to be *instantaneous*. She hadn't expected anything at *all* after seeing what the bottle was.

“Did I misread the ad? Maybe this is like one of those things you're supposed to drink every day, and the con is tricking you into buying a few months' worth of them before you realize you're getting tricked? Well! I'm smarter than that!” If she had *really* been smarter than that, then she probably wouldn't have fallen for the scam in the first place! Either way, she was *wrong*.

Both about it being a scam, and about it not being near instantaneous.

Because she didn't exactly *feel* any different, Nico had assumed that nothing was happening. She hadn't bothered to check the bathroom mirror just in case one of her siblings caught her, and while she *did* have a compact mirror among her belongings, at the time that seemed like a little too much effort for what she rightfully assumed was just a scam. Which made it all the funnier that *if* she'd bothered to look at her reflection, she definitely would have come to a completely different conclusion.

After all, the roots of her hair did *not* feature the very same black that it typically did. Its color was still somewhat *dark*, but it was certainly several shades lighter *and* more vivid – with a blue hue that ran contrary to the brown that you might expect. It lingered only near the scalp at first, making it look as if the black was just dye that hadn't been applied to her roots properly, but it eventually crept towards the *tips* of each strand. As the color moved towards its goal, her hair ended up appearing softer, her twintails thinned and shortened, and even her bangs spread out so that they tickled the tops of her eyebrows.

Eyebrows that, like all of the hair on her body, also inherited the same blue.

“What a waste of my allowance...” Nico's head was a little lighter, but it was hardly noticeable enough on its own. In fact, it would likely

take several more changes before it occurred to her that what she'd consumed was not, in fact, a scam product. But it also hadn't been advertised *honestly* – because if it was simply designed to make the user appear older and prettier, then why would it change their *hair color*?

In a similar vein, blue appeared elsewhere on her person, once again in a place where it would have been beneficial if the teenager had kept a mirror open and nearby. Its shade was much brighter, closer to the blue of the sky, and it bled into the colors of her *eyes*. And if that weren't enough? Their large and expressive shapes pinched in ever so slightly, slowly altering her gaze so it was narrower and so that they appeared subtly more *mature*.

This was an outcome Nico *had* desired, and it continued to work its 'magic' throughout the rest of her facial features. Her lips swelled until they were a little thicker, for example, and her chin narrowed with raised cheekbones so that her face seemed a little longer. Her nose was bigger too, but this all called something concerning into question. She *looked* a little more mature, yes. But it wasn't a matter of her looking like a more mature Nico. She didn't look like Nico Yazawa at *all*, but like an unfamiliar young woman who couldn't have possibly shared even the slightest bit of genetics with someone of the Yazawa name.

“Tho, whath though I— E-Eh!?” At the very least, the reformation of her face finally led to circumstances where the girl was able to realize that something *was* amiss. Because when she attempted to speak? Her thicker lips clumsily smacked together in a way she wasn't accustomed to, helping highlight that her *voice* sounded different as well. She raised a hand to touch those lips to not only find that they were much more voluminous, but she was also struck with the sight of her fingers, and the nails upon them, seemingly growing *longer*. **“W-Wait... Don't tell me...?”**

The drink was *legit*!? Was it actually making her more mature? But what was up with her *voice* then? As much as she would have *loved* to think about that a little harder, she soon found herself distracted by a *literal* 'escalation' of the situation. In that her eye level was *escalating* higher, making everything in her room appear as if it was closer to the ground. **“Am I growing taller!?”** There wasn't really any other *explanation*, was there!?

Nico's arms had begun to push farther out of her sleeves, and those sleeves also felt tighter around her *shoulders*. *RIIIIP!* It seemed to be inevitable that the seams would eventually split, because it wasn't like she was growing in an exclusively vertical fashion. Her shoulders broadened for one, and that was why her uniform shirt sleeves split

underneath her unbuttoned jacket, but that wasn't the *only* place where growth was horizontal.

The sides of the girl's skirt fluttered up a little higher as they reached farther away from her knees. "**Oh, wow.**" The initial panic that she had felt was wearing off, or maybe it was more like her approach to that panic was a little more composed. A little more *mature*? Could it have been that the 'maturity' she had desired was manifesting in ways beyond her appearance? That appeared to be the case, but the girl was understandably distracted by other things.

Like the fact that her hips had widened several inches, and that she'd grown so much taller that her short skirt had been hoisted high enough that it became dangerously close to showing off her underwear. "**My clothes are going to be a big issue, aren't they?**" Nico's sleeves had torn, but she could still barely move her arms and settled for awkwardly tugging at her skirt. It didn't take much longer for her to realize just *how* right she was, because the moment her height reached its end point of 5'6"?

She began to expand in *different* ways. "**Oh...**" The girl *immediately* realized, and her gaze fell down upon her chest. How could she *not* notice? The strap of her bra had begun to dig into her shoulder blades as the cups felt more and more uncomfortable. Her small bosom was *swelling*, but because she'd been so small before, the fact that she only gained a *little* bit of weight still felt like a *significant* amount. Her A-cups ultimately swelled into C-cups that were practically trying to force the cups away. She debated unbuttoning her top to help them breathe, but...

SNAP!

The strap took care of that itself, allowing the new weight to bounce forward, which also popped off the top couple of buttons of her shirt. She found herself staring down at a very unfamiliar view. "**I actually have cleavage? Wow...**" She didn't dare unbutton the rest just yet, and one of her hands had reached behind her to pick at her butt crack anyways. Because much like her chest, her rear end ended up swelling to match her widened hips. It stuck out a couple of inches farther behind her, while her thighs received a touch-up of weight so that their thickness didn't feel *too* lackluster versus how much she'd grown.

But it hadn't been Nico's intention to become overly curvy or anything in the first place. She had just wanted to look older so that she would be taken seriously. And *that* condition had seemingly been met.

“What am I supposed to do about this? It certainly... *worked*.” The girl that stood there in Nico Yazawa’s disheveled, undersized uniform resisted the urge to make any inappropriate passes at her new figure. She was taller, bustier, and just fuller figured overall. But she could also tell from the sound of her voice that it wasn’t a matter of her *simply* getting taller and bustier. **“But I also cannot *believe* that it worked.”**



Even the cadence of how she spoke carried a newfound maturity to it that Nico hadn’t spoken with, although she simultaneously had the thought that it might be fun to play up just how much more adult-like she appeared despite remaining the same age. **“But for now...”** She walked over to her makeup desk and pulled a compact mirror out of her tiny purse. She quickly opened it and gave her face a once to check it out. **“I certainly look much different...”**

But then what was she going to do about that? Even if she claimed to be ‘Nico Yazawa’, would anyone believe her? Wait... Wasn’t that an *immediate* problem? What would her siblings say if they saw her? She’d be considered a home intruder! Was there anywhere she could even go? Of course, there was a completely different but not quite unrelated issue too. Her *clothes*. She clearly didn’t fit in her old uniform, which meant nothing in her wardrobe would fit.

With a mature sigh, she grabbed a blanket from the end of her bed and shrouded herself in it. **“If I bolt to the front door like this, no one *should* see me. I’ll be able to get to the store, and then I can purchase some clothes that fit me.”** But even so, she would still need a name. She couldn’t call herself by her old one if someone asked. So...

“Hm... What about something that sounds more mature? Karin...? Karin Asaka?” And so, she would be *Karin Asaka* from that moment on, at least so long as everyone else accepted her despite her changes, but that involved *believing* her. She was naturally going to have to inform her friends and family about who she *really* was, but she’d have to table that for when she could do so in a more comfortable outfit!

“And off I go! I certainly hope these legs of mine are nimble.”

...And that she didn’t trip running down the hall.