

TESTED PROMOTION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



For Maomao, *every* day was a busy day.

She had once worked as an apothecary and aspiring professional of poisons, when one day she had been kidnapped and sold off to the Imperial Palace of Li where she worked as a simple maidservant. Well, that was how things had *begun* anyways, but she'd always had a bad habit of getting herself into trouble... usually by doing the *right* thing. It was a real talent, and one she was often kicking herself in the back of her mind over.

Maomao had been promoted to the poison tester for one of the Emperor's High Consorts, Gyokuyou. She had actually *enjoyed* working at that job. Poison testers could die at any given moment, making it a perilous job with a high mortality rate. The other servants working for Gyokuyou were aware of this and always took care of the other work so that Maomao could have an easier time.

But time and time again, she found herself in the middle of some sort of incident. Mysteries constantly arose within the inner and outer palace. Mysteries involving terrible deaths, both planned and unplanned. These were mysteries that weren't easily solved without the knowledge that Maomao possessed, and it certainly didn't help that the meddling *Jinhshi* was always scrambling to get involved.

“That jerk is too crafty for his own good. How am I back *here* again!?”

On this occasion? The young woman had been sent off to stay at the Crystal Pavillion for the first time since she'd come back to the palace to

work directly under him. Apparently, the Wise Consort, Lihua, was going to be going on a trip with her servants in secret under the emperor's command, and they needed someone familiar to 'tend to the Crystal Palace in her stead'. **"No matter how I look at it, this is way too fishy."**



The palace had certain *laws* to be followed. There was a hierarchy in place that, if overstepped, would lead to low level servants getting executed without something even akin to a proper trial. Now that she was working directly under Jinhsi, she wasn't certain where she was on that ladder. But she knew for sure it wasn't high enough that she would be able to *stay* in the bedroom of one of the high consorts for a week without something *else* in play.

"They would need the emperor's approval for one, and I'm pretty sure he's not a big fan." Evidently, Maomao's concerns hadn't been enough to stop her from laying on her side on the Wise Consort's bed as she mulled things over.

She'd only just settled in, and the sun had already set. There wasn't much else she could even do until the next morning.

She looked around at the room from the bed. If one of the conditions had been 'someone who was familiar with the Crystal Palace', then Maomao could at least admit she was a good choice. Lihua was a beautiful and strong woman with an *impressive* body, but there had been a time after her newborn son had passed away that she had come down terribly ill.

When things became dire, Maomao had been called in to help care for her. It was a process that had taken *months*, and even now she didn't like Lihua's servants all that much for how they had treated her at the time. But fortunately? The Wise Consort had managed to recover, and apparently, she had been looking much better these days. **"...Not that I got to see her before she left!"** The girl rolled over and onto her back with a sudden thud.

"I swear, he better come by first thing tomorrow morning and explain himself!" If this was one of Jinhsi's tricks then he was going to get one heck of an earful from one annoyed apothecary! But in the meantime... **"Not tired."** It was late enough to sleep, but she wasn't sleepy at all. **"Maybe I should brew myself some tea to help me sleep?"** But that would involve getting off the bed, and the bed was *way* too comfortable.

A few minutes passed, until suddenly... *Sniff, sniff!* **“What is that? I’ve smelled this fragrance before.”** A strong scent had begun to waft in from the nearby window. An incense carried by the wind? But it was strangely nostalgic, like she had not only smelled it before, but in that very room to boot. **“I guess it could be getting carried over from a nearby building.”** The Crystal Palace wasn’t entirely sectioned off from the rest of the Imperial Palace, and even then it wasn’t completely unoccupied. Only Lihua and her closest servants had left.

It was likely just an incense that was commonly lit up in the area. Even so, Maomao *finally* rolled out of the bed to go check outside the window. There *was* a window lit up in a building not even fifty feet away, it was likely coming from there. It fundamentally wasn’t an issue so long as it was harmless, and she hadn’t noticed any ill effects, nor did she expect any. **“Well, since I’m up I guess I might as well brew some tea.”**

Maomao was quick to realize that her initial assessment might have been incorrect. Something felt *off* somehow, even if it wasn’t immediately clear to her *what* that was.

She crouched down to rummage around in the back of the pack she’d lugged over, searching for her tea. **“Huh?”** Only to stop suddenly. The pack was within the moonlight that was now filtering in through the nearby window. It wasn’t much, but it was still enough for the girl to properly see inside the pack – as well as the hands that were doing the rummaging in the first place.

What Maomao had seen had been surprising enough to provoke her into not only stopping, but to stand back up and pull one of her sleeves back a little. **“What’s wrong with my hand? Is it the lighting, or...?”** She wasn’t really certain. Her skin appeared *fairer*, both in color (it seemed a little paler, even with the lighting accounted for) but that skin also seemed *smoother* somehow? It was a trend that had traveled up her revealed right arm, but surely it wouldn’t have— **“...Hah?”**

This girl was no ordinary apothecary. Her obsession with poisons had led to a long life of experimentation on her own body, generally on the right arm that she kept hidden under her sleeves, typically under bandages because it was an unsightly mess of cuts, burns, and puss. It *sounded* unpleasant, and to anyone else it would have been. But to *her*? It might as well have been her greatest treasure. **“M-My life’s work is gone!?”**

...It might have been a little overzealous to consider that her ‘life’s work’.

Her assessment was tragically correct, though. She hadn't been wearing those bandages because of the privacy she had been allowed in those chambers, and after rolling her left sleeve up? She'd found only smooth, blemish-free skin no matter how high up she looked. Maomao even wondered if she'd somehow gotten confused and checked her other arm, but it was the same thing.

“How could—? Wait, scratch that. There’s something even stranger happening here, isn’t there?” The apothecary’s investigative mind wanted to unravel the mystery of the erasure of her poison’s effects more than anything, but when her eyes wandered back to her hands? Her sharp eyes locked onto another irregularity: her *fingers*. No one knew Maomao’s body better than Maomao herself, and she used her hands so often that not even the slightest change to them would go unnoticed.

Such as? Well, her fingers appearing *longer* was one thing, and the state of the nails at their tips was another. She anxiously chewed her fingernails normally, which worked out okay since she didn’t like growing them long anyways. Yet now? They extended about an inch past her fairer fingertips and looked like they had been meticulously cared for. **“Judging by the angle, someone else treated these nails? ...That’s impossible.”** They didn’t look that way a few minutes ago, and no one had snuck in and done her nails without her knowledge. That wasn’t even the biggest problem with that mystery! Her hands seemed... larger.

Maomao had understandably been fixated on what she had noticed, but that opened up holes in her awareness where she *wasn’t* looking. Her bare feet had come under a similar spell, for example. The girl adjusted her footing only once as the soles of her feet grew vaguely longer and wider, with her toenails ending up neatly done just like her fingernails. There was no denying that larger hands and feet *did* look out of place, but would it really be an issue for long?

Not long after her gaze of forest green was unknowingly overcome by a shimmering magenta, Maomao perked up at a strange sensation her *clothing* was providing to her. **“Why... do my robes feel so tight?”** She tugged at their folds with a hesitant curiosity, not liking how her longer nails felt against the fabric. Somehow, she was certain she wouldn’t like the answer.

And she was *definitely* not wrong about that. **“Oh dear...”** Even her choice of words took her by surprise. Who was she? An older woman? Since when did she speak like *that*? ...Then again, the fact that what had prompted her to say anything at all was the realization that her body was growing *taller*, could she even write the possibility off? **“I still**

don't *get it*, but it doesn't seem like in any danger. Even my voice sounds... It sounds *familiar*."

The green upper layer of her robes was lifted gradually as her height continuously elevated. She had been a below average 5'0" tall before, but within a matter of moments she had to estimate that she had grown to around 5'5" before it finally stopped. The bottom layer was now lifted enough to show off her ankles, but fortunately? The layer of robes under the outer layer kept her tummy covered for the time being.

Because her voice sounded familiar, the girl's memories flickered between every woman she had ever met. Someone who was roughly 5'5" that also had such a mature and melodic voice? No, considering *where* she was staying... that was another important context clue. Did one of Lady Lihua's retainers match that description? **"No matter how I frame it, I'm intentionally avoiding the most likely possibility, aren't I?"**

Maomao didn't want to say it out loud because she didn't want to will it into existence... even though that was happening regardless. Her green hair of messy, average length was creeping longer and longer as the odd strand shifted in color to a deep blue. It fell *well* down her lengthened back, hovering just above her flat rump in the bank – though her hair appeared much softer and even smelled of floral fragrances as her bangs were swept over the left side of her face.

While her hair changed, a maturity crept into her facial features along with some adjustments that compromised her identity so that it better matched both her voice *and* the more delicate posture she didn't quite realize she'd been subconsciously guiding herself to commit to – like it had been drilled into her very being. Her lips swelled into a full pout, her eyes narrowed, and her face lengthened as a whole. There was a beauty that settled in place that might have made even the most popular of courtesans jealous.

A familiar beauty befitting of, say, *one of the emperor's High Consorts?*
Which was incidentally Maomao's secret top pick for who she was changing to resemble. And a woman who was *twenty four* at that.

"Regardless of the outcome, I still can't imagine what could be causing this..." Her words were softer than the way Maomao normally spoke, so much so that she raised her own thinned, blue eyebrow at it. **"Wait. The incense? ...But that doesn't explain *how*. Bodies just don't *change* like this, no matter how you— WOAH!?"** That air of composure that she had been unknowingly holding herself to crumbled in an instant. The exact instant that it felt like she had just caught something *extremely* heavy and held it close to her chest.

The problem with that analogy was that her hands weren't holding *anything* to her chest though, they were at her sides. The weight *pulled* her forward, causing her to stumble as the front of her robes practically *blew* open due to an internal force. "**O-Oh...**" That reaction to her paltry bosom swelling into a pair of *very* heavy *G-cups* over the course of just a few seconds was far more reserved than what she'd actually *wanted* to say. She dug her fingers into the folds that were *already* wide open and forcing her to stare at her now incredibly deep cleavage... and pulled them *right* off.

Maomao tossed them on the floor with a sigh, the sensation of her now massive mammaries bouncing just causing her more distress. Aspects of her original personality could seemingly seep through here and there, and this was evidently one such case. She fidgeted with her lower robes not long after, just in time for her hips to swing out and the flesh of her thighs and ass to burgeon until her body was the perfect, swollen hourglass figure. "**Seeing as I must look like her, this feels indecent somehow...**" While she had to peek through her cleavage to see as much, there was a bush of blue pubes right above her pussy.

Could it even be considered *her* pussy? ...If it hadn't happened to *her*, she might have had an appetite for studying the phenomenon with some degree of interest. But if Lady Lihua found out...

"Hmph. What sort of trick is this? There is no scientific explanation for this at all. ...Even the way I'm speaking was affected?" The woman spoke, now as a *perfect* impostor for the Wise Consort, *Lihua* aside from both the facts that she had disrobed and that, while her mannerisms and dialect were similar, she was clearly not treating herself as Lihua. "**Was this Jinhsi's trick? No... How could he come into the possession of something like this when he isn't the brightest?"**

Lihua sighed and sat back down on the bed. She'd been afforded no choice in the matter honestly, for reasons she made obvious when her unfamiliarly long fingers sunk into the supple weight of her chest. "**How does she live with these?**" Her back was already aching from just a few minutes of standing with her new voluptuous *G-cup* breasts. The fact that they had just grown so much likely played a role in their burden, though.



She possessed Lihua's general personality, but Maomao's fatigue was still prevalent in her expression. She was still *herself* deep down, after all. **"And what should I do next? I suppose there's little I can do until morning's light. I'll have to sleep like this for now. But... having me here alone tonight. Was this planned?"** It somehow didn't *feel* like something Jinhsi would plan. She didn't doubt his lecherous mind would have preferred being in the company of a more mature woman.

But she'd never gotten the impression that Lady Lihua was his *type*. In fact, her impression was that there was some other type of relationship between the two of them. **"I suppose... I should just sleep for now. I do feel rather tired all of a sudden, so..."** And the woman gradually lost consciousness, passing out until the morning.

As it turned out, her assessment that Jinhsi wasn't behind her present condition was *correct*. He'd been just as shocked to find a second Lihua in the Crystal Palace the next morning, although it had hardly taken any effort on Maomao's part to convince him of her identity. Apparently, she had a very 'consistent annoyed expression that transcended perceived identities', which wasn't exactly flattering. But this led to a new problem. A new mystery.

"...How am I going to solve *anything* looking like this? This appearance is way too high profile!"

She wanted her plain, boring body back! And she wanted to stop smacking her tits off of things!