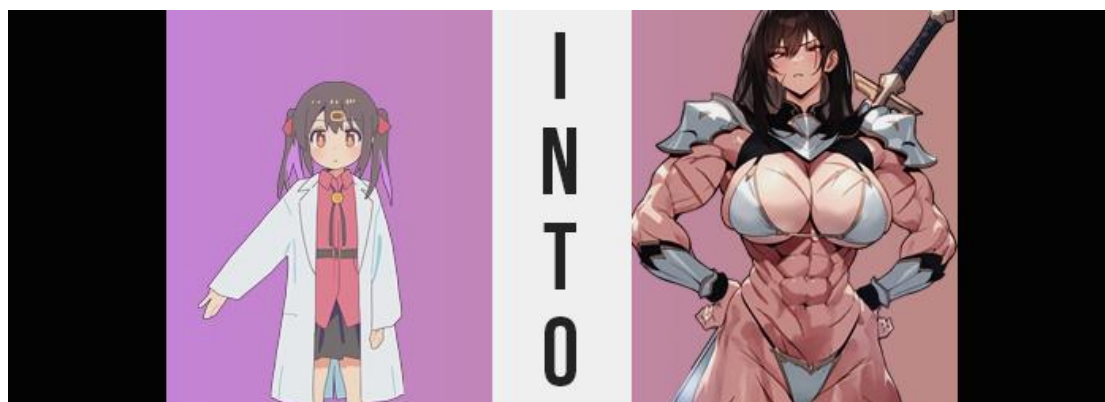


BULK UP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hehehe... *Perfect!*”

What went on in the privacy of Mihari Oyama’s bedroom when she was home was something of a mystery, even to her own brother. Well... her own *sister* in this case, because her family had something of a secret. Mihari was no ordinary teenaged girl for starters. She was a super genius that had been admitted to college before she was even *seventeen* years old, and now a year later? She was already on the fast track to graduation despite her early admittance. Was this her family’s secret? No, *that* was public knowledge.

This secret was only shared between herself and her housemate: the *girl* that was *supposed* to be her shut-in *brother*. If you needed an anecdote to demonstrate just *how* intelligent the eighteen-year-old girl was, well... A year ago, she developed a drug all on her own that she had used to transform her older brother into a middle school aged girl as part of her *Onii-chan Rehabilitation Project*. Her new little sister had *naturally* resisted the project at first, but some great strides had been made as of late! She was really settling into her role as a girl, and she was even socializing and going out more!

And those great strides deserved a reward! Admittedly? The (now) older sister hadn’t originally been sure what she could do for Mahiro to reward her. Give her sweets? Buy her a game she wanted? She *was* pretty easy to please, but all of these ideas felt a little *too* plain. Mihari wanted to do something *really* special, and so? She ended up doing what she did best. Using her intellect to put her *own* spin on her gift idea.

It was for that reason that she was sitting at the computer in her room with what looked to be a VR headset resting on the desk beside her keyboard, all hooked up to her PC. Rather than buying her sister a *new* game, she had instead decided to pursue a *different* route. Mahiro had been *really* into virtual reality games lately, but when Mihari had tried one? She found it wasn't very *realistic*. And so, she'd modified a few headsets to provide a much more *authentic* experience.

“Okay! All I need to do is run some tests and we should be good to go... Let me just back up these settings into the files for the other headsets too.” Those headsets were just out of sight, hooked up *under* her desk. She only needed the one to run the tests, and to those ends? She'd borrowed one of Mahiro's VR games. She didn't know what the game was like, just that it was a fantasy game of some sort?

Mihari grabbed the headset that was sitting beside her and turned it on. **“All I need to do is boot up the game through here, and—”** All of a sudden, the headset fell onto the chair that the teenager had been sitting on. Because the moment she had booted the game? She had simply *disappeared* from the world entirely. How was *that* possible? ...Was that a fair question to ask when she had created a drug that changed an adult man into a middle school aged girl?



“Uh... Huh?” Funnily enough, Mihari could have explained in great detail how that drug that she had made functioned, but she *couldn't* explain in *any* detail how she came to find herself in what looked to be a restaurant...? There were wooden tables and chairs scattered around where she was standing with no one using them, and a bar was off in the distance. All of the lighting? It was done by flame, illuminated by torches. **“Is this a tavern?”**

She may have been a genius, but it wasn't like she wasn't familiar with video games. It really looked like a tavern straight out of some sort of fantasy game. Both of her hands immediately reached up to check her face and head. **“But I'm not wearing a headset? How could this be possible?”** It wasn't a throwaway question by any means; she was actually seriously contemplating a possible answer.

“I wanted to make it more realistic, but it's almost like I was pulled *into* the game? A game is just a game though; it shouldn't have the properties to physically house an *actual*

person. And that's putting aside the implausibility of modern technology being able to accomplish such a thing. I can only assume that this is some sort of dream? Or maybe I'm hallucinating?" The girl could narrow it down, she thought, by pinching herself. And she pinched her own cheek.

It hurt, so it wasn't a dream. But could it be reality if the headset was gone? Had she removed it at some point and couldn't remember? No. If this was all some kind of hallucination then she shouldn't have been in the right of mind enough to even dwell upon these questions with the rationality that she was. But Mihari *was* right about one thing. A game world *shouldn't* have been able to accommodate a human's physical body. Assuming this world really *was* all data and not something else.

But either way, the outcome would be the same. The genius might not have belonged in *that* moment, but the world itself would make that correction *for* her. "**Hm?**" She'd *already* been stirred from her train of thought, distracted by what she noticed subconsciously to be some sort of irregularity not with her surroundings, but with her own *body*. Of all the things it *could* have been, it was her *hair*.

Mihari's small fingers reached up to play with a few hands that had cascaded down the side of her face. They were *definitely* a little longer than normal, right? Just slightly on the sides. Not to mention their brown was a little darker, too. "**Did I ingest something that can alter your hair color at some point?**" That wasn't the type of question that any *normal* person would ask themselves, because they would understandably not believe that such a serum exists. But this was a girl who had turned her older brother into a little sister. Changes to bodies *could* be accomplished.

"I don't remember doing that, but I also do remember having a headset on." Of course, her problem was that she was still trying to rationalize what was happening from a logical point of view. She didn't want to accept the possibility that maybe, somehow, she had been *sucked into* the game she had booted up. Much less the idea that the world was changing *her*, as her changed hair demonstrated. Still rolling hairs between her fingers, she noticed that they were coarser. Oilier. "**Wait... What kind of serum could make it like this?**" Oiliness wasn't the type of trait you could just imbue like that. It even smelled a little... *sweaty*?

Continuing to rub her fingers together though, Mihari soon became aware of another issue relative to her touch. It was getting *rougher*. She finally let go of her hair to raise her hands in front of her, and well... "**Um...?**" It was rare for the young woman to show such a confused expression, but how *else* could she react to the sight of her own

fingertips *hardening*? They could only be calloused, and similar patches of firm, raised skin not only appeared on her hands, but on the soles of her feet too. **“Am I injured? No... Those are scars?”**

Among the hardened flesh were a number of darker lines that etched into the girl’s skin around her fingers and even the back of her hands. Their emergence wasn’t *painful*. If it had been, she likely would have noticed much sooner that their appearance wasn’t isolated to her hands alone. Her torso, thighs, legs, arms, breasts, and even one to the right of her lips on her face; her body had become *very* scarred all of a sudden, which seemed a little uncanny what with how small and soft she was otherwise.

Like someone had sent a cute little dork into combat.

“I guess I could explain this with um... a *thingy*? Or... a *whatsit*?” Mihari’s eyes began to jitter as a realization struck her, one that accompanied a change to her eyes that left them looking far less Japanese and far more *Caucasian* while red eyes darkened to a plainer brown. **“I can’t... remember things. That flat glowing thing I could look stuff up on... What was it called? A slab? A scroll? ...What else would have writing on it!?”** The things she came up with weren’t even *modern* solutions for recording information.

This was understandably enough to push her into a fully blown panic, but she had other things to worry about too. Whether she had been sucked into a game or teleported into another world, she had arrived wearing the normal outfit that she could always be seen wearing around the house. This hadn’t been an issue *before*, but it quickly became one the moment that it seemed as if she was getting... *bigger*. **“*Huh*?”** That deeper *groan* to her voice didn’t help sooth her concerns much, either.

Nonetheless, what she could see with her own two eyes and feel with her own skin were more pressing concerns. And speaking of *pressing*, her clothes were really beginning to *press* into her body. **“*I’m growing*?”** Mihari didn’t need to be especially intelligent to be able to identify *that* much, especially with the base of her shirt lifting and her socks slipping down from just above her knees to her ankles. More and more of her belly was laid bare before long, because she didn’t grow just a *little* bit.

And the growth also wasn’t solely vertical. It seemed that, at least briefly, her skirt and shirt would remain relatively unscathed. But moments into her growth spurt, the sleeves of her shirt were forcibly torn off as her shoulders broadened, while her skirt? The sides of it were forced upwards, courtesy of her hips widening nearly *eight* inches; an impressive gait that mirrored how far her shoulders had stretched.

“I’m so big!” Mihari *really* couldn’t think of a more eloquent way to put that, largely because her mind felt so *dull* now. She also didn’t sound *as* alarmed, but only because there was a growing part of her that did not find anything *strange* about the changes being enacted upon her body. Her hands and feet had grown larger along with the rest of her as she climbed up to 6’3”, and her deeper voice made far more sense looking at her face. Not only did it become more angular, but her fuller lips and narrowed gaze made her appear *significantly* older. She was at *least* thirty.

With clothing torn and more of her skin bare, the smell of her own body odor became stronger. There was an oily quality to her skin now that suggested she was very *sweaty*, and the black pubes within her loins thickened into a bush that was just a little more impressively messy than her lengthened armpit hair. *Whatever* her fate was, it certainly wasn’t to become a woman who placed much emphasis on things like grooming. Likely because, looking at how scarred she was, it didn’t match with a much more *active* lifestyle.

Fear and anxiety had become a strange admiration. The woman was admiring her new stature, and that was *before* a wave of muscle spasms rippled across her significantly taller form. It was like every muscle in her body had suddenly been stimulated, and it felt *good*. **“I like this.”** And this mumbling of acceptance led into the culminative outcome of why her muscles had felt so strange in the first place. Take her abs for example: her muscles expanded and the crevices between them deepened until she had ten-pack abs that practically swallowed her bellybutton.

But this wasn’t a one-off. **“Ooh.”** Sounding *far* less intelligent now, Mihari found herself flexing her arms as she felt the scarred skin that surrounded them tightening. Muscles swelled so much that you might have been able to compare her arms to the trunks of a small tree, but even then? The rippling muscle of those arms didn’t even hold a candle to her *legs*. It was specifically her thighs that grew, sapping away any softness whatsoever as the muscle became so great that one thigh was thicker than her own relatively broad waist. **“I really am big.”** It made her want to throw that strength around.

Maybe by hunting some monsters?

Of course, monsters didn’t exist in the world the girl came from... but she couldn’t imagine living in a world *without* them now. Besides, her body wasn’t quite finished growing just yet. **“Hmph.”** It certainly wasn’t a secret that what she was wearing was *much* too small for her now, with the shirt looking like it was about to burst. Mihari used to have *some*

shame, but now? She merely scoffed as she tore off what remained, presenting her hairy bush and muscular pecs to the world...

...Just in time for those pecs to reach even greater heights. They had firmed when her muscles had grown of course, and with her bosom unchanged her chest had temporarily appeared closer to the chest of a man. But that was no longer an issue, not by a long shot. The skin around her nipples became puffier once more, and those hardened nips eventually expanded until they were roughly the same size as a gold piece – a currency common in this world.

But that was merely the foundation. That subtle puffiness erupted into a pair of soft and bouncy pillows that jiggled and bounced freely against her otherwise hard body, providing a place of plushness so that anyone who might *dare* to lay with her could find some sort of reprieve. The towering woman didn't bat an eyelash at their growth into ridiculous *J-cups*, though. She was more than strong enough to carry them, and considering she was so big otherwise they didn't really look all that out of place.

The sound of glasses clinking nearby stirred her from her momentary stupor. She wasn't even standing there naked anymore, but inside her intimidating form was clad in pieces of skimpy, silver bikini armor with metallic, thigh high boots, pauldrons, and bracers around her forearms. A sword was now even sheathed upon her back, but again: she was *way* too strong for any of this to be a burden. It certainly made sense as to why she was so *scarred* when she was dressed like that, though.

“Hm? Wasn't the tavern empty just now?” *Matilda* wasn't sure if her mind had been playing tricks on her or not. She *knew* that she wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. After all, just looking at her tall, muscular, and scarred Warrior's, it was easy to get the sense that she wasn't the intellectual sort. All of her talents lied in combat, where brute force reigned supreme. Besides, there was a woman in her party that acted the tactician. She didn't normally *need* to think.

But this *wasn't* the time for battle. She had come down to the tavern from the inn for a stiff drink or two. If she bumped into some *good company* for the evening? Well, she wouldn't decline. She was accustomed to sleeping with her party members, and while



many men and women were put off by how big and strong she was? Matilda's body *certainly* wasn't lacking in feminine charm, either. She really knew how to work her huge tits, and there were plenty of things you could do with thighs that were as thick as her own. **"Whatever."**

She moved towards the bar where she'd eventually take a seat. Other patrons of the tavern spared glances towards her, likely interested in her body and just how much of it was bare. There were likely some that admired her strength or wanted to ask how she'd gotten those scars. She would amuse them, but only because Matilda was boastful. For the time being, though? She directed her words at the bartender.

"Beer. As big as you can serve it."

"Mihariiiiiii? Huh? She's not here?" Mahiro didn't make a habit of entering her 'big' sister's room uninvited, but she hadn't seen her all day, and she hadn't left her a text or note anywhere. Much to her surprise? Mihari's room was empty too, but her computer was on? **"Huh? Is this a VR headset?"** All it took was a bit of investigation near the desk to find a headset on the chair, and then two more underneath. There were notes about a project *for* her on the desk, too!

"Oh! Did she make this for me to play? Three headsets... One for me, one for Momiji... Maybe we could get Kaede to try too?"