

CRIMSON JEANNES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Halloween costume... Halloween costume...” Atsuko “Akko” Kagari ran up and down the aisles of the costume shop that cool autumn day. Halloween was fast approaching and she really wanted something that would shock Lotte, Sucy, and *even* Diana. She just needed something that would pop. Something that caught the eye of everyone that saw her. **“Something liiike... *that!*”**

Wagging a finger in the direction of a certain something, the identity of the chosen costume was what looked to be a skin-tight, crimson biker suit with a pair of very high-heeled boots and a plethora of accessories like a choker, a watch, and a pair of goggles. It really looked amazing! There were just two very problematic issues. Number one? The size. It was definitely fit for an adult woman, not a scrawny teen like her. Number two? *NO WAY* she could afford this thing!

And so Akko left dejected, dragging her heel towards the nearest bus stop with a bag at her side containing a fairly generic ghost costume. It wasn't what she'd wanted, but she supposed it would just have to do. It certainly wasn't as if she could just wish it into existence...

...or could she?

“Alright! So if I do this and this, then I just need to visualize the costume in my mind when I chant the spell, right?” Back at Luna Nova academy, Akko was alone in her room and completely naked, standing with her wand in hand. As she'd recalled, there was a spell that could model your outfit after anything you wanted provided you had a potent enough imagination. And she definitely did! She'd taken all of the

preparatory steps, and so all that needed to be done was to chant the incantation!

“CLOTHIUS WARIOSO! W-WAIT!?”

She *immediately* realized she'd screwed up. It was supposed to be 'Wariosius' and yet, even though that shouldn't have been a spell, a faint glow erupted from the length of her wand as she felt the spell strike her naked form. “**Waitwaitwaitwait!**” Akko scrambled, patting down her body to check for anything weird. She'd just hit herself with a spell of *unknown* effect, literally *ANYTHING* could happen.

And that anything? It almost instantaneously came to fruition. A shudder, loud not in sound but in intensity, wracked the girl's bare body and almost knocked her to the ground. Dizziness struck her just as quickly, and wobbling over to place her hand on her desk had become an absolute necessity if she wished to remain upright. Her vision was likewise blurred, a growing problem as goosebumps ran across her skin to predate the many changes that were about to strike her. “**Woah!?**”

Akko's wobbling was heightened in intensity not because she was growing dizzy but because her height began to spiral in the upwards direction. Arms lengthened, in turn forcing her to adjust the grip of her hand on the desk as the space between her stabilizer and her body was filled with more and more, well, *arm*.

But even the hand itself wasn't looking quite right. Her fingers twitched, bones crackling while length was applied and the uncanny sensation of the length of her nails sliding out could be felt in a way that made her skin crawl. “**Eugh! What is happening to me!?**” The Japanese girl couldn't straighten out her vision though, so looking down at her hands was just a blurry mess of a cause that reaped no fruitful rewards.

Just because she couldn't see didn't mean that nothing was continuing to happen though. While she could make out blurred shapes, that was enough for her to tell that her hand was getting farther and farther away from her head. She was growing taller, and quite significantly so. The bone in her legs was the cause - ever lengthening, ever seeing her rise to heights that were uncommon for teen girls her age.

Six feet? A little taller? A little shorter? It was still a big jump that made Akko look comically thin since her proportions hadn't filled up otherwise. But it didn't seem to be a mere jump in physical height, for her facial features reflected a wear that hadn't been there before. Her cheekbones had risen, for one, with lips ripe and plump. The girl's eyes seemed dimmed in comparison to how they normally did too, making her seem *older*. Like she was in her twenties or thirties.

“Should I call for help- WH!? My voice!?” Vocal chords had misshapen with the growth, and her voice was now incredibly deep and... that accent. **“I sound British!?”** It would allow her to fit in better since she did go to school in the UK, but... She absolutely did, and that new accent was *thick as hell*. In fact she couldn't even remember anything in Japanese!? *That* was a problem.

And her body? It needed to become *thick as hell* itself. In a way she looked like a walking stick bug with all of that height and none of the curvature of a woman her (*supposed*) age, and when it came to filling her out the spell wouldn't really shy away from capitalizing on that need to make her proportions look less alien.

Akko almost fell again, this time because her lengthened legs had been forced to buckle as knees shot inwards towards one another. The feeling carried no pain, but it was because of a bloating that had built at the sides of her waist. More specifically: her hips had popped wider, tugging on small butt cheeks and forcing her posture to morph. Hips were so wide they would have made a supermodel jealous, and shoulders above popped soon after to give her body a width more appropriate for her new height.

Then it came time for everything in between to *fill out*. Widened hips had already stretched the curvature of her stomach longer near the base, but it had been like stretching a deflated balloon with finite room for stretching. It had almost made her gut look sickly for a time, but fortune shone as not only fat but firm muscle applied a healthy weight and tone to her tummy; not in the chubby sense, just in the sense that she didn't look unhealthy.

In fact, muscles became very pronounced throughout her heightened form. Arms and legs bulged with strength, and somehow Akko herself felt as if she'd become more flexible than she'd even been before -- almost like she could bend her leg behind her neck maybe? But she wasn't sure where that confidence had come from. All the witch knew for certain was that she was becoming much more physically capable than she'd once been.

“I think it's beginning to wear off...” The dizziness was finally beginning to wane, but while vision regained some clarity looking down revealed a foreign canvas. She'd assumed as much, but her body really looked different. Toned and tall, she was made curious by the plumping of her thighs for while they remained strong, they'd become curvy and soft.

A sudden weight then tugged at her from behind and caused her to stumble in that direction, forcing Akko to cast her gaze over her shoulder (*while completely missing the strands of silver that were taking over her hair like wildfire*) to see the cause. That cause couldn't have been more apparent, because... "**MY BUTT!?**" It was growing huge, cheeks bubbling with fatty tissue to bolster their appeal. And bolster it. And bolster it. In face, it would probably look great in something *skintight*.

As would her chest, for as quickly as her ass had yanked her *backwards*, a weight upon the girl's chest pulled her torso *forward*. Nipples stood erect and proud but also *wider*, with thicker areola upon her lacking cup size. Not that it was lacking for a credible amount of time after, for fat bubble up into her bosom much like it had the cheeks of her ass. Her tits didn't grow to be *ridiculously* ample, but the firm C-cup the growth built up to was still a far cry from her usual almost near-absence of a sizable chest.

Vision now completely clear, the woman shook her head from side to side as she placed a firmer heel upon the ground. "**Wait, is this really me!? I'm really tall! Taller than any of the teachers! Not to mention-- my hair!? This silver is really pretty...**" She was still speaking with a British accent, but she was very much still Akko in terms of personality and general excitability it seemed. Silver locks were held between lengthened fingers, which also sported sizable manicured nails. The very same silver decorated above her pussy yet, with larger breasts in the way, she hadn't really thought to look down to see. Being an adult was kind of a *new* experience for her.

Marveling at her own body, the final physical changes cast by the spell leaked into her face - a place she would not have been able to see without a mirror handy anyways. It was most pronounced in her eyes, which widened as brown eyes lightened to gray. They were rounder, certainly more European and more consistent with her new accent; it all brought the fact that she was no longer Japanese together to conclusion.

Not that her face was done. Thick makeup found itself applied, from dark eyeshadow to rich, crimson lipstick upon her large and kissable lips. Red polish spread across both her finger and toe nails, only for them to be concealed by red leather. Red leather that was generating all across her new form.

Hands found themselves nestled in skintight gloves while heeled boots bounced her off the ground. And then suddenly? The cool draft that ran through her dorm room, which had been nibbling at her tall and naked form, couldn't really be felt anymore. Because skintight, red leather had wrapped itself around her whole body. Goggles appeared in her hair.

It gave her a wild, sexy biker look -- and it didn't take much for Akko to realize where she'd seen this ensemble before. **“Wait! I guess the spell worked... technically.”** As intended she'd replicated the pretty costume she'd seen in the store. It was just... she'd also changed her body so she could fit in it. But why was she British? Why did she have silver hair? None of that really made *any* sense!

“What do I even do now!? I'm going to be in so much trouble if I'm caught!” Was there a way to reverse this spell? If she didn't want to get in trouble then she absolutely had to, yet... there was a feeling nibbling at her consciousness. *‘Why change back when you're so fabulous? So confident? So sexy?’* These weren't thoughts Atsuko would typically have, but she also fell for them hook, line, and sinker. **“Yeah! I'm sexy and confident! Why would I want to turn back!? I'm a new woman!”**

And yet, a single step in her new heels found the woman spilling forward, face eating the rug of her dorm room floor. Clearly the shape didn't matter...

Akko would always be Akko.