

APPEAL+

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Valentine's Day could definitely be difficult for those who did not know how to best handle it. Of course, that description could apply to an endless number of individuals with an equally different number of situations that they found themselves in. Whether you were already in a relationship, aspiring to be in one, or wanted nothing to do with them, this holiday always carried its own challenges.

But in Japan, most of those challenges fell on the women. Valentine's was a day for girls to give chocolates to boys that they were interested in, while White Day was a day of thanks where the boys would give gifts back to the girls. February 14th, at least as far as the Japanese were concerned, placed any fear and fretting upon the women.

This was a particularly glaring issue when it came to teenagers. Young love burns bright and fast, but because they were often inexperienced, some of the clumsiest chocolate presentations and confessions took place among the young.

Nagisa Furukawa was one such youth. She had been harboring a crush for her classmate, Tomoya Okazaki, for quite some time now, and hadn't really figured out how to act on those feelings. How could she make her crush known? Wouldn't it be embarrassing to do that? For a girl who was *already* shy and quirky, the imposing nature of such a task made her week in the knees. But regardless of how prepared she was, Valentine's Day had come, nonetheless.

And she really *hadn't* been prepared. She'd left him a note to meet her in their classroom sometime after class had ended, and she'd prepared some chocolates, but... That was about the extent of what she had

planned. It would all come down to whether or not she could squeak out the words that she had so desperately wanted to say for some time now.



Alone in the classroom, she couldn't help but wonder if she should run away. Was she strong enough to do this? But she might not get another chance, especially with how all of the other girls that were close to Tomoya acted around him. It was only a matter of time before someone else confessed to him if she didn't work up the courage to do it herself.

“I wish I was confident enough that confessing wouldn't be a problem...” Of course, that would completely alleviate all of her woes. If she had been a more confident person then she probably wouldn't be jumping through the same emotional hoops as she had been up until then. She could just confidently look Tomoya in the eye and say: Tomoya, I have feelings for you! And without being all that scared of the answer, to boot.

Nagisa hadn't had any expectation that uttering those words would have any effect on her situation, of course. Wishes just didn't come true, and she couldn't magically become more confident because such forces *didn't* exist. At least, that was what she had *thought*. However, one of her classmates was *really* into the occult, and had brought along a magic charm to school that day that was said to grant wishes.

And that charm not only had been left in a nearby desk, but it had begun to *glow*.

The teen herself was, of course, oblivious to this. Even if she had *seen* it light up, she would have just assumed it was battery powered rather than thinking there was any sort of unexplainable activity at work. But it *was* at work at the behest of her own words, not that the teen would *immediately* notice.

Instead, to try and ease her own anxiety about Tomoya's eventual arrival, she had taken to wandering the classroom and tidying anything up that seemed to be messy, leaving her chocolates in her own desk. **“I hope Tomoya-kun doesn't take *too long*...”** The longer the boy took, the more anxious the girl became. Plus there was the fear that another girl might be confessing to him at that very moment.

Not only were these concerns misplaced, but they effectively distracted her enough to not notice some changes that had begun to encroach upon

her person. She didn't feel any different, nor had she noticed the glowing charm, so Nagisa didn't really have any reason to believe that something strange might be going on in the first place, but being a normal person from a normal world, if she *had* caught on she most certainly would have run off in search of help. That would have caused problems, to say the least.

And so everything transpired undisturbed, with emphasis placed on Nagisa conceptually not noting what was happening to her. The earliest signs were actually matters of coloring, for with the form necessary to accomplish the wish she had made, she couldn't appear so meek and, more importantly, so *plain*.

While continuing to restlessly poke around the classroom while waiting for her crush, it almost seemed like Nagisa was gaining *freckles* for a time. Whether it was her face, or the exposed skin of her fingers and thighs that her uniform's cut allowed, it was easy to see tiny, brown dots spreading across them. Mischaracterizing them as freckles initially was easy enough, but as time wore on they quite pointedly did *not* resemble that appearance for much longer.

The spots grew as much as they multiplied, and given the limited space across the girl's body? It was inevitable that they would eventually meet and merge, presenting what was an even coating of this color across *most* of her skin. The areas where it didn't spread exposed this change of color for what it was: a fraud. The girl had inherited a tan, but it was completely fake. Because while her breasts *were* evenly coated, her bikini line wasn't. No doubt there weren't many tanning booths that allowed you to have your whole coochie out.

That said, the advent of fake coloration upon the young maiden's body wasn't even limited to the tan of her skin. The twin ahoges that poked up and out of the peak of her shoulder length hair had come alight with a platinum blonde – one that was *absolutely* put there by a dye and was not reflective of Nagisa's natural hair color. You could see as much in the roots of these two strands, for they remained just as brown as the hair around it. At least until *that* had begun to lighten to the very same blonde. Again, the roots were more or less still dark, but when all was said and done she now possessed a full head of platinum blonde hair.

This hair color on her fake tan elicited a callback to a certain style of Japanese fashion. *Gyaru*. They often paired the two, sometimes with excessive jewelry and scantily clad outfits. Always seeking the latest fashions, this description... Well, it didn't really apply to Nagisa all that well, did it? Short of the hair and skin color, this wasn't really in her personality.

“The hell’s takin’ him so... long?” Then again, the girl *had* just been rendered flabbergasted by the words that had come out of her own mouth. She’d felt an agitation welling up from within for so long by this point, but she hadn’t expected it to manifest like that! Why had she spoken so disrespectfully? But on the other hand? *Why do I care? Since when’ve I been such a prude?*

In a gesture that was undeniably very un-Nagisa-like, she held a tanned hand out and flipped it so that she could admire the backs of her fingers. Or, more specifically, the fingernails. They were growing longer before her very eyes, but the girl herself did not acknowledge them. She could only see what they were becoming, lengthening and becoming painted with a bright pink tone that looked rather fake. Because extensions had been applied.

What’s more, the taste of strawberry grew apparent on lips that had gradually been swelling bigger, and a light dusting of blush tickled cheeks that rose and stole away some of the teen’s natural ‘baby face’. Brows also turned pencil thin, and her chin narrowed. It left her looking a little older, as if she were on the cusp of her twenties. Overall, if you threw in the advancement of mascara and the dyeing of Nagisa’s natural eye color to a light purple, you would hardly have realized she was Nagisa at all if not for her hair and build.

Which, gradually, were finding themselves addressed.

The teen’s traditional hairstyle underwent a dramatic shift, locks cascading, seemingly without end initially, down her back and across the front of her shoulders. Their blonde color remained, but with a silky smooth look and the scent of a much more expensive shampoo wafting from every lock, it was clear that this was not the sort of hairstyle that she would have traditionally chosen for herself. Nagisa didn’t really like wearing her hair past her shoulders, and yet this dangled all of the way to her butt.

She shook her head. Why did she feel so groggy? This was bad, because Tomoya would likely show up at any minute! **“Ugh, I can’t look like shit! I’ve gotta look like a major hott...ie?”** It had happened again. She had blurted out something that didn’t sound like herself at *all*, though it was a personality that increasingly suited how she looked. And that became truer and truer, especially as the physical transformation entered its final, and most dramatic, phase.

A strange feeling had stopped her from continuing to wander around, about the time when she had done a full lap and had ended up back at the front of the classroom. She couldn’t stop rubbing her thighs together, for some reason? It wasn’t exactly *intentional*. Rather, it was more a

side-effect of a change that had affected the tanned thighs themselves. They had grown thicker, spongier, and more enticing. Which was helped by a subtle boost in the maiden's height, one that launched her up an additional three inches.

Of course, this height change wasn't isolate to her legs, and so with her torso stretched you could now see her belly button peaking out from between her top and skirt... as well as the white piercing that now rested in her navel. It matched the piercings that had formed in her ears, too.

Regardless, the thigh-rubbing was ultimately alleviated. Her hips had grown wider, into child-bearing proportions, which effectively left a substantial thigh gap window between her legs. In the back though, her skirt began to lift up – an obvious side-effect of her ass growing firmer and plumper. In fact, it practically tripled in size, and a beauty mark appeared on the right cheek. With this extra weight, her panties practically ended up flossed between them... until they transformed into a black thong, that is. Even her skirt eventually adjusted in size, though its design remained the same.

The turtleneck that was a part of her traditional school uniform was receding, become a simple, white dress shirt beneath her vest. Which was for the best, really, because it gave the mass being applied to her chest the room it deserved. *"Mmn..."* Without thinking, the girl had even unbuttoned her blazer and had begun to paw at her chest through the fabric, their sensitive mounds feeling quite needing as it all went down.

Tanned flesh swelled and swelled, ultimately pushing forward so that the top few buttons of her new dress shirt had to be undone – lest they pop off from the pressure applied, and in doing so it revealed what was happening to her bra. As breasts grew to the size that they were hardly smaller than their head, their cleavage was left exposed along with the mature, lace black bra that matched the thong she was wearing down below. Fake nails dug into their weight a few moments more, before the teen was struck with the realization of what she was doing.

"Huh? What the hell was I so worried about, anyways? I'm smokin' hot! Ain't no one gonna say no to me!" Giving a little twirl that highlighted just how short her skirt was – showing off her bare ass from that little breeze – Nagisa no longer had any of those doubts that had plagued her before her transformation had begun. She didn't even really seem to care that she had been fondling herself in public, because it was a demonstration that fit in perfectly with her new reality. That reality?

That she was a promiscuous *gyaru* teen. At nineteen years of age, she had been held back some because of her poor grades and constant suspensions for refusing to adhere to the school's dress code. Even this year it wasn't looking too hot for her, and the fact that tanned breasts and ass were hanging out was pretty suggestive as to *why* that was the case.



But this year was also different from her past years, too. She *was* trying harder to pass, but only because she'd developed a crush on a boy named Tomoya Okazaki. He was a dweeb as far as Nagisa was concerned, but like, in a *cute* way. He was endearing and always trying to help her out. Plus whenever she teased him with her body, he would *totally* freak out! It was so funny! Even though he spent time with some more sheepish girls, she was ready to make her move seeing as how it was Valentine's Day and all.

“He's sure taking his sweet ass time though. Hope he's not with another girl..” That would *really* sour the gyaru's mood. She'd put a lot of time into disheveling her uniform to this point! She wanted him to see all of the goods, and hopefully take away that she'd be so easy that she'd fuck him that night. It was both a confession *and* a prank in the sense that she'd tease the hell out of him with her body, which was suitable seeing as how he was *always* trying to prank her! Just desserts, and all that.

Still, it took another *ten minutes* before the door to the classroom finally slid open, and the blue-haired boy finally stepped in. **“Hey, Nagis—NAGISA!?”** Well, this made it clear enough that reality had been *completely* changed. If it hadn't, the boy definitely would have been a lot more concerned about who this barely clothed teen in his classroom was, yet he had immediately called her by name even if he *was* freaked out.

“Heya, Tomoya-kun!” Licking lips she had just touched up with a tube of gloss in her desk, the gyaru slowly approached, making sure to swing her hips in the most seductive way possible. **“You know, it's Valentine's Day, so instead a chocolate? I thought I'd offer M-E!”** Internally, she was elated just watching that bright blush spread

across his face. He couldn't keep his eyes of her rack, and that made Nagisa smirk mischievously. Prank accomplished! Now for the zinger!

But for some reason, it made her a little bashful, and she withdrew.

“D-Do you wanna, maybe... go out?”