NIGHT OF THE RICH GIRL

By: Firingwall
Commission done for Anonymous

"Humph! Watch where you're going, peasant!"

Landon winced, rubbing his arm. He looked at the woman he ran into, but not directly at her face for long. The way she icily stared at him said so much. She was fairly "above" him, and they both knew it.

The woman was young and pale. Her hair was black as night and long, elegantly brushed to precision. She wore an equally elegant dress and heels that screamed she was rich and proud. She was definitely of a higher standing than him in some way.

She stared daggers at him, almost as if she was begging for him to say something so she could tell him off. He said nothing, his cheeks reddening intensely as he did his best to avoid crossing eyes with her. Even if she wasn't glaring at him, he wouldn't be able to look at her without feeling embarrassed. Anyone who looked at him for long just made him feel awkward.

He pushed his glasses back up his nose, fidgeting slightly. *How did I get into this mess?*

His mind quickly ran over the events that brought him to this point. He had come to the mall right after work. Night had long since fallen, but he didn't want to wait until tomorrow to get some new games from his favorite store. He finally had a few days off so he wanted something fun to play with in his free time.

That's why he never noticed her. His head was in the clouds as he left the store, gleeful with his haul. He had casually walked out without even thinking, paying no mind to anyone else.

"Welllllllllllll?" The woman snapped, pulling his attention back to her. "Aren't you going to say anything?" She wasn't going to leave herself or let him leave without saying anything, no matter how long he awkwardly stood there.

Mustering as much courage and assurance as he could, he cleared his throat. "S-s-sorry." The word was stuttered and whimpered out so meekly and quietly that it filled him with dread. That wouldn't be enough for her, would it?

He held his breath, expecting a hateful snap or remark from the lady.

However, it did not come. The woman's stare softened but not too much. She sighed, brushing her hair back over her shoulder. "Well, I suppose that will do. I accept your apology."

She looked at her long, sharp, painted fingernails as she continued. "However, you must be more careful. Not everyone will be as gracious as I to accept such a meager apology. You should be most thankful that someone of my social standing is the person you aggressively brushed shoulders with."

With that, she said nothing else. She turned away with flair, her long hair swinging around like a shampoo commercial. She strutted off with a certain sway in her step, her high heels letting out small clicks and clacks on the hard mall floor.

Landon let out a long sigh, happy that was over with. Looking at her one more final time before she disappeared into a clothing store, he couldn't help but think of something. The vibe she gave off, her aura was awfully familiar.

I'm pretty sure she's an option in one of those dating sims I've played. He cracked a small smile, feeling a little better. *Or, she's probably from that anime where-*

Suddenly, he winced. He looked at his right arm. A long, very red scratch mark was left on his skin. It burned and itched badly, an occasional, painful throb coming to it.

It looked like she got him back when he walked into her. One of her fingernails must have scratched him. *Great day to wear short sleeves…*

Thankfully, examining it more closely, the red scratch mark seemed to be it. There was some messed up skin, but no trace of blood or anything further. That was good at least.

Landon nodded and turned to leave. He had enough fun at the mall for one night. It was time to go home and actually enjoy himself. Though, he made extra sure to be careful as he left. He certainly didn't want any more confrontations or awkward situations. The thought made him queasy on the inside.

The young man let out a heavy pant, stepping outside the mall. He brushed his forehead, wiping away a lot more sweat than he expected.

So hot, he thought, walking towards the parking lot now, *so very hot. Maybe I shouldn't have ran?* Though, that couldn't be it. He only ran a little before reaching the exit. He shouldn't have been so hot and sweaty after what amounted to a brief jog.

He brushed his forehead yet again. The weather that night felt pretty hot as well. However, he was certain it was a lot cooler before he entered the mall and that there was no heatwave coming according to the forecast.

Maybe something was wrong with him? All of his body was heating up, clothing sticking a bit to him as sweat formed. Maybe he needed to exercise more in general if he already was this heated and tired.

Landon sighed, not sure what to think as he trudged to his vehicle. The entire time he did though, something seemed to change. His complexion began to smooth over and brighten. Blemishes, markings, and scars faded from his skin. Body hair and any trace of scruffiness vanished, leaving his skin smooth and flawless.

Curiously, his skin tone lightened. It was already rather pale from his constant time spent indoors. However, the pale shade grew whiter, but in a healthier way. It looked more natural and elegant to a degree. It fitted perfectly with the rest of his new skin.

Landon didn't notice, just sighing as he stretched his arms out. *Should just get home and relax.* He nodded, his pace increasing. *Just go home and forget everything. Forget that c-crazy lady. Everything will be better.*

He scratched at his head, trying to think about the fun he could have with his games instead of that embarrassing incident. As his fingers ran through, something shifted once again. The short, messy brown mop on his head began to brighten. It started in his roots, the color shifting to blond. Some locks began turning fully blond, golden streaks appearing all around his noggin.

Landon still noticed nothing happening to him. What he did notice was the change in the area. The parking lot was brightening.

Looking up, he saw the cause. The clouds were parting, a clear sky opening up. There was the moon, shining down upon him. It was brighter than ever, almost seeming larger as well. More notably, it was full.

The moonlight beamed down upon his body. His hair seemed to glow under the light. However, it was that his hair was turning brighter than before. The slow pace of invading blond color tone kicked into overdrive, overwhelming whatever remaining brown there was. Soon, he had a lustrous, shining head full of golden blond hair.

Big moon out tonight, he thought, staring at it. A soft chuckle left him. *It's so big… I hope it doesn't fall on us.*

The moonlight continued to blare down on him. *So… so pretty…* His thoughts began to slow as he continued gazing. His blinking even slowed down, his eyelashes growing a tad longer to add a touch of flutter to them. *Pr… pretty…*

His face began warming as if the light was sinking into it. His lips plumped up ever so subtly, especially his bottom lip. They smoothed up, their color less pronounced as they took on a more kissable, cute look.

A slight tickling sensation followed that. Across his face, dashes of makeup appeared. A hint of blush came to his cheeks with a small touch of dark eyeshadow that appeared on his eyelids. His lips gained a coating of light pink lipstick, matching his complexion fairly well.

After a moment, the tickling feeling caused him to twitch. He rubbed his face, his makeup staying perfectly on without smudging. He blinked his eyes and looked around, realizing what had happened. *I can't believe I spaced out like that! So awkward!*

Imagine if people saw me like that! Oh, so undignified for someone like me!

"What." Those odd thoughts made Landon frown. "Where did that come from?" His brain was being weird. Maybe he was moonbathing too much… if that was such a thing. Regardless, he pushed on and buried those odd thoughts deep into his mind, allowing him to continue to his car.

The more he walked under that moon, the more things changed with him. Slowly, his clothing began to feel loose and baggy on him. His body was slimming down. Excess body fat from his limbs and torso faded away, his stomach flattening. His musculature shifted, strengthening and growing fitter, but while remaining thin and dainty.

Landon nearly tripped at one point. His shoes suddenly felt a few sizes too big for him, causing him to nearly stumble out of them. Without really thinking, he bent down and re-tied them, tightening them up. Muttering under his breath, he went back to his walk, the end in sight.

He reached his car at long last, all by itself at the end under a lampost. He let out a sigh of relief, hitting the unlock on his keyring. *Time to finally get out of here,* he thought, opening the back car door and tossing his bag in, *time to just go… huh?*

When he closed the back door, he noticed something he hadn't before until he was under the streetlight. His hand looked off, seeming smaller compared to the door handle.

Pulling it in for a better look only made it more obvious. It looked so dainty and thin, while also being smooth, hairless, and featureless. His freckles and all of the scars he got from his old cats were missing. Landon had to blink a few times just to make sure he wasn't seeing anything.

However, he quickly realized it wasn't a mere trick of the light. On the last blink, his fingernails began to grow. They extended only a few centimeters, trimmed and nailed down to a perfect, professional manicure look. Then, a splash of nail polish materialized as a lovely pink tone that wasn't overly bubblegum.

Landon quaked, his legs weakening. He stumbled back against the car parked beside him. He tried to speak or at least mutter, but nothing could come out. *Wha-what the hell?! Wha-what's wrong with my ha-hand?!*

He stared at it and brought up his other hand. The same thing had occurred to it as well. He slowly gulped, biting his bottom lip. His shaking subsided. *...does ...does this nail polish go well with these clothes?* His eyes tilted down towards his shirt. *Hmm, this style doesn't-*

Landon shook his head, even bopping it with his palm. *What... where did that come from?* His mind was a blur now. Things were moving so fast, so much concern and confusion was mixed in there that he couldn't possibly answer that.

All he could do was lean against that car and breathe, trying to recompose himself.

As that happened, his body continued to shift. This time, his changes came from below the belt. First, his hips widened. Not too much so, but they stretched out ever so much to give them a subtle curve. The extra width made his pants not so loose.

Then came the tightness. His thighs thickened while remaining soft and tender. They matched up better with his hips, filling his pants far more. His rear inflated, pushing and stretching out his pants even more than his thighs. It grew and grew, becoming a firm bubble butt that fit well with his very snug and form-fitting trousers.

Breathe... just breathe... Landon took several more breaths, closing his eyes. *Breathe... breee...* His breaths grew heavier, sweat forming faster. He fanned his face with his hands as a certain heat increased. *Oh my. Oh, how I wish I had a proper fan to-*

He shook his head again, huffing. *Uuuugh, stupid brain!*

With that shake, a new shift occurred. His facial features softened. His jaw shrunk, his chin not as thick. Cheeks and eyebrows thinned while his nose grew smaller. There was just a

cuter, more effeminate look to him. An even gentle bit of blush came to his cheeks, adding his new vibe and look.

Landon took a deeper breath and stood up straight, finding his footing. *Something… something is happening to me.* He panted harder, trembling. *I'm… I'm changing.* He gulped, his eyes clenching close tighter. *I'm… I'm… I'm…*

I'm becoming beautiful. There was a twitch and his eyes weakly opened. Their color was brighter, livelier than ever before.

Beautiful… His golden hair shifted as if a gentle breeze ran through. Locks smoothed out, split ends vanished, and everything became far more brushed and neat. It grew longer in the back, falling to his shoulders.

Why does that sound nice? Heat began to rise in his chest, more trembles breaking out in his body. *To be beautiful… how… how lovely…* The flat area began to rise, fat building up around his areolas and spreading out, inflating the area. Soft mounds formed, pushing gently against his baggy shirt at first.

The transformation continued unnoticed as it went below. His waist was narrowing, growing thinner and shifting his shape into something more hourglass-esque. Said shape turned even toner, stomach flattened, and area toughened as if he exercised a bit more than he did.

"N-no!" Landon shook his head, even giving it a smack. "I'm not beautiful!" His panting increased as the heat rose within him even further than before. "Something is wrong! What's happening with my*OOOOOOOOH!*"

His voice cracked, rising higher and higher in pitch until it sounded nothing like him. It sounded like a young woman's.

The cause of it was a sudden burst of heat. It struck below the belt, blazing and lasting longer than he would've expected. The bump in his jeans began to fade, pulling back and back until the crotch was flat. Beneath his pants and underwear, something had fully shifted.

"Oh… oh my…" Landon spoke, his voice a prissy, light coo now. He breathed heavily, rubbing his face as he worked up the courage to look below. He had a feeling what had just changed within him.

He looked down. Instead of seeing his crotch though, his eyes were blocked by something bigger. The mounds on his chest had grown further than before. They were almost as big as his fists, his shirt clinging to them. He had breasts.

"I'm…" Landon could feel his heart pounding. "I'm so… so…" His cheeks were burning up as a new thought entered his mind. "Oh my goodness, I must look!"

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He checked his camera, holding it up to his face. He couldn't make himself out very well in the darkness, only picking up on some slight things being "off" about him.

Turning on the flash, he snapped a picture and took a look. *I'm so beautiful.* His face was fully feminized. Nothing about him remained. Soft features with elegantly applied makeup greeted him now. Everything was just so cute.

So pretty… Landon reached up and felt his face, actually taking the time to really study it. His fingers ran along his chin and up to his plumper lips. *I'm so pretty. My makeup job is dazzling.* They ran their hand across their nose and brushed against their longer eyelashes. *No… I'm dazzling!*

The thought made her nervous. Her figure shifted a bit further at the thought. Slight adjustments came to her limbs, their muscle density growing. Not too much, but enough to give a body a far fitter, firmer form. Her legs even grew longer with slightly thicker thighs than before, her shape resembling that of a ballerina or even a swimmer.

Dazzling… beautiful… pretty. Landon gulped, biting her bottom lip. The more she thought those words, the more she stared at her photo or looked down at herself, the more a revelation came out. All of this… she liked it.

I don't get it. Landon stared at her photo. *Why do I look like this and… why… why does it feel good?* She tensed her shoulders. *It feels so good and right.*

She stroked her smooth face again. *Oh my, how did this ever happen? How did I ever turn so charming and darling?* Her face scrunched up as she thought but try as she might, nothing clicked in her mind. Maybe the answer would become obvious later.

For right then, she had something else to think about. Her breasts had grown once more, followed by her rear. Both parts of her inflated and turned firm, jutting out on her body. Her clothing stretched further than they used on her old frame, highlighting her new, lovely figure exquisitely.

"Oh my," mumbled Landon, looking at her chest and reaching around to feel her rear. Her clothing was so snug on her curves. There was no way anyone wouldn't start staring at her if they saw her like this.

However, the embarrassment of being looked at didn't seem so important. She felt embarrassed by something else. Looking at her clothes, something seemed off. She wore these brands all the time. They were comfy and cheap. Yet, they were also so pedestrian and not fitting for her on some level.

I'm different now. I'm different and deserve something better to wear. She twitched one final time. Something turned on in her mind. *I'm… better.*

Landon began to smile. *I'm a whole new person! I am a beautiful, lovely gal!* She smiled even bigger. *I don't know for how long, but I shan't misuse this time I've been granted!*

"Ohhohohohohho!" Landon placed a hand on her chest and let out the haughtiest of laughs she had ever made. Her hair shivered and shook, growing longer on the sides of her face. Once they stretched down to her chest, they began to curl and spin, turning into cute ringlets that bounced with each chuckle.

"Oh my!" Landon blushed, her smile turning weak. Where did that come from? Such a laugh felt so natural to do. Was it a new quirk of hers?

Admittedly, she rather liked it despite that brief bit of confusion. She gave off another laugh, one more on purpose. With how stunning her voice was, it made her laugh sound so much more refined and dignified for a woman like herself. It fitted her well.

She looked back to the mall at that time and nodded. *Hmmm, I do have plenty of money saved up. Why spend it all on such dull games when I can splurge on something nice? Mmm, something very pretty… and expensive! Ohhohohoho! Only the best for me!*

With that in mind, the new, haughty woman began to walk back towards the mall. Well, she walked with more of an elegant, refined strut, not unlike that woman she ran into earlier. It felt so natural to her.

It was time for another round of shopping! If she felt like royalty, she needed to look like it as well. She had a whole new look and new self that she had to make the most of!

THE END?