

From Shy to Curvy to Fat

By: Firingwall

“A-a-a-an-and th-that’s w-why I’m... I’m here,” Megan spoke, looking nervously at the ground. She bit her bottom lip and slowly raised her eyes up, her face growing redder by the second. “So-so-so, c-c-can y-you he-help me?”

Beatrice gave the poor girl a big grin and gently stroked her small chin. She cooed, “but of course my poor little girl. I’ll help you get that perfect look you’ve been desirin’, and we’ll even get rid of those pesky nerves of yours.”

Megan was a small, skinny girl with messy black hair and very pale skin. She was incredibly shy and nervous, wearing baggy clothes to hide herself in. She hated that and hated herself, wanting to be rid of such feelings. This only intensified as a big anime convention was about to come to her town, one she longed to check out. However, between how she was and her lack of cosplay attire, she couldn’t go there.

That was until a mysterious shop appeared before her one evening. She entered it, discovering that she had stepped into the lair of a beautiful green witch with long black and strong yellow eyes. She was the solution to her problems.

“R-really?” Megan asked, her face growing redder and her body trembling, “A-are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure!” the green witch shopkeeper chuckled delightfully, “I have the power to grant you anything with a little bit of time and effort. In this case, I wouldn’t even need time and effort to fix this, since I already have what you need.”

She reached behind the counter she was in front of and pulled out a little choker. It was black with a silver bauble attached, three triangles pressed into the silver ball. It seemed awfully familiar to Megan, but she couldn’t place where she had seen it before.

Beatrice placed it upon the counter and spoke, “Wear this and tap the bauble once, twice, or three times. Doing so will grant you a form that you can truly be proud of and should ease your worries and troubles. Take it off to go back to normal obviously. However, I recommend NOT tapping it more than three times.”

Megan gulped, nervously asking, “w-w-will it h-hu-hurt me?”

“What? No! Of course not. It’ll just REALLY boost your looks and personality. Might be a bit extreme for one as you. Nothing dangerous I assure.”

Megan looked at the witch, her eyes shying away and quickly moving onto the choker laid before her. The item in question looked harmless enough, despite the amount of magic that supposedly was kept inside of it. The warning about using it too much sent shivers down her spine, despite being told nothing *real* bad would befall her.

If it was any other day, she would have said no to the witch and left, no need to risk herself or try anything off. However, with the convention upon her and the strong desire to try changing herself, if only for a little bit...

She gulped and mumbled, "I'll... I'll t-take it."

"Here's your badge miss," the man behind counter spoke, handing Megan a small badge, "Enjoy your time at the convention!"

"Y-yes, th-thank you." The day had come. The large anime convention had begun and, after preparing herself as best as she could, the young woman had arrived. The large crowds of costume and non-costumed attendees were overwhelming, surrounding her on all sides. If not for her hoodie, hiding her face, she probably would not have made it this far.

She entered through the lobby and stepped into the large convention hall... before taking a hard right and dashing towards the bathrooms. She kept her head low the entire time, her face burning red as she dodged through all the people around her.

She eventually made it the women's bathroom and luckily, found an empty stall for her to use. She dove in and locked it. She dropped her hoodie down and let out a breath of relief, taking a moment to calm herself down. Her hand slid across the pouch at the bottom of her sweatshirt and reached into it, pulling out the choker.

She looked at it one more time. *Still don't know where it's from*, she thought, *I swear I've seen this before somewhere...*

Megan took another slow, deep breath, and her shoulders drooped. *I can do this*, she thought, her body occasionally trembling, *I can finally be free of all of this.*

The choker went on, firmly attached to her neck, but so tightly that it would actually choke her. Set into place, she flicked the metal piece, not once, or twice, but three times. She wanted to be absolutely sure it would work.

The results were almost instantaneous, and her eyes went crossed. A strong, pleasurable feeling arose with her chest and blasted its way up her neck. The feeling hit her face and there was an odd, purplish tint to it as the feeling went through. Her face softened and rounded, reshaping just a tad into something far more alluring.

The feeling left her mug behind and flowed oddly into both her eyes and hair. Her eyes suddenly brightened into a cat-like yellow, while her hair itself turned to a dark purple. Her locks stayed pretty straight and sharp beyond the new tone, except for two large strands on either side of her head. Those grew away from her, eventually curling into two big spirals.

Megan slid a hand across her face and through her hair, just as her outfit managed to radically transform. A large witch hat appeared upon her head, its very tip extending out into an

angular spiral. Long arm bands that stretched from her wrists to her armpits phased into existence as well.

Her sweatshirt and pants merged together, pants legs and sleeves stretching back into the torso and waist as the hemlines of each fused. The material turned silky and soft, thinning considerably until it gently squeezed and hugged her form. The pants leg holes merged into one before puffing out into a very short skirt.

As her shoes transformed into jester-esque, thigh-high boots, Megan shivered. She grew several extra inches, her clothing stretching to adjust to her new height. Her body thinned and dropped a few pounds here and there, her waist pushing in and her chest pushing out. Her rear ballooned up into a full bubble butt as her breasts swelled up two extra cup sizes.

With that, Megan's transformation was complete, over so quick and so fast. She looked down at herself and pulled out her cell phone from her dress' new pocket. Looking at her reflection, she remarked, "oh! I'm... I'm Blair from Soul Eater!"

She pocketed her phone and looked down at herself once again. Knowing how different her face looked and having such a curvy body and lovely outfit, she felt touch... more comfortable than she once was. In fact, she felt really good about herself!

For the first time in a while, Megan smiled. Leaving her stall and quickly washing her hands, she headed back into the convention center. Her heart pounded, and she felt a cold shiver go up her spine as she glanced around at the sea of people. However, she took a deep breath and shook her head, pushing her worries down.

I can do this, she thought as she stepped through the crowd. She maneuvered around different people, occasionally getting glances from other patrons. She managed to reach a few sales booths just fine, getting more looks as she did, and bought a few different things.

Everything was going smoothly for her and she felt very happy for once. A big grin crossed her face and she thought, *this... this is great! I can finally enjoy everything!*

"Excuse me, can I ask you something? Where did you get that outfit?"

"How did you do that with your hair? That's amazing!"

"Can I get a picture with you?"

"Seriously, what's going on with you? How are you pulling that off?"

And just like that, Megan felt a crack within her. Everyone suddenly was getting up all around her, asking her questions that she couldn't really answer or didn't really feel good about. It all came at her quick, her heart racing and her body trembling.

She dashed from the room, pushing and shoving past people as fast as she could. *Dammit dammit*, she thought, gritting her teeth and her face all red, *this isn't going well!*

She ran off from the main area of the convention center and into a part of the building that was out of bounds to guests due to some light construction. Megan panted heavily, wiping her brow and mumbling, “no... no way... can’t do this...”

Her shoulders sunk sadly, and her head lowered. However, her chin bumped up against her bauble and something within her mind clicked. *Right*, she thought, standing up straight, *this thing... I’m still too shy and nervous around everyone. Maybe... maybe if I...*

It’ll just REALLY boost your looks and personality. Might be a bit extreme for one as you. Nothing dangerous I assure.

She frowned and shook her head. “If it’s not dangerous then, I... I gotta do something about this!”

Without wasting another second, Megan flicked the metal bauble two more times. Her body broke out into waves of shivers, her cheeks reddening and her hand clenching. From underneath her dress’ skirt, a long, purple furred tail slithered out. It was slim and strong, a lighter patch of purple resting at its tail’s end.

However, she did not notice new appendage, focusing more on her arms. The long arm bands on her upper limbs slowly vanished before her eyes, dissolving into nothingness. With her arms now bare, she blushed and watched as they began expanding. At first, her arms thickened up ever so slightly as they grew tone and fit. But then her biceps ballooned out and her forearms and hands swelled up to match.

Megan could only blush as she looked at her oversized arms, teeming with a power that she had never felt before. “Wh-wh-what?!” she stuttered after a bit, her mind finally coming back to her, “What is happening-”

Her clothing trembled and suddenly went **POOF!** Her hat, shoes, and even her entire dress vanished into a small puff of purple smoke. But, she was not nude. After the gas had dissolved, she now had on a dark purple tube top and, most surprising of all, a purple mawashi.

Megan blushed even harder, her entire face almost comically red at this point. Her hands creaked downward, slowly moving to her hips where the mawashi’s band resided. She touched the spot, feeling it soft texture rubbing against her fingertips.

But as she felt the spot, a familiar sensation burst forth. It ran from her hips and flowed all the way down to her toes, muscles twitching at the feeling. Just as it reached her digits, her legs trembled as their muscles twitched even more. However, with each twitch came a bit of expansion on top of it.

Her legs slowly grew, expanding ever so subtly into a denser form as her muscles gained definition. Her calves bulged out incredibly, stretching her skin by quite a bit and causing her legs to grow a few inches longer. However, the growth there compared nothing to how her

thighs and hips bulked up. Her tendons and muscles in them surged, doubling, tripling, possibly even quadrupling in size. They were almost even bigger than her biceps at this point.

They were freakishly big, but with slight testing, Megan found them to be of no trouble at all. She could still move around without issue and oddly enough, doing so she felt something else. It was a different feeling than before, one that she hadn't felt in a such a long time.

A slight smile crossed her lips as she reached down, stroking her thicker thighs. They felt so tough, but yet oddly soft. Her smile cracked a little and she bit down on her lower lip. *This is so frickin' weird. I'm turnin' into the Hulk or something, but... this... this is pretty nice. I feel so strong and big!*

Her smile grew wider and less cracked as the same sensation that hit her legs rose up to her torso, resting within her stomach region. She trembled excitedly, gripping her sides as the feeling intensified. The trembling seemed to especially strike her in the belly, rumbling almost like out of some silly cartoon.

Finally, reaching the peak of excitement, her belly began to expand. Fat began building up within her stomach and sides, her thin waist fading away as blubber filled it in. Soft pudge flowed up to just below her breasts, bloating most of her body and giving her tons of fat.

Said fat filled her stomach, giving her a massive belly that stretched down into her mawashi. The fat poured into its band and part of its loincloth, quickly filling the areas and stretching the underwear greatly outwards. It stretched so much that it pulled right up her butt, her own butt cheeks much flabbier than before due to her new-found weight.

By the time it all stopped, Megan now had a gigantic gut on par with that of a sumo, the clothing now fitting her much better. She looked at her new weight, no longer able to see her powerful legs past her stomach. She felt her blubbery belly, its feeling thick, but very soft and tender. She couldn't believe what was happening.

However, she couldn't help but smile at her new weight either. She gave herself a big belly slap, her fat jiggling, and a sense of pride brewing to the top. *I don't get it! She thought, I'm a frickin' lardo crossed with a bodybuilder, but I feel so good! I don't too bad either though! I guess this is what she meant by **extreme**. Oh well, can't argue with this great feeling!*

She giggled softly as the feeling arose within her one final time. This time, and most exciting of all, it had arisen within her breasts.

The feeling built up very quickly, her breasts starting feel rather sensitive within her tube top. Megan panted and huffed, sweat dripping down her face as her eyes fell upon her chest. Her already big mounds began to grow bigger, little by little. They slowly pressed and pushed at the tube top, stretching it forward by several centimeters. Her cleavage grew wider and far more vast as her breasts climbed cup size after cup size.

They pushed and pushed, eventually stopping at a mighty G-cup. The top of half of them protruded greatly out of top, showing off their soft forms incredibly. They rested comfortably on top of her big belly and jiggled softly with each turn of her body.

A big, excited grin laid on Megan's face now. She brought her hands to her chest and sighed blissfully. "Yes, this... this is perfect! I feel and look so-"

"Excuse me! You're not allowed to be here. Miss, you'll need tooooooo..." Suddenly, a convention worker stepped out from around the corner, just past some of the tarps and equipment in the area. He took one good look at her and his jaws just dropped, his stares piercing and hard.

Megan stared back at him, surprised by the looks. However, the strangest thing happened. Despite his odd, confused ogling, she felt nothing bad. No sense of embarrassment, shame, or any semblance of shyness at all. In fact, she felt... really happy.

She smiled and strutted over to him, her breasts and fat jiggling as she did. She stood at least good foot or two over him now. She chuckled and playfully stroked his face, "I'm sorry. I must have gotten lost. I'll get going now. Promise not to do that again."

The man blushed but nodded his head. She gave him a teasing wink and strolled past him, leaving the area behind.

She strutted down the hallway, joy filling her heart and body, and stepped into the convention area again. People turned their attention to her and jaws dropped, faces turning beet red at the sight of her. However, like before, there was no hesitation or worry within her.

Megan merely smiled and headed into the crowd. It was time to meet, greet, and mingle with all of the patrons. Things were going to be alright for once. This time, she could really, really feel it deep within her fat, chubby self.

THE END