

BIGGER AND BETTER

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- GROWTH
- BEAUTIFICATION
- LIGHT MENTAL CHANGES

“Hmhmhmmm~ I’m gonna be biiiiig!” It had been a long time since Charlotta Fenia, captain of the infamous Lumiel Knights had been in such high spirits. She belonged to the Harvin race, a people infamous for their childlike stature even when fully grown, and for the insecure Charlotta this was something that she absolutely could not stand. She was only around 90cm tall, which was average for a Harvin woman at her age of 24, and it was practically impossible for her to get taller than that. With long blond hair that curled at the tips, bright blue eyes, and adorably pointed Harvin ears, it was a wonder to some why she’d even want to get bigger.

But it was related to respect. She was the captain of the Lumiel Knights and, admittedly, her knights followed her without ever second guessing her because of her race. However Harvin were known across the Skydom as the weakest of the races, a people made to commit to intellectual, not physical labors. She may have been respected by her fellow knights, but there were plenty that judged her on her race and appearance alone. Every avenue she’d checked to find a ‘cure’ for being so short had lead her to a frustratingly dead end. That was until she met a mage.

A *big* mage. Not just tall, her figure was *ginormous*! Her name was Magisa, and like Charlotta she’d been drawn to the crew of the Grandcypher for her own reasons. After chatting with her for a bit she’d divulged a secret: she knew of a special growth potion. It wasn’t without side effect, she’d said, but as long as she took it in a small dose it wouldn’t be that bad. She’d only required a few ingredients to make it.

Charlotta had busily traveled around the Skydom looking for said ingredients on a journey that had taken weeks, but she’d finally obtained them all! And Magisa had brewed the potion! A bright pink vial now rested upon her desk as she sang to herself, tugging off armor and cloth as she did so. ‘*Since you’re going to get bigger, you shouldn’t wear clothes of course*’ Magisa had advised, even providing some clothing for her new, bigger self. ‘*But remember, absolutely only take a small dose*’.

Of course she wasn't going to do that! She'd been waiting forever to find a cure for her shortness, she wasn't going to risk it with just a taste! And so a tiny hand gripped the glass vial with care and tossed the potion within down the back of her throat without a moment's hesitation. It actually didn't taste too bad. Was that bubblegum?

Antsy as she was, the knight captain had been expecting the dose to provide immediate results. Yet as she stood in her birthday suit awaiting what was to come, she was left looking down at how paltry her body truly was. Her breasts were minuscule and lackluster when compared to those of other races like the Humans, Erunes, and especially Draphs, but any Harvin would surely see them as sexy when paired with how toned her tiny belly was. Still, whether or not she'd appeal to other Harvin wasn't the point. She wanted to be able to find respect without having to earn it every time she met someone. She was a knight for crying out loud! She had to grow so that she might fully become the holy beacon of justice she so wished to become!

And yet nothing happened. Nothing! Nothing! The Harvin was ready to pull all her hair out! **"Eh? My hair?"** She was alone in her bedroom of course, so the commentary was for no one other than herself, but there was definitely something wrong with her hair. It was pooling around her feet almost like Melissabelle's? Had Magisa actually given her a hair tonic? Oof, that would be super embarrassing if so!

She turned to approach the mirror, tiny feet shuffling through her own hair as she did so. Or at least she tried to do as much before she finally tripped and was forced to catch herself on the edge of her bed. "...?" Yet the sensation of her hand grabbing the bedside felt strange. Despite being a Harvin, she was still expected to sleep in a regular sized bed. Normally her hands would only reach the low-hanging bed frame in a situation like this, but she'd quite plainly grasped the top of the mattress.

Charlotta's heart raced.

"Is it working? Is it working!?" She steadied herself to find that her head was, now indeed, poking above the top of the mattress. For the first time in her life she could see over the top of a bed without a box or crate to stand on! The hair that had pooled at her feet now seemed to create a much smaller pool, likely because it had been pulled up as her height had continued its ascent.

The young woman looked down excitedly at her own body, immediately noting how much higher up she seemed. She must have been at least 120cm tall at this point, her legs having elongated significantly, feet having sprouted outwards as each of her toes (which had barely been noticeable before) had taken on a longer, more defined appearance. No longer was each digit a featureless nub at the tip of her foot, now as she wiggled them she could properly see the joints move in between each toe as she wiggled them against the ground.

Arms and torso had lengthened similarly. The hands that had caught herself on the bedside were now decorated with fingers that no longer resembled the grubby things of a child. They had a length to them that continued to stretch into assured elegance, her palm taking on a soft and full circular shape. Tiny arms were almost double their previous length. Her belly, too, had begun to pull upward to better shape her ideal form. Her skeletal structure was clearly being completely rewritten and Charlotta had little to protest about such a painless procedure.

Why had Magisa warned against drinking the entire bottle again? Things were going amazingly!

A sharp pop near her pelvis made the Harvin yelp suddenly, not from pain but from surprise. With the view of her lower body still clear, she could see the gait of her hips begin to spread wide even as her legs continued to push her view higher and higher up. The curvature of her lower body was reshaped right before wide eyes as her knees were forced to buckle inward as Charlotta's femurs were forced to comply with the new shape of her hips. There was a noticeable gap between her thighs now, one she'd never have had with the tiny stumps she'd possessed before.

Charlotta began to feel increasingly bottom heavy even as her height reached approximately 150cm. With her new leg structure the way it was she'd looked like she was starving, like the years of building up her muscles hadn't even matter, but it seemed the potion was about to correct this imbalance. Simultaneously she could feel the flesh around both thighs begin to squirm as mass began to accumulate. Fat and muscle both began to take shape, loins becoming rounder and supple while skin became more tender to the touch. The fresh thigh gap she'd received closed noticeably beneath burgeoning flesh, remaining only a small gap below her pussy since her thighs had grown so thick that they'd met in the middle.

Long fingertips ran up and down one side of her leg, Charlotta taking in the feeling of having a pair that didn't look like a set of reversed chicken wings glued to her pelvis. Never before had she felt a pair so supple, so firm, and yet so full of jiggle. "**AH!?**" And as she felt a similarly squirming sensation around the cheeks of her ass, that hand immediately slid back to feel up a cheek.

The crack of her butt had clearly grown longer to compensate for the elongation of her torso, that much was obvious from how her larger fingers fit perfectly into the slot as she held an ass that was a little less than remarkable. But it became more and more so the longer she held it. Inflation took hold almost immediately after she'd placed her hand, the gap between her thigh and the top of each cheek only about 5cm at first before it became 10cm, and then 15cm. She could barely hold on with it's size so considerable and instead elected to rub its full length. She could feel the fat ripple beneath her touch, a pleasant jiggle that wasn't so considerable as to ignore how strong each cheek had become with the muscle beneath, but a respectable sway the Harvin had never felt before.

Charlotta was now a respectable 170cm now, pushing almost 6 feet in height as she played with her own body curiously. Legs, arms, and torso had maintained their balanced growth period so that nothing looked too awry, fat and muscle adjusting themselves in both arms to give a soft, sexy, and fit appearance without sacrificing any of the knight's strength, and hair that had previously rested upon the ground now hung above her hips.

"This is great! I'm so tall!" But she was still growing, and a part of her wondering just how tall she was going to get? The height she was at was fine! She'd finished playing with her ass and thighs and each hand had slid up to cup a breast. The woman was still flat as a washboard, and she couldn't help but wish that wasn't the case. She'd never wanted to get bigger to be 'sexy', but there was a stirring in her mind now that suggested, yeah, she wanted that. Big breasts, a thick ass, she wanted the whole package! She wanted to be able to show off!

The changes had been exciting so far and Charlotta had exerted a lot of energy. Feeling a little thirsty, she licked her lips and noticed that they'd gained volume. Turning to the mirror with her breasts still cupped, she squinted at her own facial reflection. Her lashes had grown, the general look of her face more narrow and less

childishly round. She was clearly Charlotta, but at a quick glance she could only wonder if anyone would recognize her? Well, that was why she'd called for the captain to visit shortly.

A knock on the door actually confirmed that the captain had come earlier than she'd planned, and a bright pink blush decorated her cheeks as she suddenly realized she was completely in the nude. "**O-One moment!**" Charlotta hadn't even noticed that her voice had become slightly deeper. "WAH!" She'd dashed back over to her bed to grab the clothing Magisa had given her, only to find her balance suddenly thrown off. If it had been her legs, she'd felt naturally adjusted to their new size, but as her ass hung in the air and her mouth ate mattress she could feel the reason pressing against the bed just below her. The weight of her chest had suddenly increased!

And it continued to increase. The Harvin raised her face from the sheets and pulled herself back up to her feet, momentarily forgetting she had company as hands now explored her own tits. They'd been nothing more than nubs only a moment ago, but now she could cup them as if they belonged to a human! In a moment of brief immaturity she began to bounce them up and down (since she obviously couldn't do it with the mosquito bites she'd had before), and with each bounce came a dramatic surge of fat that just bounced more and more. B-cup, C-cup, D-cup... *J-CUP!* She had a pair of breasts that would make any Draph jealous in just a matter of seconds. They were heavy, incredibly heavy, at least until the muscles in her back bulked up to better support them. "**Ha... Amazing! I look amazing!**"

"**Charlotta?**" On the other side of the door the Grandcypher's captain called out. Djeeta, dressed in her pink striped pajamas, had wondered why Charlotta had asked her to visit so late at night. Could it be that something was the matter? Was she in danger? The length of time it took her to open the door at least reeked of suspicious activity.

But eventually the door opened.

"**Y-Yes... Hello, captain...**" The woman that opened the door was *not* Charlotta. There was no way! It was a woman with long, blond hair that flowed silkily down to her behind, a banging body completely with a pair of massive breasts that were barely contained by the torso of a light blue nightgown (with erect nipples sticking quite clearly out of the material). She couldn't see the woman's ass from the front, but based on how thick her thighs were, and how the nightgown barely hung below where her pussy might be, Djeeta could only assume it was suitably seductive. She must have been about six and a half feet tall.

Upon closer inspection... Those big eyes, that voice, the general structure of her face... this was actually Charlotta, wasn't it? "**Um... What happened to you...?**"

Charlotta on the other hand, wondered if she should have been shier about this. Perhaps drinking the entire bottle of potion had given her a larger body than Magisa had predicted, since the clothes she'd been given clung to her so inappropriately. But... she wanted to show Djeeta how big she was, how *sexy* she was. No, she wanted to use this body to thank Djeeta now. For everything she'd done. If not for the Grandcypher she never would have met Magisa, and this would never have been possible.

She ignored Djeeta's question and reached out to grab her by the arm before pulling her in the room and slamming the door shut. She then pressed the captain's hand against her breast and guided her to the bed, where she laid down while pulling

Djeeta atop her with the strength of a knight. The crimson in Djeeta's cheeks suggested that her seduction had been more than successful, and wordlessly her captain began to pull off her clothes as she teased Charlotta's nipples, delving right into the foreplay.

Never had Charlotta thought she'd be able to seduce anyone. She felt powerful. Not just strong, but more sure of herself. If this is how life would be going forward, then she was okay with it.

But after this? She'd have to show Magisa her thanks as well.