

# MERCH OPPORTUNITY

## FEBRUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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**“Hehehe... The others are going to be so happy that I did this! Maybe they’ll chant my name! Nico! Nico! Nico...!”** Nico Yazawa spun around her bedroom dramatically, a single piece of paper nestled in her hands that would read of the good deed she’d committed. She’d secured merchandising rights for their school idol group!  $\mu$ ’s was finally hitting the big time thanks to her!

Of course, she wasn’t thinking about how shady the man she’d signed the contract with was. How he’d called out to her from within a dark alley when she was walking home. How he’d buttered her up with things like *‘nobody will be able to take their eyes off of you once you sign this agreement’*. It was all *extremely* shady and in her naivete it seemed she’d disregarded all of it. But she was thinking of the money! The money for the rest of their unit, the money for her family!

And then they could only get bigger right? Everything began with merchandising. Bags, stationary, figurines. Collectibles like that wouldn’t only just give them a stable revenue if they sold, but then the name of their group would spread throughout Japan and maybe even the world! Figurines were an avenue of personal interest for Nico, who had an interest in costumes and fashion design. She could already picture the cute figures that could be made, all clad in little costumes designed by Kotori and herself!

**“Though when it comes to sales trends I guess a Nozomi figure would sell better than one of me.”** This depressing realization was vocalized without hesitation, her enthusiasm deflating a little. Nico definitely thought out of everyone in the group, she had the most classic idol charm. But when it came to pushing merch? Someone with a figure like Nozomi would definitely sell better because people were *thirsty*. **“Well, it’s not like wishing I had a figure like hers would do anything...”** Or so

she'd mused, her enthusiasm calmed. She hadn't expected the paper in her hand to start glowing; nor for it to disappear.

**"Eh!? EEEEEH!?"** The light had blinded the high school student temporarily, but eyes shooting from side to side solved nothing in regards to locating her new contract at first. But eventually she found it sitting on her desk beneath her bedroom window? **"How did it get h-- WHOA!?"** She'd reached out to grab the contract but stopped short when a golden light pulsated from it, flying through not just Nico but the room itself. As it passed through her she noted that it felt incredibly warm... only for a chill to suddenly greet her.

Looking down, Nico could see why. Her school uniform was gone completely, instead replaced by the kind of costume she could only be found wearing during an idol performance. Even then... it didn't really *fit*. **"What the heck!? I didn't put this on! And what's with these damn proportions!?"** The purple top had no support and was very clearly designed to be held on by a much larger bust than the paltry showing Nico could provide, and so one hand held it upright as the other kept a skirt pinned to her narrow hips. Otherwise she was adorned in a pair of detached sleeves and purple striped thigh highs that felt loose but weren't at any risk of falling over, and her feet were wrapped in... **"ROLLERSKATES?"** No? They looked like rollerskates. They even had wheels. But rubbing them against the ground proved that the wheels didn't work.

*So what was the point?*

Then again that question could be asked about her entire ensemble. Being swapped into a different outfit through a mysterious force was wacky enough as is, but the fact that it didn't seem to fit her at all was all the more baffling. But she kind of recognized the sizing -- after all she helped work on the costumes that everyone in their school idol group wore. From a preliminary glance, based on what she could tell compared to her own body... wasn't this Nozomi's sizing? Nozomi had curves in all the right places so it would *totally* make sense for that to be the case.

**"Guh!?"** A strange sensation suddenly struck the girl, a force pulling at her that practically made her want to gag. It felt like something was tugging at her, specifically around her waist, and that was pulling the insides of her stomach too. Ducking over, her black twin tails bouncing as she did so, Nico looked at her pelvis with surprise. Rather, it was the hips on either side that stood out. *Literally*. Her fingers laced beneath what she could only assume to be a cheerleader skirt to hold it up since it did not fit, the free space between her finger and the flesh of her hips became narrower and narrower. The gait of her hips was quite evidently widening, pale skin straining as her tummy was likewise pulled apart uncomfortable. **"Gyah! What the heeeell!?"**

No longer space for her finger between the skirt and her hip, Nico let go and flailed her finger around in the air to shake out the discomfort. The skirt itself ended up sitting perfectly still upon these hips, which left a huge and vacant gap between her

thighs since to how wide her lean thighs had been tugged away from one another. That gap was very quickly seen to though. As was much of Nico's lean design. Overall she began to feel bloated, weightier, like she'd eaten way too much and was paying the price for her sins. That wasn't really what was happening, and while she was getting weightier it wasn't in an undesirable manner. In fact it was quite the opposite.

The space between Nico's hips filled in as her thighs engorged. "**What is happening to my body!? Am I having an allergic reaction!?**" Coming from a world that was basically normal, the girl's mind reached for the most normal (*though still improbable*) explanation she could think of. Still bending over, her fingers dug into the flesh of her thighs, their tender meatiness striking her as familiar somehow. But because she was bending over she immediately became aware of an accompanying change: her rear had just perked up. It was easy to tell by the feeling of her ass pressing into the small skirt, and the panties she was apparently wearing wedging in between a pair of plump and inviting cheeks.

Hand moved from her thigh to press into her rear as she corrected her posture again, completely missing the fact that her tummy seemed a little thicker than normal. It was a healthier size for the lower body she now possessed, seemingly unaware even that she'd become the slightest bit taller. Plumpness packed on even further, giving her arms a softer look before the main event began to take place: the clothing on the lower half of her body now fit, so it was time for the *upper* half.

Boy did it take quickly. The cheerleader top hadn't the slightest chance of remaining on without her hand holding it in place at first, but within moments of her bosom beginning to swell her hand was forced away as fingers were practically swallowed by pillow-y tit. "**THE HELL!? I'M GROWING A COW'S UDDERS!?**" They weren't actually a cow's udders, but her chest had multiplied in size by essentially four times as nipples grew rich in shape and size to better match one of Nico's own friends.

Hearing how her own voice didn't quite sound right when she'd yelled, she immediately recognized why her body still looked familiar despite being completely different. She couldn't even get started on how this was all happening, it was just too bizarre to comprehend. *Nozomi*. She looked and sounded like Nozomi. Her twin tails soon cascaded down her back although dark purple and held in place by a pair of low-hanging scrunchies, and maturity settled across her face as eyes flickered green and cheeks became softer. She was Nozomi's spitting image, although dressed up in a ridiculously revealing cheerleader's costume.

"**HOW THE HELL IS THIS POSSIBLE!?**" For all her body had changed though there didn't seem to be much of a shift for her personality. She was still fiery and confused, her arms flailing around as she thought to move to the bathroom to check the mirror. But she couldn't. Those broken rollerskates she was wearing? It was like the right one was glued in place. She lurched over to look down and found that they were no longer sitting on the wooden planks of her floor, but a circular black object

resting on the floor's surface. That in itself was extremely concerning particularly since she wasn't sure how it had gotten then, but-- "**OUCH!?**"

Her head -- Nozomi's head -- was forced to crane around and look behind her as the sensation of something piercing her flesh between her shoulder blades commanded her attention. It forced her upright and almost made her body feel a little *stiff* somehow, and looking back? There was a translucent poll that had emerged from the black circle, one that reached up and then bent on a joint to stab her in the back. Almost like her body was being mounted like a *figurine*.

Nico wanted to call for help now, thinking if she yelled loud enough someone outside might hear. But there was a problem in the fact that she could no longer seem to must a voice. She strained her lungs as much as she could, but not even a peep would come out. Which left flailing to be all she could possibly do, though even that wasn't left unchanged. There was a strange weight to her hands, one Nico quickly identified as... pompoms? A pair of glossy, purple ones had appeared in her hands... no, were they her hands? She couldn't seem to move her fingers anymore, nor did the ruffly aesthetic of the pompoms seem to pave way for any ribbons to ruffle. It was like each pompom was a solid object that had consumed her hands.

They weren't heavy, but she could feel her movements slow. Or was it the fact that her body in general was beginning to feel stiffer and stiffer like wet clothes out in the winter? Preoccupied with her hands, she didn't take note of the condition of her legs until she felt them being forced to move by a power that wasn't her own. Left leg rose into the air, knee bending as the rollerskate wait pointed behind her before the movement stopped entirely and it locked into place. What's more, she lost feeling there. Her leg was shiny and smooth, the very same artificial sheen coating both the skate, her skin, and the legging she had adorned. Her right leg had fared no better as the bottom wheel of the skate jut outward, her posture's stability only made possible by the mounting rod that was slowly seeing a glossy firmness spread across the entirety of her form. It looked fake. Plastic. But that was Nico's fated form.

And then the pompoms locked up too. Elbows pulled inward, pompoms bunched like she was about to thrust them out yet there was no way she could possibly thrust out again as they, too, had turned plastic. Nico was terrified naturally. More and more of her body was hardening, movement robbed from her as an inanimate state washed over her. Hips gave a cute sway as her ass was forced to jut out behind her, the curvature of her bent back really showing in her plastic stomach. As sensation faded from her gut, so did hunger as organs were replaced by more artificial material.

The heaving of her chest had grown rampant as panic had set in, and noting that her height was dramatically dipping it heaved even more. The sound of her breaths were the only sounds she could make, and so the eerie silence that settled over the room when her lungs filled in and her breasts were reduced to little more than plastic curves upon a figurine surface was far too unsettling. But even though she

couldn't breathe, it didn't seem to change anything. She went to gulp for air but found her throat no longer functioning, the taste of plastic splurged up from the back of her throat and before long her lips were forced wide, revealing a pink plastic surface just below the lip line. It was meant to simulate a cartoonish, human mouth, but it was little more than a colored indentation on a PVC surface.

She'd shrunk so much she could see beneath her bed now, but not much time was left for her ability to see either. Hair clumped together and became the same plastic, her concern and fear no longer even properly capable of being expressed thanks to the plastic smile she'd been forced to adorn. Before long her -- Nozomi's -- bright green eyes were all that were left, and the very same pressure that had filled her mouth soon came for those sockets. From her point of view everything suddenly went dark, but from the perspective of an onlooker the light of her eyes was lost as they bulged and flattened, becoming little more than a pair of stickers upon a model frame.

Frozen in place, the Nozomi Toujou figurine just barely held onto consciousness as it felt a strange power pick it up from the ground and place it down... somewhere. It could remember what it was, or what had upset it just moments before. It just felt oddly warm now. Even if it couldn't see, it was just content existing as it did.

Standing at 130cm, the figFIX cheerleader Nozomi figurine took in the warmth of the sun, for a suspicious man had moved it up onto the desk beneath the window. He smirked, looking down at the contract that still bore a little glow... before ripping it up and sealing Nico's fate permanently.

**"Kids these days should really read what they're signing."**