

BUBBLE UP

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“Ugh. What am I going to do with *this*, exactly?”

After a long day of shopping, Kyoka Jiro had returned back to her dorm room and had begun the long process of sorting through her purchases. Every autumn her parents sent her money for the sake of any supplies she needed, be they clothes, school items, or purchases she needed for her musical hobbies. Sometimes all three of these categories overlapped. And so she had spent her entire Sunday doing just that.

She'd spent more in clothing than she had expected to, in fact. In her teens, it seemed that she was still growing rather quickly – at least quickly enough that she needed to add to her wardrobe every now and again. Even though she mostly wore her uniform at school it was nice to have things to wear that allowed her to express her own individuality.

But of course she had also hit several music shops along the way. She needed new strings for her guitar, and she wanted to look at more ways to hypothetically soundproof her dorm room so she could jam out whenever she wanted without upsetting any of her peers. It was hard when you had a stroke of inspiration at two in the morning but even strumming a single string would likely wake someone up.

It was at one of the music shops that she had been given the item that she was now confused about, though. The store, one run by an American immigrant, had been giving away a demo CD for an American artists she had never heard of. *Jessica Kitty*. A strange name for an artist with no face, because there was no portrait of her on the disc's case. Apparently it was a pop track, but Kyoka wasn't really into pop all that much.

“I guess I can just listen to it once and then shove it on my shelf.” It probably would have been easier for her to simply discard it but being a musician herself she could respect someone going to these lengths to get their name out there. Maybe it would be surprisingly good? And so with just an iota of optimism, she popped it into her CD player.



Sitting on her bed, the pop-y sound of the song in question didn't exactly strike her. It certainly didn't help that it felt like she was waiting forever for the lyrics to pop in. Only for them *not* to. **“Was I wrong? Was she not a vocalist? Maybe she did the song composition...”** But she was certain she had been told that this Jessica Kitty was supposed to be a singer, so why send out a sample with no singing on it? Well, the reason was that Jessica Kitty did not exist.

At least she didn't exist when the track had begun. But by the time it finished? That would be a different story altogether. After all, it hadn't been a CD created with the intention of showing off a new artist, but instead? It had been created with the intention of *conjuring* one. But not from nothing. A suitable host was needed for this. And there was one listening to the track in question. Well, maybe 'listening' was a loosely applied term.

Without any vocals to speak of, Jiro had already started tuning it out. She hadn't turned it *off*, but she also wasn't really listening and had begun tossing her purchases into her room's closet to sort through later. **“I don't really feel like sorting through them right now...”** Which was strange, but she had suddenly come over feeling very tired. No, was that the right word? It was more like she felt *groggy*, and out of nowhere at that.

There were certainly physical signs of it too. That something wasn't quite *right*. Because several locks of the girl's dark purple hair weren't exactly their usual color and were in fact quite *blonde*. Beyond the girl's notice, of course, but the color quickly caught from its sporadic distribution into the overall bulk of her hair, and before long? All of her hairs were painted in this golden color that was *not* dyed. It was completely natural.

And just as it wasn't dyed, there *weren't* extensions making it seem longer than it actually was. Truthfully? Her hair was growing. Longer and longer, it cascaded down her back enthusiastically while it became thicker and softer. There was no denying, as the smell of blueberries tickled the air, that a completely different hair care regime had gone into

taking care of it and preserving that look in *all* of it's length, right down to the back of her knees.

“Huh? Is something...? Nah. *Like*, must *totally* be my imagination.” The girl had been on the cusp of realizing that something was wrong with her hair being so long, but she fell just short of doing so in no small part because of the groggy feeling that left her feeling a little... *ignorant*? That was certainly the case, but the use of rapidly expressed English midst her Japanese almost gave off the impression that she was somehow less intelligent than she had been before as well.

That said, what was changing her wasn't content with simply giving her a long, Americanized hairstyle. Her eyes grew larger in every conceivable manner, from their overall physical size to the curvature of the edges. So much so that their Japanese appeal was soon undone, and instead they ended up appearing quite Caucasian. Toss in the fact that her irises took up much more of her eye's surface area than they had before and had become a bright *blue*, and the fact that she had been of Japanese birth might as well have been something of the past.

Her face overall gave off this impression. Lips were plumper, her face slenderer, her nose sharper. All of her features had changed so that she hardly resembled herself. Even the ear jacks related to her Quirk rescinded, leaving those ears normal and round. She had become, by all definition, a *Quirkless*.

“Mm... Was I gonna go do something? Record, maybe?” Record...? What, exactly? That didn't sound right, nor did her voice – which was higher, airier, and *bubblier*. There was far more pep in how she spoke, but the language was an issue too. She wasn't speaking Japanese at all, like her mind had been switched over to English and the Japanese had all but been erased. As if to match that, nothing in her room was written in that language any longer. But then again, its size, shape, and contents were gradually growing and brightening.

Just as she was.

The demo song in the background continued to play, but Jiro had begun to sing along with it. For a moment she thought she had just been coming up with lyrics as it went along, but before long lyrics began to call out *from* her CD player. The very same lyrics she was singing, with the very same voice. All while one of her walls opened up into a big set of windows that overlooked a pool. She wasn't in her dorm anymore, but that didn't even stand out to her.

Nor did the fact that her body had begun to swell and extend, with her figure engorging itself dramatically in what felt like every direction. For example, on one hand she became taller. It was a process that didn't take very long, and her height ultimately sprung up to around 5'6" from her original height of just over five feet. Arms and legs alike stretched until they were much longer, while her torso did the same in a process that left her UA uniform to appear rather tight.

Her jacket and top were no longer long enough to cover her tummy, which made the fact that her hips were widening seem plain as day, for the base of that tummy widened to accommodate their new girth. That tummy became more toned, almost like she had a strict policy of making sure to work out every day – and that was displayed in arms and legs that became slightly more toned as well.

But with hips wider, the sides of her skirt began to rip after it became clear they couldn't saddle her lower torso comfortably any longer. And those tears deepened as, well, there ended up being more *to* her lower body. “**Ugh, why am I wearin' something so tight?**” Rather than blame the growth of her body though, something that *should* have been terribly obvious, she instead took issue with her clothes. *These aren't even cute!*

Perhaps it was for the best that she had an increasingly low opinion of her UA uniform though, because with thighs thickening and her ass swelling, at least the skirt didn't retain its integrity. Her panties were quickly slurped up by the cheeks of her growing bum, perky flesh forcing plain cloth to wedgie her in the back and cameltoe her in the front. Strands of blonde pubes even poked out from the sides of her underwear, now notably longer. In the end her ass was big and perky, and her thighs were plump and delectable.

The *woman* tugged at this skirt with fingers that were notably longer. Not only that, but black extensions had appeared atop her nails, leaving them looking more fashionable and feminine. Quick as they were to try and adjust a skirt that was torn and tattered though, with flesh seeping out of some of these tears, they were just as quick to reach up and grope her chest. “**Woah!**” For a moment she almost felt like she'd had to *catch* something falling, like her breasts had been on the verge of just *falling off*, but she felt a little silly when it turned out she was just fondling herself.

Mind you, the breasts Jiro was holding now were almost *quadruple* the size they had been before – because the feeling that had provoked her into grabbing herself had been their growth. The process had forced the top few buttons of her jacket to pop right off, while the sound of tearing had accompanied these tits shredding through a shirt that had grown

increasingly tighter as she'd become bigger. Before long, nipples the sizes of quarters had torn through white fabric and were exposed to the world in all of their glory, and her E-cup bosom? Why, it rounded out her airheaded American woman look quite nicely.

For all her torn up uniform added to her, erm, *appeal*, fortunately for her comfort it changed just as the world around her was. Before long she was clad in a pair of acid washed jeans with intended rips in them, and a loose, white tank top with a bright blue music note emblem on the front. It showed off her toned midriff and the sides of her huge honkers, but the woman in question showed no iota of a care for being exposed. The real Kyoka would have cared a *great deal* which spoke to how unlike herself she had truly become. This outfit wasn't even as savvy as her elaborate stage outfit!

“Wow! I can't believe how good I sound~!” In perfect, fluent English, one *Jessica Kitty* was gushing over the sound of her own preview single. The vocals came across loud and clear, with the exact same voice that she was speaking with now. Not only had her body and clothes changed, however, but she was now in a mansion room in America. The Quirk weaved into that CD had altered reality and sent her across the world.



And the new American pop star didn't have a clue that any of it had happened. Dressed in her favorite stage costume because she had rehearsal soon, she was hyper focused on how her dream was becoming reality before her very eyes! She giggled to herself, her big breasts bouncing around as she did. Jessica was already taking off in America, but she also knew a real pop star needed international acclaim. That's why she had sent demo discs as far as Japan!

“I should like, totally broaden my genres too! I wonder if I could sing country? Rock? Nah... Not rock. That's totes not my image!” That image being something of a sexy airhead. A good chunk of her following existed because she was both ditzy and hot as hell, and she knew she had to play up to all that. She didn't mind, and sometimes she

got to fuck some hotties who were fans of hers. Fame, money, sex – what else could she need, really?

Although it *did* feel like she was forgetting something.