

# HERO ENHANCING

## COMMISSION STORY

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### The Land of Challenge.

It was a place of the likes that, well, the name really gave the game away, didn't it? Ruled over by the Nopon Archsage, it was a place where the worthy traveled to take on challenges unlike anything they had ever faced before. It was through these challenges that the competitors could earn great rewards. Such as? Weapons, costumes, currency... Whatever the Archsage felt like bestowing upon them.

And so it went without saying that Noah and Mio's party would engage with these challenges. Time and time again they became victorious, carried by the bonds between their party members of two almost distant worlds, as well as the classes they had inherited through the relationships they had forged with heroes they had met along the way.

**“And with that, we are out of available challenges!”** The Nopon Archsage had announced that day, as the group had overcome every combat opportunity that he had put forward for them. The battles had been long fought and quite intense, but they were glad to have done them. They felt stronger and the rewards they had been given had *certainly* been worth it. **“Take these!”**

What had ultimately been given to each member of the party was what was described as a *'Hero Stone'*, an accessory that was supposed to draw out the latent power of the hero class that they had equipped. Tired, though, no one equipped them just yet. They wanted to return to their campsite for a rest before greeting the next day with no accessories in hand.

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The night came and went, and at first sunrise? It became clear that their group of wayward travelers was in need of fresh supplies. Food and water were running low, but fortunately they had set up camp in a bountiful forest. In the end, everyone set off on their separate ways for the morning, each with a gathering task so that they could continue on with the appropriate amenities.

**“Hm... There are a lot of trees, but I’m not seeing a lot of fruit. I wonder if the animals in these parts have picked it clean...?”** Noah had been left in charge of gathering fresh fruit and plants. They were important for cooking, and he didn’t really mind climbing trees to go get the ones that were high up. He wasn’t sure how necessary it

would be considering he didn’t plan on engaging any monsters unless he *had* to, but he had equipped the Hero Stone he had been awarded the day before. He had to see how well it worked, right?

It had been roughly half an hour or so since he had equipped it, and now? Alone in the forest, the boy noticed a glow from the silver stone at his hip. **“Eh? Is it supposed to be doing that? I’m not even in a battle!”** Perhaps the Nopon Arch Sage had misinterpreted just what it was that these Hero Stones were supposed to do? He left an eyebrow arched for a moment, but it wasn’t until he felt it resonating inwardly with his body that his skepticism turned into proper concern. **“No, I suppose it *isn’t* supposed to be doing that!”**

The fact that the stone was hanging from Noah’s hip had little in the way of consequence when it came to the accessory’s effects. While Noah *himself* had yet to realize just what exactly was happening, signs of it had already begun to make themselves known in places where his attention was not presently cast. Such as? Well, while not particularly drastic, the color of his teal eyes had darkened – on a shade or two, but it wasn’t something that shouldn’t have been noted. *Especially* not with his lashes longer, giving an already largely androgynous face a more feminine flair.

In terms of discoloration though, while the boy’s eyes *were* worth noting, it was much more apparent when it came to his *hair*. Noah kept his hair long, and that gave him a beautiful and mysterious appeal even if he was not one to realize this. Yet his ponytail appeared to be growing

longer... and longer... and *longer*, eventually stopping its crawl once it dangled past his ass. The similarity with his eye change eventually was laid plain, at least once his dark hair began to develop *silver streaks*. They initially almost seemed random in their placement, yet ultimately they multiplied and consumed not only all of the hair atop his head, but also the hair of Noah's brows, pubes, and any hair that was elsewhere on his body.

**“Is this dangerous? I must admit, I *DO* feel stronger...”** Whatever had happened with his head so far, Noah had not noticed. Nor had he heeded the unusual crack in his voice that had left just as quickly as it had come on. All the while, the changes that were difficult to perceive, namely those affecting the face that his eyes were fixed to, continued on. His time to notice he was changing *would* soon come, but it wasn't *quite* yet.

Before that happened, the overall structure of the boy's face needed to first change to better suit the changed aesthetic that had already begun. His long, silver hair prompted recollections of the Hero whose class that Noah had maximized – yet currently did not have equipped – and those parallels became stronger until they weren't simply parallel, but *identical*.

The shape of Noah's face took on a slender shape, chin rounding so that his face was inherently feminine in its structure alone. This wasn't at all helped by risen cheek bones, and it created the impression that this face belonged to a more mature woman. His eyes were misshapen to lean into this impression, and once lips grew thick and almost bee stung in shape, it became difficult to deny. That from the neck up? Noah looked like Silvercoat Ethel, the Hero representing the Flash Fencer class.

Noah shook his head. **“No, this doesn't feel... quite... right...?”** It was then that it finally struck him, the sound of his voice too strikingly familiar and the weight of his new hair prompting him to reach back and pull forward a ponytail that was longer, denser, and a different color altogether. **“...What?”** Admittedly he inwardly felt much more alarmed by these realizations, but his reaction had been subdued – no doubt by a new personality that had begun to take root in his being.

He immediately recognized the similarities, not yet aware of the full breadth of their developments just yet. Because fixated on his own head, his body was now undergoing various pinches and stretches, irreversibly altering the curvature of his form. Examining Noah's waistline, it had pinched in several inches – which ultimately left his hips to look wider by contrast. But this *also* wasn't a trick of the eyes, because his already tight pants felt even tighter around slightly wider hips.

**“This can’t be...”** Was it the stone? It *had* to be the stone, but grasping it with fingers that were both smaller and bore longer fingernails now, he couldn’t seem to pull it off. **“I can’t unequip it? This is problematic.”** His sentences felt proper and abrupt, his choice in words more analytical. These were not traits typical of Noah himself, and helped enhance the idea that he was becoming someone much more mature – not that his face didn’t already give that away.

It was subtle for example, but Noah had actually grown taller. It was a few inches, enough to only leave his jacket and pants sitting on him slightly awkwardly. But with everything that was now happening to his body, it was barely worth noting comparatively. **“Hm?”** For how dramatic it was, the boy only prompting a grunt as a direct response to a pressure building beneath his jacket was certainly a testament to the cool-headed personality he’d inherited, though.

This pressure was, of course, because the feminine design his body had taken on were finally paying dividends where it mattered most. His once flat chest was swelling with new form, flesh mounting beneath nipples that had led the charge and engorged beforehand, soon presenting him with a small showing of bosom that grew more significant as the seconds ticked away. The skintight, black shirt beneath his red jacket had no shortage of difficulty in keeping them contained, and the jacket itself was parted to accommodate their heft. Before long creamy flesh tore through the black fabric, exposing E-cup tits...

With a term tattoo on the inside of the leftmost breast.

**“Breasts... I suppose that was to be expected.”** Understanding of, yet still rather bewildered by what was happening to him, he didn’t even bother to try and cover up his tits. Regardless, his pants had been filling tandem behind him, with his ass swelling large and supple, thighs doing the same while the muscle mass of a trained warrior remained intact. If anything, this all created a great deal of discomfort around Noah’s crotch. But it was fleeting, and even *she* could not help but make a sour face as she felt her genitalia fold inside of her, creating a working pussy. **“And I suppose that is that...”**

But it really *wasn’t*. There was no way she could proceed dressed like that, so fortunately one final flash delivered her the outfit of the Flash Fencer class – which was her *usual* attire, admittedly. From the flowing, silver jacket to the armor and black body piece beneath blue shorts, her cleavage on full display... Well, with two blades now in her arsenal, there was little point in denying her new identity and talents.



**“I... Am I truly *Silvercoat Ethel*?”** The newly transformed woman had very mixed feelings about her situation. Everything about the woman’s appearance and personality had been overwritten Noah’s own, leaving her as *Ethel* essentially in body *and* soul. And yet her memories of her past life had not been compromised. Nor did she have any memories that belonged to Ethel herself. There was her combat knowledge of course, but she had already picked up on all of those techniques from spending so much time in her Hero Class.



So, the big question in this case? **“How should I proceed? I suppose rendezvousing with the others comes first, but will they believe me? That I am actually...?”** Ethel simply hadn’t forgotten to end her sentence. It was more like she had forgotten what she had meant to end it *with*. Her old name... No, she *knew* what it was. But trying to frame it as her own name, she just couldn’t say it. Because her body knew herself by a new name now. That should have been bothersome, but a more alarming realization struck her.

**“Wait, the others were given one of those stones as well.”**

She might not have been alone in all this. Mio had gone in search of water nearby, hadn’t she? Noah naturally felt protective of her, and that motivation still existed even *as* Ethel. She wasn’t sure what class her beloved partner had headed out with equipped that day, but she certainly supposed that there was really only one way to find out.

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**“How strange! I was more than certain there would be a river down here. Did I misjudge the ambiance?”** Charged with finding a nearby water supply, Mio had used the strength of her feline ears to trail what she had believed to be the sound of rushing water deep into the forest. If a river had been present, she would have had no issue filling the canteens that were stuffed in a bag tied to her hip, but ultimately? It didn’t seem as if that outcome was in the stars.



On the one hand, she wondered if she had gotten lost. She had believed herself to have been travelling in a straight line towards the source of the sound, but at some point? It had faded and she couldn't pick it up anymore even *after* retracing her steps. **"Hm... Honestly, something about today has struck me as strange."** Not that she had been able to place *why* that was. Yet, it was the fault of the blue stone strapped to her hip. The Hero Stone *she* had equipped to bring out the talents of her equipped class.

And it began to glow. Very brightly.

**"What the snuff!?"** Mio typically wasn't one to resort to expletives so casually, but the suddenness of the glow, and the feeling it was resonating with her body prompted her to blurt one out, nonetheless. Unlike Noah, her common sense prompted her to try and remove the Hero Stone, which she believed would allow her to use abilities from the Lapidarist class without having the job equipped, as quickly as she could. **"It won't come off!?"** Unfortunately she had the exact same issue Noah had in that she couldn't seem to remove it whatsoever.

Change came for her just as promptly as it had for him as well, though the points it targeted at first were different. Being an *Agnian* human meant that she had that pair of cute animal ears atop her head, and there weren't exactly many Heroes that shared that similarity with her. What's more, the woman that the Lapidarist class was based on was *not* one of them, and so that was what was addressed at first.

Her grey-furred ears flattened atop her head, seemingly disappearing beneath her hair – except for the fact that they hadn't really *disappeared* outright. Smaller and robbed of their fur, they slid slowly down to the sides of her head where they emerged outright, now with rounder and squishier shapes. The ears of humans from a different land, more similar to Noah.

**"This is a problem! What is wrong with it?"** Mio hadn't even *noticed* her ears, but she didn't need to realize that she was in hot water. After all, she had been prompted to stabilize her standing position with a nearby tree once change began to seep into her build and figure of all things. She was growing *taller*, and it was difficult for the young woman

not to notice this. “**What a bother!**” But it was more than just a mere bother, wasn’t it? Why was her brain trying to run interference on how surprised she should be?

Taller as she was now, her bellybutton had been completely exposed since her tank top had been hoisted higher. On the lower end of things? Her skirt had been raised and her tights lowered, skintight black cloth now resting *below* her underwear. But a discomfited groan was murmured next, Mio nearly falling forward. She thought her difficulties standing would come to an end once her new height had grown in, but a popping of hips that stretched her gait wider beneath the folds of her skirt brought additional complications.

“**I’m getting... bigger.**” She had grown taller, sure, but that wasn’t what had caught her eye in the wake of her hips widening. Her thighs appeared *thicker*, and tights gripping them with increased vigor sold that point just as well as her panties digging in between her ass cheeks made her aware that her butt was bubbling. Fingers, longer now than they had been before, reached behind her to try and pick that wedgie to no avail.

But those hands quickly returned to the front of her torso – her *chest* in fact. The front of her spaghetti strap top was pushing forward, and the poorly kept secret that Mio didn’t wear a bra had ultimately helped with any potential discomfort as her breasts *ballooned*. They certainly didn’t reach the same heights as Ethel’s, but round D-cups basically turned her top into a crop top with how everything beneath her bosom on her torso was essentially completely bare now.

Despite being taller and shapelier, the lither quality of Mio’s build persisted. She was still muscular where it mattered, but it didn’t make her bulky. “**Hmm... Well, this is certainly a more mature look, isn’t it?**” Shocking as it all was, her voice practically lit up with a familiar yet playful purr that prompted Mio to do a double take. She had heard this voice before, hadn’t she? But it couldn’t be...?

The crystal above her breasts was loosened and fell onto the forest floor beneath the woman, not that she noticed. All the while, her silver hair was bleached white and began the process of lengthening *dramatically*. Her shoulder length hairstyle cascaded all the way down to the backs of her ankles, and while it was mostly white? A gradient saw the tips, whether it was in her bangs or the hair behind her, turn to a vivid, navy blue.

Mio furrowed her brow in tandem with the colors of her eyes finding a touch of blue, turning from bright gold to an equally vivid yellowish green. The lashes affixed to these eyes fluttered longer upon a face that

reflected the maturity of a young adult little by little. By the time her features had become fair and almost doll-like, with plump and kissable lips? She had become *twenty-seven* biologically.

**“Hm?”** Her point of view raised several inches instantaneously, prompting her to look down again. **“Oh, I see...”** The cause was clear. The clothes that no longer fit her had been replaced by a green jacket with white, fur trim overtop a skintight, black top that hugged her bosom. It resembled a kimono in many ways, with raised, toeless heels around leather thigh highs. There was plenty of jewelry on her person now, which made sense considering her class. Even her hair had been pulled into long, heavily decorated twintails that merged in from two pieces.

Well, there was no doubting her new identity now.

**“Let’s see... How might I explain this to my dearest friends? After all...”** She was clearly *not* Mio any longer. *Masha Cassini* was her identity, and while she didn’t hold the Lapidarist’s memories, her demeanor and appearance were a complete copy. She was reasonable, mature, and business oriented. Even her way of thinking was along these lines now,



with the woman just as fixated on procuring the water the camp had needed so that she might involve it with her craft. **“Oh bother, it certainly won’t be an easy task. Will they even believe that I was once...?”**

*Mio*. Once *Mio*, right? Masha fundamentally knew that this was what she wanted to say, but she just couldn’t seem to say it. That would certainly cause some complications when it came to explaining where *she* had come from. **“On the other hand, I do suppose the others have befallen a similar fate, haven’t they? Young Noah had**



**equipped his with the intention of evoking Silvercoat Ethel's class, didn't he?"** So had Noah become a tall, powerful woman? Idly, she smacked her lips together at the thought.

**"I recall the direction he went off in. Perhaps I can find him before he returns to camp. Or *she*, I suppose? Depending..."**

Considering the nature of the intimate relationship between Noah and Mio, it seemed that Masha still considered that intimate bond valid regardless of the people they had become. Ethel was a beautiful woman, wasn't she? So why not have some fun before they returned to camp to see what had become of the others?