Beauty Wash

By Morpheus

Carrie March walked into the mall and hurried as fast as she could to the food court, hoping that she wouldn't run into anyone that she knew. She felt so miserable since Ron, the boy at school she'd had a crush on had crushed her totally. She'd finally gotten her nerve up and asked him out for a date, and he had not only laughed at her, but announced it to everyone nearby. She had been so humiliated. Slouching forward trying to avoid notice, Carrie thought that maybe some ice-cream would make her feel better.

At 16 years old, Carrie could have passed for a girl several years younger. She stood at 5 feet tall and had almost no figure to speak of. She was almost as flat as a boy, and the other girls in school certainly never let her forget it. Her dull straight brown hair and glasses didn't help much either.

Suddenly without knowing why, Cassie found herself turning down one of the side halls in the mall instead of going straight to the food court. She was a little confused why she was walking, but didn't turn around. Almost seeming as if her feet had a mind of their own, Cassie found herself walking to the end and stopping in front of a shop, proudly proclaimed Spells R Us by the sign over the door. Whatever seemed to have gotten into her was gone now, and Cassie looked at the door in front of her in confusion for a few seconds, wondering why she had come there.

Shrugging, Cassie decided that since she was there, she might as well go on in. When she passed through the door, a faint bell jingled overhead, though Cassie couldn't see the source. Shelves lined the floor of the store, each one filled top to bottom with almost anything Cassie could imagine. "What a clutter" she muttered, glancing around briefly.

A voice asked "May I help you Cassie?", making her look around in surprise. Then the owner of the voice, an old man wearing what looked like some sort of bathrobe came in from a door behind the counter. "Why don't you tell me what you need." he continued.

Without thinking about it, Cassie started telling the old man about how bad she felt. About how sick she was of being treated bad just because she wasn't beautiful. Though Cassie didn't know why she was telling this to a complete stranger, she realized that a sympathetic ear must have been what she needed since she was feeling a little better.

When she was finished talking, the Old Man nodded slightly then said "I think that I just might have something that can help you."

"What's that?" Cassie asked, trying to keep the sarcastic edge out of her voice. Who was this strange Old Man, she wondered, and why did she have the feeling that there was more to him than met her eye? Shrugging it off, Cassie watched the Old Man take a glass bottle off of a shelf and set it down on the counter.

"What you really need," the Old Man told her, "Is self confidence." Then he shook his head vaguely, "But I doubt that you'd be much interested in that at the moment. What you really WANT is beauty. You want to be the pretty girl in school. The one that all the boys hang around."

Cassie nodded, suddenly having the suspicion that this Old Man really might be able to help her, though she certainly didn't know why or how. "I'm a wizard" the Old Man suddenly said, "That's how I can help you." Cassie gulped, realizing that he'd just read her mind. The Old Man just chuckled and held out the bottle, letting Cassie see that it seemed to be made of a crystal, with a crystal plug in the top.

"It's pretty" Cassie said admiringly, seeing a slight swirling inside.

The Old Man chuckled slightly. "Don't be all that impressed. It's just some bath oil. A beauty wash if you will, that really works."

Cassie just stared at it, her eyes being drawn to it.

"What's it do?" she asked nervously, still not taking her eyes off the bottle.

The Old Man snapped, "It makes you beautiful. Isn't that what beauty wash is supposed to do?" Cassie looked away from the bottle feeling rather stupid. "Each time you take a bath," The Old Man explained patiently, "you put a drop of this into your bath water. Only a drop each time. It isn't the quickest acting, but it is very reliable and gives you time to adjust to the changes."

Cassie's eyes went back to the bottle, her head suddenly filled with daydreams of what it would be like to be beautiful. "How much" she asked hesitantly, knowing that something like that, if it worked, would have to be incredibly expensive. More than she could ever afford. But still, she thought that the Old Man probably wouldn't have offered it to her if she couldn't afford it.

Chuckling slightly, the Old Man said "That will be thirty dollars." Cassie gulped. That was everything that she had. Glancing back at the bottle though, she knew that she had to have it. "All right." Cassie said nervously as she dug through her wallet for the money. She really hoped that this would really work. After thanking the Old Man, she took the bottle and hurried out of the store, suddenly feeling gullible. She'd just spent $30.00 on something that she'd never seen work. Still, something inside her told her that it would work just as advertised.

Smiling to herself, Cassie forgot all about the food court and started for home, thoughts of a nice warm bath filling her head.

"Common" Brian yelled through the bathroom door, "Hurry up." Sighing, he leaned up against the wall, wishing that his sister Cassie would hurry up with her bath. She'd been taking a lot of baths lately. She had been for a month now.

"I'll take however long I want" Cassie yelled back rudely. "Leave me alone, ugly."

"Shit" Brian muttered to himself impatiently. He had to take a shit and she wouldn't out of the bathroom. Sighing, glared at the door, then turned and ran. Brian hurried towards his parents room, knowing that their bathroom would at least be available.

Brian Marsh was 15 years old, and very annoyed at his sister. He was very thin, had straight brown hair and wore glasses. He also wondered what had gotten into Cassie. Over the last month, her attitude had certainly changed. She'd gotten to be such a snob towards him.

Cassie used to be all right. Then she started to develop her breasts finally. Their Mom just said Cassie was a late bloomer. But suddenly, not only was Cassie getting breasts, but she no longer needed glasses either. Somehow, Cassie had actually started to look pretty. She wasn't really gorgeous or anything, but Brian had to admit that his formerly bland sister was definitely starting to look pretty, and her figure certainly couldn't be mistaken for a boys anymore.

Sighing, Brian thought that it was going to her head a bit, and wished that she'd just calm down and quit rubbing his nose in it.

That night, Brian went to the bathroom to take his own bath, pleased that Cassie wasn't in there again. After letting the tub fill up, he slid into the warm water, sighing and closing his eyes as his body started to relax. Several minutes later, he finally opened his eyes and sat up, reaching for a wash cloth.

Beginning to scrub at himself with the soapy cloth, Brian noticed something on the edge of the tub that wasn't usually there. It was some sort of glass bottle that Brian remembered seeing on Cassie's dresser once or twice. Curious, he picked it up looked at it for a moment before pulling the glass stopper out of the top and sniffing. It smelled rather sweet and somewhat pleasant. "Some sort of bath oil" Brian realized, then looked at it closer and saw that it was still about two thirds full.

After taking another sniff from the pleasant smelling bottle, Brian went to put it back on the edge of the tub, though the bottle slipped from his hand as he set it on the edge, tipping sideways and pouring into the water. "SHIT!" Brian exclaimed, jumping up and reaching for the now empty bottle. "Cassie's going to kill me" Brian cringed as he held the bottle in his hand, then looked at the oil coating the top of the bathwater. Though Brian didn't like the idea of staying in the water full of scented oil, he decided to finish washing first, wanting to put off telling Cassie about her bath oil for as long as he could.

Brian resoaped his wash cloth and started scrubbing at himself, trying to ignore the pleasant scent coming from around him, and the rainbow colored hue of the oil in the water. As he was washing, a strange tingling began to run along Brian's body. A tingling that Brian tried to ignore until it concentrated on his chest. Suddenly the tingling intensified all over, and Brian dropped his cloth in shock as a stretching sensation ran through him.

Gasping, Brian looked down at himself, surprised to see that his nipples had turned darker and had brown larger. Confused, he touched them, only to feel them growing under his finger tips. More startled, Brian noticed that his hands were all wrong as well. The fingers seemed longer and thinner, and his fingernails were longer than normal. Brian stared at his fingers, then back at his chest, which had swollen out a little. A pulling sensation drew his eyes to his groin, where he stared in horror as his testicles pulled up into his body. Almost desperately, Brian grabbed hold of his penis, but it also shrank in his hand, pulling inside of his body, in spite of his trying to hold on.

Brian tried to make himself climb out of the bathtub, horrified and confused by what was happening to him. Somehow though, he just couldn't get out. Instead, Brian stared at his body as everything continued to change. His arms and legs smoothed out, and Brian gasped, feeling his legs seeming to lengthen and his waist tightening. Putting his hands to his chest, Brian felt his chest continue to swell outwards, while two breasts grew there.

Somehow though, as confused and horrified as he was, Brian realized that the strange tingling running through his body, the pulling, the stretching and the tightening, all felt good. Somehow, the strange tingling felt very good and Brian's horror began to fade as he soaked up the warm feelings. It was almost sexual.

With a dreamy smile slowly forming on his face, Brian no longer felt horrified or confused. He still didn't' know what was happening to him, but it didn't seem quite as important. Instead he just wanted to enjoy what was happening to him. Dreamily, he examined the changes in his body as they quickly finished up, leaving only the pleasant sexual warmth behind. Brian closed his eyes and leaned back in the tub for several minutes, wanting to soak up the pleasant feelings before they faded away completely.

Once the tingling had finally faded, Brian opened his eyes and sat back up. Glancing around the tub, he noticed that there was no longer any oily residue in the water. No sign that the oil had ever been in it. Curiously, Brian cupped his new breasts in his hands, thinking how huge they were. And how firm. "Awesome" he muttered, barely noticing how feminine and sexy his voice had become. Laughing at how unbelievable this was, Brian got out of the tub, letting the water out as he did so.

Brian stood in the middle of the bathroom, running his now very feminine hands over his body in complete amazement. This wasn't possible, but he knew that it had to be. Feeling slightly confused again, Brian was still more overcome with amazement at how different he felt. His hips and ass seemed huge, his legs seemed too long, his waist seemed tiny and his chest felt heavy and stuck out so far. Even his legs seemed too He could even feel wet hair rubbing against his lower back. "Wow" he said again as he reached between his legs, finding only a slight mound and moist slit where his penis and testicles used to be.

After carefully examining his body, Brian remembered that there was a mirror on the back of the door. He just had to know what he looked like. By everything he could already see, he knew that he had to be spectacular. With mixed feelings, Brian stepped in front of the mirror and looked at himself. He gasped loudly in surprise. She was gorgeous.

Brian blinked, telling himself that he was dreaming. He had to be. The girl in the mirror was beautiful. She had long (and wet) dark blonde hair that almost seemed brown while wet. She had full luscious lips, and a huge pair of tits. Brian wasn't sure about sizes, but knew that they must be in the DD range at least.

Pulling himself away from the mirror, Brian knew that he couldn't stay in the bathroom for very long, and a quick glance down at himself convinced him that he'd never fit back in his own clothes. Glancing over at some large towels in the corner, Brian knew that they would have to do for the moment.

After Brian had wrapped a towel around his waist and chest, which showed a generous amount of cleavage, he smiled at himself in the mirror, wondering when this dream would end. It had to be a dream, he knew. Something like that just couldn't happen in real life. He'd always been curious as to what it would be like to be a pretty girl, and secretly felt a little envious of the attention that pretty girls got. But to actually be one certainly seemed impossible.

"Well" Brian told himself with a grin, "I might as well enjoy this."

Brian picked up the empty crystal and frowned, thinking about how Cassie would react. Suddenly there was a pounding on the door, and Cassie's voice yelled "Hurry up in there Brian. Other people have to use the bathroom too."

That statement made Brian chuckle to himself. Glancing at the bottle in his hand, then down at his new body, Brian thought that he didn't know if it was dream or reality, but there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it either way. Deciding to enjoy himself either way, he wondered how his family would react to this. Smiling broadly, Brian reached for the door knob, desperately wanting to see the look on Cassie's face.

The Old Man smiled as he set another crystal bottle onto his shelf. What Cassie had really needed was self confidence, and she'd gotten that. There was no need to sell her anything else. At least not for now.

Thinking about Brians little accident, the Old Man chuckled. It was a little unexpected and robbed Cassie of the full effects of the oil, which was a little unfortunate, but not too much. And watching Brian would be interesting, especially with how his family reacted. Still chuckling, the Old Man was slightly surprised with just how easily Brian had accepted his change, but suspected that Brian was still in shock. For now he just decided to keep an eye on him, and perhaps have some more fun with them later on.

The End