

# Natural Beauty

**For Serious Sentence**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Nancy goes from a country town's natural beauty to an artificial bimbo thanks to a strange voice in her head.*

Nancy frowned, looking down at her desk, the vase she kept there for the flowers was empty still and had been for almost a full month. With her cornflower blue eyes, honey blond hair and pretty figure she had always been the centre of attention in her little home town. She treated every confession with care; it took bravery to confess after all but she turned them all down. The result was that men found her even more desirable; the girl next door who was yet to pick anybody; it was a wonder there were any men left in their tiny farming community for the rest of the girls. Yet, those confessions were coming less and less often lately; she was used to receiving a bouquet of flowers at work at least once or twice a month and yet for all of March she had received nothing. Her vase sat empty, taunting her for the entirety of her shift at the bank.

As she walked home that afternoon she looked at her reflection in the shop windows; gorgeous, a natural beauty. Certainly a cut above the cow poked and tomboy women in these parts, so where were her admirers? She passed the small hair salon run by her aunt and noticed she had a new poster in the window. It was of a model with her hair flowing in the wind; her eyes were hooded and sensual, lashes far longer than they could naturally be.

*'If you had lashes like that, men would pay more attention to you.'*

The voice made her jump, scanning the area for the source but finding it empty, a handful of people walked the streets, none of them close enough to have been the voice's origin. She turned back and caught a glimpse of herself in the polished glass right next to the poster; her blue eyes blinked back at her and for the first time she realised how short and ugly her eyelashes were. No wonder men were starting to roam away from her, she needed something more dazzling than her natural beauty to draw them in nowadays, she needed pazazz. Without hesitating she stepped inside the salon, making her way to the little counter where her aunt sold shampoo and hair accessories as well as a selection of fake nails and lashes. She grabbed the biggest set of fake lashes available, placing down the cash without

even calling out for somebody to man the register. She was about to turn away when a flash of colour caught her eye.

*'You're nails are too plain.'*

That voice again, she looked down at her hand, still resting atop the bank notes and grimaced. Pretty little half moons with plain French tips. French tips? What had she been thinking? So normal, so blaise. No the voice was right, she needed something bright and daring. Red, yes, with rhinestones on each tip, now that was a look. She grabbed those as well, adding the extra cash and giving her aunt a quick wave before ducking into the bathroom. She had never used fake lashes or even that much makeup before, she'd never needed to. She read the instructions carefully and delicately placed the faux hair over her eyes, blinking a few times to make sure they stuck. They were much heavier than she was expecting and her eyes naturally became hooded, just like the woman from the poster. She smiled, much better already. Her brow furrowed though.

*'Not enough.'*

The voice was right, they needed to be bigger, she tugged at the lashes to remove them, intending to ask her aunt if she had any larger ones out back but found to her surprise that they were stuck. She tugged harder, wincing when a few lashes came free. They were...real? Somehow the fake lashes had become her real ones! A smile split across her face, this was wonderful! Now all she needed to do to add that extra length was use some mascara!

Quickly she set about adding on her new nails, feeling a slight cold snap as each one melded with her real nails until she couldn't tell the difference. The red was bold and bright, the rhinestones glittered like diamonds. She pressed one to her cheek and pouted at the mirror.

*'You need bigger lips.'*

She stopped her pouting, watching as her lips slowly began to swell almost as if they were benign filled in. Her bottom and top lip grew, becoming plumper and rich in colour as a vibrant red pigment took hold. Yes! So much better. Clearly natural beauty wasn't enough for the men these days so he cares if she looked a little fake? She batted her eyes a few more times, pouting with her newly plumped lips and smiling with glee at how beautiful she looked. If only she could fix that button nose; button noses were cute, she didn't want to be cute she

wanted to be sexy! She touched one of those red nails to its tip and watched with joy and shock as it began to move, almost like clay becoming smooth and pointed, a perfect roman nose like all the women in the magazine's she saw.

With renewed confidence she strutted out of the bathroom, revelling in the looks of shock and awe from her aunt and the other salon goers as she stepped out the door. No doubt they were jealous, their eyes were wide with admiration, she was sure.

*'Men like big butts, you need to sway more.'*

Nancy was growing fond of this voice, with its help she was going to be the sexiest girl in the county! She obeyed, walking more sensually, letting her his sway. With each movement she felt her ass jiggle a little more, the movement becoming full bounces as her butt started to grow and swell. She glanced over her shoulder and watched as her fantastic rump grew. Butt implants were all the rage in big cities and now she could see why. Her jeans turned uncomfortably tight but she didn't care. If anything the extra stretch drew the eye more. She could feel the material struggling to hold steady over her cleft; she could only imagine how much more those glorious curves would move without the stiff material to keep them in place. People were staring as she walked, mostly men; her skin thrummed with pleasure at the sight.

*'Your butt is too big for the rest of you now.'*

She stopped, looking down at her bottom heavy body and sighed; it was right!

*'You need the curves on top to match.'*

Nancy bit her plumped lips, she already had the standard set of double Ds, but the voice hadn't steered her wrong yet. Maybe going up a cup size or two wouldn't be such a bad thing. She lifted her breasts up to press her cleavage together. From this angle they did look pretty good. When she let go though, her breasts stayed right where they were, pressed up and perky as the bottom halves began to grow to match. With a gasp of delight Nancy watched as her boobs grew the same way her butt had. Inflating like two round balloons. They did not sag into natural teardrops like in the past though, instead they stayed almost unnaturally round, pressing together until they were like two bouncy beach balls against her chest.

She gave a little jump and giggled with delight as they jiggled, her bra snap instantly snapping under the weight and strain. Triple Es, beautiful and stiff, the skin stretched tight in

that distinctive way boob jobs always looked; but somehow, the voice had given them to her without the need for nasty scars. They were so hefty in fact that she was forced to walk with even more of a sway to compensate. Her back ached from the weight but Nancy didn't care; beauty was pain after all. She grinned at her new reflections as she walked down the street, her clothes could barely contain her new curves; she looked like a million dollars. Or at least, like she had spent a million dollars on surgery to appear this way.

*'A good bimbo should be blonde...'*

She was blonde though, wasn't she? Nancy stared at her reflection in the shop window; honey blonde waves cascading down her shoulders. Normally she loved her hair but now all she could see were the streaks of dark and brown that tainted her blonde, she needed it brighter, bolder; and just as it had before the magic source of that voice made her wish come true. All the dark streaks disappeared as her long hair turned into a platinum halo around her head; white blonde and straight, she ran her fingers through it, feeling the slightly coarse locks that were so distinctive from multiple dye jobs. It was worth it, who needed extra soft waves anyway when you could have this!

She was so beautiful now and yet, she still felt something was missing. Nancy knew she was making up for lost time here, she had relied on her natural beauty for so long and now she was paying for it. She had to be sexier, prettier, *better*.

*'Make up...'*

Makeup? Of course! But at home she only had a handful of pieces, some lip gloss, a few compacts, she didn't even own any mascara! There was no other choice, she had to go and buy new things. Those plain, boring items in her drawer at home just weren't going to cut it. She had to stop kidding herself, the 'natural' look? Bah, rubbish, she was a star and she needed to look perfect. Eagerly she crossed the street and began running in the direction of the little cosmetic shop a few streets away. She could feel her curves bouncing wildly as she moved, without a bra to support her she was sure her breasts were giving onlookers quite a show. She basked in the attention, jumping higher with each step to try and get even more eyes on her.

Stepping into the air conditioned shop she watched as the woman behind the counter looked up to greet her only for her jaw to drop. Nancy gave her an arrogant smile and flicked her hair; soon she would have the whole world in awe.

*'Bold....bright...sexy...go all out.'*

Yes, she would, she ignored all the beiges and pinks on display, childish. She went straight for the brightest firetruck red lipstick she could, not even waiting to pay before she painted it over her already tinted lips. She grabbed for a tube of glitter mascara, brushing her lashes and making them even longer. The tiny particulars of glitter made them look even more artificial and spectacular. She couldn't stop, she grabbed eyeshadows and lip liners, drawing and painting on her face until there wasn't a bare piece of skin left. Her eyeliner was formed into a strong cat's eye, her eyeshadow a clashing shade of blue to add contrast to her lips, her cheek bones highlighted to the point that they almost glowed. She took a step back and admired her reflection, posing and smiling at the woman she saw there.

She wasn't natural, oh no, she was as faux as could be. Her curves were too large to be normal, her lips and nose sculpted to perfection and her make up bright to the point that it was almost garish. For the first time Nancy stopped, was this too much, she did look a little...bright. With a look like this she would stop traffic.

*'That's what you want, looking like this your beauty will be eternal.'*

The voice was right, she smiled, running her tongue across her perfectly white veneered teeth. Natural beauty would fade but this beauty was forever. She would be sexy and wanted by everybody for the rest of time like this. With eagerness she grabbed for more make up, ready to push things even further.