

POISON PARADISE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mm... Of all the places to get stationed today.”

Honestly, Maomao missed the days when she was able to work as a poison tester a *lot*. Lady Gyokuyou had treated her well. Her meals had been taken care of, she'd had a nice bed, and well... She still had *those* things now that she was working directly under Jinhshi, but things were a little more tumultuous. The other attendants serving under Gyokuyou had always pushed her away from doing unnecessary work. She wasn't oblivious as to *why* that was. As a poison tester, her life could end with the simplest meal – even though she was confident in her poison tolerance.

Working under Jinhshi was *different*. He was both aware of *and* confident in the girl's abilities, and so she couldn't get away with slacking. Gone were her days of rest, not that her time under Lady Gyokuyou had always been like that. It felt like she was suffering from success, like she'd become too important at her job. And so, she was often sent on various little quests in Jinhshi's name.

Usually, she was just given the basic tasks of a servant working under a lord or lady. Clean this room, tidy up that space, organize these items; it was all *extremely* mundane and boring. Even being asked to help organize one of the palace's small archives on that day wasn't especially *exciting* to Maomao, even though you might assume she'd *love* to work somewhere where there was tons of knowledge at her disposal.

The problem with this was that any knowledge within the archive *wasn't* at her disposal. As a servant, she wasn't permitted to read any of it without Jinhshi's permission, and he definitely *wouldn't* do that without

a good reason. Not because he *cared* if Maomao knew what was on those scrolls, but because he knew if she *had* permission, the girl would have spent all day reading instead of organizing like she had been tasked with doing.

“Well, I can’t necessarily fault him for feeling that way. It was probably the smartest thing he could have done.” The servant smirked to herself after thinking about this. It was definitely a bummer, but she was self-aware when it came to her own personality flaws. She’d spend all day reading if she could, even if it was boring. Because it’d still be more interesting than cleaning. **“If I recall correctly, the last time I was assigned to this archive nothing sounded particularly interesting anyways.”**

While she wasn’t allowed to read *inside* the scrolls, when it came to the *labels*, she *had* to read them so that she could sort through everything easier. She at least had an idea regarding what kinds of information the archive contained as a result, even if she didn’t know the details. And the last time she had been tasked with the same job about a month ago? There wasn’t anything related to *murders* or *poisons*. **“...Have I acquired a taste for murder mysteries? That probably isn’t good.”**

Once inside, she looked over the familiar shelves and tables, which led to a big sigh emanating from her tiny body. **“...Seriously, how do**



they make this much of a mess in one month? How hard is it to put a scroll back where you found it?” Well, Maomao knew the reasons. People in positions of power tended to care little about how much work they were shoving on the servants. Not even Jinhsi was immune to that criticism, even though she had to admit that he was a *little* better than the rest.

In the end, she couldn’t completely fault them, it seemed. Aside from the displaced scrolls, there was also a box of new material. It seemed likely she had been assigned the task to make sure these new scrolls were filed with the same consistency that the rest had, and the mess was just a little ‘bonus’ work. **“...Whatever, let’s just get this over with.”**

Later that night, Maomao returned to her room without much issue. She hadn’t informed anyone of this fact, but she’d found something *interesting* among the new scrolls. A recipe for... something. A medicine? A poison? It had been on the label, so it must have been there on purpose. The girl hadn’t even needed to write it down – she’d simply

committed it to memory. **“Let’s see... I think this is everything I need?”**

It had been a surprisingly easy ask to gather the plants she needed on the way back to Jinhsi’s estate too, shoving enough for a small dose in her pockets and sneaking back into her room without getting caught. So simple that she didn’t even need to use a flame, the servant had mixed a small sample within minutes and— **“Down the hatch!”** This had always been a concerning practice of Maomao’s. She’d built such a high tolerance to poison that the thought of actually dying from one was a risk she was willing to take. It *likely* wouldn’t happen.

Getting sick definitely wasn’t *off* of the table, though.

The thing with poisons and medications was that there was no consistent speed at which they would activate. Some poisons could kill instantly, while others could take minutes, hours, or even days before the one that ingested them felt anything – though the longer activation ones were *much* rarer and unlikely to be used in anything a poison tester would consume, simply because they would stand out too much in a dish that contained them. If you were poisoning someone of power in the palace, you’d never get away with that, so it had to be fast acting.

“I have no reason to assume this would be slow, though.” Considering the ingredients were fairly commonplace and had been required to be raw without much preparation, it was likely something that acted quickly. That said, if it was a medication then she probably wouldn’t even notice it at all barring side effects like drowsiness. The best that Maomao could do was wait and see; pay attention to anything that stood out as ‘off’ somehow. And while something *would* eventually rear its head, she hadn’t expected it to come so quickly... nor for it to be something so *sensational*.

She blinked. **“Something’s off.”** Had her skin *tightened*? She could vaguely feel it around her arms, legs, and even her torso. It was like it had been pulled tauter, and that feeling only grew stronger as the seconds ticked by. **“Did it dehydrate me? But I don’t feel thirsty.”** And it wasn’t like her body temperature had risen high enough to create the impression that it was tighter. No, it was something else. She eventually put two and two together when she felt the bandages around her left arm coming undone. She looked down to look at them, only to see that her arm was jutting farther from her sleeve than it should have.

Well, that and that the ground was *farther away* from her eyes.

Maomao’s left eye twitched for a moment. **“Wait.”** There was only really *one* conclusion she could draw from this realization, but the issue

was that it didn't really *make sense*; that is to say that it was effectively *impossible*. "**Am I growing taller?**" No medicine, poison, or potion could lead to results like that, especially instantaneously. But she likewise couldn't deny that her body must have grown roughly *ten centimeters* over the past few moments. That didn't sound like a lot, but it was still essentially *four inches*.

"I mean, I've always wanted to be taller, but... This is probably bad, right? ...Eh? Test? Test. Test." It happened twice. One time to make her notice, and another while she was testing her voice out. *My voice is cracking? But it isn't getting higher. Deeper? Is it because I'm taller?* She kept her thoughts to herself, uncertain if continuing to speak might worsen the process. If it sped up, then she wouldn't really have the time to analyze it. She'd be losing out on precious data!

That said, she was already *kind of* doing that. Her quarters didn't come outfitted with a mirror, and yet there was a vague tingling sensation that had spread across her face. Maomao hadn't realized it, by while her fixation on poisons had remained, her awareness was slipping. She wasn't quite as *sharp* when it came to her own body either, but skills were filling the back of her subconscious that would make up for that absence. In the meantime? It just meant that it was easier for, say, *her face to change* without her being wholly aware of it.

The way that it shifted in general was rather intriguing. If her age changed, it wasn't very significant. Maybe the girl looked a year or two older, but since she was already in her late teens that wasn't *that* much of a jump visually. What was more shocking was how much it ended up departing from what made Maomao look like, well, *Maomao*. Whether it was her lips becoming more upturned, slightly more swollen than normal, or the shape of her nose thinning and hooking a touch upwards, she clearly didn't look much like herself anymore.

And that point was hammered home more-so in her *eyes* than anywhere else. A splash of red made its way into their usual blues for starters, darkening them to a *purple* instead, but the color difference was hardly even the biggest problem. The *shapes* of her eyes were, because they rounded into wider ovals as her lids became non-hooded. The issue was they didn't look like the eyes of an *Asian* woman so much as they did someone farther West. The change in these eyes did prompt her to reach her hands up, but...

"Huh?" Maomao's voice was *clearly* softer now, but that wasn't what had struck her. When she had raised her hands to rub at her eyes, the bandage around the left arm where she tested her poisons came undone. The damage she *expected* to see there was gone. **"Did it heal me? Wait, no..."** No, it wasn't *just* that. She squinted with unknowingly

improved eyesight, watching the skin of that arm where the splotches had been *darkened* to an ashen shade... that soon appeared to spread across her *entire* body. **“Even my skin? Could a poison do all of that?”**

Well, it had changed her *voice*, so why not? The change of color evidently wasn't isolated to her skin *or* her eyes alone. Once her complexion had finished darkening, it appeared to affect the roots that her hair grew from as well, though not exactly in the same way. Her hair was *already* dark with a greenish hue, but rather than darkening further? Streaks of a vibrant purple emerged among the green, eventually overwhelming even the hairs in a shortened bush while the dyed hair on top of her head was shortened into a neat, chin-length bob.

Maomao noticed, but she also noticed an odd feeling. Her skin felt *different*. Not in the sense that it was softer, even though it absolutely was, but it felt like her blood flow was slightly off? Like something was fundamentally *wrong* with her flesh. It vaguely reminded her of how she felt when affected by a strong poison, and it could very well have been the poison that she had ingested, but it didn't feel *invasive*? Rather, she felt far more *accepting* of its presence. **“No way. Do I have a lethal poison running through my veins?”**

It wasn't even really a theory. She just kind of *knew*.

All things considered, her body didn't actually change *too* significantly when it came to her overall build; at least when it came to silhouette. There were minor changes here and there that built upon her slightly larger height. Her hips had swung wider beneath her servant's uniform, for example, but everything else was just a matter of making her less... *overly* thin?

She didn't eat too much normally and was pretty scrawny. So, it was strange to see her ashen thighs thickening several inches or her ass perking up into a perky peach shape behind her. Her tummy, instead of growing plusher, actually hardened with newfound abs – because she also hadn't had much muscle to her build – along with her arms and legs. **“I'm stronger...”** And the girl definitely *noticed*. At least more-so than the weight upon her chest increasing. Her A-cups flourished, pushing out into *C-cups* that remained neatly wrapped within her clothes. **“Um...”**

At best, she just spared an awkward glance down at them protruding.

“...” The girl stood there silently for a moment as she attempted to process what had just happened to her. She had consumed countless different poisons in the past, but this was *different* – and not only *just*

because she was now an entirely different girl from an entirely different ethnicity. Admittedly, that was somehow *secondary* in the back of her mind, because while Maomao was still essentially in there with her sense of self untouched, she had a vivid understanding of her new body... and it's cursed. **"...Is this supposed to be a curse?"**

Her voice was softer and more delicate. The girl's personality had been adjusted to coincide with the personality of this *Hassan of Serenity* girl, but this *Serenity* had a secret. Her body *itself* had become poisonous, and that poison was so potent that it would guarantee that anyone that came into contact with it would perish without exception. **"That's interesting. I wonder what base the poison has? Could I extract some and see?"** Well, a sample of her saliva was probably all she needed.



Serenity's enthusiasm for poisons persisted even though she sounded much calmer about it than she probably would have before. She wasn't considering how it might look if someone walked into her room or that moment, nor was she seemingly concerned about how her clothing had become disheveled by the changes to her build. A normal person *definitely* would have been incredibly concerned about the implication that they could no longer touch anyone without killing them. But not her.

Maomao had never cared about things like physical intimacy in the first place, and she could live without them. ...Even though she would eventually learn that as Serenity, there was a part of her that would yearn for it on occasion. But that was something that she'd have to learn to deal with once it started to happen. **"Can I analyze it with the equipment I have in here? I might have to use the palace apothecary, but..."**

The dark-skinned girl grabbed a glass cup that had gone unused in her poison mixing and held it in both hands. She opened her mouth and— **"Bleeeeeeeh!"** Serenity did her best not to *just* spit in the cup, but to try and drool as much as she could to have a larger sample size. Part of her wondered if because she had *just* transformed, that there might be some sort of irregularity she could observe. Her attention ended up turning to her door as it suddenly slid open, though. **"Ah..."**

With drool still hanging between her mouth and the cup, she found herself staring at a Jinhsi who wore an expression halfway between confusion and disgust. She couldn't be surprised. She effectively *was* a

foreigner now; she was more surprised he didn't immediately come at her with a weapon considering she was dressed in 'Maomao's clothes' while having 'Maomao's fake freckles' on her face.

“WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MAOMAO’S ROOM!? WHY ARE YOU WEARING HER CLOTHES!?”

“Um... I can explain?”