

# IDOL UP

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“You said you’d do *anything* to help, right?”**

**“W-Well, yeah.”** Cyr *didn’t* like this, not one bit. His older sister Mary was a treasure hunter, but she was also an idol part time. The two career paths didn’t really have much overlap but that didn’t really matter since she was only fifteen years old herself. They almost never intersected until tonight, and it wasn’t a positive union.

Her treasure hunting endeavors from the day before had led to her catching the flu, which was a huge problem because she was supposed to perform on stage that night. Lyria could have filled in, but both her and Gran had mysteriously gone missing during their attempt to infiltrate the Erste Empire. There had been some rumors about a pair of blue haired girls that looked kind of like Orchid lashing out at the people there?

Anyways, it was fortunate the Grandcypher still had Djeeta to lead them in Gran’s absence, but it was a little off topic. Syr was a nine year old child with absolutely zero experience when it came to idol performances, but Cagliostro had barged into his home and had asked him a really strange favor after visiting Mary in her room and coming back with what *looked* to be one of his sister’s hairs. ‘*Could you fill in for your sister tonight?*’.

When Cagliostro had first come in he had mentioned *he would do anything to help*, but he hadn’t the foggiest idea what the alchemist was suggesting he could *possibly* do. His words had been meant for Mary’s wellness, not the idol show. It was an important night for his sister’s

career though, but... **“That’s impossible? I don’t look like my sis, and I definitely don’t know how to sing and dance.”**

**“But if there *was* a way, would you?”** Cags continued to talk, not even looking at the boy’s face as she shuffled through the medicine bag she’d brought along with her. She removed a device that resembled a gun in a way, although it was a little blocky, and took the hair she’d plucked from his sister and placed it in a small compartment on the side. Cagliostro then pointed it at the child and pulled the trigger just as he’d reluctantly agreed.

That gun? It was a compartmentalized version of a certain machine she’d used to turn Gran and Lyria into a pair of Zweis a month prior. Those tests had been great for her research, and she’d ultimately labeled the device the ‘*Twin-O-Matic*’. She’d even worked out most of the kinks! ...Kind of. She’d know for sure after this experiments since it wasn’t exactly easy to fetch Zwei 2 and Zwei 3 from the Erste Empire right now.

It sent the vibrations the machine produced through a beam, which would then echoed throughout the body of anyone struck and would change their DNA to match the sample that was put inside. She had a strand of Syr’s hair in her pocket just in case, so that she *could* change him back later.

**“Cagliostro...? What did you do to m-me...?”** The child’s voice was a little shaky in part because his whole body was shaky. It was vibrating, in fact, the effect of the Twin-O-Matic’s alchemy-based transformation waves running through him from the point of contact at his chest towards both his head *and* his toes. Admittedly Cagliostro had never tested it on someone this young, so she had a notepad out while refusing to answer Syr’s question evidently. **“Hey!”**

To silence him, the only explanation she offered was the following: **“You’ll see. I’m just making it so you can fill your sister’s shoes.”** *Literally*, really.

Syr didn’t need to wait especially long for context and the alchemist had assumed as much. That was the entire reason she hadn’t bothered to offer any real explanation. In the time it would have taken her to explain, the transformation would have been complete or close to it and she would have missed her note-taking window entirely. So it just wasn’t worth the energy.

His clothes, for example, had begun to feel very *tight*. Within his brown loafers and green socks for one, but a lot of the tension seemed to be focused around two key areas. The first? Pulling down on his shoulders.

The second? Pulling up against his groin. It was because of his forest green suspenders in the end, both ends being pulled away from the center because there was more and more space to cover in between. Everything about the child's body had begun to lengthen and put immense stress on those suspenders of his; sooner or later something had to give.

These were good notes for Cagliostro since she'd changed both Gran and Lyria with their clothes off. Her menacing smirk was telling; she was having fun watching. How could she not? This machine had so many practical uses! In fact, it might be fun to use it on the new captain Djeeta next!

*Yet it wasn't much fun for Syr!* “**Ngh... Cagliostro! Stop it!**” It was clear from how he was biting his lip and from how he squirmed in place that the tension was rising. His point of view was gradually climbing, with arms and legs stretching to approach Mary's usual height. Those weren't exactly problem areas since he wore shorts and a short-sleeved jacket -- the later he just shed off before it was too late.

But the suspenders? They clasped around the sides, just beneath his armpits, but it was also fastened around his neck. The neck strap was already digging painfully into the flesh there so removing it on his own was impossible, and the lower half of the suspenders could only clench around his groin *so* tightly. A bit of wardrobe malfunction would not stop the transformation which meant an epic showdown was brewing.

What was stronger? An enlarging body or the physical integrity of a pair of suspenders?

The body. *Definitely the body.* It was a loud **RIIIIIP** that indicated as much. It had begun with a little tear, a spot around his hips that had finally given way to stress. That was enough however, and it ultimately led to fibers shredding all of the way around his stomach until the torso portion separated from the shorts to leave his longer stomach bare.

**“Subject shows signs of adjusting to the DNA's biological age first. This is in line with what I learned from Gran and Lyria's transformations. In terms of clothing damage: it seems that regardless of how well put together an outfit is it will inevitably be damaged if the end result is larger.”** *Of course* Cagliostro didn't check to make sure if the boy was okay, she was too busy saying aloud what she was writing down.

Although her observations weren't incorrect. Syr's height was now identical to Mary's, but just as notable were his facial features. They

didn't resemble his sister's, not yet, but there had been clear aging to the point that he now looked fifteen. Not to mention his hair had grown out quite a bit from the age adjustments as well. Syr himself was stuck looking at his body. **“Did you make me older? What f-- MY VOICE!?”** While he looked the part of a teenaged boy, that one aspect? **“I sound like Mary!?”** He certainly *did* sound identical to his sister.

He supposed it made sense. Cagliostro did say he would be ‘filling in for her’. *BUT HE DIDN'T THINK SHE'D MEANT LITERALLY!* He wasn't even a girl-- **“Uwah!?”** Actually, *scratch that*. Syr practically smacked the front of his groin in response to a sudden and chilling sensation that he could only liken to something getting sucked up with a straw. It was, of course, his masculine organs. They'd wholly been replaced by their feminine counterparts. *Mary's* feminine counterparts. **“My weenie is gone!?”** No matter how much *she* squeezed there she couldn't feel a *single* thing sticking up and he was afraid to probe deeper.

The hand she'd used to touch her pelvis wasn't even the same. Nails were so long now they were practically clawed, with fingers that were both thinner and longer. Her feet, too, met a similar phenomenon, and toes had ultimately burst out of the front of the child-sized shoes with nowhere else to go since feet had increased several sizes.

Cagliostro just continued to observe, now making note of Syr's facial features. While she hadn't realized herself, the fact that she was rapidly resembling Mary in that sense had likely gone over her head since she couldn't see. That was another thing to note! It might be fun to run the next test in front of a mirror!

That said the two *were* related by blood. The groundwork was already there and they'd already resembled one another somewhat, so it wasn't too far of a cry to get the once-boy's face to resemble the girl's. Rounder cheeks, wider eyes, thinner brows, plumper lips. In a matter of moments it was as if Cags was looking at the real deal, and once Syr's eyes went awash with a bright brown as opposed to the typical green that was more or less set in stone.

Of course her hair was a problem. Syr wore her brown hair short, and while her age progression to the tender age of fifteen had seen it get a little frumpier, it was by no means the correct length -- not to mention color. Mary's hair was a bright, reddish brown where Syr's was a much more standard shade of brunette. Yet, like a wildfire it all came alight.

Reddish brown formed at the roots in her scalp and ran up the length of each hair at a high velocity, not even stopping once it reached the tips; because those tips? They were lengthening. White light sizzled on the ends of each strand as the light eventually solidified into more hair, the

trend continuing downward almost like a fireworks show until it had swept away his green hat and tumbled all of the way down to his ass.

And girl, *that ass*. Okay, it wasn't all *that* impressive. Fat poured into her cheeks, which in turn had them strain against the child-sized shorts to the point where the outline of her crack could be clearly seen in the rear. It definitely looked bigger, but it was more of an optical illusion spurned from the fact that she was fifteen and wearing the shorts of a nine year old boy. This illusion was helped around her thighs too, where the edges clamped around flesh that had splurged outward to give them a tender appeal. Thick as a young girl's might be but nothing really *that* voluptuous.

**“With the lower half complete only the upper remains.”**

Cagliostro uttered her findings aloud once more, turning her gaze to Syr's chest almost dramatically. Syr herself had never felt this way before, like she was being leered at. But there was good reason on the alchemist's part. Above her exposed tummy, which had become firm and curved at the sides into widened hips, her chest began to show some activity.

Syr immediately realized. **“N-No... not those!”** She already felt super weird without her dick, but now she could feel her nipples getting hard and poking into what remained of her suspenders top. Slowly but surely the hem where the fibers had torn below were yanked up, with thanks to the fact that the skin of her chest had begun to rise. Fatty flesh supplemented the emptiness of what should have been a boy's chest, and in turn eventually rose to a small B-cup that was only barely covered by the clothing scraps from before.

**“...CAGLIOSTRO!?”**

---

Only two hours later, Syr stood nervously in the concert all just beside the stage. Cagliostro had forced her to dress up in Mary's idol costume (*since she absolutely looked the part now*), but there was still one very obvious problem with this plan. Not only did Syr herself have no knowledge of singing or dancing, everything about her body felt weird. Movements were awkward with everything rubbing against each other strangely. It was embarrassing!

But then, just moments before she had to go on stage? Cagliostro uttered a strange phrase in Syr's ear. **“Treasure hunting.”** It was a simply two word phrase that was merely a reference to Mary's other career, but the moment it registered with Syr's brain things suddenly changed.

She was no longer worried about her performance! In fact, she could remember the routine perfectly! The awkwardness she'd felt with her body? It all felt completely normal like she'd been born this way! And for some reason? She *really* wanted to go treasure hunting after the show. “**Whoa, what did you do Cagliostro!?**” Even the pep to her voice and manner of speech better suited the bedridden Mary, right down to her over-exaggerated body language.

Like with everything else in this situation, the alchemist did not give an answer. From what she'd heard about what happened with Gran and Lyria it was possible to trigger the memory in the DNA used with a key phrase, though she'd tweaked it for Syr's case so he still remembered who he was. In turn she'd created a very convincing Mary clone, one that had all of her memories and mannerisms. But that could be turned off with a second phrase. The effects were so potent that.. “**Tell me your name.**”

“**What do you mean? I'm Mary! Er... Mary! I'm Mary! No, I'm not Syr, I'm Mary!**” The stand-in idol fumbled as she tried to introduce herself with the correct name, but she couldn't. The Twin-O-Matic was certainly going to have some practical uses, but wouldn't it be fun as a toy for revenge too?

Well, some more tests were needed.

And she was going to have to find some more of Syr's DNA to change him back.

*She'd kind of... lost the old sample.*