

BEACH MANARIA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Uu, Katalina? Why can’t I spend time with Gran and Djeeta right now?” A dejected Lyria whined with her cheek pressed against a cafe table. Normally, in the absence of her captains, she would go exploring and help out wherever she could, but this particular beach side event had placed a ban on children. Lyria wasn’t sure how old she was, but they’d been travelling together for years now! Surely she could be trusted to be involved in something like a *‘gravure photo shoot’*.

“Lyria? Do you even know what *‘gravure’* means?” Katalina, sitting across the table with a cold glass of water in front of her, understood Lyria’s frustration. She’d been a child once as well after all, and there was plenty back then she had been told she couldn’t see or do. In reality neither Gran nor Djeeta were all that much older than Lyria, so from her point of view it was probably pretty unfair. As much as Katalina wished she could be a teenager again, surely Lyria yearned to be older.

The girl with azure hair sighed. **“Yeah, it’s when women as all BYOOM and BANG, right? I know I’m not like that... but someday!”** Oh, *right*. Lyria’s figure was something of a sore spot for her. She wasn’t really wrong about what the word meant however. Katalina had to be careful, she almost chuckled.

She had something to cheer the girl up however. **“Well I know we can’t go look or participate, but I found something you might like. Have a look at this stone.”** The knight slid a rock between the two on the table. It was bright and purple, a color unlike the two of them had ever seen before. Forget being a simple stone, it looked like something that belonged on a piece of jewelry. Yet the moment Lyria set her azure gaze on it she felt an ominous sensation.

“Katalina, maybe you should get rid of tha—AAAT!?” Inertia suddenly gripped the both of them, Lyria the only one of the two to vocalize it as the world seemingly broke down and reconstructed all around them. One moment they were sitting at an outdoor cafe table, the next they were within the white walls of what looked like... *a changing room?*

The older woman recognized it as such. It was one of the changing rooms that had been set aside for the swimsuit competition, nestled in a tiny building off to the side of the beach. It was curious that they'd end up in such a place, but Lyria didn't seem as confused by their shifting in location as she was seriously concerned by the stone between them. Surely because it was glowing. Lyria was sensitive to that kind of thing, so could it be related to a Primal Beast? If so... **“Lyria--?”** She went to ask the girl what she sensed, but before her very eyes the girl she'd sworn herself to protect just up and disappeared. **“Lyria? Lyria!?”** Hands slammed into the table, Katalina standing up shortly.

Of course Lyria was still in the room with her, but much like how Katalina couldn't perceive her, Lyria also couldn't perceive Katalina. It was one of the safeties installed upon the stone, a device created by a rebellious faction of the Primarchs that was never utilized past testing. Meant to be an infiltration device that copied one's appearance and behaviors onto another, the project was ultimately scrapped when they realized it was impossible to turn people back and, well... it created more of an existence 'swap' than borrow. There had been two young women in the change room before Lyria and Katalina had arrived, but they'd come to switch places with them.

Katalina's first impulse was to leave the room, to seek out Gran and Djeeta and put everyone on a search to find Lyria, but a peculiar thought jumbled her perception of the situation. *'Isn't Lyria with Katalina?'* The thought was clearly peculiar because Katalina was, in fact, the one thinking this thought. It left her dazed a moment, and the panic she'd felt when *'Lyria had disappeared'* seemed to subside somewhat. The idea that it was more important to stay in this room surfaced, as well as the longing to be beside... *someone*. **“Wha...t?”** The question hung off of her tongue as she struggled to figure out just what wasn't correct with her line of thought, but yet as quickly as the formulated answers they were washed away.

The clanging of her armor hitting the tiled floor around her not only startled Katalina but pulled her mind away from her existential debate. The pieces of armor were so tightly fashioned to her body that they shouldn't have come undone, but upon examination she could see the issue. The steel seemed to be eroding, even as it rested on the ground. There was no byproduct from the erosion, but rather it just seemed to be consumed by an invisible force as it disappeared into nothing. She was left in only a black sports bra and a pair of brown, skintight pants.

She struggled to vocalize her shock at this, in no small part because the shock was fleeting. One moment she was fretting over her armor, the next she was perplexed by what she'd even been staring at in the first place. There was nothing on the ground?

Not content with merely toying with her mind and costume, Katalina's body soon began to show signs of change: most prominently in her hair at first. Almost like a wave was running through it from her scalp to her tips the color brightened. She'd had chestnut hair as long as she'd been born, but that standard was challenged by a dirty blonde that was both bright and silken, a young maiden's head of hair. Her bangs filled out, almost resembling a hime cut with how they dangled in the front, though they hung down on the sides as well. Upon her head a crown of white flowers took shape, bringing the look together.

But this all went unnoticed to Katalina.

It was fortunate she had already lost all of her armor, for as her hair changed so did her body's frame. Katalina was a knight. Her body was fit, toned, and tall. Or well, *had* been. Her point of view grew closer to the table as she dropped rapidly in height, at least ten centimeters lost from her height overall as arms and legs crunched inward to maintain consistency. The muscles she was inwardly proud of slipped away, replaced only by a layer of soft and fluffy fat more typical of someone that fought as a caster than a woman who fought with a blade on the front line.

The curves of her body grew more pronounced, a perkiness settling across the knight's skin that suggested she was revisiting lost youth. Katalina was a woman of twenty-four, not particularly old, and yet as her face saw rejuvenation she looked as if she might be a teenager once more. Her hips swelled outwards ever so slightly, pants not seen as an issue as she absent-mindedly kicked them off. It was for the best, too, as while thighs had become deficient in muscle they'd certainly grown pumper with youthful jiggle, a jiggle that resonated with her butt as well.

Sports bra saw change next as the trim began to flutter outwards, black transitioning to a dark green as both the same color and a lighter shade checkered across the cups in plaid. Beneath the changing cloth, cloth that saw itself becoming waterproof, meager cups began to swell to better fit the bikini top's ever changing size. The sensation tore Katalinanne's attention away from her own confusion moment, chest feeling heavy as it grew almost a cup size and a half. Her panties took on the same pattern as her new bikini top before the pattern lifted into a layer of cloth that fluttered above it.

One eye brown and the other changed to green, she blinked in time for both to become the latter shade as facial features corrected themselves. Cheeks grew soft as her face slightly shortened, lips plumped naturally, and eyes blinked wide as what was left of her Katalina personality washed away.

Had she been worried about Lyria? Lyria was off with Katalina somewhere. She wasn't Katalina after all, but Anne. And Anne was super excited to see her not-so-formally-specified girlfriend Grea in a swimsuit! She couldn't wait! But where had that dragon girl gotten off to?

“Katalina? Where did you go Katalina!?” Much like her caretaker had done, Lyria couldn't help but call out the name of the one missing. People weren't just torn from her for no good reason, and she was targeted so often that she had plenty of reason to be alarmed. She also had it in good mind to report her friend's disappearance to Gran and Djeeta, but was distracted by the sudden thought of *'No, Anne wants to see my swimsuit'*. Lyria knew who Anne was of course, a student of Manaria Academy that had joined their crew some time back, but the thought that such of thing would take priority and when she'd had no thoughts of adorning a swimsuit prior... *it was all a little confusing.*

Taking advantage of that confusion, change begun to sweep across Lyria's body much like it had Katalina's – although at a glance it might seem like she was engaged in the reverse. Where Katalina had quickly shrunk, Lyria was showing signs of *growth.*

Lyria had always been small. Her body waif-ish, even without knowing her age one could easily assume she couldn't be much older than fourteen physically. Yet all at once her body began to swell as an unfamiliar feeling surged within her. Maybe to say it was unfamiliar wasn't quite right... it was a surging *power.* She'd felt it when summoning Primals time and time again, but never had it felt as personal as it had at that very moment.

This was, of course, because the power would be used by her own body as opposed to an external source, and because said body was quickly changing to serve as a proper container for this power. Her blood boiled, and the azure of her hair and eyes quickly dulled as a fiery crimson encroached upon her shades. Almost like a whip her long, blue locks snapped inward as it looked like her tips had caught flame, and eyes burned a similar red as their shape narrowed from Lyria's usual wide-eyed innocence. **“What's... happening...?”** Unlike Katalina's transformation into Anne, this was a far more intensive shift that posed a significant burden on her body. To make something smaller was one thing, to make someone bigger, to mix a monster's blood with it? That was far more chaotic.

The girl's mouth hung wide a moment, the elongation of canine teeth readily apparent as her tongue lashed about thanks to a temporary loss of motor skills. She stumbled backward, white dress beginning to look ill-fitting as she grew not only taller but wider as well. Wide in the sense that her figure was, for the first time she could remember, *actually growing.*

The skirt of her dress had already risen to just barely cover her white panties, to the point where if anyone were to peak below they'd definitely see them. It was merely fortunate that said underwear had also begun to transform, their color darkening to a blue that was still soft as material became sleeker and came to hug her pelvis more comfortably. This was something of a relief as expanding hips pushed the envelope of her dress' integrity, and her rear did little to help in this regard as cheeks swelled forth with fat and vigor that eventually overlaid firming muscle.

Expansion of her thighs put the final pin in the longevity of her dress' fabric, and it tore on both sides to reveal the blue bikini bottom below along with a plump ass and firm but enticing legs.

Lyria paid no mind to the fact that the armlets around her wrists suddenly felt lighter, steel shifting to bandage around her right hand while the other was left bare. Her fingers grew longer somewhere along the way, a manicure forming that made her think, for some reason, that she was fortunate Anne had done it for her. **"No... Anne didn't... Katalina? Where's Katalina? Ahh... Aha... She's with Lyria right? But I'm..."** As fingers danced to her head with the confusion becoming more prominent, they slid between significantly shorter hairs of red. Despite that though the weight of her noggin was actually heftier thanks to a pair of back horns that had begun to peer out of her skull. Lyria's face had noticeably aged, the design of her jaw having become less narrow and more angular. Her nose grew only slightly and yet she had been becoming hyper-aware of all of the scents around her.

The girl's shoulders broadened next, the top of her dress as doomed as the bottom was as growing muscle beset her arms and stomach. She hadn't become muscular enough to look much more than very fit, but this was still a drastic change from what Lyria's body was normally like.

The dress, now torn at the top and bottom, began to shift as well. It split in the center, both halves turning the same shade of blue as her panties had as the bottom ruffled into a beach-side skirt that attached itself to her swimsuit bottom. The top travelled inward and upward, focusing on becoming a bikini top to accommodate a tingling in her chest. For all the girl had commented on other girls being all *'BYOOM and BANG'* earlier, she was about to match that description herself.

Her bosom suddenly exploded, becoming rich with volume as tiny tits quickly surged into a pair of respectable B-cups. This was merely the taster however, and the girl was forced to lurch forward as they bounced again, this time caught perfectly by a blue bikini top that now housed a pair of perky, D-cup breasts. A bead of sweat rolled down Lyria's face from the intensity of this change, and she felt absolutely giddy to be stacked for a moment before her perception altered to recognize this size as normal.

"Why do I feel so weird...? Where's Katalinanne?" She butchered the spoken name, her voice much calmer than normal as red eyes glanced around the room. Both people were important to Lyrea, if only because she was in the final stages of transition. She raised a bandaged hand into the air and tilted her head to the side. Was that right? Was any of this right?

She reached up to tuck a strand of red hair behind her now-pointed ear. **"I'm..."** Eyes flickered red a moment as the finale took place. From her back erupted a pair of brilliant, red dragon's wings, and her bikini bottom was suddenly forced to accommodate growth as a tail both thick and long shot out from just above her butt. She naturally turned to look. **"...a dragon?"**

Of course she was a dragon. Hadn't she always been? It had been a source of great anxiety for her over the course of her life, but it was still one she had come to accept thanks to Anne. That was the whole reason she'd adorned this swimsuit in the first place, right? She wanted to show it off to the most important person in the world to her.

"Oh, Grea! There you are!" The dragon, however, looked quite dumbfounded as the girl she'd been looking for was suddenly standing right in front of her. Of course, it had been the same for Anne. Ultimately the two of them just chalked it up to not noticing the other... *somehow*. **"Is that your swimsuit, it's way cute! Everything looks pretty on you Grea!"**

"Anne! Geez, now isn't the time for that." 'Grea' couldn't help but blush even if she was trying to play it off. But Anne was a tease and had no interest in giving her any quarter. She locked arms with the dragonkin immediately, smile beaming across her face. **"Wh-what?"** Grea wasn't sure she liked wearing the bikini, not when everyone could see her belly.

"After this competition you're gonna be my beach date!" That didn't sound so bad, really. Grea could only comply in the end, but not out of obligation. Spending time like this with Anne... wasn't so bad.

"Fine, but you're buying lunch."

"Eheh!"