

ROCK AND ROLLING III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Niyon wasn't the kind of Harvin to show up at places uninvited even as a member of the Eternals, but in this case the rumors she had been hearing had been so alarming that she had really been given no choice in the end. Having been away from the Grandcypher for a time to deal with some of her Eternal duties, she hadn't been expected to get called back so suddenly. But based on the letter Katalina had sent her it was an emergency.

GET BACK AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, GO STRAIGHT TO YOUR ROOM. DO NOT INTERACT WITH ANYONE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE.

Yet, no further context had been given. The Harvin woman couldn't fathom why *not*, and it certainly made her more worried than she wondered if she should have been. What if it wasn't as great of an emergency as she was making it out to be in her head? What if it was *worse*? She had no shortage of questions once her flight docked in Auguste Island, where the Grandcypher seemingly hadn't moved from in several weeks.

She had even more questions once arriving at the ramp that led up to the ship.

“Grandcypher... Record Label?” A banner hung over the door leading into the ship reading as such. A record label was a company that signed musical artists, but never would Rackam agree to his ship being treated as such a thing. Niyon was quick on those tiny feet of hers, and once she'd gotten inside things weren't much body. Gaudy decorations were propped up everywhere, signed records encased in glass mounted

on the wall. One of those signings? **“The Eternals?”** It was the name of the group she belonged to. Some of the strongest warriors in all of the Skydom. Since when had they had a music album? *She* certainly hadn’t recorded anything, and she was the only legitimate musician in the group.

Shock and awe aside, she continued to her room as Katalina had instructed in the letter. There were plenty of people she didn’t recognize – in fact, she had yet to see anyone she did. A couple of tall, big-titted blondes making out in the hallway? *Yuck*. Just what had happened in her absence for things to take a turn like this? Come to think of it, how was Katalina to know she arrived? She was hoping she could find someone she knew to pass the message on, but as things were going that didn’t quite appear to be possible.

Before long she made it to her destination. Niyon was too nervous to share her room with any others, and it was a room stationed far away from most of them. Still, she had made that trip so many times that she couldn’t get lost in a million years. It was also so far out of the way on the ship that most didn’t know where to find her, which was equally preferable.

“Huh...?” Or so it should have been, but upon arriving in her room she had been granted a surprise. It had been pitch black at first, the typically bright window covered with a set of curtains meant to block out as much light as physically possible. Once she had lit a lamp, however? Things were even stranger. The room didn’t at all resemble how it had been when she had left it.

In fact, much of what was in there she didn’t even recognize. Not even in the sense that *‘she’d seen that before; it just didn’t belong in her room’*. More in the *‘she had literally never seen any of these devices, existentially, over the course of her twenty years of living’*. Propping her harp up against the wall, she wandered over to some strange, black box resting beneath a futuristic, looking black desk. On top of that desk? A flat screen of some kind, beneath a rectangular object with letters on it and a strange, rounded object with a tail-like cord to the right of it. **“What is any of this...?”**

More notably: her bed had been shoved into a corner of the room, far away from all of these unfamiliar things. It was a larger bed, too. Not the one designed for her tiny, Harvin body, but one crafter for a human at smallest. The sheets were a mess. Had someone been sleeping in her room? And then there was the *keyboard*. As a musician, it was the one thing she did recognize. She’d never seen one so thin before, and it was propped up by metal bars right beside the desk with a chair with wheels resting in front of it. **“Who used my room...?”**

With a bit of effort, she managed to pull herself up and onto the tall bed. It was soft, but it smelled a little raunchy. Whomever had been using it? They hadn't been washing the sheets very regularly and had probably been sleeping extremely late, and in their own sweat. *Gross*. She immediately jumped off.

It was unfortunate that there was a piece of technology mixed in with the sheets though. An object that belonged to a different era, that was slowly being blended in with this one and modernizing it. Her butt had pressed up against it, and because she had made contact? Niyon was now liable to receive the very same 'curse' much of the Grandcypher's crew had been afflicted with over the past week, a curse that had started with a simple trip to the music shop on Lyria's part.

“I need to get to the bottom of this, but Katalina told me to stay here. What should I do?” It was hard to say. Something had very clearly gone awry, but sensitive to all of the melodies around her? Even walking through the ship, she hadn't sensed any sadness nor dissatisfaction. What did that mean? Either there was *nothing* to be concerned about, or she should be concerned about *everything*.

I need to get ready to go live!

“Hm...?” Now *that* had been a peculiar thought. *Where* had it come from? *What* was it relevant to? Go live? Like a show? She had no performances lined up, and yet that desire had been so strangely vivid. It almost compelled her to strip on the spot, for something told her that these clothes just *wouldn't* do.

It was subtle, but she was already suffering physical repercussions from contacting that cellphone. The subtlety was born from the fact that, delicately put, if she had been any other race then it likely would have been a much easier to change. After all, Harvin women weren't well known for showing their *age* well. Because they were so petite, they were often mistaken for being younger than they were.

And in Niyon's case? She was currently suffering from a *regression of age*. She didn't shrink in terms of height – she'd peaked when she was only sixteen, and because her clothes were so baggy it would have been somewhat difficult to understand just what had been lost over the fifteen to twenty seconds that two years had been peeled from her body, but the most exemplary sign? It would have been her *breasts*. Even at their peaks, compared to any other race they would have been even smaller than A-cups (*and she considered herself to be rather well endowed for a Harvin*). They had dropped a singular Harvin cup size,

meager as that difference was. Other than that? Her skin had become softer, but that was about it.

In that time, Niyon had allowed her mind to wander. Enough that, before she realized, she had completely stripped naked. Only to realize when the fog of it all lifted, and she looked around and then down at herself in a daze. **“Why did I...? Something strange is happening here, isn’t it?”** Perhaps strangest of all, she was having difficulty keeping her emotions in check. She was always calm. *Always*. She had to be; else she would be taken for a ride by the emotions of others. But her heart was beating amazingly fast right now and she could not fathom why.

Am I really that nervous about my show? I guess the outfit I’m debuting today is a little... risqué.

Again, thoughts that didn’t make a whole bunch of sense were trying to explain away the questions she had without delay. Niyon wasn’t buying it; or so she told herself. In reality? The more of these thoughts that crept up, the more believable they felt. Why else would she have stripped? Now she feared she might end up getting changed into this ‘risqué’ outfit she’d thought about. The Harvin couldn’t though. There was just no way it would fit her frame... *yet*.

That wouldn’t be a problem for long though. Something stirred within. The (*now*) eighteen year old could not place what was causing it, but something within the depths of her very self felt *off balance*. She had been short her entire life – no Harvin could realistically ever dream about being tall (*sorry, Charlotta*) – and yet her mind was basically telling her that her point of view shouldn’t have been so low hanging. **“Am I not... taller than this?”**

As if on cue, a physical imbalance provoked her to lift one tiny foot and drop it down in a more stable position, a preliminary necessity to prevent her from falling over before suddenly *springing upwards*. **“I... I’m tall, right?”** Her voice both cracked and heightened as Niyon swayed side to side, all of the bones in her body both growing *up* and *out* wherever necessary. The changes seemed intent on making her uncertainty into a believable reality, and by the time she had reached the height of your typical Draph woman, it was clear her BMI was keeping everything consistent. Fat and muscle splurged where necessary, making sure she was never too lanky even while barreling into a human’s height range.

Once all was said and done, she had to be around 5’7”. Such a height was far too tall for a Harvin, and even then, it was fairly substantial for an eighteen year old human. As if to say *‘your time as a Harvin is over’*,

even the points of her ears shortened and rounded, leaving a young woman that was *blatantly* of the human race. It even showed in her facial features which, while still youthful, had thinned out substantially from the natural rounded shape of a Harvin face. She wouldn't be mistaken for a literal child anymore, that much was evident.

I can't look underaged, else I'll risk getting demonetized.

Confused again, the naked girl shook her head from side to side. Her hair swayed along with it, raven black coloring replacing her light purple all of the way down to their roots, while the tips grew farther away as if her hair was being yanked and there was just simply more of it hiding beneath her scalp. Of course, that wasn't the case, and it would have been super painful if so – the hair was lengthening naturally, spilling all the way down to her relatively flat ass. Niyon looked like a young, human adult. But her figure? It hadn't grown in at all. She wouldn't even fit into her new costume with this new height at this rate.

But times were changing, and Niyon's posture was shaken once more – pulled towards the back. It hadn't been subtle at all, but the mass of her ass cheeks was stockpiling, the flat moon rounding as it bulged with reckless abandon. There wasn't a speck of muscle present in its composition, but then again, even as a Harvin she hadn't even been muscular nor physically strong. The bulbous shape of her rear split her hips wider, and there was so much overflow that it blew up the size of her thighs as well.

“Where did my tits go, though? Am I having some kind of weird-ass fever dream?” Now she sounded more confused about what *hadn't* transformed. Looking down, from her point of view everything looked right, from her painted nails, to the black pubes atop her pussy. It was just... she couldn't typically see past her breasts to look at these things. She was supposed to have a pretty impressive rack, or so she could recall. Wasn't that why everyone turned into her stream? Well, that and the shy, cutesy act she put on. Her subscribers always at that act up. **“I need to stop getting up at noon, maybe that's why I'm seeing things.”** In the end, it was Niyon herself that had made the mess of her bed. She reeked of body odor now too, signs of a woman too caught up in her digital presence that if her audience couldn't sense it, she didn't need to take care of it.

She reached up to rub her eyes, the scent of Cheetos still on her fingertips from the night before. Had she just woken up? She had, hadn't she? But in the time, it took her to clear the crusties from her gaze, the tits she'd been complaining about sprung to life. It was very fast, and the growth was significant enough that it pulled the girl forward. D-cups? They might as well have been Es. Big and ripe, she

knew her subscribers wanted to stare at those fat tits of hers. They were all fucking gross-ass incels, but she'd never say as much on camera. She didn't want to lose viewership. It would be terrible for not only her, but for all of The Eternals. After all, they were a streaming band group. They typically streamed their own instruments separately, but since they were all super hot, busty women, whenever they collabed it *really* brought in the dough!

“HAAAAAW!” She let a great yawn bellow, and idly picked her nose for just a second before flicking the booger into an overflowing trashcan in the corner of the room. She usually started her keyboard stream at 3am, and it was... just after noon? There was plenty of time before the show started. **“Guess I should take a bath... Don't feel like it though.”** She stretched as she walked, wandering towards her closet. At the very least she should try on the costume she'd picked out for this stream.

It was all very tight and left little to the imagination. For example, black thigh highs that snapped against her thighs like rubber, tightly gripping them so flesh poured over the hem. Or there was the white bikini bottom, possessing a set of white straps and a pair of thinner, black ones that clenched her ass and hips. You could even see her ass crack sticking out in the back once she got it on, so she considered making a point to bend over on stream with her rear facing the camera at some point.

Then there was the matching bikini top, which might as well have been two white bands that just barely covered her big nipples. Her tits looked like they would just spill out at any second, supported only by purple straps that were connected to a golden ring, which was connected to more straps around her neck. All in all, the ensemble gave off the impression that it didn't fit. Because it didn't. *Nina* (or as she called herself on stream, *Pianina*) had intentionally picked a smaller size. She had to look as sexy as possible if she were going to maximize sales.

And maximize she would.

In fact, it was her highest paying stream yet.

So high paying that she actually took a bath after.