

BUFF STUFF

GIFT COMMISSION STORY

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The most amazing thing about being a crewmate aboard the Grandcypher was that everyone was always growing. Someone could come aboard an inexperienced fighter and, in a year or so become an invaluable warrior. This didn't merely apply to warriors, and the ship itself took all kinds. From mechanics, to pilots, to chefs – everyone was growing little by little.

And Lyria had it all documented in her journal!

She was immensely proud of how meticulous she was in her writings. All she had to do is flip to where she had a name marked, and she could reminisce about all of the adventures she had gone through with vivid detail. That journal was one of her greatest treasures, and yet...? It was also a curse in a strange, personal way. That curse wasn't literal, and it was really just in the girl's head. But every time she wrote in or read her journal, that curse reared its ugly head once more.

Her curse was the *feeling of inadequacy*. Everyone was growing in their own way, but what of herself? How long had it been since their journey began and she was still on the receiving end of protection? She could not defend herself, the Primals her sole means of self-defense and their usefulness impractical in most situations. Would she ever be able to protect the people she cared about with her own two hands?

These were never feelings that stirred any harmful thoughts. Sure, the constant reminder that she would never be as useful as the others was something of a bummer, but that didn't change how bright and wonderful every day she spent aboard the ship had been. If the others could grow, then she was content growing alongside them. That was the

point of view that kept her sane and kept her from falling into depression. Because she hid these concerns, she was confident that no one had caught onto the fact that she felt that way, but those that *had* did *not* number zero.

“That was a strange encounter...” Lyria had been out for a walk that day when she had bumped into Nemone. Or had Nemone been waiting for her? She’d been hovering around Lyria’s door when she had returned, lending credence to the later theory that things had been intentional.

Their conversation had been brief but *cryptic*. Bubbly as ever, the tanned girl had been talking about ‘working on self-esteem’ or something? Lyria wasn’t sure where she’d gotten the impression that she wanted to work on that (*even though Nemone had been absolutely right*), but at the end of it all she’d thrust a glass of something into the blue-haired girl’s hands.

The glass was clear, which meant the contents could be easily seen. It was green, and thick, and smelled a little of seaweed. **“She told me to drink it, but...”** It certainly wasn’t a matter of distrusting Nemone, but that girl was quirky. Sometimes she hatched little schemes that didn’t make a whole lot of sense. For all Lyria knew this could have been some prank just to make her drink blended fish or something. Though her eyes had appeared unusually earnest as she’d informed her that *‘this will definitely help with your problems’*. **“I’m not really sure if a drink can help with something like that though...”**

Should she just tell Nemone that she drank it? No, that would be dishonest. There was no way this was poison – Nemone had even said it was *‘a secret recipe from her tribe called “Buff Stuff”* which, while shady still, at least *sounded* legitimate. Lyria wandered over to her desk with the glass in hand, and her blue eyes inevitably made contact with her journal. That was enough to stir those feelings of inadequacy once more.

‘Do I need to feel this way? What if Nemone’s drink actually worked...?’

Following this line of thinking, she slowly brought the foul-smelling concoction to her lips, and chugged it as down as quickly as she possibly could. As expected, it tasted awful. It was certainly all natural, but that didn’t really mean it was *good* for you. The flavor had been absolutely nauseating with a thick texture that was gloppy and crude. **“Water... Water...”** The girl was quick to run into the bathroom, mentally berating herself for not preparing a glass prior to consuming the brew. In all fairness though, it had been a lot *thicker* than she had assumed.

Unless it was a milkshake, a *thick* drink wasn't a *good* drink.

Unfortunately, Lyria hadn't managed to keep it all down, and by the time she'd reached the sink she'd coughed a bit of it into her hands so that it didn't dribble onto the floor. Once she was able to run the water, she washed it off, but when the green had been cleared from her flesh? What she found in its place was shocking. **“Wh-What!? How can a drink do... *this!*?”**

Where the drink (*and she used the word 'drink' extremely loosely*) had touched her skin, her porcelain flesh had been stained. The skin there, now, had been dyed a rich tan that wouldn't come off regardless of how much she scrubbed. It was anxiety inducing enough from what she could see, and yet Lyria's mind fell upon a realization that made her heart beat like crazy. **“If it's doing this to my skin, what's it doing... *inside!*?”** She'd consumed a gratuitous amount of the concoction, most of which was resting in her belly now. If the chemical reaction from just touching her skin was enough to darken it, then what kind of havoc could it reek internally?

Should she fetch help? It was the most logical move to make, all things considered. If Nemone had accidentally given her something poisonous then she'd need to be treated, but there was also some dissonance here. Dark patches on her hands aside, her stomach didn't feel upset. Rather, on the whole? Lyria felt *incredibly* good. It was like she was bursting with energy all of a sudden. She almost felt like she could *do anything*, like she was invincible.

Needless to say, that feeling of invincibility would come at a price.

One she would be none too sorry to have paid before all was said and done.

Still distracted by a mixture of her hands, her panic, and the building strength within the core of her soul, a plethora of warning signs had gone unnoticed. The first was a continuation of something she had already rightfully regarded: a discoloration of her skin tone. The patches where the '*Buff Brew*' had touched her skin aside, more and more spots were beginning to show against her complexion as a whole as the brew's effects bubbled to the surface of the container that was Lyria's body that they had been deposited into.

On her arms, her legs, her tummy, and even her cheeks; more and more specks were taking shape, some merging together as they grew more precarious in size while washing away her typical, creamy tone. It wasn't until the tan claimed most of her lower arms that she noticed, and the

girl jumped back in surprise. **“Oh no! My skin looks all weird!”** In places it looked like she was covered in freckles, while in others the discoloration was a constant with no traces of the old color remaining – like with her face, as she saw in the mirror. The white of her dress really stood out against the richer coloring, but from beneath that dress a strange color had begun to glow. **“Wh... at?”**

She was tempted to lift her dress to see but abstained out of fear that it might be too indecent of a gesture. That red glow seemed to emanate from both above and below her meager bosom, likewise, shining from her hips and right above her crotch. Without the dress to muffle it, a similar shine from her arms made it evident to the girl what was happening, for she could see the cause plainly: crimson, tribal markings had been etched into her flesh, and as their light dulled the resembled bright tattoos against her tanned skin. Lyria could only assume that the same phenomenon was where the rest of the light had come from.

In the meantime, her hair was also awash with an unusual color – fortunately not a darker one as was the case with her skin, though. It was more like all of the natural blue that was essentially her namesake at this point was being drained away, leaving her hair a ghostly white. The phenomenon began at her roots and gradually traveled to the tips, and yet something else was making that trip a little shorter: the length of her hair itself was, in fact, shortening. It typically fell down to her ankles, and yet by the time it had all been dyed it hung loosely just past her shoulders, quality a *little* rougher than normal.

“My hair too...? I look a little like Nemone...” The light hair and tanned skin seemed to be signature features of Nemone’s tribe. Was that what was happening here? Based on the available information that was as good a guess as any, and yet further proof to support this theory was making itself known, as a pair of protrusions appeared to erupt from atop her head. **“H-Huh? The hell are these?”** She had practically choked on words that were far too forceful for Lyria of all people, but fingers grabbed the growths atop her head and how *sensitive* they were struck her as a more important issue.

“Goddamn ears!? I-I mean...!?” The girl’s assessment wasn’t wrong. But they weren’t like Nemone’s or Melleau’s. They were longer, more equine in shape; like they belonged on a *horse*. Plus, she hadn’t lost her human pair, they were still there on the sides – more obvious than ever now that her hair had shortened. **“This is wrong, right? I feel really damn awesome, like I can take on the whole fucking world, but... That’s not me! I don’t talk like this!?”** The newly born aggression was overcoming Lyria’s softer tones and was plaguing her mannerisms just as much as it was her verbiage.

Even though she had half a mind to focus on preventing this unfortunate mental affliction from growing more predominant, her body seemed to be doing everything in its power to prevent her from concentrating. That wasn't to say that concentrating would even work in the first place, but it was a sounder plan than just allowing the seed of aggression to flourish within. But rather than remain weak to keep that powerful persona an irregularity? Her body rapidly grew to meet its wants and needs.

In a way it was like watching the contents of a balloon outgrow the balloon itself, where her clothes were the balloon in this analogy and Lyria's body was the contents. In every which direction it had begun to swell, but one change had a leg up on all the others; one that saw the maiden's point of very quickly rise. **“Uwah!? What *the hell's* going on now!?”** Feeling your body grow was an uncanny sensation. It was like she was bloating, but that bloating actually amounted to something other than mild discomfort.

The sink grew farther and farther away from her eyes as inches were poured onto her frame. Perhaps it was a natural side effect, but as her white dress was mounted on her torso the skirt was lifted higher as more flesh and bone stood between her shoulders and her hips. Before long, her white panties were on full display, the girl's cheeks pink once she realized. **“N-No!?”** Evening out at roughly 5'9”, her dress didn't cover much of anything beneath her exposed navel. But it had come with the added side effect of drastically deepening her voice.

Much of her facial structure had been altered, pushing towards a much more mature appeal that likewise suited her new skin tone. A more angular face free of baby fat is what persevered, with silver eyebrows and exceptionally plump lips that protruded sensually.

As she'd grown upwards, Lyria's body had begun to fill out as well. Hips swung wider, testing to the integrity of the straps of her undergarments to the point that seemed willing to snap, until the weight of her ass more or less slid a knife beneath them and cut those straps itself. Her buns burgeoned out with reckless abandon, tanned cheeks gratuitous in both fat and muscle alike which saw their paltry sizes essentially quintuple compared to their previous, lackluster forms.

The natural result was that her panties would fold and flutter to the ground, leaving a matured pussy with a bush of silver hair above it exposed in the process. Well, not *entirely* exposed. Her thighs swelled with rigorous muscle and taut flesh much like her ass had, and those powerful legs protruded inwards so much that her crotch was mildly shielded. It was still enough that Lyria should have been embarrassed, or at least felt a little shame, but... She didn't feel too bothered by it now.

If anything, she was just mad that her clothes didn't fit. **"Who designed this shitty outfit!? Come to think of it, why the hell'd I put it on? It doesn't fit!"** Even her toes wriggled, two sizes too large.

Her abs, arms, and chest ended up rippling with raw power much like her ass and legs had, and while making the fit of the dress around her torso a little tighter, this trend didn't cause any clothing malfunction of its own. No, that was a job for her *tits*. They'd remained flat all this time as if waiting for the perfect moment to strike, and by the gods did they deliver.

It began with a swelling of her nipples, which pressed up forcefully against the inside fibers of her outfit. They grew thicker and, while erect, *longer* than they'd once been. Everything else filled in right after, with fat flowing into her bosom with all of the enthusiasm of a child on Christmas morning. The tanned skin upon her chest had no choice but to constrict around the bulging nature of her bosom as her paltry A-cups jumped promptly into the C-cup range. **"Whoa!? This feels pretty damn good!"** She didn't have any complaints in regard to the sensation of their swelling, but as they began to strain against a dress that was far too small to contain them, her opinion changed. **"Never mind, get this fucking thing off of me!"**

Fortunately, no action was needed on her part in that regard, for as they made their final push towards a perky DD cup size, the linen of her dress burst and her huge, tanned tits spilled out while knocking the gem she wore upon her chest into the sink. **"Haa!? What the hell!?"** Strong fingers tore into what remained, pulling scraps of white from her body and leaving her thick, muscular form completely bare. It was a pain in the ass being naked, but it was still better than wearing a *dress*.

Her mentalcape was more perplexing than her body. She was, technically, still Lyria. As in she could remember who she'd been. But there was a new name and personality that had been applied to her ego, and those muscles? They weren't just for show. Screw *just* being able to protect her friends, she could protect this whole damn ship single-handedly now! On her name as *Caenis*, she would make sure no harm befell anyone here!

First, she would have to convince everyone that she was Lyria without being able to refer to herself *as* Lyria, however, and that was a problem in itself. With how easily agitated her new persona was? She'd undoubtedly lash out at someone before the relationship improved. But fortunately? Nemone would have a vague understanding of what had happened and would be able to assist.

That didn't make it any less awkward, though.