

VERSUS READY

COMMISSION STORY

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What was it like to exist in the background?

This likely wasn't a question that crossed the minds of most. Who were we if not the main characters in our own lives? For many people there was never a reason to ask this question. If life was a stage then you were the main actor or actress; there wasn't a point in dwelling on whether or not you were a supporting character because, from where you were standing, such a thing couldn't possibly be true.

But for some throughout the Skydom, recent events had put this question into the forefronts of their minds. A number of unusual, *dangerous* events had been transpiring that had prompted many of its denizens to clash in a series of battles. But for some reason? The same roster of participants were forced into the fighting seat, while other willing participants were given no choice but to sit on the sidelines.

“This is stupid! I want to be able to help too!” Among those that were feeling helpless was the fiery Io. The young girl was one of the original crew members of the Grandcypher and had fought alongside her captain and allies through any number of dangerous situations. She may have been a little girl but she was *strong*, and there were plenty of opponents that she would have been able to beat had she been given a chance.

But something was *wrong*. Io, and by extension the others in her shoes, could tell as much in their hearts of hearts. But they didn't know *what* was wrong, just that they were at the behest of this strange phenomenon whether they liked it or not. Even now, as the ship was docked on the outskirts of Auld Shrine, Io could sense it. A battle of some nature was



about to unfold. Was she once again simply going to be relegated to watching from the sidelines?

“N-No! I’m going to fight this time! I have to show danchou that I can! I need to show... whatever is trying to stop me that I can!” Which was easy to say, but in the past? When she had committed herself to doing this something had stopped her. *Timing*. Another fighter always appeared at the last second to fight the person she *could* have, and in the end Io was pushed onto the sidelines. Deep down

she could talk a big game about wanting to overcome this possibility, but in the end she wholly expected her intentions to be disregarded once more.

But she found that, for some reason, this time was *different*.

She was able to skip down the steps and onto the snowy docks a short walk from the shrine. She was able to move towards the location even though, normally, someone would arrive to stop her. **“Haha! Take that, fate! I’m finally going to get to prove myself and you’re not going to be able to stop me!”** That *was* in fact the point. This ‘fate’ that had kept her away from the battlefield throughout this debacle provoked by Belial and Beelzebub had shown a change of heart. But that didn’t mean that Io would be participating as she was.

Io didn’t *immediately* notice, but there was a touch more to her stride as she pushed onto a cobblestone pathway from which the snow had been cleared. Each step seemed to reach farther than the last, her hands seemed to reach out a little more from her sleeves. And eventually? Her thigh high leggings finally slid down past her knees, giving the *supposed* twelve year old some pause finally. **“Huh?”** She leaned forward. Something seemed *different* from her current perspective, didn’t it? But what *was* it?

It probably should have been much more obvious than it seemed to be to the one who had suffered the effects firsthand, but Io’s stature had *risen*. She was *taller*. Approximately *four inches* taller in fact, making her 4’8” instead of 4’4”. This was hardly a height difference that would have suggested she was going to miraculously become an adult or anything like that. What *was* miraculous was that Io seemed oblivious to it even though her clothes didn’t fit the same way they had before.

“Maybe I’m just seeing things?” It was easy enough for her to write off the inkling of an idea that something was amiss. Though had she been faced with a mirror she might have been a touch more liable to be skeptical. Because while more adults weren’t typically so *short*, a look at the girl’s face suggested that maturity had come along with her height boost, nonetheless. And yet at the same time there was something eerily unsettling about her facial appearance... in the sense that it left you questioning if Io was, well, *Io*.

There were valid reasons as to why her own identity had become questionable. Midst all of the signs you might have expected to suggest an increase in age, those features were just *different*; too much of a departure from Io’s DNA in general. Fuller lips had a far different resting pout for example, and while longer the hook of her nose was far rounder with wider nostrils. Her cheeks seemed chubbier despite supposedly being older as well, and her eyes? Beyond being wider and sporting thicker lashes, the crimson color that now burned in her irises was *not* their natural colors.

Mind you the idea that she could be older – in her late teens as one might gleam – at such a short height was not *unheard* of in the Skydom. Harvin and Draph women were both *much* shorter than the other races, and the fact that her ears had begun to poke out from the sides in pointier forms was initially suggestive of the idea that she was becoming one of these two races somehow. But *which*? **“Whoooooa!?”**

Io stumbled forward all of a sudden, her voice oh so clearly softer and deeper than it had any business being. This stumble’s causes were twofold. The first? Her body had suddenly broadened a little. Her shoulders had been pushed wider, tearing sleeves from her shoulders, whereas farther down her shorts wear ripping at the sides as hips attempted to force their way out. Even her tummy thickened a little to accommodate this new girth, and ultimately there was now a maturity to her frame that better matched her facial features.

But the *other* cause for her stumble really cemented what was already strongly implied in terms of her (new) race. For a hefty weight emerged atop her head in the form of a pair of horns. Sporting thick, dark brown bases, they curled forward like the horns of a *ram* while Io’s eyebrows, for some reason, became rounder and fuzzier in the process. From there a stark change in her hair color and style could be perceived, as a beautiful golden blonde not only ran from her tips to her roots but that hair instead grew fuller, fluffier, and even a touch longer. Fuzzy bangs were cut right above crimson eyes, with a perky ahoge sticking up from the top of her head.

“That was weird! My body feels kinda heavy...” The way the young woman was speaking was peppier than normal, and she continued to simply show confusion about what was happening to her own body even though she already looked so incredibly different from how Io was *supposed* to look. Even the coloration of her skin had begun to lighten from an ashen tan towards a paler pinker, dyeing even her nipples pinker.

And in that moment those nipples were actually relatively *important*. Io was *clearly* a Draph woman in her late teens now, and aside from being extremely short, the bodies of Draph women also tended to be very... *soft*. Case in point? Beneath the cloth of her top her pinkened nips had already *doubled* in size, their puffiness astounding but not *as* astounding as the growth that could be seen below. Her nearly nonexistent bosom was clearly *exploding* in size, the paltry cloth that clad then quickly caving to the jiggling mass that ballooned forward.

It was a wonder that she didn't land flat on her face from the weight of tits as big as her own head eventually bursting through torn cloth, but her balance was *somewhat* salvaged by the fact that her ass had been undergoing a similar growth. Ass cheeks and thighs alike had been swelling into plusher forms, eliminating what remained of the child-sized shorts and undergarments so that golden blonde pubes could be seen peeking out. True to Draph genetics she was now essentially a tried and true shortstack with huge jelly tits and an ass and thighs that would not quit.

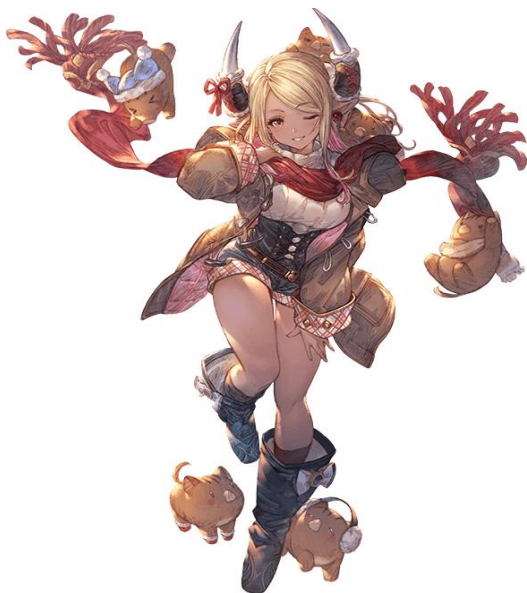
Fortunately she didn't need to worry about what was or wasn't exposed for long, as tattered cloth seemed to reform, mend, and move until she was dressed in a new outfit. One with a short, dark skirt, fitted white thigh highs that showed just how much her thighs bulged, and a white and red top that almost hung like a banner, showing her bare tummy to the world whenever the slightest breeze caught it. Of course, her *beyond* ample cleavage was shown off to the world. At least she had a fluffy cape to keep her warm! ...Not that the cold bothered her much anyways as she let out a yawn that seemed to remind her of something.

“Huh? What was I...? Oh! I was gonna have a duel at the shrine, wasn't I? Still strange that Nier would wanna fight me... But oh well! But I could *really* use a warm bite to eat first!” It was clear that *Anila* wasn't taking the fate that her new memories had in store for her all too seriously. New memories had replaced the old, and quite honestly? She couldn't remember being Io or *anything* like that. Her memories were Anila's memories and that made sense because, well, she *was* Anila!

Skipping through the snow, her huge Draph breasts bounded and swayed while exposed thighs jiggled gleefully despite her short stature. The shrine was on the horizon which meant the time of her duel was nigh! But Anila couldn't help but think about having a warm meal in the shrine first. **"I should share it with the sheep too! They need it just as much as me!"** Which meant that something vegetarian was on the menu.



Walking up the shrine path, however? She crossed paths with another Draph. Not just another *Draph*, but a fellow *Divine General*. Kumbhira of the boar. She and Anila went way back, and the tanned board waved at the fluffy sheep. But then Anila went and said something odd before sliding into the shrine itself. **"Heya Nier! I hope you don't mind if I eat first! Then we can get to business!"**



It had been so random that Kumbhira stopped dead in her tracks while Anila disappeared behind her. **"Nier? Did she just call me Nier? Isn't that another girl in danchou's crew?"** She didn't know her personally, but she was an Erune with a real gloomy vibe about her. She was a *very* different person from Kumbhira herself, so she couldn't understand *how* Anila might have mistaken her for Nier in the first place.

But in the end? She decided to shrug it off. **"Usually I'd get stopped by now..."** The tanned Draph was actually grappling with the exact same thing Io had been. She'd had insecurities about recent events and had decided to try and pursue an avenue where she might be of use. But much like Io – or would it be better to say much like *Anila*? – that wasn't something that could properly be accomplished as she was at that very moment.

Changes needed to be made.

Perhaps unfortunately for Kumbhira, however, she didn't quite receive the same *gains* that Io had during her transformation into Anila. Already a Draph, her body was incredibly abundant when it came to her overall figure – or at least that was how things were *supposed* to be. But these aspects of her figure were seemingly targeted before anything else and it was *extremely* obvious that this was the case.

“Huh? Weird... It isn't usually this easy to move about, is it?”

But the nature of her transformation seemed to still be similar to Io's, nonetheless. The Draph didn't at all seem to be capable of blatantly realizing what was happening to her. The fact that it felt easier to move around from her perspective had an easy enough explanation. Her body being what it had been, there were only a couple of areas that might have made moving burdensome.

And those areas were *rapidly* thinning away. Her exposed thighs found their fat drained, bearing only the slightest pudginess to them when the process was complete – whereas her ass had been compressed into something a little more compact and perky. Of course this also applied to her *tits*, and her huge Draph bosom collapsed in on itself with extra fatty tissue fed into the void until those breasts were only B-cups at best, leaving the front of her outfit to hang in a significantly looser manner.

Kumbhira blinked. Her knees were a little wobbly and so she held her hands out to the side. **“What's...?”** The little verbal commentary that she made on the subject came out in a drier, almost *eerie* tone in how uncertain it sounded. She couldn't tell, but her body's imbalance was solely being provoked by the fact that her limbs and torso were lengthening. Her body was now thinner by design, but it seemed she was destined to grow up and away from her 4'8" height too. It was fortunate that shrunken tits had left so much excess slack in her one-piece outfit, because now the front and back of it were pulled tight again once shoulders were farther from her hips. She'd grown up to 5'1".

Because this growth spurt had also affected her feet and hands her boots were now a little snugger, but perhaps more eye-catching was the woman's skin tone. Her melanin-rich tan was steadily fading, paving way for a paler tone that suggested a lack of daily sunlight, almost sickly in appearance. It wasn't even the *only* change in her body's color for blonde locks darkened towards a raven black and the reds of her eyes grew more extreme. In the former case, hair grew longer and messier especially across her bangs.

While in the latter case, dark bags dug beneath her eyelids. The girl looked *gloomy*. “**Sigh... What is even bothering me?**” She sounded gloomy. But also a little younger, as facial features seemed to suggest. Her maw was narrower and lips had thinned, yet her nose was a touch longer. Cheekbones were thin and high, adding to an appearance that increasingly seemed *worn out* at its core. She must have been around *seventeen* or so in the end, just a bit younger than Kumbhira was supposed to be.

Based on her height and figure it was clear enough already that she was no longer meant to fulfill the role of a female Draph. Her horns were useless upon this new body and so they *disappeared*. Yet they did not crumble away nor withdraw, hard chitin instead hollowing and unfolding while a raven-colored *fur* spread across what remained. Bone became flesh and muscle beneath, both of her horns ultimately unfolding into a pair of wolf-like ears that meshed well with darker hair. The ears of an *Erune*.

Stopping, the girl paid no attention to her shifting attire. A black skirt, a navy top, white boots, and a cloak essentially made up an outfit that was now far plainer than what she had once worn. Kumbhira would never have worn something this plain in design, but her new persona valued comfort over anything else. And aside from the cold nipping at her bare thighs? This was the most comfortable thing she could think of to wear.

“**I’ll be fine so long as she’s with me...**” A touch put off by the cold, *Nier* had turned around and was walking back towards the shrine – no longer possessed by Kumbhira’s will to meet an opponent by the ship because she had *agreed* to fight at the shrine. The ‘she’ that she spoke of was her partner, *Death* itself; a great and terrifying entity that was bound to *Nier*. And yet the dark-haired and tired looking *Erune* woman knew naught that the *Death* she was now tied to was, much like herself, another transformed Divine General. *Poor Mahira*.



Nier appeared uncomfortable as the steps of the shrine came into view. *She* was the one who had challenged *Anila*. She had been asked to by *him* for some reason. If it was just fighting then she could do it, even if it stood contrary to *danchou*’s rules for interacting with other crew members. She wasn’t one to follow the rules in the first place; she certainly wouldn’t be bound to *Death* if that had been the case.

Climbing the few steps to the shrine, she found her prey... *asleep*? Sauce was stuck to the corners of Anila's mouth and she was sleeping on a fluffy sheep. She must have stuffed her face and temporarily passed out while Nier was transforming. But as the seventeen year old's oppressive presence loomed, she finally stirred awake and recognized that her opponent had finally arrived. They'd have to fight now, huh?

The words Anila spoke soon after was certainly *something* she would say, but it was *strange*. They just sort of *left her lips* and didn't really match the context of the situation she now found herself in. "**Poor lamb, you look so haunted... I'll bet you've got terrible kleshas nesting in your heart. Let me set you free!**" She jumped up with her spear in hand, the tip pointed at Nier who, similarly, reacted with words that felt *out of place*. Yet they still felt like the right thing to say.

"**No... stay back. Don't hurt me. All I wanted was to pet your fluffy sheep. Please...**" Was that *true*? The sheep *had* looked very fluffy and it probably would have been nice to touch, but she had arranged this fight ahead of time... hadn't she? Not to mention animals were so afraid of her that she didn't usually bother. And yet that felt like it didn't...? But in the end maybe it didn't really matter after all.

BELIEVE IN VICTORY... BATTLE 1.

ENGAGE!