

BE OUR GUEST

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The crew of the Grandcypher had been more than ready for a much-needed vacation. It had been a busy year after all, and trips to resort-like island of Auguste was always welcome during the summer holiday season. It had become something of a tradition for them, really. And while they typically stayed at the same resort every year, this time they were forced to mix up their plans a little.

Usually one resort was enough to hold all of the Grandcypher's crew, but they had grown so exponentially over the years that now their usual place didn't have enough rooms for them. This led to them being split into two groups: one that went to the old place, and one that would be staying at a newly constructed resort nearby.

Who was staying where had been settled with a very fair raffle, but for some reason most of the women ended up staying at the old resort while it was primarily men and children at the new one. Most people didn't notice nor care. Why would they? In the end, they would all be sharing the same beach. They'd all be relaxing regardless of where they stayed.

However, there *was* one person that noticed and cared. He wasn't a member of the crew at all though – rather, he was the owner of the second resort who'd had all of the men and children dumped into his property. **“What the hell!? All these people, and not one of ‘em is a hot chick? Why’d I even go into this biz in the first place!?”** To say he was a pervert would *not* have been an understatement. Yet, as he watched from behind his desk? He murmured something else to himself.

“Guess I could put ‘em to good use...”



“Towels, towels... Is this the room where I get the towels?” The young Io, after checking into her room with her friend Sara, had ended up on the main floor of the resort’s inn not long after. While their room was big and spacious, with most of the amenities inside. It was only *most* though.

After doing a quick sweep, they’d found that there wasn’t a single towel in their room! Of course they’d brought their own for the beach and the pool, but what about when they bathed? The bathroom had a big enough tub to fit the two of them, so it was

written in the stars that they might do so later, after a long day at the beach.

Io had asked the man behind the front counter, and he’d apologized to her. Apparently their staff were spread so thin thanks to how big the Grandcypher’s group was. Honestly, she had found his words sincere and his reasoning understandable, and he’d at the very least given her instructions to find the laundry room. **“Oh, this must be it! Hello?”**

There was a sea of strung up blankets and towels to dry within the room, and while she’d been told someone was working there that could help her find some clean, dry ones – or at least put in a request to have some delivered later – there was no reply when she’d called out. **“Hello? Is anyone here? I’m just looking for some dry towels!”**

The girl used her hands to push away a bedsheet dangling from clothespins over a string above, but behind it was just another, and another, and another. **“How big is this room?”** Honestly? It wasn’t really *that* big, but she was being misled on purpose. Buying time so that she wouldn’t leave the room so quickly. After all, a series of things so tiny that they were invisible to the naked eye had begun to crawl across her body, using the technology programmed within to make sure that Io did not leave as the same girl she’d come in as.

In fact, the process had already begun without her notice. She just hadn’t noticed the first change... yet. But, given just a few more seconds

of time? She'd finally realize. After all, Io couldn't really ignore the feeling behind her.

SWISH SWISH SWISH

“What’s...?” The sensation was sort of like a tugging behind her, but there was a little bit of weight to it too. Toss in the fact that it almost seemed akin to how it felt when she moved an arm or leg, and it was certainly something worth investigating. What her eyes settled on, however, was something beyond her wildest expectation. **“A TAIL!?”**

Small fingers immediately gripped the fuzzy base of what was, undeniably, a black animal's tail. It was almost as long as she was tall, and there was no denying that it stemmed from her tailbone. But that was weird? Erune were the only race in the Sky with animal traits, but even then tails were *incredibly* rare. They were usually only identifiable by their ears—

POP POP POP

“UWAH!?” Pressure popped in her ears, briefly rendering her deaf before a final *POP* return her ability to hear. During that brief moment of deafness, though, a stark change afflicted the orifices through which she heard things in the first place. The cartilage of her human ears folded inward to clog her inner ears, but it didn't really matter because before long the space flattened against her head's sides, leaving her without even a trace of those ears at all.

Instead, the hair around two points closer to the top of the girl's head darkened to a black that matched the color of her new tail, which was already unusual enough *before* a pair of somethings began to rise from these two spots. Points that were very tiny at first, but soon stretched more than a few inches above her head's peak. A pair of black, furry triangles that found white tufts housed within. A pair of feline ears to match her feline tail!

Of course, Io noticed them just as quickly as she noticed the tail, and fingers frantically massaged them above her. **“I have Erune ears!?! Why!?! What could have triggered this!?! Nothing happened!”** She'd simply entered the laundry room, nothing more! It didn't make a lick of sense, really!

In the meantime though, the black of her new fur had begun to seep into her hair proper. Before long it was all dyed with raven hues, and the cut of it all? Just before the two hair ornaments that tied her hair into tails,

all of the excess was severed. Before the lengths and ornaments alike could hit the floor, though? They simply *up and disappeared*.

Despite so much of it being cut, it almost seemed redundant for the short bob left atop her head to lengthen – but it did, nonetheless. At the sides, it grew fluffier and wrap around the sides of her face to disguise the spots where her human ears *should* have been, and in the front the betwixt stylization of her bangs earned a straighter, slightly longer cut. But black, on the other hand, wasn't the only color abound. Crimson highlights appeared without any rhyme or reason on single strands, giving her look a rather strange appeal.

Nowhere was this red brighter than in her eyebrows, where not only were they entirely dyed scarlet, but these brows shrunk horizontally and became a little bushier as a result. **“Ow! My eyes!”** These brows were simply a precursor to what came right after, for the girl was forced to clench her gray eyes together a moment. Once they'd been opened? Not only were her irises red, but the designs of those eyes in general bore different racial traits. Despite seeming bigger and more expressive somehow, there was no denying how they pinched in the corners to give them a more almond-like design.

“I have ears... and a tail... and my hair is short?” Io couldn't really comprehend it all, but what was more alarming was the voice within that was trying to reassure her to the contrary. *What do you mean? Wasn't I born this way? It's not that unusual!* **“N-No! I wasn't! My memories are... They're...!?”** The fact that she couldn't remember otherwise left her stunned, which worked out well for the nanomachines. No one could have helped her at this point had she sought it out, but it certainly would have caused a fuss.

As she gripped her own head with concern and confusion alike, the girl's tanned skin soon found itself being compromised. Patches of a soft, creamier color had popped up against her regular complexion seemingly at random, but before long, her entire body's color had been altered; from the depths of her bellybutton to a pinkening of her brown nipples. **“I'm not... I'm not... *I'm not supposed to be this young!* H-Huh!?”**

Confused about her memories, what she blurted out wasn't something that she'd intended to. In fact, her age hadn't really crossed her mind. But now that she mentioned it? Looking down, *why was her chest so small? Why was her point of view so low to the ground?*

The nanomachines were afflicting her mind in tandem with her body, and so they quickly sought to force the two to align. And, so, Io's clothing promptly began to feel restrictive against flesh that

enthusiastically showed signs of breaking free of a cage that had once been capable of containing it. More plainly speaking: *the girl was growing.*

Up, out, it didn't matter in which way, because it was guaranteed that her body was expanding, nonetheless. And Io? Try as she might to fight it all still, she couldn't deny that it felt *good*. **“Oh, heheh! It's a little tight, but this feels kinda nice!”** While growing taller, her voice became deeper and her words a little more unpredictable. Because, fundamentally, Io's personality was being overwhelmed with something new. Something more carefree and energetic, more or less erasing the maturity she'd had despite her previous age.

But looking at her height of 5'3", and how her face matured as she grew, she didn't much look like a child anymore. Although that was equally reflected in her swelling figure too. Fortunately, the nanomachines made quick work of her outfit. Before long, flesh was burgeoning into a pair of ripped jean shorts and a loose, long-sleeved black top that was equally torn at its base to reveal everything beneath her chest, both things concealing a red bikini beneath.

And this bikini quickly filled out with weight both above and below. Her chest, pink nipples and all, perked up into an impress D-cup sizing while her hips swung wider to better support a thickened rump and an impressive pair of exposed thighs, all while a toned tummy was left bare in between.

The young woman with feline features shook her head from side to side, eliminating the daze that had plagued her for the past few minutes. While she was doing so, the tiny mechanical critters that had wrought such a substantial change in her body, identity, and personality were all retreated, disappearing into the very same cracks in the walls that they had come out from in the first place.

“Hawawa!?! How did I end up in this room!?! Is this the inn's laundry room?” *Yamashiro's* lips pursed into a way that resembled a cat's typical expression for a brief moment once an awareness of her surroundings fell into place. She could still remember checking into the inn, but the circumstances leading up to it were a little different. She had come



to Auguste with her fellow Ship Girls, right? Although that terms had a *different* meaning in this world. It just meant she worked on a cruise airship, along with her fellow Ship Girls! They'd come her for vacation, and...

“Oh? I wasn't aware one of the guests ended up in here.” A man's voice suddenly made Yamashiro jump and spin towards the source. And the man she'd found? It was the same guy from behind the front counter. She couldn't remember if she'd talked to him earlier, but it kind of felt like she had? **“You're very pretty, with a very nice body. Have you considered helping out a little? We'll pay you, of course.”**



“Io was just looking for towels, so I don't understand why she was gone for so long...?” About an hour after Io had set out, her temporary roommate Sara had finally come downstairs in search of her. Compared to how crowded things had been when they'd first arrived, things seemed fairly empty in the main lobby now. If there was any noticeable difference, it was what looked to be a dark-haired Erune woman off to the side yelling out enthusiastically about the drinks she was selling. **“Oh, could I purchase one?”**

The girl was a little sheepish in her approach, but she couldn't really deny that she was *thirsty*. They hadn't anything since docking since they immediately came to the resort, and she and Io were supposed to grab lunch after she'd gotten back from her towel hunt. **“Sure thing, kiddo!”** The woman enthusiastically handed Sara a can, and after paying both with money and with thanks, she stepped into an empty hallway while consuming the juice within as she pondered where Io might have gone.

Sara was, by no means, a social butterfly. She was quite anxious at times and needed privacy to collect her thoughts. So a hall with no one inside was the perfect solution while she drank her drink. But little did she know that she'd fallen into the same trap that most of the crew that were staying here soon would. That the Io she was looking for was the one that had sold her this drink, and that the juice she kept putting to her lips was laced with nanomachines.

Because they were directly ingested into her body, their effects took hold much more quickly than they had with Io previously. It was enough to immediately knock the girl off balance, and for good reason. “**H-Huh!?**” Quite plainly and obviously, it was because the girl sprung up like a weed. “**Am I growing up!?**”

Inch after inch was applied to her usual height of 4’5”, ultimately springing her up to a height not befitting of a young girl in any capacity. She peaked at roughly 5’5”, giving her an extra foot overall – and it *really* did some lasting damage to her outfit. Her elaborate dress, which rested upon her chest and fell to her lower legs typically, was hoisted up to her thighs in the end. And, while at first, the growth was limited to her height alone, things only worsened as horizontal growth found its way into her person as well.

Sara’s shoulders broadened, and seeing as her little cloak was clasped around them it caused enough friction for her to let out a groan. At least until the golden clasp in the center snapped, allowing cloth to fall down behind her. “**Oh no! This isn’t... It isn’t... Is it wrong? Wh-Why can’t I...? Why is my voice so...?**” She felt like her mind was being torn in as many directions as her body was, eyes flickering back and forth and sometimes squinting with confusion as she internally attempted to grapple with a rapidly evolving physical condition alongside a twisting mental state. As quickly as she could comprehend one thing, something else happened. Such as noting how her voice had both deepened and softened, carrying a more mature air.

Things continued to rapidly escalate, and the sides of the girl’s dress flipped out thanks to her hips swinging wider with a set of uncomfortable *POPs* that almost sent her for a spill. “**AH!?**” She fortunately caught herself before it was too late, but the sight of pink panties falling from between her legs could be seen. The hip growth had been substantial enough to snap their waistband, and she was now effectively naked beneath her skirt. “**My... underwear!?**” *But would I really wear such a childish design?*

For some reason, she couldn’t help but think a more mature design would suit her better, what with how pronounced her figure was. And, on cue, that figure filled in without regard for much of anything. Widened hips had provided a sizable canvas for flourish, and so it was none too surprising that the back and sides of her dress’ skirt were pulled tighter by what was engorging within.

The cheeks of her rear filled in first, once flattened entirely by how widened hips had pulled the child’s weight she’d had before thin. What flowed in was nothing so meager though, and a brand-new roundness filled her tush in tandem with goosebumps that spread across the

surface of this stretching skin. Her skirt's back lifted higher with the meat contained beneath, the curve from her back into her rear curving substantially at the same time. And the excess? It found her thighs, making them thick and tender, enclosing entirely the gap between either leg left by her widened gait. She could feel these inner thighs touching as she stood, and in a way it felt a little *good*.

At first she didn't have a word for this feeling, but her mind was rapidly maturing along with her body, and she found the term sooner rather than later. Aroused. She felt aroused. When an adult *like herself* felt good. And this feeling was only hastened by a pressure building upon her chest, which ultimately guided her dress into its first major malfunction.

Since the dress was supported by her chest, and her chest had begun to *bloom*, the mantle upon which it clung progressed into the realm of discomforted tightness. But at the same time? It was clear thanks to its fit that nothing needed to burst. Instead, as her cup sizing grew, nipples breathed fresh air once the top hem of her dress was forced *beneath* her rising bosom.

This left her once non-existent tits entirely exposed, pink nipples erect and swollen as more and more weight saw the sacs swell even larger. An incessant jiggling plagued them, one that felt incredibly arousing, and so much so that she could hardly stop herself from touching them with lengthened fingers that sported equally lengthened nails. **“Oh! These are! N-No, wait, are they not incorrect? I'm not supposed to have... But... Oh! How could I not have a chest like this!?”** Her internal war continued to wage as fingers kneaded her tits, but it was clear Sara was losing. After all, her manner of speech had grown so proper without her realizing.

Distracted wholly with her F-cup bosom, she remained ignorant to a number of changes focused on her facial features. Her eyes shone a bright emerald and grew in size, and her lips swelled until they were plump and highly kissable. More dramatic was her hair though, for it lengthened with gravitas while dark auburn locks were woven with strands of silver that ultimately stole her previous color away. It was something reflected in thinned eyebrows and the bush of silver pubes above her pussy – which could now just barely be seen with how much her skirt had been lifted.

“Ah! Wait! I'm in public! What am I doing!?” Common sense eventually struck Sara (*if she even went by that name anymore*) and she dropped her hands back down to her sides. It didn't little to dissuade the aching in her loins, but it at least finally gave the nanomachines an opportunity to correct her outfit.

Her dress was swept away, leaving her naked for such a brief moment that it was hardly noticeable before a new ensemble constructed itself. A black bikini top that hooked onto her neck, with a matching bottom that sported high straps to show off her ample hips. Otherwise, white sandals adorned her feet, and a ribbon clung a little tightly to her left thigh. There was also the batter of her long, silver hair being tied into a dramatic braid with a white ribbon, and the elegant white sunhat with a black bow atop her head. All in all, it was very refined and looked quite arousing against her supple figure.

“Oh my~ What am I doing lingering in the hallway like this?” After taking a moment to adjust the fit of her swimsuit, the Ship Girl *Aquila* could help but pose this question to herself, because she couldn't really remember. She knew why she was at the resort – she'd come on Yamashiro's invitation after all, but this hall specifically? On the ground floor? She was sure that their lodgings were on a much higher floor.



Had she come down to find Yamashiro? But wasn't she in the lobby, selling drinks? How fitting for that girl to take up work when they were supposed to be on vacation. But, as she could now remember being told by her cat-eared friend, that shift was only a short one. Looking at a nearby clock on the hallway wall, it would likely be over in a few minutes it seemed. **“I suppose I should reconvene with her? If we're to go tanning at the beachside, it would be a very dreary endeavor to do so alone.”** And so she skipped off towards the front lobby, her ample curves bouncing around without the woman herself paying any mind.

From the shadows, though? Aquila had been observed throughout her transformation. The resort's owner, who had offered Yamashiro her job. Who controlled the nanomachines to begin with. This was all his doing,

and it would continue until about twenty of his patrons had been turned into beautiful, young women.

“It isn’t the summer season without seeing beautiful women in swimsuits, after all.”