

ZODIAC ATTACK II.

BONUS COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



To say Axel was *confused* would have been a vast understatement. He'd been asleep in his bed one moment and the next? He had felt as if he had been falling for a few moments, before faceplanting against a wooden floor that he could only imagine was unfamiliar based on how it smelled. Not that he was one to sniff floors, but you spend enough time in a house and you kind of get a vibe for things, no?

“Ow... what the hell happened to me...?” Lifting his nose from the ground, he couldn't help but groan both due to the pain and confusion before eventually rolling himself onto his back, where an equally unfamiliar ceiling opened up. Turning his head from side to side created the impression that he was in some sort of cabin? The walls were as wood as the floor, and simple wooden furniture decorated it, including a bed—

“You shouldn't say bad words like that, Catura!”

“AH!?”

He had thought himself alone, but movement on the bed eventually found a young girl's gaze staring down at him, cartoonish monkey ears protruding from the sides of her head. What he found the most shocking was that she seemed familiar, and from where of all places? A video game. Granblue Fantasy. Andira. So... was this girl some kind of cosplayer? How had he ended up in a room with her, exactly? **“Who... are you?”**

“Andira!” She was quick to chime, wriggling around so her legs dangled over the side of the bed.

“No, your *real* name?” Axel wasn’t convinced. This was either just some weird dream, or he’d been *kidnapped*. The latter was likely the most plausible. Then again if this were a dream then couldn’t it actually be Andira? Not the real one, but just the character brought to life in his dreamscape?

The monkey maiden simply tilted her head to the side as if she were confused. **“*Andira...? You should know me, Catura!*”** There it was again, that name the man both recognized and couldn’t seem to quite place his thumb on yet. He had heard it recently... *Oh!* Wasn’t it the newest zodiac girl? She was a cow to represent the bull if he recalled correctly. Though, just because he recognized the name did explain one thing.

“Why do you keep calling me that? My name is Axel...” He certainly didn’t look like an anime cow girl by any stretch of the imagination. But the more he continued this conversation, the more unnerved he had begun to feel. Why was he beginning to feel bad about speaking so sternly to this girl? It almost felt similarly to when he stood up to his bosses at work; like he shouldn’t be talking down to a superior.

...But Andira was *twelve*. There was no need for that kind of respect.

The man finally picked himself up and stood, and how small the cabin room was became extremely apparent as a result – as did just how small Andira was. But little did Axel realize, that among his short, brown hair? Strands of a pastel blue had begun to emerge. No, maybe emerge was the wrong word? That would imply they had sprouted up on their own, and that wasn’t the case here.

The hairs that already existed were becoming dyed this blue, and those that were dyed? They grew. Longer and longer, they formed a bob before barreling down his back at full throttle, curling out at long lengths just above his ass. The tips of the hair that spilled down the back sparkled with pastel pinks and purples as the light filtering in through the window struck them, but his bangs? Drooping lazily across his forehead and framing the sides of his face in fluffy tufts? They remained blue no matter what.

Axel was unaware at first, but Andira eventually hopped off the bed so that she could tug sharply on some of that luscious mane. **“But *Shatola* has hair like this, so you have to be Catura, right?”** Still holding the hair, she pulled it to the man’s front and gazed up innocently at his face. **“You even have Catura’s eyes!”**

“Ow!” How else was he supposed to respond to having his hair yanked!? But he ended up more surprised by the hair the monkey girl carried in her palm. **“Wait, is that really my hair!?”** He grabbed a handful himself and pulled it to the front, not even considering the monkey’s comments about his eyes. She hadn’t been wrong though, and the blues of his gaze began to shine with a soft gold as they stretched wide. **“No way, but this is the kind of beautiful hair expected of a bride-to-be! Er... What? Why did I say that? I don’t want to be a... bride?”**

His mind was jumbling quickly, but not as quickly as his physical form had been seized by unusual change. Axel’s ears had been consistently, well, normal his entire life. Round, fleshy, lots of cartilage. You know? Regular, human ears! But not any longer, for they had begun to protrude out from beneath the pastel blue hairs at his head’s sides. They extended into long points that fanned out completely to either side, but even stranger was the fur. A thin lining of white that danced around their exteriors, making them look more like an animal’s than anything.

Such a thing *should* have been impossible, but then again there was a girl with monkey ears and a monkey tail circling him as he struggled with what was happening to him. Speaking of Andira, she jumped on him from behind suddenly, her legs wrapping tightly around his get as her hands grasped something atop his head. **“Huh!? What are you grabbing!?”** There *shouldn’t* have been anything to grab there, and yet while it was faint, he could definitely feel her fingers grasping something that pulled on his skull.

“What do you mean, Catura? You always let me hold your horns!”

“M-My horns!?” Suddenly struck by anxiety (*a mixture born from shock and from the natural demeanor that was slowly eroding his own*), he began to rock back and forth to try and unhinge the monkey. Unfortunately, it was to no avail at the day’s end, for she appeared keen on staying mounted, even giggling enthusiastically as if this were like a game. **“Off already! I’m too sleepy... for this...!”**

Actually, since when had he become so tired? It had suddenly hit him like a bag of bricks, subduing his efforts to shake the monkey girl and making the soft bed next to him look all the more appealing. In fact, it almost felt as if he could fall over at any moment. No... **“Huh...? I’m... small...”** Axel struggled to stifle a yawn, heavy eyes struggling to remain open as he was on the verge of piecing together a realization. He was shrinking. The horns, his hair... it was just like those TF stories he wrote! **“...Hisa!”**

There was only one existence capable of doing this to him, or there should have been, but... he'd altered her framework so that she couldn't influence him. She was his creation, she shouldn't have possessed the ability to change him. He'd taken that away, and yet this? It had her nekomata pawprints all over it.

...Not that he had any means of resisting. He was becoming Catura, then? Everything made sense with context, including the fact that the memories of his childhood were growing so blurred. He couldn't remember much, really. Not from his past life, but from the life he was being 'gifted' by his OC. *Memories of training not only to be a Divine General, but to be a good wife. To find a prince charming and get married had always been a priority...* Or so it was to Catura.

Axel's pajama pants fell to the floor around his feet, while the sweater he was wearing became increasingly baggy. A dramatic drop in height had cost him the fit of his clothes, and at that point he was pretty glad Andira was dangling off his back so that she couldn't see his crotch. Not that it mattered, because his little man was, well, getting *littler*. He could feel it – a tugging at his crotch that just wouldn't go away, and eventually it culminated with a sharp pull that forced a surprised squeak from her lips, waking *her* slightly in the process.

“A-Andira... please get off... I need to check something...” Even though the new maiden felt more awake however, she couldn't quite shake the yawning nor the drowsiness of her speech. It almost felt like she was moving and speaking in slow motion, and her voice? Soft as a pillow but cooing with a girl's sweet honey. She'd already dropped below five feet in height and was growing smaller still, but as her pubic hairs were dyed the same pastel blue as the hair atop her head while they curled? Some areas began to grow.

Her chest was the most noticeable, and surely the most abundantly large before all was said and done. Her hoodie had become so baggy and hung large enough when her height finally bottomed out at 4'6" that it dangled low enough to cover her crotch. But, that moment was all but a fleeting one. For her breasts grew.

Catura was a Draph girl, and Axel knew what that meant quite well. They were infamous for their short heights and abundant curves, their most noticeable traits being their horns, ears, and well... Nipples hardened and prodded upwards, but it was what blossomed beneath that really sold the third most notable trait. **“H-Hyah!?”** It certainly felt weird to feel breasts swelling upon your own chest, and she couldn't stifle an arousing squeal as the front of her sweater bulged outwards, the friction of its cloth rubbing against her swollen nipples both agitating and pleasurable at the same time.

On a scale based on fruit, there wasn't a fruit big enough to compare to her bosom as it ultimately settled into a pair of hefty weights that would dwarf even a watermelon, much less the size of her head. They pulled the hoodie up and revealed her crotch again, and in doing so? An ample view of her thighs was left, just as her hips parted wide and pushed the sweater out to the sides.

The girl's lower half began to fill out just as the top half had, while she struggled to use her hands to support her tits. They were much heavier than she'd expected, and while she was adjusting slowly her mind was being torn in a million different directions. Axel felt like she should've been shocked by her breasts, or the fact that her thighs were rounding, or that her ass was ballooning to the point that the skin strained with a glistening sheen, but on the other hand?

Wouldn't a prince charming be enticed by a body like this? If she could win the captain's gaze, then...

Lazily, she shook her head from side to side. "**No... That's not who I am... It's not... I'm...**" A small slither of her old self was clinging on to dear life, but that only made Axel? Catura? Whoever she was, it simply made her confused. Of course, Andira hanging off of her didn't help, so when the monkey finally let go, she thought she could breathe a sigh of relief. She'd been wrong. "**UWAH!?! ANDIRA!!**" When she screamed, the fact that her lips had swollen profusely was incredibly apparent, as was just how soft and round her facial features had become after regressing to the age of *fifteen*.

The monkey's cold fingers had slid beneath Axel's hoodie, pressing against her skin as she yanked the sweater up and over the freshly transformed Draph's head, leaving her huge breasts to bounce quite literally free. "**So unfair...**" Andira whispered to herself. "**How am I supposed to compete with those!?**"

Casting an arm across her chest and shielding her crotch with her other hand, the Draph shied away from the monkey and towards the bed. Compete? What did she... Oh, *right*. Didn't Andira like the captain too? Well, there were two of them... Gran and Djeeta, right? Would it be more proper to narrow her scope as to not hurt Andira's feelings? *Andira could have Gran, so if she could have Djeeta— Wait, no! She didn't want Djeeta to bridal carry her into the sunset, as she lifted Catura's veil from her face to kiss her tenderly...*

WHY WAS THAT SCENARIO SO SPECIFIC!?

Her heart was racing, and she was beginning to forget why she was so off put by her own thoughts. This was just how she always was, right? Right? “**Andira... Where are my clothes...?**” Despite seeing the pants on the ground and the hoodie in Andira’s arms, she no longer recognized either garment as her own clothing. She usually wore something much more... cow themed.

She lowered herself slowly onto the bed, but instead of receiving an answer from her fellow Divine General, Andira instead tackle-glomped *Catura*, cuddling up to her naked bosom. “**Nap time!**” The Draph cried out in surprise, and despite this feeling wrong somehow, she couldn’t help but feel more and more sleepy. It wasn’t like this hadn’t happened before, right? And Andira had seen her naked before, so it was fine...

Eventually, she passed out. Naked and warm, with Andira using her tits as a pillow. By the time she woke up again, nothing would seem strange at all.

She’d simply dream about marrying Djeeta, same as always.