

LIP SERVICE

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The moniker *Rory the Reaper* was one that inspired fear in many within the Special Region, a dimension different from our own that had all of the staples of a traditional fantasy world. Known as a manic young woman that slaughtered her foes with a halberd while only appearing around the age of thirteen or so (*when she was much older than that*), it was strange that she had taken so easily to Yoji Itami of the JSDF.

Enough so that she had become the organization's religious consultant.

This, of course, could only lead to a number of issues within the JSDF, or Japan Self-Defense Forces, because Itami was a fairly prevalent member who was often charged with taking care of the other allies they had met in the Special Region. All young women like Rory. All vying for his attention here and there, when Rory wanted nothing more than to have all of his attention for herself.

“Nnn! I am tired of Itami dismissing me as a mere child! What do I need to do to get him to look at me as a woman?” While the reaper was venting her frustrations verbally, they weren't exactly aimed at anyone in particular. The JSDF was running a training exercise with most of the unit in attendance, but she had been given a pass since she already had *plenty* of experience in the field from her time working as the Apostle of Emroy.

Since she was now alone in her tent back where they had established their camp, she now had the freedom to vocalize her gripes. Not that doing so would amount to anything, in the end. Rory couldn't talk about this with the other girls, she knew that. She wasn't an idiot enough to trust them when they *clearly* had googly eyes for Itami as well. Whether

or not she was one of the Twelve Apostles, had she told any of them about her feelings she was more than certain that they wouldn't back down.



But it was fine. Rory was accustomed to having no allies in the battles where she needed them most. And winning Itami's attention? It was most *definitely* a battle when it came to winning a man's heart. **"The issue is obviously my looks, but there's nothing I can do about that, right? If there was a way to make myself looking older and more appealing to him, then...?"** But Rory didn't even finish that thought before it

struck her.

There *was* a way, at least as far as she knew. During the JSDF's last operation they had taken possession of a magic relic. It was no perfect wish granting device, but if activated it could apparently draw on the desires of the user and manifest them. Depending on the nature of these desires, that is. There were naturally things that it could and couldn't do. It couldn't conjure wealth from nothing, for example. It could only really work with things that were already there.

In theory.

Rory counted her lucky stars that the training exercise had been slated to take place over the entire day, because it had taken her several hours to find the relic and bust through the security that had been put in place to protect it. According to what she had heard from Itami, the higher ups in the JSDF had seen it as a potential risk to the safety of both the group and the Special Region and general, and so it was to be kept away from anyone that might wish to use it for person gain.

Naturally, Rory was one such person. But she lingered in the vault with the item in tow – a golden claw of sorts – not leaving because she planned on being quick. If she just used it and put it back, then no harm, no foul, right? If she even got caught she could wave it off as a harmless prank. If no one was hurt, then what did it matter? She was *hoping* it would all unfold that way, but on the other hand she also knew just how fickle the humans in the Japan Self-Defense Force could be.

“Now, let’s see.” With the claw in her right hand, the maiden began to read off the changes she was thinking of like she was reading from a checklist. **“Naturally I would need to look older in general. A hefty bosom with a rear end to match. But what of my voice? Something more alluring, perhaps? The type of voice that would make Itami yearn to protect me? Not that I need any protecting. I’d like to remain a competent fighter.”**

The issue with the requirements that Rory was putting down was that they were fairly *vague*. Well, that and the fundamental nature of the relic had been misunderstood in the first place. Rather than remake the Apostle to these specifications, instead its magic was reaching into both time and space in order to seek a form to meet her desires. It was taking everything from that list and narrowing down compatible matches. And as soon as it found one? It would apply it to Rory herself.

By overwriting her as she was now.

In fact, it had already begun – even though the initial change wasn’t exactly one that was easy for Rory to identify. At least not without a mirror. **“Is this thing even working?”** She smacked the claw relic between her hands, the item itself having given no indication of unleashing any real powers to speak of. Even though it *had* and *continued* to do so.

One need only examine Rory’s face to understand. Because the first desire she had stated? It was to look older in general. There was no denying that she was, in fact, looking slightly older in that regard. The overall structure of her face was rapidly becoming fuller, and perhaps among the most noticeable of these areas was her lips, which bloated disproportionately compared to everything else. Rather than appear around the age of thirteen, it was a wonder how much of a difference your face could look, because she now looked to be *eighteen* or so.

That said... Because it was drawing on the identity of a compatible target, the cost was ultimately looking less and less like herself. This was fairly blatant in her hair for one, because the raven black of her locks quickly succumbed to a very vibrant purple while likewise falling longer and grow thicker. **“Hm? *Wh*-What’s going on? Is it working?”** She

could naturally feel that her hair was heavier, and that her lips smacked together awkwardly when she spoke because of how thick they were.

But a change in color also emerged elsewhere, with a hot pink burning into her irises and seeing the shapes of those eyes narrowed. Not passively enough to write it off as a simple change in design, but rather in a manner that suggested a change in *race*. Her eyes looked much more akin to those of the Yoji Itami she admired. That is to say, she looked like she had become *Japanese*.

“Wait, did *I-I* just stutter? ...I did it again!” Rory’s cheeks grew flushed, because aside from what had changed aesthetically, something was very wrong with her internally. Something that she could only note through how she was speaking... and feeling, in a sense. She was an undeniably confident woman that would never allow weakness to show through her speech, yet it just happened twice. **“...What *d-did* this thing do?”**

Her gaze narrowed at the claw in her hand, the change in demeanor a suitable enough distraction to stop her from investigating her hair more than she probably *should* have to realize that her body was changing. That said, the next change on the itinerary that she had specified when she had recited her will would make it plenty evident that she was transforming. Because there was little chance she could ignore the emergence of a *‘hefty bosom’*.

Although *‘hefty’* might have been a dramatic *understatement*.

“*Mm?*” It began with a pressure that stirred beneath Rory’s nipples, prompting her to tilt her head to the side, perplexed, while looking down at the front of her dress. It was undeniable that her flatness had been a thorn in her side for the length of her very long life, and she had wondered what it might be like to have something, *anything* there. **“Oh! It *r-really* is working!”**

Ignoring another unintended stutter, the girl was quick to clamor over the fact that it appeared her chest was pushing up against her dress from within, cloth struggling to properly accommodate breasts that bloated quickly up to C-cups. Now, Rory would have been content with that size alone – and her outfit most certainly would have been able to accommodate it, if barely. But it didn’t stop there. It grew worse. *Ridiculously so.*

“*NOOOOOOO!*” What Rory had intended to be a normal sound of alarm at what she was witnessing was ultimately communicated through a girlish screech as her breasts tore down the neckline of her dress and ultimately bounced free midst the chilled room of the vault. Her nipples

were erect as could be, and now exposed it was clear that they were growing with the same vigor as the flesh beneath them burgeoned. Not that it mattered, because their weight alone was quickly sending her to topple forwards, ultimately landing with a frantic and uncharacteristic “**Wah!?**” upon them after falling forward.

At least her breasts cushioned her landing. They even propped her up more and more, because they *continued* to grow. All of the way until she had a bust size of 160. That was not a natural size for tits to become, and yet there was nothing artificial about them whatsoever. She flailed about on the floor like a turtle on its back, but she was a person on her front. “**LET ME UUUUP! PLEAAAAASE!**” Why did her body feel so *heavy*, to boot?

Rory was actually more *frustrated* than she was alarmed. Her tits were *huge*, but that was only a small part of what fueled her agitation. The words that were coming out of her mouth were *not* the words she had intended to say. She actually intended on sounding much angrier and with a more profane selection of words, but the words that came out were weaker and whinier. *She hated it*. She didn’t want to be seen as weak!

At least she had a very *strong* bosom? It wasn’t even her tits alone that had swelled, because with her now laying upon them, it was easy to see just how she was thickening elsewhere as well. Legs, for example, had been kicking about as she attempted to set herself upright again. They suddenly did so at a different angle, knees bent more inwards – for her hips had promptly parted with a great deal of significance.

This was just a preparatory step for the next desire. *A rear end to match*. And she certainly received that, ass cheeks pushing up the *already* dangerously short skirt she wore until her black, lace underwear was revealed... digging dramatically in between cheeks that rose like mountains. Her ass inevitably became so thick that the straps of her undergarments snapped, but the panties themselves were wedged so tightly in her butt that they didn’t fall. All of the excess? Well, it plumped up her thighs just as keenly.

“**I’M SOOOORRY! I SHOULDN’T HAVE USED IT! I SHOULDN’T HAVE!**” Meanwhile, Rory herself was still powerless to stop crying out like a child despite how fully figured she’d grown. Continuously berating herself, there was something that was slowly beginning to unnerve her more than anger her. The fact that her thoughts, gradually, were beginning to align more with the way she was speaking.

There was also the matter of her voice itself. It was much higher now, and didn't really seem to match her body all that much. Still, there was something soothing about it – just not to Rory herself. It was certainly the kind of voice that would *make someone yearn to protect her*.

Which meant there was only thing left on her checklist, technically. She wanted to *remain a competent fighter*, which begged the question: how, with this body, could she even fight? Apparently there was a solution, but it wasn't conventional by any means.

A shimmering gold possessed her hands, seeing the sheen of her skin enhanced to something that was almost metallic. *Because it was*. As the gold spread, both hands swelled bigger and bigger until they were essentially nonsensical. Rory had been frantically trying to push herself up with her hands, and at the very least this eventually found her some success, but...

By the time she was upright, her hands were not only larger than her body, but they were *several* times larger. What's worse, there was no longer any flesh and blood found within them. From her forearms down, there was actually no arm or hands on her body whatsoever. These gauntlets were prosthetics, and they were surely competent weapons considering their immense size and the sharpness of their claws. ***“U-Um... These are?”***

Without even thinking, the young woman hoisted her body up so that she was sitting on them. She'd *wanted* to scream about how ridiculous they were, but that was the question that had come out in its place. The words of a timid monster... and inevitably she succumbed to that personality deep down as well.

No! NO! I don't want to... I want to... I... Am I feeling well?

Of course there was still the matter of her torn and destroyed clothing, but after dispersing into a plethora of golden sparkles, they reformed into a skintight, black ensemble that miraculously held all of her skin in. All while a hot pink ribbon tied her hair to the left.

“I-I...? N-No... I'm not supposed to be...? I'm not...?” She had fought so hard to protect her old personality and identity over the course of the adjustments made by the relic, but perhaps it was inevitable that the new reality would ultimately win out over her old self's will. 'Standing' on a pair of gargantuan, oversized claws, *Passionlip* had finally caved to become the sheepish yet powerful young woman she now was in the flesh... *and steel*.



She exhaled through lips that were pleasantly plump. **“My name is Passionlip, right. Did I really think it was something different? Like I could be anyone different... anyone stronger...”** While her face *did* look more mature by design, the expression that she wore was certainly more childish than anything Rory would ever sport. Not to mention the sound of her voice, which was much higher and softer in its uncertainty. *The kind of voice that someone might want to protect, indeed.*

Really, everything that Rory had wanted had now been bestowed upon her. A bosom that was *beyond* hefty with a rear end to match. That voice of hers that ultimately made her alluring in a way. Not to mention she was still a competent fighter with those huge, metal fists of hers. The issue was that the cost of receiving all of these boons had been her previous identity, and now she was left a different woman altogether.

Yet she still had memories of being a resident of the Special Region, of joining the JSDF, and of being an Apostle. History had been adjusted so that no one would notice that Rory was no more. And that she had been replaced by a different woman altogether. With all of these memories now rooted, an extravagant panic attack settled in once Passionlip realized what had happened to the relic that had changed her.

“O-Oh no! I broke it!?” Breaking might have been an understatement. She had crushed it into dust when her hand had transformed into one of her claws, and now only a few pieces remained on the ground beneath her – just barely visible with her huge tits in the way. Considering the security in the vault, it really was a mystery that she had managed to slip

into the vault undetected in the first place, but reality had been adjusted to account for that too. The cameras wouldn't detect anything, because Lip had the special ability to go undetected. Partially because her own sense of self was so weak, depressingly.

“Itami is going to scold me...” When all she wanted him to do was dote on her!