

SHADES OF GOTH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> It's been 5 years since we first started talking, hasn't it?

> I guess so. Time really flies, huh?

It was just your run of the mill conversation on Discord between two friends, honestly. My friend Joseph and I, who had met online, had been talking about this and that as we always did when this topic of note came up. How long I had been talking to someone wasn't *necessarily* the kind of thing that I paid attention to. I valued all of the people who took the time out of their lives to reach out to me regularly, even if I was the kind of guy who wasn't always all that talkative.

My job involved creating content *on* the computer after all, so while I was online a lot I wasn't always available. And even if I was? Sometimes I was just *too* tired to converse in any meaningful way.

**>And you've been single this whole time, right? I'm sure someday you'll find the girl of your dreams.
=P**

>...You don't need to rub it in.

A little light ribbing wasn't all that uncommon between friends and I wasn't really someone that cared too much about my relationship status anyways. Not everyone needed a romantic partner to feel fulfilled, and I was certainly one of those people. Not that I never *thought* about it, but it had been a long time since I had met anyone who had caught my interest in *that way* regardless. It was my own personal belief that I was

completely fine being single. The right person would come along someday, so there was no reason to *legitimately* fret over it.

It was around that point that Joseph sent me a *strange* file. “**Dream girlfriend project? Did his account get hacked?**” I had read the file’s name aloud, not thinking much of it beyond the fact that it was *obviously* suspicious. But it was strangely on topic for me to think his account had been suddenly hacked. I didn’t realize that, on the other side of this interaction, my friend had received a file with the exact same title from *me*.

Perhaps I ended up feeling a little too bold. My computer had a pretty good antivirus and since I had eliminated any doubt that this might have been a virus anyways, I felt like it was probably safe to open either way. In a best case scenario it was probably just one of his jokes. A dig to accompany what he had said in the first place. It was odd that he hadn’t really said anything *after* sending it though.

And so I clicked it to open the file.

But nothing happened.

“**Tch!**” Maybe it would have been inaccurate to say that *nothing* happened, but my mind didn’t necessarily equate it to being related to clicking the file. I’d received a static shock through my index finger upon clicking which wasn’t really all *that* strange. It was getting cooler and drying considering the time of year, and so static shocks were becoming a fairly frequent occurrence unfortunately. “**I guess I should ask babe what that was...**”

Seeing as it didn’t open, even after clicking several more times, the only option available to me was simply to ask Joseph what he had trying to send. After all, that was a question *my boyfriend* should have been easily able to answer, right? He’d never *dare* not give *his girlfriend* an answer to a question that *she...* asked...? “**H-Huh!? What the hell am I thinking about!?**”

It almost felt *gross* to think about. So much so that I stood up and began to pace around, abandoning my earlier decision to send him a message. It wasn’t like I found *him* gross or anything like that. But it was the nature of the thoughts that threw me off. He *wasn’t* my boyfriend and I’d never had any feelings of that nature for him so why was I subconsciously thinking about him in that way? It was gross of me in the first place to try and force that untrue label upon it. But even though I knew it wasn’t true... I couldn’t shake the feeling that it *was*?

I hadn't been in a long distance relationship with someone in *forever*. But was that really true? It was, but... it wasn't? And Joseph was...? Wait, wasn't I thinking of myself as his *girlfriend* too? But I was a dude! But it was also strange in a different way. The more I thought about Joseph the more I couldn't help but think of something equally as strange.

That name doesn't even suit her, does it?

Her? Even despite the fact that Joseph was a man? Then again I'd just thought of myself in the feminine too. Nothing was making a lick of sense to me! And my pacing didn't stop. Should I just DM *her*— him and see if he knew what was going on? He'd probably say I was having an episode or something though, this all sounded *insane*! It took me a few moments of pacing before I finally slowed down to a halt though. A realization had hid me. Why did my steps feel so *effortless*?

Not that pacing around was *supposed* to take a lot of effort. But I was a heavier set fellow who was far from fit. The shifting of my weight as I walked could be burdensome when I moved, but none of that burden could be felt. In fact... had my trackpants and boxers just slipped from my waist? **"Whoa!?"** I sensibly reached down to try and grab them before they hit the floor but I met a roadblock. My shirt was in the way, dangling farther down my front than it should have. It was a *big* shirt, but that was because I was a big guy. **"W-Wait a second..."** So one of those things must have changed, right?

...It was the latter. My shirt's size hadn't changed at all, but my *body's* had. All of that weight just *gone*, as if it had just been magicked away – which wasn't all that far from the truth of things, not that *I* knew that. **"That's... impossible. I'm thin?"** I didn't even know the half of it, because my waistline had also pulled in so that my hips appeared wider by comparison. No sooner than I had said this though, a contradictory thought crossed my mind. *I've always been thin though? When the hell've I been chunky? I've been hitting our home gym every morning. I've even got abs coming in!* As if on cue my tummy tightened further so that vaguely defined muscle mass could be seen.

Almost six feet tall, there was a dip in my height that more or less wasn't acknowledged on my part at the time. I was confused about my weight: was I supposed to be thin or not? And that had stolen my attention away. I wasn't thinking about the dramatic dip my eye level took down to 5'8" nor did I notice my shirt now reaching down to my knees since my pants and underwear had already slid off. That said, 5'8" wasn't really short by any means. Especially not if, if my mind wasn't lying to me, I was (going to be) a woman.

If there had been a mirror in my room then I probably would have confirmed that this was the case right away, but unfortunately I was going without. As for *why* it would have been so obvious, well, my *face* told more than my figure at this point. Forget becoming more androgynous, my facial features had made a *very* sharp lean into the feminine. The very shape of it, round yet long, bore effeminate curvature, but it was the features *upon* my face that sold it.

I was pouting unintentionally because it had become my resting expression, a direct result of my lips swelling out to twice their usual thickness. *Within* my mouth my tongue had shrunk and my teeth had been corrected. Specific to that smaller tongue, a piercing hole stabbed itself into the muscle. Big enough for a silver stud. Then again another one had dug into my right nostril – upon a smaller nose. Not even my eyes had been left out, for they were bigger and wider by design with the colors changed to a brown that almost bordered red. Lengthy lashes fluttered, mascara applied along with some dark, heavy eyeshadow and black lipstick.

Had I become younger too? In my early twenties?

Which was a little funny because much of that makeup wouldn't even be seen moments later. "**The fuck?**" I questioned a sudden blindness that overtook my vision in a cruder way than I *typically* would have. My voice sounded a little higher too, but it still sounded like *me*. I parted the source of that blindness with my hands, not noting shrunken palms, slenderer fingers, nor lengthened nails that were painted black. It was my hair.

My bangs had fallen as far down as my nose. It was debilitating for a moment, but I strangely adjusted very quickly. I could make out my surroundings through the cracks, and at this point my long bangs were *part of my streaming identity*. Something that was related to a cool bass guitar that had appeared in the corner of my room. Even though I'd never played guitar in my life. That might explain how calloused some of my fingertips had become though.

"It's just my hair. How fucking out of it am I?" I shook my head. The weight of my locks felt natural, even though my hair was *much* heavier that it had been since it now reached my ass. The color was likewise different, with much of it a sandy blonde while select areas were dyed black. *I liked my hair in those colors*. That was all it was. **"I really need a... something? The hell do I need?"** A *smoke*. Once an avid hater of cigarettes, my body was now craving that nicotine. A pack of smokes appeared somewhere in my room. A room that somehow felt *darker* than before?

For lack of a better word I looked like a *twink* by this point. A girlish face, long hair, and a thinner and shorter body that was hidden by my shirt. But I *knew* I wasn't a man. I was *my girl's girlfriend* after all. And so the only proof of my past masculinity was *removed*. "**Mmmmmn!**" The moan I purred sounded too practiced in its perfection, like I was very used to moaning sexually (I now was, in fact). But it was the perfect sound to make as my dick softened and pulled inside of my, the folds of a new pussy predated a development of maternal organs inside of my torso. Not that I had any intention of using them. *Periods are a bitch though.*

Good thing I have a hot girlfriend to help me through those difficult weeks.

Of course there were always things in it for her for being so helpful. She always called me hot, and how could she not? With a figure like mine... With my big tits and my thick ass! These almost came across like *lies* looking at my current figure, but now that my sex had changed the figure that I was envisioning came into its own. My breasts, for example, started from nothing yet *rapidly* ballooned beneath my shirt, lifting it up to show off my shaved *and* pierced pussy. Their weight was heavy, yet my brain knew how to best stand to account for it. Each tit was almost as big as my head, with pierced nipples pushing firmly up against the underside of my shirt.

And since my lower body was now completely naked there was nothing to hold back the expanse that swelled there in kind. My narrow waist already made my hips appear wider, yet they widened even more on their own so that they were even several inches wider than my *shoulders*. "**Mmn... Oh yeah!**" I didn't really get why I was so horny all of a sudden, but I couldn't help but rub my thighs together – something that was easier than expected because my thigh meat was just as thick as my actual waist *per thigh*. This also contributed to the swell of my ass, which bulged out a full *ten* inches past by arched back. Every step would draw attention to them because they'd rise, fall, and bounce. They'd look great in a pair of tight pants, but I preferred...

Extremely skimpy short. This was proven because my clothing changed under the same power that had changed the rest of me. A dark purple bra and thong were visible as hell beneath my three inch, jean shorts that were unbuttoned as well as my torn, black long-sleeved top. *I had a choker and a necklace too, not to mention torn socks. I'd always been a little goth and a little punk. Sometimes those styles overlapped, but it had become a big part of my online image over the years. Which fucking rocked for me!* Of course all of those piercing holes across my body had been filled with silver studs and rings too.

I fucking loved it when my girlfriend tugged on my nipple rings in bed!

“Ugh. The fuck was all *that* about? Why am I even resisting having a smoke so hard? I’ve been an addict for like, *ten* fucking years.” The fact that even my surroundings had changed had gone unnoticed, for what was once my office was now a messy, dark room painted black. There was something very *punk* about the space, from the band posters that were hung up to my bass guitar open in the corner. But there was also my expensive PC. Something I used for streaming. Not video games, but jam sessions. I was a pretty famous bassist streamer these days. Which was pretty impressive for a woman who was only twenty-three.



My bangs naturally obscured my vision, but I was used to peering through the cracks. It was all part of my *image*, y’know? A little bit of punk and a lot of goth, culminating in a sexy babe that was *proud* of how she looked. But this room wasn’t even *my* room, technically. I was in another person’s house elsewhere in the world. In a completely different *country* even.

I grabbed a pack of cigarettes off my desk and slipped out in the hallway. **“Wonder if she’s done streamin’ yet?”** I eyed another room as I passed it. The room of my *girlfriend*. What? You think a hot chick like me could possibly be *straight*? No way in hell. My babe *was* bisexual though. We had gotten together five years ago, both streamers of different sorts. I streamed music, she streamed games. We’d met through it, sparks had flown. Shit, you know the rest, right? A perfect girl meets girl story.

Even though she was just Joseph, who had fallen victim to the exact same trap I had.

“Ava? A-Are you stepping outside?” I stopped just past the door to my girlfriend’s office room at the sound of my own name, *Ava*, spoken with a familiar voice. The girlfriend in question was peering at me from the other side. She was *clearly* hiding, but the fluffy cat paw wrapped around the edge of the door was a dead giveaway. I playfully grabbed the door in question and pulled it forward, prompting the hiding twenty year old to stumble out, embarrassed.

A little shorter than me, she was dressed... Well, not in much! A very thin, pink bikini that hid nothing about her supple curves along with cat ears, paws, and a tail. I immediately snorted in laughter while catching her, pulling the slightly younger woman into my arms. **“I am. Did you want to join me dressed like that? Because I’m sure there are other things we could do instead, Josie.”** Josie really *was* drop dead gorgeous. I was a lucky woman. We were polar opposites in many ways with her being more of a girly girl – she was streaming Animal Crossing of all things – but we still got along great. I’d even been debating proposing sometime soon.



“S-S-Stop making fun of me! I had to spin the donation wheel today and this is what it landed on!” She clung to me, but she was *clearly* embarrassed. Even though I saw her naked almost nightly. We shared a bed after all. **“My stream is over though, so if you wanted...?”** Responding to my offer, she buried her face cutely into my chest. I guess I could put off my smoke until *after* we were done, and so I led her towards our room.

“So you’re gonna meow for me, right?”

“M-Meo— NO! Well... *Meow...*”