

LEISURE ISLAND V.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Lyria? You seem distracted...”

The night had come and gone, and it was now the next morning on Voluptas. But Lyria hadn't really *slept* much overnight. She had noticed a number of *strange* behaviors between the two captains of the Grandcypher, Gran and Djeeta, ever since they had all met up for the fireworks show just before bed. She couldn't really place her finger on it, but they felt a little *off*. But it was hard to explain to someone like Io, who was asking about it.

“O-Oh! Sorry, I just wanted to meet with a couple of women at the pool! I was trying to remember what they looked like, is all!” The Girl in Blue wore a bright smile after Io's words stirred her from her funk. There had been traces of a Primal's power clinging to the captains, but upon investigating nearby *earlier* in the morning she had crossed paths with two women that had *similar* traces. Only Lyria could sense them, but both of these women... They had never met before, but they seemed to *recognize* Lyria on some level. So, she had arranged to have them meet at the pool just before lunch to try and talk things over.

Of course, Voluptas' Primal wasn't going to let her *do* that.

In the end? Io had ended up going ahead to the changing rooms all on her own as Lyria had mentioned wanting to look at the stalls for *some* reason. She felt relief that the changing room wasn't really crowded, but there *was* another woman there. A red headed one with pointed ears that she *believed* belonged to an Erune, even if they didn't *really*. At first there had been a small greeting between the two, something that

was completely normal between two strangers that would temporarily be sharing the same place, but...

“One sec, big sis~! I’m gonna hit the showers before we go to the pool!” The red head had cried out before disappearing into the shower room, leaving Io utterly baffled. The mentioning of a ‘big sis’ caused the young girl to survey the changing room with confusion. Was there another person in the room with them that she hadn’t noticed?



Even *after* checking every nook and cranny, that didn’t seem like the case.

Maybe this ‘big sis’ character was already in the showers and the stranger had been confused? **“Well, *that* was odd. But I should really change into my swimsuit and meet Lyria...”** Io ultimately decided not to dwell on it *too* much and instead began to unpack her bag. Left to *once again* do a double take as the swimsuit she removed *wasn’t* her own. It was a small, crimson bikini with translucent, white adornments?

“Wh-Whose swimsuit is this!?”

Io definitely couldn’t recall stuffing it in there, but there was also no doubt in her mind that it was *her* bag in the first place. **“Did I take someone’s identical bag? But that doesn’t really make much sense...”** There was *plenty* about what was happening to the girl that didn’t make much sense at the moment, but *much* of it had escaped Io’s notice. Minute alterations were being enforced upon her body and while they *would* become more intense later on? What transpired early in her transformation was hardly *as* striking.

Which was saying a *lot*, since what the maiden’s body went through was plenty striking. It just wasn’t as noticeable as a lot of what she would eventually undergo would be. She hadn’t even had the sense to pay attention to her body, still staring down into the open mouth of the bag that she had placed on the nearest bench. **“Should I turn this in to lost and found?”** It was a sound idea on paper, but something nagged at her when she said it. **“*Why would I turn in my clothes...? B-But these aren’t mine!*”**

Was she going crazy? Was she coming down with some sort of illness? Visually, it was briefly possible that this *could* have been the case. After

all? Io's tanned skin appeared to be paling bit by bit. But it didn't really take long for it to become obvious that this wasn't the kind of pale you turned when you were *sick*. It went way beyond that, paling until her natural skin color was utterly devoid of any form of melanin. Like she had been born to a different set of parents, even if there were still other ways in which she resembled them.

And her *hair* was *not* one of them. Io's locks had always had such a strange gradient coloring to them. Blonde, to green, to blue; from her roots to the tips at the end. But those hairs had caught flame. Not in the *literal* sense, but they certainly had in terms of color. A dark red ignited at the base of her hair where the blonde lingers, and quickly flickered towards the tips with purpose. It tainted the hair of her eyebrows, as well as any hair that would ever grow from her body from that moment on.

Io scratched at her scalp without even realizing at first, but this red hair was actually *growing* too. Longer, *thicker*, her twintails unraveling from the growth until it all hung freely behind her. Io's hair had *always* been long. But now it hung down to the backs of her knees. A length that would remain consistent even if she ever grew taller. Which, well... Wasn't exactly off the table so much as it just hadn't happened *yet*.

“That swimsuit really is mine... I mean I meant to say isn't, right!? But it is...” She paused a moment after shaking her head. It had felt a little *heavy* for some reason, no doubt because her hair was longer. But she didn't really pay it much mind while her eyes clouded over with the same color that her hair had. But this change of color, much like her hair color's change, was part of a broader series of changes. Io's youthful face gradually *matured*, its face changing in ways that made her appear much more adult. Whether it was fuller lips, leaner cheeks, or narrowed eyes. But these changes were all indicative of something *else*, too.

She didn't look like an older version of herself. She looked like a different woman altogether. Perhaps around *twenty one* years of age or so?

An unusual calm had begun to wash over her demeanor. Changes plagued her mind just as much as they did her body, and her personality was maturing in kind. Thoughts that felt out of place before still *did*, but she felt more comfortable accepting them somehow. So, as her stature began to rise? ***...Oh!*** The girl was *surprised*, but she didn't feel the same panic that she had before.

Being a girl who hadn't even hit puberty yet, she was only 4'4" before all of this had begun. That was what made the jump up to 5'3" so *dramatic*,

especially while wrapped in clothing that was both tight and designed for such a small body. Take that smallness away, and well... *RIIIIIIP!* “**Ah!?**” Flesh began to tear through her child sized attire, hips and shoulder severing her waistline and sleeves, with undergarments digging into her rump. She saw no other choice in the end and got to work with hands that were growing longer and daintier themselves.

It had taken a lot of effort, but she managed to strip herself entirely before it was too late. Looking down at her small, bare breasts and with her hair now disheveled? “**My skin? My hair? Everything is different.**” And that *included* the deeper sound of her voice. But despite it all? It felt *comfortable* somehow. Like she could remember being that tall. It just *fit* with her changing perception of herself.

Io had *always* yearned for a more mature body, and that was probably part of why she accepted it so easily aside from her mental changes. “**I see...**” The redhead poked at her own naked breasts once she caught sight of them beginning to jiggle. They were *growing* before her very eyes, nipples leading the charge by engorging a few inches wider and longer first. Weight pooled within them little by little until they would have filled her palms. And then surpassed them. And then doubled – no, *tripled* in size from there. The *F-cups* on her just were heavy *and* perky, and her plump lips were agape with surprise.

“**I suppose this isn’t really a bad thing...**” Was it for the best to look on the bright side of a situation like this? Probably *not*, but she couldn’t help but feel a little happy. This growth had rounded out her caboose at the same time, in fact, and her cheeks had stretched into round bubbles behind her with skin pulled so tightly that it shone naturally in the dim light of the changing room. The woman’s attention gravitated to the bag once more. “**That really is my swimsuit.**”

And *knowing* this, it didn’t take her very long to put it on at all.

“**Chiyoda? How much longer are you going to take? I thought you wanted to have a swimming competition before we relaxed?**” The *new* redhead wasn’t even certain *why* she was calling out to the girl in the shower like she was speaking to a younger sister. The part of her that was still ‘Io’ had more or less lost control though, especially in the presence of someone who



knew her as *Chitose*. She just couldn't seem to help herself – likely a result of the Primal's tampering to make sure its plans were never foiled.

An excited squeak sounded from the shower. “**I'm coming, big sis~! But don't be a sore loser when you lose!**” Chitose could hear the water being turned off and her ‘sister’ waddling about inside. She knew her sister well and knew that it was Chiyoda who was the sore loser whenever they had a competition. “**Your big jugs will slow you down, I'm sure!**”

“**H-Hey!**”

How was she going to get out of this one if she couldn't even explain to others that she wasn't the *real* Chitose?

Or how long would it be before she forgot about ‘Io’ altogether?



Lyria *had* expressed a desire to check out the stalls near the poolside, but only because she was trying to see if she could sense a Primal's powers on anyone else before confronting the women she had bumped into earlier. “**I don't really sense anyone else... Is there some criteria for activating it? Is it because the Primal saw us as a threat? But I still don't understand what it even *did*...**” Gran and Djeeta *had* been acting strange, but that didn't mean the girls she had found were related in any way. It was possibly it could have been a coincidence, but she felt like it *wasn't*.

**ALRIGHT. NO MORE MEDDLING
FROM YOU.**

All of the hairs on Lyria's body suddenly stood on end as she ‘heard’ a voice. It was more like she *felt* it, though. The world around her seemingly froze and the Primal's power bore down on her with an immense weight. “**Y-You're the one tampering with everyone! What are you doing? Why!?**” But the Girl in Blue didn't *receive* an answer. The voice didn't speak to her again, likely because it felt like it didn't need to. Which *was* likely correct, since she was about to get a firsthand experience as to *what* the being was doing.

Rather than receive any form of verbal response, Lyria instead had to endure the sensation of having all of the wind knocked out of her body. *Something* had grabbed onto her. An invisible force hoisted her so that her feet were several inches off the ground. And if that wasn't bad enough? Everything she had been wearing was *obliterated*. She was left naked before the cool sensation of something much *skimpier* could be felt clinging to her body. "**Wha—!?**"

Looking down, she realized that she was now wearing a swimsuit. A dark blue and white bikini top that hung from her neck, while a dark blue bottom rested around her hips. It was clear that it was all sized much too *big* for her, but whatever force was holding her up in the air was also holding the bikini top against her chest so that nothing was exposed. "**What are you doing to me!?**" Was this what had happened to the others?

With her body movement limited like it was, she could do little more than try to wriggle against the strength of the force that bound her like a caged animal. Not that Lyria had much strength as a girl of her size. The Primal's powers were already affecting her too, at first in ways that were much more subtle than had even influenced Io early in her own transformation. The Girl in Blue's hair and eye color were changing. Just... to a *different shade* of blue.

The hue was a little more vivid, closer to water than the color of the sky – though her eyes were much brighter than her hair. Rather than Lyria's hair getting longer, well... That would have been a disaster seeing as how it *already* reached her ankles. It *shortened* instead, pulling up to the base of her thighs as her bangs shifted from covering *none* of her forehead to covering the right side.

As she continued to struggle, the girl became increasingly aware of a somewhat *odd* feeling. She mouthed it aloud. "**Jiggle, jiggle? WAH!?**" When Lyria looked down at her own body? She was beyond shocked to find... breasts! Her bosom was so flat that she was used to there being absolutely *no* weight to it, but the bikini top had *clearly* been pushed forward by a pair of B-cup breasts. "**Why...? W-Wait a second!**" She'd hardly been able to process her breasts being *that* big.

But she was forced to watch them grow *even* larger. Not just a *little bit*, either. A *surge* of weight saw her chest surge forward, compromising her balance with her now *G-cup* tits fully formed. If she had been standing, she probably would have fallen over from the suddenness of the weight's appearance. Well, that or she would have been sent *backwards* once a very similar feeling occurred within the bikini bottom. "**H-Hey!?**"

Lyria's voice seemed to deepen when her ass bubbled out into a heart shape. Its growth forced her knees to buckle once hips widened to accommodate their mass, and her thighs filled in with a similar girth until they were even *wider* than the girl's waist. "**I must look ridiculous! Shouldn't I be taller?**" She certainly wasn't *wrong*. Standing just under the five foot mark normally, having such big boobs and such a huge ass *really* appeared excessive.

But at least the bikini fit properly now?

It wasn't much of a silver lining if the girl had *wished* to remain herself, but the Primal didn't *want* that. She had been hoisted about five inches into the air now, and as it turned out? Violent as the act had seemed at the time, there had actually been a *reason* for it. Her body was stretched out so that the bottoms of her feet could touch the ground again, her body pulled out vertically so that she was five inches taller in the end, making her around 5'4". "**Oh!**" By the time this had been achieved, her hands and feet were bigger too, with fingers long and delicate, complete with manicured nails.

The only *real* piece of her appearance that still resembled 'Lyria' was her face, and that merely contorted as the mental changes began to weigh much more heavily on the woman – who looked to be in her *early twenties* as her eyes narrowed, her cheeks slimmed, and her lips swelled up into thick, kissable variations of themselves. She was a pretty young woman to be sure, but she also clear wasn't *Lyria*. A fact that her mind was struggling to come to terms with.

"Oh, my. So, is this what happened to the others? My name is Ticonderoga, is it? And I can't seem to muster the will to use my old name. No, it's more like... I don't identify with that name, so why *would* I use it?" There was something inherently ladylike about how *Ticonderoga* carried herself. She was a woman who prioritized proper mannerisms and courtesies, making sure to present herself as the perfect lady at all times. Even in a swimsuit that showed off the intricacies of her body's buxom figure. "**I suppose I should abandon the notion of revealing myself and seek out Essex and Georgia instead, but...**"

Voluptas' Primal had taken *extra* care when it came to the mental changes placed upon



the blue haired woman. Lyria had been the one most attuned to Primals, and so leaving her in a position where there was even the slightest risk that she might blab was too risky. So, extra mental changes had been added to make it so that she wouldn't even *want* to explore the idea of exposing what had happened. She had settled into her new life as Ticonderoga with absolutely no room to question it.

“Perhaps we can rent out a surfboard or two and hit the waves? If I recall correctly, wasn't Birmingham and her group planning on doing something similar?” Had she still been Lyria, then she might have noticed the Primal's presence on Birmingham later, too. But she wasn't, and she wouldn't. Even the *new* Lyria, who the *old* Ticonderoga had been transformed into, had been modified to remove the ability to sense this particular Primal's power. That meant that she wouldn't have any interlopers under *any* circumstances any further. It had all worked out in her favor, just as she had intended.

And as for the transformed crew of the Grandcypher?

Well, they would all blend into their new lives eventually, one day forgetting that they had ever been different at all.