

ASTROLOGENIUSES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> **So you have no idea where it came from either, huh?**

It was late in the evening, but something had prompted Joseph to take to Discord despite having had other plans that day. For the most part his day *had* been normal. He'd gotten up, he had taken care of his daily tasks, and come home. It had been fruitful as it could have been, and he had been excited to just get home, kick back, and *relax*. But that had all gone out the window once he had sorted through his mail.

“What’s this? I don’t remember ordering something...” He’d said at the time as he opened a relatively large envelope. Was it some manner of important document? But he also couldn’t recall needing to fill out something of *that* sort either. So it had been an enigma, and the only way to get any answers to his questions was *naturally* through opening it. It didn’t really answer much of *anything*, though. **“...A star chart?”**

At least that was what it had *looked* like. Maybe with its size it was more like a map? It had been folded over once within the envelope. Regardless of what it *actually* was though? It didn’t really matter, because still had no answers as to *why* it had been sent to him. Not to mention there hadn’t even been a sender to return it to. And so his pursuit of understanding had eventually taken him to the internet.

...Where the whole situation had become even *stranger*.

It turned out that one of his Discord friends, Axel, had received the very same package with the very same contents on the very same day. That was *beyond* weird, that’s for sure. And neither man really seemed to

know how to make heads or tails of it if their conversational log was any indication.

> **Nope, it just turned up with the rest of my mail. No return to sender or anything.**

So it had been exactly the same for Axel, then. This didn't exactly instill confidence from Joseph's perspective, but at the same time didn't it imply that there might be others out there? Surely the two of them, who had never exchanged addresses before, could coincidentally be the only two people receiving such an unusual mystery package at the same time? It was just too unlikely to *not* be more widespread, right?

> **I'm going to check Twitter and Reddit then, give me a sec.**

It'd probably be fruitless seeing as Axel had already claimed to have tried, but maybe he could uncover something that his friend couldn't? Who knew? But distracted by the light of his computer monitor, Joseph had actually involuntarily become ignorant to the star chart he had left on his nearby dresser. Or at least the *light that had begun to radiate from it*.

“Huh, there really isn't... YAAAAWN... anything I can find either.” After checking the couple of sites he had hoped to get a lead on, Joseph tiredly came to the same conclusion that Axel had. That it was fruitless. He didn't really think much of how fatigued he had become almost out of nowhere, with both hands soon rubbing at the heavy, black circles under his eyes. Eyes that, beyond explanation, had taken on an uncanny and unlikely gold in terms of his irises.

But that wasn't really *all* that was peculiar about his eyes, much less the rest of the man's face, for the shapes of those eyes changed as well. They softened in design, rounding and fluttering with an unabashed femininity as lashes fluttered to greater lengths. His nose? It collapsed, taking on a smaller shape. And his lips? Well, they didn't exactly *swell*, but they did push out into a small pout that ultimately became his resting expression.

It all looked so much daintier – and sleepier – like the face of an unrested maiden, slightly shrunken skull and all. But Joseph? He was none the wiser to the fact that anything was even happening at all. **“I really should get back to them... but was I messaging someone?”** Evidently the fatigue was taking a toll on his ability to think critically, because his hands had rested on his desk. A wooden desk.

When that desk *should* have been made of metal.

incapable of finding them. In fact, her head fell back down against the desk and she momentarily snored as her bedroom twisted even further to resemble something less modern.

With her eyes shut, she couldn't exactly bat an eyelash while her newfound sex took center stage when it came to her figure. Such as the emergence of a swell beneath her nipples that not only pushed them forward, but also saw those nipples swell in size until they were the size of a *Mora* coin. A currency that didn't *actually* exist in the real world, but if asked to compare now it would have been the first object she would have compared them to herself. What built *beneath* these nipples wasn't something to be scoffed at, though. Because the C-cup breasts that developed pushed into her shirt and raised its bagginess ever so slightly.

She also missed out on the rising of her seat midst her momentary snooze. Though this was something that came about from two different angles. The first was that the chair itself had actually risen, its design changed to appear to something a little *leafier* with much more wood and without the wheels. But the other angle was that, well, the tush that Joseph was resting on had physically risen. Fat had seen her cheeks grow several inches mightier, and that propped her up while the same fat saw thighs flourish and lip over the chair's edge.

While her clothes *might* have been an issue, a sudden change saw them repurposed into a white tunic with detached, navy blue and black sleeved gloves. White tights to match her tunic hugged her legs tightly, while golden finger guards arose to match the dangling bracelets and hair pieces that spit her curled hair into two tails. Bringing it all together was a golden tiara headpiece that was fixated around a blue and gold hood.

“Just five... more... minutes... zzzzz... AH!?” The overwhelming sleepiness that the woman had been accumulating throughout had prompted her to nod off, but after only a minute of rest, the sound of her own snoring with her face nestled against her arm on the desk shocked her awake. **“What was I... doing?”** Honestly this wasn't an uncommon occurrence for *Layla*, a student of Sumeru's Akademiya.

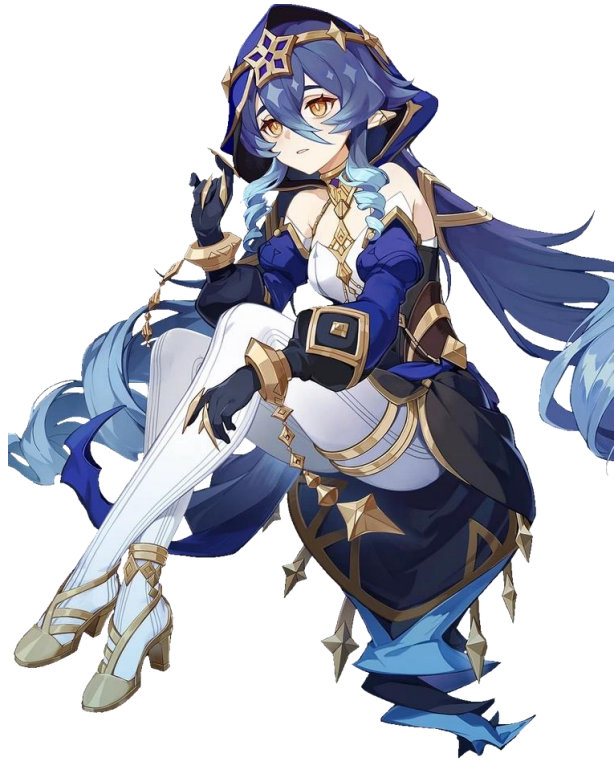
And that was *exactly* where she was now, in her dorm room. It hadn't just been herself that had changed, but her surroundings had as well. There was no denying that she was no longer in the same world... but the student had no recollection to the contrary. **“Oh! I had that assignment with the star chart... I should look at that...”** Her voice just as sleepy as she looked with those dark bags underneath her eyes, she got up and practically shambled to the second desk in her quarters nearby. This was an important discovery!

She had heard that even the Astrologist Mona Megistus was studying it!

It was strange, though. “I almost feel like I had been dreaming... about another life? So vivid, and yet...” It couldn’t possibly have been the case, right? “Oh well... I need to... zzz... finish this before class...” And there she went, nodding off until...

“WAIT, MISS MONA IS IN TOWN! I CAN’T BELIEVE THAT I FORGOT ABOUT IT!”

They were supposed to meet!



Meanwhile, Axel was scratching his head back in his home elsewhere in the world. He had been just as confused about the appearance of the strange star chart as his friend, and he had been researching it to the best of his ability all day as a result. In the end he had found nothing, and he wasn’t at all confident that Joseph would have any better luck looking in the exact same places he had already checked. **“He hasn’t replied for a while.”**

He hadn’t gotten a response in almost ten minutes now, leaving him a little bewildered. But not exactly *concerned*, because all things considered the guy probably had just gone off to piss or something. It wasn’t like he was owed an explanation every time someone didn’t reply right away. *No one* was owed that. Everyone had their own, separate lives on the other side of the screen after all.

Though, he also had a glowing star map issue that went unnoticed.

While normally impatient, Axel typically kept that impatience to himself without really *showing* it. Yet still waiting for Joseph, he had gotten up and started pacing back and forth in his office. Something that was *very* unlike him. **“It’s not like I care or anything, but this is worrying.”** It *also* wasn’t like himself to be so dishonest with himself. He wouldn’t be pacing around if that wasn’t actually true though.

As he paced back and forth, however? His steps gradually became quieter. He was a tall and heavier set man, but those two physical traits seemed to be undergoing a metamorphosis of sorts. His weight might have been the more dramatic of these features, yet from his gut to the excess weight in his arms and legs, it all seemingly melted away until he was thin. Maybe a little *too* thin, seeing as his waistline pulled in a touch further than you might expect a man's waist to pull in.

On the other hand, he was a similar height to Joseph, and in the end he would ultimately be a height similar to Layla's. Because his height dropped down to a staggering 5'3". "**Huh? ...No, I must be seeing things.**" The height drop *had* given him a momentary pause, but that wasn't even what had prompted him to comment. For a moment he had *thought* that his room looked different, but that couldn't be it, could it?

...Even though the walls were now made of clay and his computer had been replaced with a number of scrolls and testing apparatuses.

Of course, now smaller *and* thinner, this had caused no shortage of issues for his t-shirt and pants, yet they seemed to stay on due to the mercy of his shoulders and hips. Well, the shirt was sliding off one shoulder, but his hips? Pants only hadn't fallen because they had *widened*, and not just a little bit but a fairly significant amount. They'd pulled wider than his shoulders in fact, and almost seemed excessive in their girth.

At least until new meaning was given to his lower half. "**Whoa!?**" Wider hips forced Axel's knees to buckle and they almost fell forward, yet at the very same time a sharp tug on *her* loins saw to it that her genitalia were reconstructed in the image of a young woman's. Completely shaved just above. But so shocked and confused from the sudden spill, she didn't really notice her change in sex.

That said, this certainly provided some context as to why her hips had grown in the first place. These child-bearing hips were rapidly supplemented by a girth that brought bloat to the surrounding area. Her thighs were one of these areas, for they expanded to make keen use of the ample gap left between them thanks to how far apart widened hips had pulled them, and before long either thigh was just as thick as her waist.

Yet as she continued to pace, what was much *more* eye-catching was her *ass*. Because it was only natural that it would round out along with her thighs, but the *size* it took in the end? Well, there was little point in trying to ignore it. Axel's cheeks rose and fell as she stepped, and with each drop the cheek that fell seemed to bounce with even more weight to it. They jiggled splendidly as this continued, the seat of her pants

tightening around a rump that protruded almost *six inches* out from the base of her back when all was said and done.

“Ugh, I really can’t focus. If only I had a little more…” A little more *Mora* was how that sentence was supposed to end. Her mind, rather than thinking of the changes to her body or the room, were instead cast upon her financial situation all of a sudden. So pressing was this new concern that the change in her voice and vernacular to something effeminate and stern was completely glossed over. **“Well, no point worrying over it now, I suppose.”**

This higher voice was carried through a face that had lost much of its masculine edge. Not only had her head already shrunk along with the rest of her body previously, but the roundness that had been present had thinned and her jawline was much sharper now. It helped to highlight her lips, which were more certainly plumper – just as her eyes were wider and decorated not only by longer lashes, but thicker brows as well. Eyes flickered, and in doing so their irises swapped to a very light blue.

And those eyes keenly contrasted the color of her hair, which rapidly darkened to a black as its short cut ultimately extended. It didn’t grow just a little bit, either. Like a plethora of snakes it all slithered and weaved, falling all of the way down to her rear, where it all smacked against her big ass. Much like Layla, a four-pointed star pattern eventually emerged amidst her hair, yet these stars were much more common in her own mane.

“I need to write…” Eventually she raised her smaller hands to gently smack her own cheeks as if to snap herself out of a stupor. Incidentally she had been a writer before, so some things didn’t ultimately change it seemed. Nonetheless, the type of writing she was thinking of was *not* the same as what it had been before.

That said she didn’t sit down at the desk in the room and continued to pace. In the meantime? Something began to prop up her oversized shirt from underneath, and with one shoulder fallen down? You could see the bare skin on that side swelling greater – although her nipple was still hidden. Breasts *were* growing, but these B-cups were as compact as they were perky. It was clear that all of her appeal was meant to be in her rear.

All at once, the issue with her outfit was addressed though. A low-cut, backless leotard of blue rested overtop tights that framed her hips, thighs, and legs, while golden slipped bound miniaturized feet. A blue-purple cloak with a black furred trim shrouded her shoulders, while detached sleeves of blue and purple wrapped over black gloves. A golden

compass dangled between the woman's breasts, while a big clasp wrapped around her right thigh with a tightness that made the flesh around it pop. Otherwise she had a matching witch's hat, earrings, and ornaments at the end of her new twintails.

“To think that I'm already *this* behind on my column. I suppose that's what I get for continuing my work while abroad...” Despite how late it was, *Mona Megistus* did not show any fatigue whatsoever as she now moved freely about the Sumeru-based inn room she had been using for the past few days. Recent changes in Sumeru's political landscape had prompted a trip, and while she wasn't visibly distraught...

Admittedly her wallet was tighter than ever due to travel fees and renting a room.

Unlike the other woman who had gotten caught up in this mess, she had immediately dismissed any notions of her ever *not* being herself. She was Mona and she was *proud*, as she should have been! **“Shoot, I suppose I promised I would meet with her soon, didn't I?”** After gathering her work for some time, the astrologist *did* recall something of importance.

She'd met a scholar around her age in the city a few days prior. A fan of her columns, apparently? But also studying a tract that involved astrology, she had hit it off rather keenly with this Layla. Now they were going out for dinner, and while Mona would absolutely enforce the idea that it was simply out of politeness? It really wasn't. She saw something in the Sumerian scholar that she had never seen in someone else before. Something like... kinship?



“I really hope I don't get stuck paying, though...”