

JUST GALS BEING PALS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh? Where’d Cucouroux go?” Gran, the first of a pair of sky captains questioned the disappearance of one of said crew members as they wandered around a humble weaponsmith’s home. At his side was a young woman of comparable age, her blonde hair starkly contrasting his blonde own as the two walked side by side. On Cucouroux’s invitation they had come to examine a new weapon her family had put together, yet once they’d arrived the girl had all but disappeared into the void. Well, that was how Gran had perceived her disappearance at least.

The girl, Djeeta, merely shrugged her shoulders. “**I dunno, I’m sure she’ll be back though!**” She was the younger of the two, but merely a younger fraternal twin. They had done everything together their whole lives; that of course included being the captains of the now infamous Grandcypher airship. She had no reason to doubt that Cucouroux was off doing anything dangerous, and honestly she was rather curious about the new weapon that had been advertised to them.

Something about a reconfiguration laser that allowed you to reform weapons? It sounded like it would be extremely useful if applied properly and both captains were enthusiastic.

But their discussion was interrupted by a scream. One that they recognized as *Cucouroux’s*. The two exchanged glances and nods before bolting off in the direction it had sounded from. They’d visited this home enough times to know their way around, and it sounded as if the scream had called out from within the workshop that was attached to the side of the house.

Both Gran and Djeeta burst through the door to find the girl in question laying unconscious on the ground, but more than that there was a large machine pointed at the doorway they had come through... and were still standing in. Before it

whirred to life the two could make out the appearance of a hooded figure resting on the other side of the machine, but before either could speak out there were immediately struck by a pale laser that was fired from the machine's tip... both losing consciousness immediately.

When Gran awoke later he didn't have any idea where he was. His body had been uncomfortable set across the full length of a bench in a tiny room, stripped completely of its armor, and on a similar bench across the way he could see his sister still unconscious in a similar situation. Based on how the room subtly shook he could only assume they were in an airship of some sort, which called into question the moments that had led to his lack of awareness.

He remembered it quite clearly, actually. The machine he presumed Cucouroux had wanted to show them had struck them with a mysterious operator on the opposing side. That alarmed him since he remembered just what it had been advertised to do. There was no way it should have been used on a human being, but looking at Djeeta and then down at himself there didn't seem to be any ill-effects. *Yet*. He didn't really know how it worked to begin with so he couldn't say whether or not that was true.

Gran's body ached and yet he still pushed himself up and onto his feet, stumbling over to his sister's side before taking a knee. "**Hey Djeeta? Are you awake?**" No response. Her chest did heave up and down to prove she was breathing, and eyelids danced to show there was some activity, but it didn't seem like she'd wake up anytime soon. Noting the password lock on the only door out of the room he supposed there wasn't any harm in letting her sleep a bit longer. If she were awake she'd just panic like he was, and if that could be alleviated in any way then that would be for the better.

Still wobbling, he managed to rise to his feet just in time for them to immediately give way, the young man falling painfully on his side. In general he felt... weird. Almost like his skin itself was buzzing; a sensation like numbness but also not quite at all. Like his molecules themselves were shaking intensely. "**What--!?**" Knees scrunched up to his chest as the feeling intensified and a new sensation was born to coincide along with it. Pain. Starting from his chest, it shot out in every direction to the tips of his fingers and the ends of his toes. It was so unbearable that he couldn't prevent pained audio erupting from his lips.

But it wasn't just him. His sister, still unconscious, had created similar grunts and moans which forced Gran to roll over and look at her. Her body wriggled uncomfortably atop the bench and the brother could certainly confirm that there was absolutely *nothing* comfortable about this. "**Djeeta...**" Eyes half shut, it felt like he was going to pass out again. The reverberation echoed through his bones, his organ, his brain... and then it just *stopped*.

Or he'd perceived it to have stopped. That wasn't quite the case as much as it was that the initial phase had passed. The first step in the reconstruction process put in

place by the beam they had been struck by. One that had been meant to only be applicable on inanimate objects but now had found itself upon two living test subjects.

Gran went to rise again, but the moment he did a new pain set in. It wasn't as widespread as what he'd felt just moments before, but it was certainly much more intense. His body had already sweat profusely from the earlier trauma, but it didn't take long for his clothes to feel soaked as his body internally screamed. He clenched his hands around his lower half, still laying on the floor as his mind raced to try and pinpoint the afflicted area. His stomach? No, *lower than that*.

The boy hadn't noticed, but on the whole the size of his body had begun to dwindle. Arms grew ever slightly shorter, toes wriggled with room to spare within a pair of shoes that was likely several sizes too small while ankles were drawn back into his pant leg. It wasn't merely regression that plagued him but some areas, likewise, were blessed with new abundance in their stead.

Laying on his side he didn't notice that his rump had swelled a little, its curvature more defined against the back of his pants, nor that hips had swollen just a little bit to match. He didn't notice meat crawling across his thighs, nor did the sensation of a pair of tiny but perky breasts poking up upon his chest provoke any real reaction. No, the pain of his insides burning and squirming took precedence, and fingers over the pelvis of his pants finally tore his attention towards something else.

Something was *missing*. Or more like something had *slipped away*. Crude as it might have seemed, Gran shoved a hand in his, now her pants to find her dick had left. What she ultimately touched instead was a swollen gap that sent electricity up her spine from mere contact, forcing her to pull away immediately. "**What!? I'm a-- my voice too?**" Her second hand jumped to her chest as she spoke in a much more feminine pitch, noting the tiny mounds beneath her sweat as the pain finally subsided. She was panting and sweating still, but it seemed like the immediate pain had passed. But what was left was...

Well, Gran looked like she was the mid-point between a boy named Gran and his sister Djeeta. Her facial features had softened, hair grown a little longer; seeing them as proper twins might not have been so hard with this appearance. Yet this had been little more than a preparatory stage, and despite Gran looking at her sister to make sure nothing had changed for her, it seemed to be the case. But why was *she* a girl now? If they'd both been struck by the machine then shouldn't they both have succumbed to its effects?

Surely someone in their crew would be able to help once they returned. Cagliostro came to mind, and so Gran was trying not to freak out too much about the fact that she was a girl now. More than anything she was just glad that the pain had come to a halt -- glad for Djeeta for the same reason. She wobbled back to her feet and sat down on the bench she'd woken up on, somewhat perplexed by how her new butt interacted with the seat. It was... squishier.

For some reason she just couldn't get comfortable. She sat on her side, directly straight down, and yet for some reason she couldn't find a position that didn't feel wrong. Gran chalked it up to the fact that she wasn't accustomed to having a girl's behind, but once she finally worked up the nerve to check she *understood*.

It wasn't because she wasn't used to it, but because she was still changing. While her ass had been rudimentary at best, comparable to Djeeta's for sure, brown pants had slipped down to reveal the crack of her ass in response to the fact that it was still swelling. Now aware, the tightness around her hips was also alarming and threatened even the full length of her elastic waistband. Gran immediately shot up.

Her footwear felt like it fit properly again? It was the first thing she noticed when she stood. Like her feet, which had shrunk when her gender had swapped, had grown again. It wasn't like they fit perfect, but they certainly fit better than they had when she'd sat down. "**My body is still changing? Why?**" Gran caught the sound of her own voice again. It was deeper than it had been. Certainly not masculine but... more adult?

The fabric of her brown pants were strained further not only by the growing size of her behind but by a pair of legs that were filling out not just with fat but raw muscle as well. Bones quivered as they became longer, displacing the ankles of the pants higher up each leg as there was more area to cover and she grew ever taller. But pants weren't strained merely from her body, but from their own transformation as well. Normally soft cotton, each pant leg became thicker and more durable as they clung snugly to her form. It was clear after but a moment that they were becoming a pair of jeans, from how the fibers interacted with her fingertips to the washed blue coloring that set in over the brown. They crept both down her legs and up and over the ass lip that was on display from the earlier ass growth, fitting her snugly.

Of course the boxer briefs she had been wearing beneath them changed to accommodate as well. *A black thong.*

A similar phenomenon plagued her torso, Gran growing taller still while the curvature of her stomach grew more pronounced in response to a lengthening spine. While her hoodie had been exceptionally big on her at first, the very bottom of her navel was ultimately on full display by the time her back had arched prominently into her big ass, and it crept even higher up as a disturbance in her chest brought a hand to feel her right tit reverberate.

Added weight to her bosom forced her posture forward a moment as strengthening back muscles struggled to keep pace. Lacking in the boob area before, the silhouette of erect nipples poking against blue cotton became more and more pronounced as swelling fat saw her sweater lifted higher and higher. "**I-- What? How could...?**" But stranger than the enormous pair that took shape was Gran's new-found calm about her situation. She should have been shocked that her breasts were growing so large but was instead confused about... *her top?* It wasn't like her to

wear something so childish, at least that was what her memories were beginning to tell her, but instead... a jacket?

Almost immediately the hoodie began to part in the middle from the top to the bottom, breasts spilling out into the air accompanied by subdued embarrassment as one of the woman's arms struggled to hold her chest to her body and cover her nipples. Fluttering to the side, the blue cloth rapidly grew harder as the outside grew darker and white striped formed alongside the blue on the inside. Golden buttons took shape while embroidery lined newly formed cuffs and pockets.

She clicked a pair of heels she hadn't possessed a moment prior on the ground, now confused about why she was wearing her jacket and no top. Unfortunately Gran hadn't been wearing an undershirt, and so that was what she was left with.

All that remained of 'Gran', or the girl that had been a boy named Gran, was her face and hair. She swept bangs back with elongated fingers, not noticing brown shifting to silvery white beneath her touch. The puffy styling her hair had held a moment before suddenly exploded out behind her into a long and unruly ponytail, every hair painted the same silver right down and past her butt. Brown eyes grew wider as the quality of her skin seemed to take a subtle dive as age plagued her complexion and she resembled a young adult more accurately, plump lips showing displeasure as she was finally reminded that Djeeta was in the room.

Her memories were a mess though. Even the name 'Gran' was gone but she could not remember her proper one. She just knew the girl sleeping on the bench was Tweyen. ...*Right?*

Had Tweyen stolen her top?

"Hey. Wake up." Displeasure in her voice, the silver-haired beauty used the hand not covering her bosom to shake Djeeta, who finally stirred to consciousness. She was naturally confused to find *Silva* of all people shaking her awake. **"What's with that look?"**

"Miss Silva?" Hearing the name uttered was enough to shock recollection of her own identity in 'Gran'. Silva was her name, right...

"Miss? Since when did you refer to me so formally Tweyen? Are you still tired?"

"Huh? Miss Tweyen isn't--" While Djeeta kicked her legs over the side of the bench to face Silva properly, a lot of things crossed her mind. Where was she? What had happened to Gran? Why was Silva not wearing a shirt? Why was she calling her Tweyen?

Because I am Tweyen of course!

Unlike Gran who had to be changed into a girl before he could become a woman, Djeeta was in no such situation. Having been unconscious for Gran's entire transformation she also wasn't in any position to mentally prepare herself for what was about to happen next.

She winced as an uncomfortable crack sounded and it almost felt like her spine had been displaced a moment. "**Ow!? What!?**" But it was in fact the feeling of her spine growing longer. Heels dug into the wooden flooring below as legs and arms both moved in conjunction with this growth, and the lengthening had rather immediate and drastic effects on her usual dress. With her butt pinning the skirt to the bench beneath her and her torso growing to pull the shoulders upward, it was inevitable that a tear would eventually form just above her hips. It wasn't one tear but several in quick succession, all but separating the top from the bottom as her tummy was left to taste the cold air of the airship room. "**My clothes!? My body!? Silva, what's--!?**" But Silva didn't seem to notice? Despite it happening right in front of her? In fact she looked more confused by Djeeta's panic than anything.

In the meantime her thighs began to grow thicker beneath the cut of what remained of her skirt. They might have been one of her charm points before, but with the added definition of leaner muscle, more abundant weight, and longer design, they were practically a supermodel's own in comparison. The growth crept in past her panties, which were quickly wedged into Djeeta's behind as fat pooled and overflowed from her butt against the bench, but any discomfort from the growth was quickly abated.

Djeeta's pink skirt became substantially heavier as the texture became leathery and it held tighter to her body. The front and back wrapped around her pelvis before hardening into a pair of brown leather shorts that likewise left much of her thighs exposed. Her panties, incidentally, no longer caused any issue once they'd become a thong that matched Silva's own almost to a T.

Her boots, which were made of heavy leather and reached just under her thighs, succumbed to weight loss as not only ankles were left exposed but the portion that ran up her legs lightened into a navy blue silk with a golden crest around the knee. Heels took shape upon the bottom of the footwear that remained and the lower portion of the legs exploded into a pair of open leggings that fluttered around each foot.

Meanwhile Djeeta's panic was subsiding. For some reason having Silva this close was almost comforting. Everything felt wrong, from how she was sitting to the unusual feeling of her chest growing heavier and heavier with each breath, but Silva... Silva... Had she always had such a deep connection with Silva? *That girl, not wearing a shirt! How mischievous!*

At the thought, a smile played across Djeeta's lips; one that was more pronounced thanks to a pair of lips that had grown more defined. The taste of cherry blessed the girl as lip gloss was very clearly applied to her mouth. Narrowed eyes and higher

cheekbones was giving her a much more adult appearance, once that didn't match Djeeta's original face almost at all.

She glanced down at her own bosom finally, confused not only by the bright pink she was wearing but by how poorly it fit. Her breasts, still growing, could not be contained by the hem nor the bra underneath, and one of her nipples was threatening to pop over the shirt's neck despite her boobs being nowhere near as large of Silva's pair. Not that she had much time to think about it before Silva reached in and completely tore the top off of her, leaving the woman completely bare from the waist up. **"H-Hey, Silva!?"**

"You hid my top, now I'm taking yours." Silva seemed convinced that the woman in front of her had stashed her white blouse somewhere, but of course Djeeta had no memory of it. Silva realized her folly once Tweyen didn't cover up, however, leaving her fair and perky breasts on full display. But she'd already tossed the pink top away, it landing on the ground behind her in the form of an armored chest piece decorated in the designs of the Eternals.

Djeeta playfully lurched forward and knocked Silva's arm away from her breasts with a smirk, paying little mind to how her hair now tickled the very bottom of her bare back. She couldn't see how the yellow blonde of her hair had become more orange either, of course, but it was clear she who was once Djeeta was no longer Djeeta either... based on how quickly she reached her second hand in to grope Silva's exposed tit. **"That's what you get!"** Since they were in private, Tweyen had no issue treating Silva like this.

Their relationship had been one with plenty of ups and downs, but it could be said that at the end of the day the two had realized that their feelings transcended friendship or envy. They were in love. Tweyen was ready to take Silva then and there, her body warm and frisky for some reason or another... but there was a problem.

"Silva... where are we exactly?"

"I thought you knew."

"Huh. No clue."

And that would be a mystery saved for another time.