

# THE GRAN

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



*It was the perfect evening for a summer walk.*

For better or for worse Gran had ended up accompanying Meg on this journey. She was a young woman that claimed to have been through a lot, apparently having a series of traumatic ties to the island of Auguste they were currently staying upon in relation to the summer season that the boy could honestly fathom, but didn't quite know the extent of. It did seem like every year there was an event that threatened to destroy the island itself, be it giant fish, sharks, or otherwise.

Still, he needed to make conversation to ease the silence. Meg was, well, very attractive. There was a weathered look to her, body covered in scars, but there was nothing wrong with that. It just made the boy a little more nervous than he probably should have been. Although there was another reason, one swimming along the shoreline beside them.

*A shark.* It seemed to be Meg's pet? It wasn't very big, but the two seemed to have something of a symbiotic relationship where the shark would latch onto Meg's left arm to give her strength. **"Is Ursula unsettling you? She won't hurt you, promise!"** The woman in question had taken notice, and that tidbit reminded Gran that the shark's name was Ursula.

**"Ahaha... yeah. It's not like I'm worried, it's just after the sharktastrophe seeing sharks put me a little on edge."** It was a very understandable sentiment. How many lives had almost been lost in that incident? If things hadn't worked out the way they had it might have been catastrophic. But the young captain knew this wasn't a fruitful conversation line. He very much doubted Meg wanted to talk

about that summer specifically. **“You’ve been enjoying summer on Auguste for many years now, haven’t you? How’s it been?”**

Compared to the previous topic however this was *far* more of a landmine. Gran realized he’d made a mistake the second he saw Meg’s pupils dilate, an obvious quiver rocking her body as she stared blankly in front of her. **“Oh, no... I didn’t mean it like that...”**

The seconds that followed happened so fast that Gran had little to no time to react to what was happening. A loud splash filled the air and the shadow of a shark soared over top of him. It was Ursula, and she’d landed in the sand on his right side. The shark didn’t linger there however, no. She immediately jumped again, this time at Gran’s left arm where she sunk her teeth into his flesh... *painfully*. **“OW!?”** Thankfully she was such a small shark that her bite wasn’t strong enough to break his bone, but after getting a chomp Ursula let go and flung herself back into the ocean.

He quickly pulled up his sweater sleeve to check his arm. Razor sharp teeth *had* pierced his skin, but they hadn’t sunk very deep. Ursula must not have been biting to do real harm, but looking at Meg she was still out of it. Had the nom been a self-defense measure to protect her master? If so, Gran didn’t know that sharks could be so loyal. Naturally he didn’t speak shark and so he couldn’t possibly understand the truth behind that bite.

Ursula carried Meg’s DNA within her. That was why they could communicate when merged, their symbiotic relationship revolved around this shared strain of biological data. But fragments of it could be transferred if Ursula so willed it. Not even Meg knew of this ability. It had been sheer instinct that had driven her to bite Gran to transmit the DNA, a desire to protect her master from the boy that had caused her emotional turmoil... by putting him in a position where he could learn and appreciate that turmoil *permanently*.

Noting that he was okay for the most part, guilt carried the young man to address the girl once more. Her eyes were still vacant, memories of summers past feeding into her understandable PTSD. **“Hey, Meg? Are you okay? MEG!?”** That voice crack didn’t escape Gran’s attention. Just where had it come from, and so suddenly?

The shark suddenly splashed in the water, forcing Gran’s attention to her once more. It was just floating there, staring at him, *menacingly*. Was she really so intelligent as to fixate on him like that? Maybe she was stirred by the blood... but in that case why hadn’t she just torn off his arm in the first place? He could have sworn he’d seen a glint in Ursula’s eye, even.

*But that was the last time he'd be cautious around that shark. He'd soon feel nothing but safe in her presence.*

Since he'd known in advance that they were just going for a walk Gran hadn't adorned any of the armor pieces he almost always wore on his arms and chest. A lucky decision that he surely hadn't realized was quite so fortunate at the time. The fortune shone at the expense of misfortune however. For he wouldn't have been put in this situation at all if he hadn't agreed to go on that walk.

## ***BYOM!***

If he had to put a sound to what he was feeling, that likely would have been it. It had just gone *BYOM*. His chest, that was. The front of his sweater had just filled out a little before his very eyes, and the shock of it all had drawn hands to grab it. "**What the!?! Breasts!?!**" They weren't very big - A-cups at best so far, but from how tender and sensitive they were to the fact that he could feel nipples both erect and engorged atop their surfaces, that was the only thing he could imagine they were.

Were they to stop at this size then they might have been maintainable despite remaining of shocking origin. This, however, was *not* in the cards. Beneath the touch of his fingers he could feel each breast throbbing, bubbling forward. What fit in his palms at first could soon only be contained with outstretched fingers, and even then as fat surged into each orb the hands were pushed back. His sweater and undershirt were yanked upwards in the process, displaying his bellybutton with insufficient space to contain the mammeries farther up.

The size they settled at was, at most generous, a bouncy but low end D cup; not that this was a con by any sense of the word when Gran hadn't wanted to grow them in the first place. "**How is this... poSSIBLE!?!**" It happened again, the voice crack. Although this time it was given an accompaniment in the form of his Adam's apple smoothing away.

## ***BYOM!***

This time it wasn't the boy's chest that was overcome with sudden bloating. *It was his rear*. He felt buns press up against the back of his loose, brown pants. Like hands had explored his chest, they immediately shot to his rear next; missing completely the fact that stubby, calloused fingers had been replaced by longer, smoother digits with elongated nails to help sell the gradual feminization of his form overall.

For the extra volume Gran's rear obtained in the first burst, it paled in comparison to what came with the second. Cheeks filled the hands

gripping them like bowls of jello, their mass pushing pants to the limit and filling hands heavily. While this new ass was deep with fat it wasn't exactly wide, and muscle remained firm beneath it to maintain a pleasant tightness.

But that was *another* thing. While Gran was gradually looking more feminine nothing about his appearance was screaming 'weak'. In fact, short of the fact that his shoulders seemed to be slowly pinching together there was practically more muscle to the weight of his arms than had existed previously. Even his legs looked more swollen beneath his pants, and before all was said and done his *thighs* certainly *would* be!

## ***BYOM!***

Already accentuated by firm muscle, thighs pressed the full width of his pant legs to the point where the stitching on the sides had come undone, allowing gloriously taut flesh to poke out and shine against the light of the setting sun. The fatty growth had clearly pushed the integrity of his skin to the limits, yet not a single hair could be seen on the exposed skin. Because short of the hair on his head and above his crotch, he'd become silky smooth just about everywhere.

A speckle of drool fell from his lips; a peculiarity to be sure considering he typically had proper control over his mouth and he didn't remember opening it -- and of course he *hadn't*. Instead, the fluid had found a small crevice to escape from in between each lip thanks to their sudden swelling. Their surfaces became glossy as skin was spread across newly acquired juiciness, the first of the rearrangements made to his face.

His nose wriggled as the length and width became more petite, in turn making those more prominent lips stand out even more by contrast. Gran was helpless to stop *and* oblivious to realize that lengthened lashes were merely the initial stage to what followed, for as eyes became rounder the colors of his irises took a turn for the *supernatural*. Chestnut browns had begun to glow pink, the spark of life in those eyes dulling rapidly until short of his pupil those pink eyes looked... *empty*. They were a perfect match for the vacant eyes of Meg, whom continued to disassociate nearby.

**"I can't believe I'm becoming a woman!"** There was no denying it at this rate, and the boy was powerless to stop it. His mind wandered to the best of its ability to try and ascertain a cause, but the only thing he could think of was... Ursula. His now empty eyes shot towards the shark, and the killer fish was still watching him with interest. **"...You."**

Hair cultivated atop Gran's head, length spurned long and wild as its brown coloration was tested by foreign shades. Streaks of grayish silver ran through the lengthened bangs, which found them swiped to the right to the point that they almost completely concealed his glowing eye; while the body of the hair that spilled downward took on a dark, purplish red that was closer to Meg's natural hair color than she likely would ever admit as she was now.

Clothing that had *already* grown tight? It simultaneously began to constrain his now-voluptuous form in a manner that was both pleasant and unpleasant at the exact same time. It was felt with the most prominence around his groin, where beneath pants that were too small for his bountiful ass, hips, and thighs could not properly be contained, his boxers constricted against his dick.

It was already unpleasant enough with how his big butt pulled the front of his pants backwards, but with the boxers now grinding against it he was concerned it wouldn't last. It was equal parts painful and arousing, but that arousal suddenly waned. Or, no...? It was just being conveyed differently. The hardness of his shaft could no longer be felt, and so fingers reached down to confirm what he'd already assumed to be true; sliding past pubic hairs that were both purplish red and trimmed much shorter than normal.

*She had a pussy.*

**“Damnit...!”** She didn't dare reach inside though and instead tore her fingers away, for while Meg wasn't communicating at all she was still right beside her. It made Gran extremely embarrassed to realize what her body was becoming, and pants promptly loosening and falling to her ankles only added to that embarrassment. She almost tripped over them, smaller feet and leaner heel no longer a fit for her shoes.

Fallen pants revealed bare thighs, for the destined form of the tightening boxers was on clear display now. They had become what looked to be the lower half of a spandex leotard, one that did little to hide much of anything that should have been hidden. Again, she immediately recognized it, because all she had to do was look over at the woman beside her to see the very same spandex construct.

The front of the spandex was so shamelessly thin that it left most of her pelvis bare. It wasn't worth much otherwise, for it only just barely covered her pussy and created the impression that even the slightest movement might see it sliding off her taint and revealing it to the world. **“UWAH!? Why am I wearing this!?”** When it came to the rear things were about the same. Much of her ass cheeks were completely naked, with the leotard firmly hugging the crack exclusively. The only

real benefit was that this look showed off the thick, muscular appeal of her thighs and legs... not to mention the multitude of scars that had been etched into her skin. They were a match for a singular scar upon her face, running vertically across the new woman's right eye without any real pain to speak of.

The feeling of her undershirt tightening soon provoked her to pull her hoodie off and drop it to the ground beside her, and once she had she realized the absolute truth: she was now the spitting image of Meg. Even the black leotard that tightly held her breasts and crotch while showing off essentially *everything else* was a total match.

As a Meg twin, she felt defeated. She felt extremely ashamed of her body, or rather how it was completely on display. Looking over her shoulder to see her fat ass just hanging out made her want to die! **“HOW DID THIS HAPPEN!?”**

**“Do you really need a reason? This is Auguste after all! This is the kind of place Auguste is, where anything can happen! I'm sure you can remember, right?”** The speaker was Meg, seemingly broken out of her trance with her glowing eyes focused on what looked to be her twin sister. A typical reaction might have been shock or confusion but she seemed calm. Too calm. After everything she'd been through? Seeing someone turned into your twin sister was nothing.

**“Remember...? Wait. No, nononono!”** Delicate fingers suddenly found their way to the sides of her head as the duplicate leaned forward, painful memories suddenly spilling into her mind. Recollections of being terrified by an Albacore in her youth, being electrocuted almost near to death by monstrous eels, the attack of all those sharks. Each memory scarred Gran's heart further, the same dread Meg had once felt, and still felt to some extent, building up inside of her until she could only repeat a single phrase.

**“Auguste is scary...! Auguste is scary...! Auguste is scary!”**

She was quivering, but Meg brought her in for a hug and began to rub the back of her head tenderly with her bandaged hand. **“I know, it's always been scary. But if you're going to get through this we need to overcome your trauma. That means shutting down your emotions and tirelessly training your body so you can protect what's precious to you. Come home with me, we'll train in the mountains together.”** The very same system Meg had used to overcome the worst memories of her lifetime.

Using a string of her bandages, she then tied Gran's hair into a ponytail like her own. **“I guess we need to give you a new name though.”**

**Mel? It's close enough to my own while being different, and you're clearly my twin... What do you think?"**

**"Auguste is scary...! Auguste is scary...! Auguste is scary!"**

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***"BEGONE, OCEAN INVADERS!"***

Identical voice rang out across the ocean that bordered the shores of Auguste, the origin being the Meg twins riding a pair of matching jetskis into battle across the water's surface. A year had passed since the day Gran had transformed into the twin sister, Mel, and over the course of that year Mel had managed to work through the PTSD inspired by her new identity.

The threat this year was a doozy. Giant shark mechs, piloted by clown fish with flying sea horses at their beck and call. These menaces had set their sights on the mainland to put the threat of the land dwellers to bed once and for all! ...Or something. The motivations were a little jumbled, but they were *definitely* the enemy.

In the sky above, the Grandcypher was stationed to provide aerial support. Lyria was left observing Meg and Mel with a pair of binoculars, a worried expression on her face. After Gran had changed they had come clean to the crew what had happened before setting off on a year long journey. They'd only returned today, and now this had happened.

It didn't matter what Mel looked like or how she acted, she was still Gran at her core. Lyria would never forget that, and Mel would never forget Lyria was watching over her. That's why on the cusp of colliding with the enemy forces, the stoic Mel made a declaration so loudly that even Lyria could hear high in the sky.

***"NEVER FORGET! THIS IS THE KIND OF PLACE AUGUSTE IS!"***