

# BOVINE OF BRONZE

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“I wonder if this is *actually* a good idea?”**

Something had perplexed Djeeta, the captain of the Grandcypher, for the past few days now. With the turn of the new year had come increased activity from all of her crewmates. The explanation for this? Well, it was fairly obvious. Everyone had set resolutions for themselves and were working to complete them. It was something that happened every year without fail. And also every year without fail, those goals would taper off within a month or two. Even so, it was nice to see everyone work so hard!

But that wasn't what had her so intrigued. *That* was normal! It was a crewmate that was exhibiting the polar opposite behavior that had caught her attention. The Year of the Bull had finally come to an end and it was now the Year of the Tiger. That meant that the Divine General on duty had changed, and so the former woman, Catura, was now just waiting for her next turn in rotation – which would be over a decade away at this point.

Ever since that had happened, the teenaged Draph had been spending much of her time *asleep*. Perhaps it was just a side effect of having the weight of responsibility lifted from her shoulders, but Djeeta was legitimately worried that something might be wrong with her. The issue? Despite making an inquiry with Catura herself, the younger girl had refused to comment on it. In fact, she had acted like nothing was wrong whatsoever.

*That* had not sat well with the captain. Was Catura harboring a secret? It wasn't like her to keep things from Djeeta (*because she was so*



*obviously smitten with her*), which led her to believe that it was an issue of great concern. The reality of the situation, though? It actually wasn't pressing *at all*. Catura had been having a lot of prince and princess fantasies as of late, featuring herself as the princess and Djeeta as the prince. Her dreams kept replaying those fantasies, and so she was much too embarrassed to admit it to the captain!

But concerns had already been rooted in Djeeta's mind that something was wrong, and to those ends? The captain had sought help from a greater power. A Primal. Or, well, a Primal in mortal form. That mortal form being Phoebe.

The woman in question had granted Djeeta a means of investigating Catura's dreams. All it required after the enchantment had been placed upon her was for Djeeta herself to lay beside whoever she wanted to see the dreams of.

And despite having her reservations with the plan, she decided to go along with it. If Catura had something to hide, then she would absolutely be dreaming about it!

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**“Uh... this isn't quite what I was expecting...”** It took a while for her to fall asleep at Catura's bedside, but eventually the effects of the enchantment kicked in and she found herself standing in a very animated field. In the close distance she could make out a tall tower, with Catura in a princess dress sitting at the top. And coming down the pathway was... *herself!*? **“...Huh.”**

It was a perfect copy of Djeeta, dressed like a prince, on the back of a gallant, white steed. If this had been some sort of fairytale story, then all of this might have made perfect sense. But then again? This was probably *exactly* what this was. Had she made a mistake? Was Catura just dreaming about... this? Now she felt like she was being too invasive. She thought Catura had been keeping something that was hurting her a secret! Not... *this*.

But not only was Djeeta there now, but irreversible damage had already been put into motion. The damage wouldn't be on Catura's part, however. This was *her* dream, there was nothing within that could cause her any *literal* harm. In the case of an *invader*, on the other hand? Well, there was already a Djeeta in this realm thanks to the dreamed up version of herself. The fact that there was two? It was a contradiction that had to be corrected by the forces that maintained the dreamscape.

That didn't mean booting the real Djeeta out, though. It meant resonating with the power that had put her there to repurpose her so that there *weren't* two Djeetas. But into what role? The captain herself hadn't noticed, but where she was standing off to the side of the tower? It was a paddock with a number of cartoon bovines in the background. Some humanoid, some not.

It was just a matter of helping the captain *fit in*.

**“CATUR-AAAAAA!?”** She hadn't wanted to interrupt the Draph's dream, and Phoebe had essentially told her that it was ill-advised to do so unless she wanted the dream to abruptly end. Well, rather than receive secondhand embarrassment from watching this dream unfold, she would much rather endure the embarrassment of explaining to Catura why she had entered her dream in the first place.

The issue? Or at least the distraction? While yelling out (*and even then, her call went unnoticed*) her voice cracked so that it sounded *very* unfamiliar. Soft and airy, it had lost all of its shrillness. **“What...? Why is my voice... like... *this*?”**

Hardly adjusted to the sounds coming out of her own mouth, she was quickly forced to face *another*, related issue. Her bangs, dangling just above her eyes. She could always see them vaguely because of how long they were, and that was why it was clear to her. The familiar blonde that she had seen every single day of her life? Instead, there was a ghostly white, shimmering with traces of silver.

To confirm what she had already seen, fingers tugged hair down from the sides of her skull. Which only amplified her concerns, seeing as the hairs were *longer*. **“That's not...”** She was going to say possible, but the realization promptly struck her that she was within a dream. Nothing was outside the realm of possibility here, but it certainly didn't explain *why* it was happening. Had she done something to trigger it? If she was changing, to what extent would it occur?

Even now, her silver hair continued to grow. Djeeta was always fond of keeping her hair short, not interested in the work that came with having a longer do. But her preferences were clearly being disregarded here, for

it fell past her shoulders in the back while, at the sides, it became thick and quite fluffy. In many ways it almost resembled the fur of an animal in just how soft it was, even though it wasn't.

Fingers ran through the hair atop her head, letting it fall down before scooping it up again. The captain could hardly believe that this had happened, and wasn't quite sure how to proceed. Catura was caught up in whatever dream she was having with her dream self and hadn't even noticed Djeeta, but if things continued what would become of her? **"Well... This is just a dream, right? So worst case it's harmless, I guess?"** Such was the conclusion she came to.

And one that was made as she watched a bronze color spread across fingertips and down her hands. It was a natural color that had been born of enriched melanin within her skin, wiping out the pinkish pale that she had been born with – in a similar fashion to what had transpired with her hair. Like a wave it splashed up her arms and down her torso, turning nipples and the lips of her pussy brown while the undersides of her hands and feet remained relatively pale by comparison. Her lips, once the bronze tackled her face, seemed to inherit a glowing sheen.

But that sheen was only amplified by her lips themselves, because they had become enhanced. **"Tho I should... should... just not worry about this too much, right?"** Because her lips were bigger they'd smacked against each other awkwardly the next she spoke, forcing Djeeta to adjust and reach fingers up to glaze them. **"Even my lips? I still don't get why this is even happening."** She blinked, turning her attention back to the scene of prince and princess unfolding nearby, unaware that lashes had flickered longer as she had done so. The structure of her face was wholly much different, that of a foreign beauty crafted almost like a doll.

While watching this dream version of herself try to climb the nearby tower to reach Catura, which would ultimately fulfill her fairy tale ending, Djeeta was a little too distracted to notice that her ears felt warm. Warm and a little twitchy. The cause? A white fur not too different in color from her hair had covered her lobes, and now they were stretching out from behind her hairline into triangles that didn't look all too different from the ears of the cattle roaming the paddock behind her.

It wasn't until a pressure founded itself atop her head that she even turned her attention scalpward again. **"Eh? What is...?"** It radiated from a pair of points on the top of her head, set to either side. But the captain didn't even get to examine them before hands slapped against her new ears on the way up. **"Uh... What's with these ears!?"** Soft, fluffy, and *sensitive*, they were reminiscent of the ears of an Erune to the

touch. But they resembled the ears of a Draph in terms of shape. There were also piercing holes near their bases, even though Djeeta never wore jewelry.

She was quickly reminded of the feeling on *top* of her head, however, and hands of lengthened, manicured fingers reach up expecting to rub a flat surface – or at least a nub of some kind? What they ultimately touched were— “**HORNS!?**” While the woman herself couldn’t see them, they were black in color. Very short and bovine by design, they didn’t really jut out much, but their tips were plenty sharp.

Was she becoming a Draph? But then where were her ears so fluffy!? Putting together everything that had happened thus far, she couldn’t really make sense of *what* she was becoming. She hadn’t shrunk down to Draph-like proportions either, which she felt was a blessing. It couldn’t be easy to be short and stacked like that!

Unfortunately for her though, at least *one* of those two traits *did* come to fruition, while the opposite was true of the other. Because Djeeta was made *immediately* aware of how her dress wasn’t sitting right. At first it felt like it was rising off of her hips? Which it absolutely had, because she’d grown several inches taller. But *then?*

It became *uncomfortably* restrictive around her chest, prompting her to look down. “**Oh no!**” She was shocked (*but admittedly a little intrigued*) to find that the window she normally looked down to see was diminishing, for the size of her bosom had been enhanced and *continued* to become enhanced. Already her breasts had grown a cup size, disheveling her bra and pushing her neckline deeper so that more and more of her cleavage was left displayed. They were *heavy*, and they lifted her dress even higher. But it finally clicked for the captain, too. “**Wait, am I taller!?**”

She was, and she was also nurturing a pair of tits that were larger than her head. They certainly rivaled those of a Draph, leaving her extended height the only *real* outlier. Well, perhaps she hadn’t quite received the same benefits to her booty that a Draph might have had either, but cheeks and thighs *had* swelled a little fuller. Her primary concern at this juncture was how her white panties were exposed thanks to her lifted skirt.

“**Oh, okay. That works I guess.**” No sooner than the thought had crossed her mind did the dreamworld replace what she was wearing. White, gold, and baby blue dominated its color scheme, and it was certainly bizarrely designed. From the pants with hip and thigh cutouts, to a top that only covered her chest, from the stretch of cloth that

obscured her own tummy... It looked like it belonged to someone important, if anything.

Djeeta couldn't believe her eyes. **“This really isn't my body, huh? I should probably try and figure out if there's a way to reverse this.”** Not that she hadn't reiterated that *several* times over the course of her transformation, but now that it appeared to be complete, it was something that felt worth repeating. Her bronze skin and long, white hair were already so different from the pale and short blonde that she was used to, but her thicker figure and both the fluffy ears on the sides of, as well of the horns on top of, her head were even more shocking. Those were the traits of a Draph! As she'd already established, mind you, she wasn't one.



While she had been transforming, the fantasy that Catura had set out had remained in motion. The dream Djeeta had rescued her and they were in the process of escaping on the white horse now, all while the newly reborn cow girl watched in elegant robes from the sideline. **“Wait! Catura! It's me, Djeeta! Something happened to—!?”** As much as she tried to reach out to her though, her words fell on deaf ears.

What's more, by this point in a dream of this sort, you would surely be expecting it to—

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The next the captain knew, her eyes had flickered open to reveal the ceiling of one of the Grandcypher's cabins. Had she woken up beside Catura, just where she had fallen asleep? Perhaps that was for the best, considering how strange of a turn it had taken. After all, she had transformed from someone else entirely! Wait... *from*? And why did her dress feel so tight around the chest?

She rose into a sitting position on the floor, peering over to see that Catura was still half asleep. But the issues with her outfit became clearer. She didn't *fit* into her dress because she had taken the exact same form that she'd possessed within the dream. **“Is that really strange though? Why would I look any different?”** Perhaps *she* was the one who was still half asleep? What was she thinking, exactly?

It *was* strange though. Why was she wearing clothing that wasn't hers? *Ash* could not recall putting them on, and pink certainly wasn't her color. She preferred to wear whites, golds, and blues. They matched better with her silver hair and bronze eyes. She didn't register herself as a captain of this ship anymore, but instead as a priestess from a different isle. She had... become quite attached to Catura? No, it was the other way around? In a way, they were something akin to siblings in their closeness. Now that sounded right.

And so life wore on as is. Ash could not recall having a previous life, nor could anyone on the ship recall Djeeta even existing. The captain now was a boy named Gran, reality repurposed according to the spell Phoebe had cast upon her. Of course, she hadn't *this* to happen. But it wasn't like she had any awareness to know it had backfired in the first place!