

DIVINE DRAPHT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The disappearance of all of the Draphs of the Grandcypher affected different members of the crew differently, but perhaps few as hard as it had effected the Divine Generals. Each girl representative of a New Year animal, their ranks were filled out by a varied number of races, but among them there was one that was more plentiful than the others: Draphs.

No less than *three* of them were Draphs, in fact. Kumbhira was the boar, Anila was the lamb, and Catura was the ox. All three of these young women had gone missing along with the rest of them, and those that remained had naturally been panicked. In fact, as everyone set out in search of their missing crewmates on the island that they had been docked at on the night of the disappearances in question, the Divine Generals that remained had all organized their plan of attack for seeking out their missing friends.

The representative of the monkey, Andira, the representative of the rat, Vikala, and the representative of the rooster, Mahira were among those that had strategized. They would cover more ground by splitting up, that much was a certainty, but compared to some of the other search parties they had something unique. The ability to summon shikigami animals tied to their New Year theme. Not only that, but the missing three must have left traces as well.

They would probably find their friends if they could find the animal partners *of* those friends.

Andira, the monkey, used her hand as a visor as she traveled high above the island on her flying cloud, a little monkey hanging onto her shoulder as she soared. They were moving at high speeds, but that was more or less necessary – she could just cover more ground that way. Besides, she had a second pair of eyes at her disposal, too! **“So? See anything?”** Andira was just a kid for better or for worse, but when it came to things like tracking she was surprisingly adept.



Thanks to her monkey, anyways. **“Oh, down there!?”** She was quick to steer her cloud down into a nearby forest, trusting her monkey companion’s eyes and dismissing it once she finally landed. It had been correct, something *had* been found, but it wasn’t one of their friends. It *was* a lead though! **“One of Kumbhira’s piglets!? Where have you guys been? We’ve been searching for ya everywhere!”**

She was happy to have a lead to report to the others if anything, but the piglet she’d found was *strangely* affectionate. **“Were you scared? You were all alone, so I bet!”** It was furiously rubbing up against the girl’s leg, almost to a ticklish extent. Which really *was* weird, because she was certainly she’d only seen Kumbhira’s boars act this way with Kumbhira herself? Was she overlooking something?

In a way she *was*, but to be totally fair to Andira? What she was even missing wasn’t exactly something she would have thought to look for anyways. Because everything that was missed was, essentially, *changes to her own body*. Beginning with her round and fluffy monkey ears, which not *only* lost their soft, brown fur and became bald, but thinned vertically and were tugged into long, pointed shapes that looked much more befitting of a Harvin or a *Draph* than an Erune.

As did the new absence at the base of her tailbone, for her monkey tail had fallen off and shrunken into just another stick on the forest floor.

“I need to get you back to *me*... Huh!? What’d I just say? *Me*?” The girl may have only been a child, but it was still obvious to her that saying *that* didn’t make much sense. Neither grammatically nor logically, because she wanted to get the boar back to *Kumbhira*, right? ***Yeah! Me.*** She shook her head. **“Maybe I didn’t get enough sleep...?”** The *Draphs* disappearing *had* been pretty sudden.

It *did* feel a little disorienting though. Much more so than she was fatigued. After all, had her head always felt this *heavy*? Even when she had been shaking it, her skull had felt like it was a million times heftier than usual. There was a *physical* reason for this, though. Just above and behind her new pointed ears, a pair of growths had stretched up from her skull. Two white horns that curved in as they reached up. A pair of horns that looked like the *tusks of a boar*.

Andira felt a little wobbly, though to be fair it wasn't *exclusively* the fault of the new horns she hadn't even realized were there. They had even pushed out her hairclips, leaving her hair to flatten – wait, that couldn't have been exclusively the hairclips' fault! In truth it wasn't. Her hair was becoming sleeker in style, with bangs now lengthier and parted on the right side, sweeping left just above her eye. In the back it grew halfway down her back, all meticulously ironed and styled compared to the girl's usual messy style.

A sigh escaped Andira's lips, and when they met with her mouth closed once more? They weren't *exactly* in the same shape they had initially been in. In fact, those lips were *much* fuller than before, a natural pout assured by their glossy glow that made her appear *older*. This maturity was soon shared with the rest of her face, as eyes narrowed and lashes grew long, and her nose seemed to become a touch pointier. As for her face's overall shape? Not only did it seem slimmer but angular at that, until she looked like a young woman in her late teens... slapped onto a girl's body.

A girl's *tanned* body, as a new abundance of melanin saw its color
darken to a rich copper from head to toe.

“Woah!?” She almost fell over, and in crying out because of it, she revealed how her voice had deepened. **“Huh? Kumbhira? Me? What am I...?”** Hearing that voice sent her into a different tizzy though, because she thought she had just heard Kumbhira's voice? But her mind automatically corrected it as her *own* voice? Did that even make any sense? Well, it did if she was actually...

Regardless, Andira had almost fallen over in the first place because her proportions were changing. She had grown four inches taller from 4'3" to 4'7", and that *really* stretched the white leotard that was hidden beneath her traveler's jacket. That said, the waist of it eventually *snapped*, given no choice as her figure had begun to *engorge*, beginning with a swelling of her hips that pulled them a handful of inches wider than they were meant to be.

This was the influx of maturity that the rest of her body needed to keep pace with her face... as well as her inherent new racial identity as a

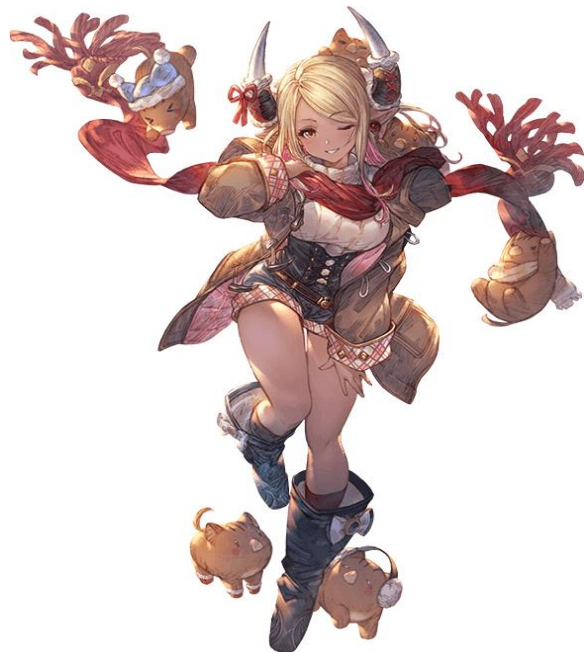
Draph, as her ears and horns were indicative of. The meat of her thighs and ass swelled in service of this, bloating to make good use of the space her new hips allowed. Her rear in particular stole the show, and cheeks were so exceptional that scraps of her leotard remained in place after getting caught between.

“Nn... Uncomfortable...” Meanwhile a pressure around her chest had prompted Andira to groan, yet she was just as oblivious to her changes as the moment they had begun. But the front of her jacket was being forced forward by the growth of her breasts upon a widened torso. It eventually stood *no* chance though, and the leather ripped as *K-cup* breasts erupted from beneath and bounced to attention. She was no exposed around her chest and her crotch, but at least she was nineteen now?

It didn't matter for long anyways, as what she soon perceived to be familiar casual garb appeared on her person. A one piece ensemble with white cloth that covered her bust and a jean bottom half that turned into shorts. Underwear that fit her could be found underneath, and she now had boots, a tanned jacket, a long, red scarf, and even a pair of red horn warmers!

“I'm out in the middle of the forest? Huh? Was I sleepwalking or something?”

Bundled up in clothing that was appropriate for the early morning chill, *Kumbhira* the Boar General was plenty lost about why, well, *she was so lost?* It felt like she had been doing something important maybe? Or maybe she really *had* just been sleepwalking? But did she get dressed on top of it? Sleep... dressing? In the end it didn't seem to matter, because she immediately became distracted by the miniature boar snuggling up to her leg. **“Hey! You came with me? Maybe you can tell me what I was doing?”**



But in the end the boar didn't seem to have any recollection of how *it* had gotten out there, much less the transformation *it* had triggered in the woman in front of it. It simply oinked, elated that it had been reunited with its summoner. **“Alright! Guess we should get back to the ship then? Everyone's probably worried sick about us!”**

...Which was technically true.



While a small rooster trailed after the tiny footsteps of the Divine General of the rooster, Mahira, the animal *wasn't* what she was relying on in the pursuit of her missing friends. The blonde-haired Harvin was instead carrying a device in front of her that acted as a sensor. She had managed to program the DNA of the missing Generals into it thanks to some stray hairs that had been left behind, and so all she had to do was follow the signal.

“Don't underestimate my inventions... I'll find you!” Searching around the docks where the Grandcypher had been stationary overnight, Mahira was confident that she would turn up *something*. She *had* to, because she couldn't deal with the idea that she wouldn't be able to find her dear friends! But as much as she searched, it didn't seem like she was getting a signal. Until...

BEEP!

“OH! Behind me...?” A ping had indicated that a trace had been found, and the arrow on the sensor's screen pointed back at the Harvin, supposedly indicating that one of the people she sought was in that direction. But once she turned around? The arrow didn't change. Several times she moved, and since she was distracted? She didn't notice her little rooster was missing. **“That's strange, is it pointing to me? Did some of my DNA get mixed in?”**

Not exactly.

There was *already* something off about Mahira's appearance even by the time the sensor had begun to point at her, in fact. Her bright red eyes had lost their usual intensity, and instead a pale gold that was not her birth color had emerged in its place. And in terms of color that wasn't even the *only* place, as streaks of a pastel blue had begun to emerge – each blue strand tipped with a bubblegum pink. Though before long her *entire* head of blonde had been replaced by those colors.

Mahira tapped her chin. **“Could I be a calibration error? Or a spell cast by an evil fairy tale witch? No... Why would it be that!?”** Come to think of it, had she already forgotten how she had assembled the device in her hand? No, she could hardly even remember

how it worked! **“It’s supposed to point me to one of our missing friends, but uhm...”** *How? Why?* Who was missing again?

Her head was spinning, with the Harvin teen having a hard time holding her head up straight all of a sudden. She had wondered for a moment if it was just fatigue since she *did* also feel unusually sleepy, but a quick scan of the top of her head would reveal the likely cause. Much like with what had happened to Andira, a pair of white horns had sprouted up from the sides of her skull. They were thicker at the base than Kumbhira’s though, and rather resembled the horns of a bovine than the tusks of a boar.

On the *sides* of that same head, even the forms of her ears did not escape. They did not lose their triangular shapes, but they did become thicker – with white, downy feathers that had lined them retaining their color, yet better resembling fur on the outside with pink fuzz on the inside. The ears of a *cow*. **“*Maybe I should just nod off and dream about meeting a prince...?* N-No! I need to, uhm... What was I...?”**

It was getting harder to think, but that was a small fry issue in comparison to what was transpiring with Mahira’s body. Yet even though it was dramatic and uncomfortable, she didn’t even seem to bat a single eyelash at it. Yet her small, compact 2’8” figure that was so typical of her race? It *expanded* in every capacity imaginable, be it height or build.

In fact it was almost like watching a balloon inflate as abundance came to clad her form. It was as if *everything* was swelling at once, prompting her to groan in a voice that became increasingly soft and deep as this discomfort grew, but in the end? It became clear that the tiny outfit she was wearing could do *nothing* against the growth she was experiencing, until finally?

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

Mahira essentially exploded out of her own cloths, scraps of her panties and dress hugging the essential areas to make sure she was still covered, yet as she grew up to the height of 4’6”? It was clear that the simultaneous broadening of her form was not something that was done in equal measure, either. **“*I... Why am I so cold?*”** And yet warm at the same time? The fact that she was essentially naked would have certainly been a problem had there been any onlookers, but blue and pink hair lengthening dramatically as it fell forward over her breasts, right down to her ankles certainly helped.

The girl's hips pulled wider than her shoulders, and in turn? The once nonexistent weight of her ass flourished into a full peach shape that were highlighted even further by plump thighs. Yet above a seemingly impossible waistline, it was her breasts that were much more clearly defined. They swelled to a size comparable to Kumbhira's, these K-cups hardly hidden at all by leather tatters.

Her face even appeared a little more mature by the time the growth had sorted itself out. A sharper nose, full lips, wider eyes... Yet in truth? She was a year *younger* now. That was just how big of a difference there was in figures between Harvin and Draphs. “**YAAAAAWN!**” Fortunately the same magic that had changed her saw to it that her body was basically bare no longer, as jean shorts with a cow tail, a translucent top with a low neckline and spaghetti straps, and a pair of brown, toeless boots had ultimately dolled her up.

“**I'm... outside the Grandcypher?**” The Draph that remained where a Harvin had once stood blinked with surprise, words meekly forced as she glanced down at the broken object on the floor in front of her. “**Oh no... Is that Mahira's...?**” *Catura*, the Ox General wore an expression of concern as she stared down on it. It had the Harvin's characteristic aesthetic choices baked into it. Had she broken it somehow?

But as much as it worried her, she was a little tired? She was just outside the Grandcypher, right? So maybe she could clean everything up and go in for a nap? She was in her casual wear, after all, so what was the harm? And so she picked up the parts and quietly moved into



the ship. Though as she turned into her room and collapsed onto her bed, a strange thought *did* cross her mind.

“**Was that device... mine? Zzzzzzzz....**”



“**Alright! Let's go Vicky! We've got a town to investigate!**” The rat General Vikala hyped herself up at the entrance into a village she had stumbled into about an hour's walk from the port town they had docked at. She was surprised that none of the others had told her

about it, but it was through the efforts of one of her rat minions that she had managed to locate it. According to its reconnaissance, there seemed to be exclusively *Draphs* living within and, well? That sounded like as good of a lead as anything!

So question the locals *had* been her plan, but that all went down the drain when a tugging sensation atop her head *pulled away her fake rat ears*, which turned her hair black and her personality... the polar opposite. This was why she was the zodiac representing both yin and yang, and her yin side had just forcibly been unleashed. **“Where did my rat ears go? Why me...?”**

She couldn't even see them around her? But she was standing in the middle of the street? Had a bird taken them!?

Vikala had move forward in the direction she *believed* the ears to have fallen, but very quickly tripped over herself **“UWAH!?”** She had tripped plenty of times over the course of her short life, but somehow that one had felt *odd*? She didn't think too much about it though, because she needed to find her rat ears so that her yang side could return!

In truth, it was because about half an inch had suddenly departed from her overall height. It wasn't really *much*, but it was still enough to challenge her sense of balance. Well, that *and* several changes to her build that dramatically altered not only her weight but the *distribution* of that weight. Since she was wearing a skirt, there wasn't exactly a ton of malfunction in and around that area for example, but even still...

The girl's thighs were swelling to girthier proportions, the plumpness that settled in both tender and spry as the thigh high leggings she wore grew rather tight around their peaks. The burgeoning of this flesh also highlighted a slight change in her skin's color, because even though it was getting tighter with more mass to accommodate? It also darkened ever so slightly.

“Wh-Why can't I stand up straight? U-U-Ufufu!” And why was she *giggling* at it? That didn't make much sense at all! And yet as a bloat settled into her ass as well, prompting hips to widen to accommodate her pronounced, heart-shaped rear? It was pretty clear *what* had upset that balance. She was *much* more bottom heavy than she had been moments ago, so much so that her panties were wedged deeply within the crack of her rear. But balance *was* ultimately restored with time.

Much like with the other two small ladies, a great amount of emphasis was placed on the bloat of Vikala's chest. The two sides of her open, blue hoodie were pushed farther to the sides of her toro as weight built and, eventually, *busted* through the confines of her dress, two K-cup breasts

soon shining through as even her small bra could no longer accommodate them. But at this size she no longer seemed to have the body of a fourteen year old girl.

Her face made it clear that this wasn't the case anyways. Even though she was still extremely short at 4'8", she bore the facial maturity of an eighteen year old. Her eyes were wider now, and that fret they had shown before seemed to have waned between lengthened lashes. Not to mention her face was narrower on the whole, and she bore a striking resemblance to *one of the Draphs she had been looking for*. Just as the ultimate fate had been for Andira and Mahira.

The young woman blinked. **"I'm a little confused. Why did I come here again?"** Her voice was deeper and gentler, and any of the self-depreciation in her tone had seemingly dried up. Even her mannerisms differed, for she had gently raised a lengthened finger to her chin, evidently ignoring how her hefty breasts were now entirely exposed.

All the while, a golden color had begun to tease the roots and tips of her hair simultaneously, the color working inward through her strands from both ends until it was *all* painted in this beautiful color. Once that had been established though? The length of it all began to *elongate*, locks wavier now as they spilled down to her hear. Her bangs were fluffy and hid circular eyebrows of the same color, and an ahoge stuck out of the top.

Now, Vikala had the height and figure of a young Draph woman now, but she was still missing one key feature. Well, *two* technically? Weight eventually did build on the sides of her head as they emerged, with two *thick*, dark brown horns pushing out and curling like the horns of a ram. There was no denying which race she was meant to be now.

And like that? Her breasts were no longer bare. A leather tailed jacket with a fur trap wrapped around her torso, yet it still exposed her shoulders and *ample* cleavage. A white top with spaghetti straps that attached to a white collar could barely be made out beneath, and a pink, frilled skirt poked out beneath it. Her white thigh highs were more elaborate now, she had tiny brown boots over her feet, and a *big*, white and pink bow rested in her hair behind her horns.



“Ufufufu! Let Anila’s exciting provision gathering expedition commence!” All of the rat’s pessimism and depression had been effectively dropped, replaced by the chipper, gentle commentary of *Anila* the Lamb General. Her reasoning for being at the town had been completely repurposed in her mind, and she had been sent to gather supplies from the locals before they departed. It was a job the Draph certainly didn’t mind doing considering how amicable she was.

And so? She got to it. She visited several stores, or at least the ones that were open at such early hours. But on top of gathering the supplies she needed? She also discovered something curious. It seemed that the town was only populated by Draph *men*. How strange! **“Surely that couldn’t be relevant to anything, mm?”**

Why had that thought even crossed her mind?