

CHANGE OF GENRE II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There was *plenty* of confusion at the STARRY Live House that evening.

“Who the hell are you brats!?”

“Th-That’s what we want to know!” Nijika Ijichi barked back at the older, dark haired woman that had yelled at her in the first place. Both herself and Bocchi had been waiting for Kita and Ryo to arrive for band practice as they always did, when two unfamiliar, *much* older woman had shown up instead. **“You’re not Kita-chan and Ryo! You’re way too old!”** It wasn’t an accusation she had levied randomly. In the initial moments of confusion, the two sets of girls had introduced themselves.

“And you’re not Hitori and Nijika! You’re way too fucking young! Where your goth style too then, hah!?” The goth woman who *claimed* to be Kita was quick to bark back. It was a little weird though. Before getting pissed off, the way she had been carrying herself had felt a little reminiscent of Nijika’s general demeanor. And then there was the one claiming to be Ryo... did she give off like, ‘goth Bocchi’ vibes?

There was also the matter of their *instruments*. The ‘Ryo’ was carrying a regular guitar, while ‘Kita’ had drumsticks. The instruments of the girls they vaguely resembled that *weren’t* themselves. **“Whatever! I need a smoke. You with me, Ryo?”** The quieter goth woman nodded and the two stormed out, leaving Bocchi and Nijika utterly flabbergasted. Well, in the case of the former she was just very *anxious*. She didn’t like being pranked, and that’s what this felt like.

“I-I need to use the toilet really quickly.”



Bocchi was quick to excuse herself before Nijika could even utter a word about what the two *should* do. Those women *weren't* Kita and Ryo, that much was obvious, so she had also come to the same conclusion that someone was just trying to prank them. Was it her older sister? Were they women that Kikuri knew? There weren't very many people that could commit to a joke like that. Of course, that was if it even *was* a joke.

“Should I try and catch them in the act? Or I guess I could call sis and see if she knows anything. Mm...” The blonde's foot was tapping anxiously on the floor of the live house. She really wasn't good when a situation had so much uncertainty around it! She just knew that it would *definitely* be jumping to gun to call the cops with so little information.

If for some reason the teen had checked the instruments that had been set up for their practice already, however, Nijika might have noticed the *black guitar* among them, one that didn't belong, sitting where Kita's position usually was. Not only did it not *belong*, however? But it was also *glowing*. There was an inconsistency between the two halves of Kessoku Band.

And it would correct that inconsistency.

No time was wasted in attempting that correction, either. Its magic immediately began to 'nibble' at the part of the teenager that was the 'brightest'. Which was, of course, her bright blonde hair! Its very tips had already lost all their color and had darkened to a natural raven black. But it wasn't *just* the tips, of course. It quickly spread *up* her hairs towards her roots, something that was made all the easier by that hair growing *shorter*.

Nijika's side ponytail normally reached her hip, and yet it had only taken but a moment for blackening strands to instead reach her shoulder. It still inched a little shorter still, but by this point? She felt it brushing against her neck. **“Hm?”** And fingers reached up to brush against what she finally noticed was *wrong*.

“What the *fuck!*?” Now, the teen wasn't typically at *all* one to curse, and she recognized that she'd blurted one out the moment she had. But it wasn't as alarming as what had provoked her into cussing in the first

place. “**What the hell happened to my hair!?**” It had unwound further until it was only chin length at the sides and back, while her bangs now hung just past her eyebrows. She sported a black ahoge on top, but curiously? A pale blue born from *dye* emerged both in the right side of her bangs and in a lower layer in the back. It seemed like a stylistic choice.

Aside from her hair now being *black*? It looked a lot like *Ryo*’s hair!

“**This isn’t... My hair’s not supposed to be this color...!?**” At first, she had sounded so sure of it, twirling strands of her bangs casually between her fingers. But then she didn’t feel *as* sure. *Isn’t black my favorite color? What!?* *No!* She liked bright colors! Like... Like... *Ugh, bright colors are exhausting!* Did she *really* feel that way? As if doing so to answer the question, the bright red of her eyes darkened to a steel-colored silver that was enhanced as thick mascara darkened her lashes.

And those lashes stood out all the more now that her skin, while seemingly smoother than ever, had paled to a near *porcelain* white. “**Tch.**” *Nijika* was typically the energetic type. Not as energetic as *Kita*, but she was at least bright and cheery. Yet the demeanor she was demonstrating now was more reserved, each glance of her eyes somehow more judgmental than it had ever been. She continued to twirl her bangs between her fingers even despite the scent of cigarette smoke that began to waft off of them, or how her fingernails became long and *black*.

Not that this was an issue. *Black was her favorite color, after all.*

She appeared to be *unimpressed* rather than *alarmed* like she probably should have been at the sensation of her outfit growing tighter. It was a tightness that could be felt solely in the *vertical* fit at first, a product of her arms, legs, and spine becoming longer thanks to an extending of their bones. Before long she was about *5’7”* – the tallest of her bandmates – and this had hoisted her white uniform top so that her pale tummy was bare, while arms were jutting out of her sleeves and her skirt seemed to barely reach the tippy tops of her thighs.

TAP, TAP, TAP... One of her shoes had begun to tap against the ground, hardly able to contain feet that were now a size too big for them. Anxiety? “**Fuck, I need a...**” No, she was grappling with a *craving* that she just couldn’t put her finger on. *Nijika* wanted *nicotine* and her body was trying to tell her that, but her changing perception had essentially only focused on her body and demeanor so far. Her memories would be the last area to be *entirely* reworked.

But she spoke with a voice that was deeper, more mature, and a little *smoky* sounding. Befitting more and more of someone who resembled an attractive, mature, apathetic woman. Her lips had swollen a touch and were painted black, and structurally her face seemed to be a bit fuller now. She looked more like a woman around the age of *twenty eight* or so. But she was missing all of the ‘fixings’ that generally came with a woman of that age.

And yet, *not for long*. Her old school uniform was already far too small for her *much* taller body, but the curves you might expect soon worsened matters. “**The hell?**” After feeling a sharp wedging digging into her ass, Nijika reached blackened fingernails up her skirt without a single care for the possibility that anyone might see her doing so. It was a struggle because it felt like the wedgie was simply deepening despite her best efforts, but this *wasn’t* the fault of her panties.

It was the fault of ass cheeks that were swelling to be full as a peach. Her thighs became plumper similarly, and their combined efforts wedged out the width of the woman’s hips so that there was a large gap between her thighs, nonetheless. Her ass flipped up the back of her skirt too, but miraculous? The feeling of a wedge was alleviated. Her clothing beneath the waist tightened into a black, layered skirt overtop a pair of black tights with a matching thong. Not to mention black leather boots.

Nijika’s mind was a mess, now largely in the territory of the woman she was being transformed into. “**What wedgie was I picking? ...My thong never gives me that problem usually.**” But now it was a matter of her *bra* feeling too tight? It was hardly surprising that this was the case visually though. Her tits had gone from small to ‘above average’ very suddenly, inflating into DD-cups that seemed to lift her shirt and threaten the integrity of her bra.

But much like her lower body, the clothing she wore on her upper half soon *accommodated* her paled bosom. Her belly remained exposed, but detached black sleeves wrapped around a lace halter top that showed her cleavage within translucent black nylon bound to a choker. Straps ran from the top to her skirt now, while X-shaped hair ornaments decorated the left sides of her bangs.

“**...Fuck, why the hell am I waiting in here? I really need a goddamn smoke too.**” Much



like the other two goth members of Kessoku band, Nijika functionally appeared to be a different woman entirely. The only similarity, in fact, was that she still identified with the same name. And yet aside from the *goth* aesthetic of her new sense of style and outfit? There was still something else that was blatantly obvious.

She appeared *and* acted a lot like Ryo. All of her drumming experience had been replaced with guitar experience, too – bass guitar, just like Ryo. It was a trend in line with how the other two had come to resemble different members of the band despite their clear genre change. Because Nijika as she was now? The songs she wanted to play were a lot *harder* and more *metal* than before.

The woman groaned as she threw her hands up into the air to stretch. Her blank expression remained as such once she began to head towards the stairs that would lead her out of STARRY and up to the smoking area outside. “...**I don’t get why everyone was so pissy in the first place, but a cigarette will probably help ‘em.**”



“**That was scary.**” Meanwhile, Bocchi had very much retreated into the bathrooms of STARRY like she had indicated before leaving Nijika’s side. She wasn’t at all accustomed to confrontational situations and would definitely rather *avoid* them in every possible situation. She didn’t know who those women were either, but she was certain that her presence wasn’t needed to figure it out. And so, for now?

She’d be hiding in a bathroom stall! The move of a coward, but she had no shame when it came to that sort of thing! “**But I am kind of curious about that one who referred to herself as Ryo... She looked and acted a lot like me, didn’t she? Just... older and goth.**” Hitori was sure that it must have been intentional, but she really didn’t understand *why* that was. And she probably never would. But there was still one thing that was certain.

This ‘New Kessoku Band’ was still missing a lead singer.

Bocchi *had* been hiding in the stall, but she hadn’t really been sitting on the toilet or anything like that. Rather, she’d been pacing back and forth in *front* of it while weighing what to do next. But there was something increasingly *off* about her stride by the time she had turned around each time. After a few passes it even clicked with Bocchi herself – but only because her anxiety made her the overly observant type.

She aimed her gaze downwards. “**Huh? Why does it feel like...?**” Like the floor was farther away from her somehow? But it wasn’t just that. “**My skirt... M-My jersey?**” Both articles of clothing didn’t feel like they *fit* like they should have? The base of her skirt was sitting at the center of her thighs instead of reaching her knees, and her jersey almost seemed to fit *properly* for her height. Her height... “**HOLY CRUD! MY HEIGHT!?**”

The guitarist managed to piece it together without any additional clues and let out a cry that didn’t sound *that* out of character. Bocchi definitely wasn’t one to swear, and she hadn’t. But ‘holy crud’ also wasn’t something she would say either. It was the sort of thing you’d say if you *wanted* to swear but were just too innocent to do so. There was also something about her *energy*. She was erratically patting herself down with natural confusion – she *had* grown so that she was now 5’6”, after all.

But her behavior still felt too *normal*. Being the anxiety-ridden mess that she was, this probably would have prompted her to have a mental breakdown; it *should* have. But it didn’t, almost like that anxiety was *gone*. “**Hey!?**” She didn’t even stutter as her hands flew up to her *chest* all of a sudden. Her posture had lurched forward for reasons that weren’t immediately clear while she stumbled and slouched.

Bocchi’s hands *had* reached for the problem though! It was her *breasts*. Weight had surged beneath her nipples, stretching her shirt and jersey as they struggled to find their place within the confines of her clothes. Surging up to DD-cups themselves, it was fortunate for the girl that she often chose not to wear a bra with all of the other layers she dressed in. “**My tits are so heavy!**” Or so she cried out in a much, *much* peppier voice than she ever had.

Haven’t my tits been this heavy for like ten years though?

Since she’d been like fifteen? Wouldn’t that make her *twenty five* though? It *did*, and it certainly showed in a steadily maturing face. Her eyes were narrower now but bore an energetic shine most women her (new) age did not. Full, kissable lips were soon painted black, wedged between cheeks that were a little narrower than they’d been before. She somehow looked a little more like *Kita*? Perhaps if *Kita* had been older, at least.

Changes did make their way into her hair from there after altering the colors of her eyes from icy blue to silver, and yet it was the guitarist’s turn to now find herself picking a wedgie. “**What’s going on with my ass all of a sudden? Did I put on a pair of old panties again!?**”

Instead of being alarmed about it she made it sound like that was a mistake she had made before. But of course, her undergarments weren't the *real* issue so much as it was an issue of her ass growing fuller. Plump yet tight, it had a pleasant bubble shape that protruded a few inches out behind her in a way that lifted her skirt. But it *also* passed on its excess weight to her thighs, which only helped in widening her hips once bloated.

“Or, uh... Am I going crazy? Did I get enough sleep? I could have sworn my panties didn't fit a second ago...” The confusion was merely because her *entire* outfit had undergone its transformation. The black lace panties she wore now fit her rump *perfectly*, complimenting the leather microskirt and halter top she wore *exactly*. There was a lot of synergy between each piece of her outfit, including the loose leather jacket that hung off her shoulders, the fishnet she wore around her waist and legs, her heeled boots, and the plethora of rings on her fingers.

She stopped to run a hand through her hair, each finger now decorated with a nail that was painted black. The act of touching her hair actually received *less* resistance because what had been long and pink before her transformation started now only reached just past her shoulders. To ‘worsen’ matters? This pink had *initially* lightened to blonde, her new natural hair color. But then some of that blonde darkened to black in the middle. Hair dye. It was the work of someone who really wanted to *look* goth. And it was all made cuter by her hair being pulled into loose twin tails.

“Why was I even in the stall if I wasn't doing any ‘business’~!?” Despite being dressed in darker colors just like the rest of her band, Hitori practically skipped out of the bathroom stall so that she could lean in towards the mirror to check her makeup. Despite the *gothic* undertones of her outfit, there was something pointedly ‘cute’ about her appearance and her energy. These traits certainly gave her vibes that were much more akin to *Kita's*.

But while her voice sounded high and cheery? There was a *reason* this Hitori was the lead singer of Kessoku Band alongside being a guitarist. There were few women that could scream like she could; that voice was a



huge asset when it came to their growing local popularity. **“Hmhmhm~! Are the rest of them still smoking? We’re gonna be *waaay* behind on practice!”**

There were naturally *some* concerns that this bubbly airhead was a bad match for the band when it came to personality. She hadn’t exactly *been* goth when she had first joined and had been slowly getting into it. She didn’t even smoke or drink like the others despite being in the same age group because she was worried about fucking up her voice. But in the end? You couldn’t really argue with results.

As much as the cynical Nijika *wished* she could. But then again? Hitori had a huge, obvious crush on her. She thought she was *so* cool!

In the end, practice came and went with the cursed, black guitar involved in the set. Oddly, however? It wasn’t Kita who ended up playing it. Seeing Hitori as the better match to wield it now (since she was far more like how Kita was originally), it had altered reality so that *she* was the owner instead. But since they had a show that night? The practice hadn’t been very long.

When they eventually went on stage? Nijika’s older sister was a little confused about *several* things. Namely who those older goth women claiming to be Kessoku Band were performing on her stage! But as the set went on? She found herself asking fewer and fewer questions as Hitori screamed and the other girls both strummed and drummed. In fact, the entire *audience* was asking fewer questions about the entire situation.

Because the guitar’s curse had not yet finished spreading.

It wouldn’t be content until everyone on Earth was a sexy, goth woman!