

# CHANGE OF GENRE

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Is that really your taste?”**

**“It is! It’s cool! Leave me *alooooone!*”**

In retrospect it was hard to believe that a simple visit to a music store, an absolutely mundane event for two girls that were *in a band* together, could lead to an outcome that was so utterly unbelievable. But it had all started mundanely enough. Both Kita Ikuyo and Ryo Yamada from Kessoku Band had stopped by the shop together as Kita had been interested in purchasing a second guitar. She had spent months saving up a little bit of her allowance and it was *finally* the time!

Of all the guitars in the shop, however? The girl had seemingly been fixated on one that didn’t really *seem* like her still. It was a pitch black *electric* guitar with black strings, the shape of it a little edgier than most instruments of its caliber. Ryo was convinced that it was the kind of guitar that you’d expect a guitarist in a metal or emo band to play and had been chiming in about how it didn’t match Kita *or* their band’s vibe.

Which had been *really* annoying Kita. Even though she still had a *huge* crush on Ryo, at times she could push her buttons. **“Enough! I already bought it so it doesn’t matter now, right? I’ll talk to you later! Maybe you’ll get it then!”** And she’d been at her limit once they’d gotten outside, the red head eventually storming off towards her house while leaving the blue haired teen alone.

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**“Maybe I was too harsh? She was just being her usual self!”** By the time Kita had returned to her room she’d had plenty of time to



simmer down, and her first act after opening the case of the new guitar she'd purchased? Well, it was to *berate* herself! Not only was Ryo the reason she had first joined Kessoku Band in the first place, but she also still had a crush on her. There was no way those feelings would be reciprocated if she was acting like a *child*! ...Even though it was realistically Ryo's fault for acting the part of a child in the first place. **"But this guitar is charming! I just wish she could see it!"**

What if Bocchi or Nijika agreed with Ryo, though?

**"...I wish *all* of them could see it!"** Kita's words were harmless enough on their own, but she didn't understand the power that was presently in her possession. It wasn't her own tastes that had prompted her to choose that black guitar. She had been mesmerized by its *power*. It had been searching for the perfect host to imbue its curse into, to make her wishes a reality. But to do that? It first needed to affect *her*.

Even now, the case open on her bed, the instrument had begun to *sparkle*.

**"Huh?"** Something suddenly registered in the back of the teen's mind. Did her room just get *darker*? It didn't take long for her to notice *why*. **"Wh-What happened to my walls!?"** They had been *completely* normal when she had walked in, but now? All of her walls were painted *black*? No, not *just* her walls! Her furniture had all been replaced with darker, gothic counterparts and even her laptop had heavy metal band stickers on the back. Plus what were those *beside* her laptop? Was that a box of *cigarettes*!?

*I could go for a smoke right now, actually!*

**"N-No I couldn't!"** Kita had never smoked a cigarette in her life and, honestly, she had never *wanted* to. She could just imagine how gross they tasted. No... she could *literally* taste them? The flavor was *clinging* to the back of her mouth as she probed around inside with her tongue she became acutely aware of the fact that something was wrong with her tongue too. Something was *stuck* to it? Something metal. Like a little ball. **"Like a *piething*!?"** She had *tried* to say 'piercing' but had been so shocked that she tripped over her words. There *was* one in her tongue now. But many more had appeared in her ears.

She spun around in shock. Her room was different, she had a tongue piercing, and she was *craving cigarettes!* That wasn't normal. "**Am I having a nightmare!? I've gotta be having a nightmare, right!? I just wish it was hotter!** N-NO I DON'T!" Okay, so she had to add 'blurting out oddly sensual things unintentionally' to the list of things she had noticed. Should she go get help? Like her parents? *Nah, mom and dad never care about my shit. They just don't get me.*

Had... her relationship with her parents been like *that*?

Kita might not have *intended* on uttering that part about wanting things to be *hotter*, but it almost seemed like it was having real world consequences, nonetheless. "**The fuck!?**" A wave of imbalance struck her out of the blue and she responded in a way that was very out of character for her – by blurting out an expletive. But her room felt like it was getting smaller? So did her clothes. Realizing this obviously *wasn't* happening though, there was only one other thing that could explain it.

"**Shit! I'm getting taller!?**" That was the *correct* answer. She shot up from 5'2" all of the way to 5'6", the sharp height boost lifting her top to expose her tummy and raising her skirt so her thighs were almost completely bare. This shouldn't realistically have been much of a problem since Kita was a pretty lean girl. She didn't *normally* have much in the way of a figure. "**This feels so fucking weird!**" But it also felt... *pleasant*? She felt a little bouncier than normal somehow.

Was that bounciness supposed to be conveyed physically though? *Probably not.* But before that bounciness could first grow in, her narrow shoulders widened and tore the sleeves off of her uniform top. "**Wah!?**" Her hips widened too, jeopardizing her skirt, and her bare tummy not only pulled wider but also featured a stud piercing of its own in her bellybutton. In terms of *size* she definitely looked older. And in fact her facial features seemed to reflect a woman in her late twenties while still retaining a sense of the fact that she *was* still Kita. For the time being.

But before any of that became a problem that previously mentioned bounciness... *arose.* "**FUCK!**" The woman couldn't even hope to stifle her strangely sensual cry, all of the clothing she was wearing now feeling even tighter than it had before. It was a two pronged assault on her ensemble, the culprits? The only areas of a woman's body that would benefit from additional growth.

Her *chest* was perhaps the worst offender. Now that she was older her smaller bust *really* wanted to flourish all on its own. Nipples swelled until they were larger than her eyes, and from there weight began to gather beneath them so her A-cup chest pushed out into a pair of proper orbs. This only listed her uniform top higher, making it seem more like a

crop top until, inevitably, it tore right down the center! Tits spilled out in E-cup glory, bouncing and jiggling so much that she scrambled to use her hands to catch them. But those hands? Her nails weren't usually that long *nor* painted black. Her breasts continued to swell another *two* cup sizes, not resting until a pair of arguably excessive *G-cups* hung from her chest.

As if it was the most natural thing in the world she swung them about, giggling seductively.

**“I-I mean why the fuck am I acting this way!? My tits are soooo big! I bet I look *super* fuckable!”** Why was *that* the first thing that came to mind? Why did her voice sound deeper too? Calling herself ‘fuckable’ was practically an understatement however, because she was so enamored by her huge tits that she hadn't realized her skirt and panties had suffered a similar fate. Her thighs and ass had all thickened, tautly pulled flesh tearing through cloth so that tatters fell to the ground. While not *as* abundant as her boobs, this bubbled ass and those plush thighs certainly added to her appeal. A pierced clit and a heart tattoo on her left thigh even more so.

Kita shook her head from side to side in an attempt to clear her mind, but this only made it more obvious that something was wrong with her *hair*. **“This isn't fucking right! This shit's weird! Even though it does feel kinda fucking *metal*!”** By the time her head shaking had settled, her hair had been shaken longer until it reached her ass. What's more? These locks were straighter *and* darker, having been dyed a pitch black that masked the red underneath. It looked very *goth*.

Especially when you absorbed the fact that her green eyes had darkened to purple. Where it involved her face? The question of her identity was finally one worth asking. Her lips were *significantly* thicker than they had been before and her face had a longer shape to it. There were still traces of Kita's old identity *in* there, but it was almost like her genes had shifted slightly so that she looked different enough too. She was certainly attractive – sexy even – but she wasn't easily mistaken for the teen girl she had once been.

Purple eyes, now darkened by mascara and eyeshadow, blinked. **“The fuck am I nude actually? It's the goddamn middle of this shit-ass day!”** The woman basically danced over to her dresser to pull out black-lace lingerie that she slid naturally into. A pair of black microshorts and white, neckless blouse was bound to her torso by leather straps that reached a choker, seemingly detached sleeves bound only the base of her shirt that still left her tits almost *entirely* exposed. One fishnet stocking was bound to a thigh belt on her left leg, and she then slid both feet into a pair of tall, goth boots.



**“Hehehe! When the fuck is practice again!? I’m really raring to go!”** Nothing had changed about how Kita saw herself in terms of her name or family, but there was no denying the changes to her *body* and even *personality* had been stark. Starting with the latter? Kita had always been bubbly but it wasn’t in such a *dense* way any longer. As her black hair bounced around behind her, there was an air of responsibility tied into this energy. Like *she* would be the one that made sure everyone came to practice. More like *Nijika* than anything.



Which almost felt out of place considering her appearance. She was a sexy, *goth woman* whose tits were practically hanging out. She couldn’t be younger than 27 or 28, and her bedroom had at least changed to match her new sensibilities. She would have been the perfect match for that new guitar... if not for the fact that she now remembered *being a drummer*. The guitar had disappeared, no one realizing at the time that it had appeared in the club’s storage room.

Kita opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of black drumsticks before adjusting her top. **“As much as the girls spilling out while drumming would be funny, I thiiiink we’ll have to settle for the usual jiggle!”** Their band enticed a certain *crowd* after all. And she’d learned full well how to lean into their preferences!

But fuck, she needed a smoke first!

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**“Maybe I was being too annoying... Ugh, why do I care about this? I *don’t*.”** Ryo wasn’t really the type to care if she had annoyed one of her fellow bandmates or not. That had been the *point* when she had started teasing Kita after all. It was just rare to watch her storm off in a huff like that and so she wondered if maybe she had gone too far for once? But she was still confident that the red head would have buyers remorse. That guitar hadn’t been her style at all, and honestly? It gave the bassist a *bad vibe* for some reason.

But she didn’t even know the half of just how right she was. Nonetheless, after grabbing a drink from her fridge she stepped upstairs and into her room. Kessoku band had practice in roughly an hour and so she’d just listen to some music before heading down. Or that had been

the plan, but... “**H-Huh? What happened to my room!?**” Once the door to her room closed behind her, she was left confused.



Black curtains stifled any of the sunlight that could have filtered into her room. The walls were painted black, posters for goth punk and metal bands were plastered everywhere, and the sole light? It came from a single laptop open in the room’s corner. It was also very *messy*, like someone had been using the room who didn’t care about its cleanliness. “**...Did I do this?**”

It wasn’t really her style. Sure, of the Kessoku Band’s members she did have the strongest appreciation for bands of different genres and she was probably the ‘edgiest’ member, but this room was way too dark for her usual sensibilities. Or at least it should have been. But it had a strangely *calming* effect on her. She felt so closed off from the outside world standing in such a dark space. She felt like she was *home*.

*And screw going outside, anyways. The hell I’d wanna go out there.*

“***Yea. Screw going outside...***” The teen repeated this thought out loud, delivering it an even deader deadpan than normal. More than that there was something almost *eerie* about her delivery, but it was *oddly* fitting. If only because her pinkish complexion seemed to be paling until it was nearly a *sickly* white. Like the skin of a girl who almost *never* went outside. Based on how she was thinking and talking? It sounded like that was likely *intentional*.

The dark blue of Ryo’s hair was compromised similar to how her skin tone had shifted. Rather than become a paler blue, however? It ignited with a bright, reddish purple that elicited reminiscence of Bocchi’s hair if she had dyed it darker. This impression wasn’t based on color alone though, the style lengthened until it was a similar length to Bocchi’s and despite having messier bangs, it still gave off that ‘feeling’.

The girl’s posture worsened. She paced around the dimly lit room almost like a zombie, like all of the energy had just been *sapped* from her body. The very idea of leaving her room sounded *exhausting* even then she was normally such an active person. Muscles deteriorated in support of the idea that she lived a *very* inactive lifestyle, but not so much that she got chubby or anything. It was more like she was *sickly*.

Her gaze seemed *tired*. Dark bags formed under them while mascara and eyeshadow were spread around the style them. “***Ugh...***” Ryo

groaned and bit her lower lip anxiously, a fattening of their thickness, the spread of black paint across them, and the appearance of a trio of lip piercings grabbing her attention but going unnoticed as the guitar's magic seeped further into her soul. And that was *another* thing. Ryo played bass. But now she couldn't *imagine* playing the base. She played regular guitar, right? Like *Bocchi*.

Unlike Kita, the increasingly goth girl did not get taller but she *also* didn't get shorter, her height remaining at 5'4". But that didn't mean that her body didn't *grow*. Her shoulders and hips alike slid wider in their gait, applying a few extra inches that lifted her skirt, stretched her panties, and slightly tore her sleeves around her shoulders. While this was transpiring? A plethora of piercings dug into her ears until there had to be about *ten* on either ear.

***"Itchy..."*** Ryo groaned tiredly to herself and itched at her chin with sharpened fingernails that were now painted a dark red. The scent of booze and cigarette smoke could both be smelled wafting from her skin, but her room *also* began to smell strongly of both substances. While in the meantime? Her figure burgeoned in *all* of the right place. For better or for worse, though? She didn't come anywhere close to being as buxom as Kita now was.

Her small breasts pushed out her uniform and snapped her bra, nonetheless, mind you. They pushed out into perky Ds with pierced nipples. *Unlike* the new drummer of her band though, Kita was not becoming a woman who had sex on the brain all that much. Her waist was trim, but maybe a little *too* trim? Like she needed to put some meat on her bones. But the bones that this included did *not* involve her thighs, which grew like her tits to amass additional weight that tore through her tights. The sensation of a teen's undergarments digging into her ass and pussy as her rump evolved made her groan again, and she exhaustedly began to strip.

***"The hell was I thinking, wearing my highschool uniform? It's been like almost ten years since I graduated."*** Something that her new figure, and her *face* really showed. Like with Kita there was a very vague resemblance to her old self in her face, but that face was a little longer and narrower. She really did look eerily like someone had mixed her genes with *Bocchi's*. And she certainly looked like her new age – the age of *twenty eight*.

Once nude, she rummaged around the messy floor of her dark bedroom until she managed to find an outfit, albeit an *unwashed* one, to wear. A black tee with white decals on it along with a leather skirt, both overtop fishnet that covered her legs and torso. Arm wraps covered her forearms and connected to black bands around her fingers, black thigh highs

connected to the fishnet at the bases of her thighs, and black leather, heeled boots fit her toes tightly. There was an undeniably attractiveness to it all despite how tired and disheveled the goth appeared.

Or rather it was like how tired and disheveled she appeared *added to* how hot she looked.

**“Practice is in an hour? UUUUUUUUGH...”** Ryo had always acted like practice was a bit of a pain in the ass, but the energy she exuded in that moment felt much more intense and seemed to be provoked by a strong desire to *never* leave her room. The very thought of doing so was making her *extremely* anxious! So much so that the *goth woman* crawled under a blanket and slid up to her laptop. Behavior that probably wasn't very befitting of a woman in her late twenties.



But strangely? Behavior that would have been very befitting of a *Bocchi*.

And to that point? The guitar in the corner of her room was *not* a bass guitar. It also wasn't the guitar that Kita had purchased, but it was a black guitar, nonetheless. Much like Kita had wished for, Ryo could *definitely* see the charm of the guitar she had purchased as she was *now*. **“I just wanna stay inside... But ugh, Bocchi will come drag me out if I don't leave...”** That didn't sound like the real Bocchi at *all*. Which could only lead to one possible conclusion.

Bocchi, and likely Nijika, weren't safe from the effects either. And yet...

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**“Y-Y-You're kidding? You two aren't Kita and Ryo...?”** When both of the older goths had shown up for practice, the other two teens were left unchanged. Leaving both sides to be *very* confused. But with the guitar that had started it all present on the premises? It wouldn't take very long at all for *that* to be rectified. The *spirit* that possessed the guitar was simply reveling in the temporary confusion. So, essentially...

It though that if they all met up like this it would *funny*.