

ROCK AND ROLLING II

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hey captain? I think there’s something you need to see.”

It had been a full twenty-four hours since the Grandcypher had docked at Auguste, and in that time something very serious had happened. Lyria had gone missing. The crew’s pride and joy, the mysterious girl of blue, all but vanished! Supposedly she had gone out to browse the music stores the island was famous for thanks to the music festival that was held every summer, but *that* was the last thing anyone really knew about that.

Ever since the crew had been in investigation mode, searching not only the ship nor the city, but the entire island from top to bottom in hopes that they might find the child or, at the very least, a clue. The young Io had approached the Grandcypher’s captain, Djeeta, that evening because she believed she’d found a clue of some sort.

“Isn’t this Lyria’s room?” Djeeta wasn’t sure why she’d asked when it so obviously *was*. After all she visited every day, meeting up with Lyria before every meal and whenever they left the ship in the company of one another. The door was open a crack, but the lights seemed to be off inside. **“Is there something in here that might be a clue?”** Short of Lyria actually being there in the flesh, that was the only thing she could think of.

Io merely shook her head from side to side, long tails of hair wriggling from the motions. Of course not, huh? That would be too easy. The child merely opened the door and turned on the lights, revealing that the room had been completely filled with music equipment. **“Wait, who put this in here!?”**

It lined up with the reports of wear Lyria had *gone*, but at the same time Djeeta couldn't imagine her buying this much of her own volition. The two of them stepped in to look at the equipment in hopes they might find another lead. **“Apparently Cagliostro walked in on a blonde woman moving this in and out. She said the woman didn't look like a crew member and had asked if anyone new had joined, but...?”** Io knew the answer, but she still looked at Djeeta to make sure.

“Yeah, no one has joined since the beginning of the month.” Speakers, subwoofers, instruments; it was all clumped up in this tiny room. Even looking into the adjoined bathroom, it was stuffed full of boxes. **“Io, poke around in here okay? I'm going to see what's in the boxes in the bathroom.”** If they could figure out which store it had all been purchased from then that would be a lead at the very least. Even more beneficial would be if the woman Cagliostro had seen chose to wander in while they were doing so.

The moment Djeeta entered the bathroom she accidentally knocked over a box tower, which in turn pushed the bathroom door shut. It had been so quiet that Io ended up merely assuming that her captain had to tinkle, but rather she was effectively trapped until those fallen boxes had moved. At least she figured out what they stored: *guitar picks*. **“Are these all picks? Why would someone buy this many?”** It almost looked like they were moving stock.

She reached down to pick up one of the picks in question, noticing a strange silhouette of the Grandcypher on its sky blue surface. **“How did that get th-- OW!?”** The second her finger made contact with it, an electric shock ran through her body. Had that been a static shock? It wasn't as if the captain had any real reason to be suspicious about the whole ordeal, and so she continued to pick up the spilled picks regardless.

“I still don't understand who is doing this or why? Even if these are some *fucking sick picks!*” It had come on so suddenly; an almost hauntingly uncharacteristic outburst of crude commentary and enthusiasm that the typically prim and proper captain hadn't *intended* to say. Out of sheer surprise she'd ended up dropping the few picks she'd managed to pick up, hand outstretched as she stared at her fingers in horror.

Because the sudden vocal outburst wasn't the *only* thing that had upset her.

Her fingernails were *gold*? The color sparkled across the surface of each nail, and while she kept them trimmed so that they wouldn't be an inconvenience in the throes of battle they now stuck out a full inch past the tip of each finger. “**Wait... but?**” Djeeta was having a terrible time processing this, and it certainly wasn't helped by the fact that the first thing she'd thought when she had seen those nails had been ‘*how am I supposed to play guitar and keep my nails neat?*’.

Play... *guitar*? She'd never so much as strummed a chord in the past, so why was she suddenly concerned about *how* she was going to play? She didn't even know how to... Uh? That was strange. All of a sudden she not only knew every possible chord that could be played, but she seemed to possess the knowledge of how to hit some of them with her *tongue*? A warranted shudder was born just from the thought of how gross that was, *but the fans totally got off to it*.

Fans? *What fans?*

Hands still outstretched with what Djeeta could only assume to be acrylic nails plastered across them, whatever was happening with her personality and memories was becoming a secondary concern considering had begun to witness a darkening of her skin that was crawling up both hands *from* these nails. It was an extremely faux tan that had clearly been applied at a salon, the color quickly shooting up both of her arms while in the process robbing them of the muscle the girl had developed over her travels. Stranger still about her hands: the callouses she'd earned from her many fights had been redistributed to better match the expectations of a woman that had dedicated her entire life to playing an instrument.

No sooner than her arms had completely changed did the sleeves of her clothing *also* shift. What was left was a pair of white half-sleeves that ran from her wrists to just past her elbow, bronze arms completely bare otherwise. How was Djeeta supposed to process this? Her body was changing? Even her clothes were changing? But... Right! Io was in the other room! That meant she could get help! “**Oi! Aru-chan! Little help in here!?**” And yet again she'd blurted out something she hadn't meant to. Who the heck was *Aru*? Why was she talking like some punk!?

Even if she'd used the wrong name, Io should have heard that. But there had been no response. Was something happening to her at the same time? That was a worst case scenario, and one that provoked Djeeta to bend over and start picking up the boxes that were blocking the door. She *had* to get out before it was too late!

But bending over? It yielded a sudden back tension that made her pause halfway. Little did she know that the fake tan was already splattering

itself against her torso while masked by her dress, and it was bringing with it a wave of physical change that would inconvenience her plans to promptly exit the room. Almost like whatever was happening was *trying* to keep her from seeking help.

Her back muscles didn't *actually* suffer a demerit, however. In fact they had grown stronger in anticipation of something they'd need to support in the coming seconds, and that something (*or somethings*) weren't shy about their appearance... since they practically blew out the front of the girl's dress after a matter of moments. "**Uwah!?**" At the very least the cute cry of surprise that accompanied it sounded more like her proper self!

Footing was lost as her body jerked forward thanks to the filling of her dress' cups. Almost as if her breasts had developed a mind of their own, they'd lurched in size like a pair of inflatable balloons. Flesh pushed out in every direction and completely obliterated the low-hanging neckline of her garb as darkened nipples had no choice but to spill out. Considering she'd been leaning forward, she almost smacked her head against the door in that moment. "**How big are these huge tits!? They gotta be like, EEs at smallest! Fuck!**" Whatever moment of clarity she'd had regarding her personality and voice, it seemed to have faded.

Beneath those huge tits, her stomach underwent change as well as her waistline broadened not from fat, but because it looked to be broader by biological nature alone. Her core hardened and her navel deepened as a diamond piercing poked painfully into it. She was left with huge breasts and an insanely toned tummy, and before long it was all covered up... *barely*.

What ended up left of the top portion of her dress by the time it had finished 'covering' things was little more than a thin, white bikini top that left golden tits on seemingly full display. *It was what her audience loved to see. They were always so taken in by her body that her talent didn't matter even if she was talented. It was even better when her partner and girlfriend made moves on stage--*

"No! What the fuck does that mean? I'm not some guitar playing skank! I'm totes like... smart 'n'... stuff?" It was getting difficult to think, much less talk like an intellectual. Where had all of her big words gone, and who was this girlfriend she was thinking about? It was making her all hot and bothered, but despite growing calls to touch herself Djeeta was adamant in resisting even as her mental state deteriorated.

Yet the physical did not wait for a pause in the mental confusion to continue its reign of terror, as made evident by Djeeta's ass. Flesh grew meaty and pushed up the back of her pink skirt (which was increasingly darker in color as the clothing transformation seeped in). Buns were big and firm, a comparable sizing to her tits as the tan spread even over her pelvis and around her pussy; a diamond piercing found itself embodied there, and her pubes became both more abundant and bleach blonde before being concealed by a white thong that straddled widened hips.

The skirt ended up as little more than a pair of *extremely* tight, black shorts that clung to her flesh with cutouts on the sides that showed off the tanned skin of her hips and the bulge of her thighs, which appeared exponentially more endowed to keep up with the rest of her body's curvature.

“I don't wanna be like some stupid fuckin' ho-bag rock star! I'mmf!?” Incidentally, she was doing well enough in putting up a fight with the identity that was seeping in. She'd been getting hornier and hornier but still hadn't allowed herself to be overcome by lust, not even as her lips took on the volume of a porn star's and eyes not only shone gold but took an increasingly Asian aesthetic. She ended up looking a little older too, probably in her late twenties.

And then Djeeta's hair fell. It cascaded down her back in a glory of bleach blonde that was obviously intentionally. It completely sealed the gyaru aesthetic she seemed to be embodying even if her mind was trying to retain a non-gyaru point of view. **“The fuck do I do!? I need to check on Aru-chan in case somethin' bad's happened to her too!”** Likewise, before she completely lost herself to arousal. Each and every breath brought a ripple to her breasts that contributed to a slowly slipping level of control. And again, she'd meant to say 'Io', not 'Aru-chan'.

But to accomplish any of that, she first had to overcome the boxes.

When Djeeta had called out and Io hadn't heard her, she'd been correct in her assumption that the younger girl was dealing with a problem of her own. The child had ended up exploring what was meant to be Lyria's dresser, and within she'd found a bunch of clothing that was, well... inappropriate in nature. She'd made the mistake of touching what looked to be a black bikini top, and that had shot a bolt of static electricity into her person.

“Yowch! What was the fuck was that!?” She yipped in surprise, bringing her hands in to rub them gingerly. Io wasn't one to curse, but she also hadn't caught that she'd cursed in the first place. For while her

transformation would certainly be similar to Djeeta's, it wouldn't be completely the same.

After all, hers had begun with a sudden *jump in height*. “**Hey!?! What’s happening!?!**”, she cried out as her point of view rose at a very sudden pace, height bouncing up to a relatively tall 5’6” over the course of only a few seconds. The stretching of her spine and limbs had immediately put her outfit into disarray, tummy exposed thanks to the top being yanked away from her shorts due to the added distance.

She didn't just grow *up* though, and almost like hands pulling at her flesh from every angle, Io felt as if she was being torn wide. Which visually? Didn't seem to be too far from the truth. The button of her black shorts popped off, incapable of remaining bound as hips practically tripled in size and forced her posture into one where her knees pointed towards one another. Shoulders followed suit, though hardly widened at all by contrast.

Was she really just being stretched and molded though? Her facial features were the first clue that this wasn't *quite* the case. After all, her cheekbones had firmed and narrowed, and after a quick sensation that felt akin to an injection her lips suddenly swelled up to triple the size. Good for kissing and... other things. Not that at Io's age she would know what those other things were.

But her body filled out, and age became a contentious topic. She was looking more and more like a woman with each tweak that was made to her form, and her top finding itself propped up as a pair of B-cup breasts grew from her once undeveloped mosquito bites to match a developed rear behind her was *far* more indicative of the fact that she wasn't the child she'd just been moments before.

“**Wait... how old am I again? Twenty-eight? Is that right?**” She'd looked down at her body, a rather attractive form that was the ideal the young Io had always hoped for, and yet she couldn't be happy about it because she couldn't even remember being a child just moment prior. Instead there was a more blatant desire, one that bubbled up at an intensity she couldn't keep down... because it was growing hard to think.

“**God, I wanna fuck Gyu-chan so much right now... HUH!?!**” Fucking? Did she know what that was? Well, yeah! She did it all the time! The whole shtick of their girl band duo *GYARU* was that they were always handsy on stage, and even more handsy in the bedroom. It was the fucking best! “**N-No... these memories a-aren't... mine! Like, they're so... so... Inconsisteranant? Incongizient? Inco... totally not what I remember!**” Her intellect took a deep dive rather suddenly, which allowed her arousal to flourish.

“Why’m I wearing such a tight outfit anyways!?” It hardly fit, and she liked giving her flesh room to breathe, so the answer was obvious. Previous priorities having flown out the window, she began to undress herself with the door wide open - in the process revealing the physical corruption that was plaguing her.

The second she removed her top it was evident her breasts were swelling, bronze discoloration coating her orbs as nipples thickened to a ripe and twerkable volume. Flesh bounced freely as freshly grown B-cup inflated to the point that they almost seemed fake in their firmness, ultimately stopping at a pair of Es that were just a touch smaller than Djeeta’s.

Nails painted in gold then fumbled with her shorts as she tried to slide not only them but the childish panties that were strapped to her mature crotch. It was certainly a trick, since her ass and thighs were inflating rapidly while darkening and the shorts themselves kept getting caught on this weight. **“Get... the fuck... OFF!”** With one final push, a leg outstretched, she managed to tear off the lower wear so that her pussy and big ass could breathe along with the bleach blonde forest that was growing atop her crotch.

Speaking about things getting off, she licked her plump lips while her gaze floated over to the bathroom door. The one she wanted to fool around with was in there, but she had enough patience to wait. After all, Io’s new hourglass figure and tan was only part of the equation and it needed to be solved before they could meet according to the curses that plagued the duo.

The pieces in Io’s hair fell to the ground with a clang as a brighter, far more unnatural blonde rippled through those locks of hers. It looked like it had been done at a cheap salon, within a matter of seconds it seemed like she’d gotten most of the length chopped off there as well, for it now rested at her chin. Eyes blinked as a bright green shone through her irises, the shape of her face now that of a Japanese woman done up in excessive makeup with any similarity to her old life all but gone.

She was just standing there naked, her bombastic, gyaru, rock star body in plain sight with cheeks crimson thanks to her swelling need for intimacy. And then the one that would satiate her finally came out of the bathroom. **“Gyu-chan~! Like, there you are! I totes wanted to touch you! And touch me too!”**

Freshly freed from the bathroom prison, where Djeeta had been expecting to find Io she’d found a woman that looked much like she did now. This woman called her *‘Gyu-chan’*? She’d resisted losing her mind

to a new identity so far, but the moment she heard that name... she could no longer remember her old one. Nor could she resist as '*Aru-chan*' as she seemed to remember her, threw her bouncy body at her and shoved her tongue in Gyu's mouth.

Their massive breasts docked and Aru pushed all of her weight onto Gyu, bringing the long-haired gyaru to her knees as the short-haired gyaru seemed intent on mounting her. Why do it on the floor though when there was a bed right... *behind them*? Green eyes had flickered to see where Lyria's bed should have been, and definitely had been when they'd come in... but it was gone. In its place was what looked to be a series of portable closets.

Try as she might, Gyu was losing herself more and more. She'd been so certain that this airship was hers but now? Wasn't she just one of the musicians renting space as a part of the Grandcypher label? And the woman mounting her, Aru? She was her girlfriend and sexual partner, their typical on-stage gig drawing crowds because of how they threw themselves at one another with kissing and skinship. Her mind felt like it was melting, fading away until nothing was left.

Nothing but dumb thoughts about *fashion, music, sex*... did anything else matter? She just wanted to *fuck*. She *always* just wanted to fuck. As long as she could stay with Aru and fuck whenever she pleased, nothing really else matter. So what if they were dumb? Living like this was the smartest thing ever!

Their kiss broke, but only because the duo had felt a pair of eyes on them. **"Really? In the storage and costume room? I figured you two had more sense than that, but dunno. Guess I was wrong."** It was *Laura Lars*, their self-proclaimed rival. Even though she shared the same label and traveled in the same airship together. **"GYARU is that kinda band though, huh? You're just a couple of sluts."** She was hostile as ever, too.

But Gyu and Aru helped themselves off the floor, mischievous smirks upon their faces as they slowly approached Laura. They knew a secret that the one woman band hadn't told anyone else. That despite being hostile to GYARU and acting like they were just horny trash that got by on looks alone, Laura enjoyed being sandwiched between the two of them. When she was horny or touch-starved, she *always* ended up in their room.

The duo pounced, and Laura fell to the ground beneath them. **"H-Hey! No! I ain't got time for this right now. I gotta go!"** But the gyarus merely licked their lips to moisten them before speaking a line of desire in tandem.

“IKADAKIMASU!”

The moans of all three would haunt the room for the next two hours.

Maybe someone should close the door?