

UN-FAMILIAR FEELING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... No, that’s not right. Maybe if I add a pinch of this?”

Toiling over a cauldron, a young alchemist’s fingers bounced between vials and ingredients, twitching erratically as they went to grab this and that – occasionally dropping what she was presently holding and abandoning it for something else. Alchemy was a complicated craft, one where a lot of time the effectiveness of what you were trying to do came down to mere experimentation. At times you would have a number of failures before you acquired the result you were searching for, and even then how likely this was depended on *what* you were trying to do.

And in this case? Not only was it the alchemist’s first attempt, but what she was trying to do was *very* complicated. Ever since the two had become closer, Clarisse had been doing her best to follow Cagliostro’s example. There was just *so much* she could learn from the girl and it was exciting to have the unique opportunity that she had been given, but at times? It did ultimately lead to her just outright copying her mentor even when Cagliostro herself hadn’t wanted her to.

To those ends she had been borrowing the girl’s alchemical study to do something that, well, *Cagliostro probably wouldn’t have wanted her to*. **“I hope she doesn’t get mad, but I think I’m ready to try this!”** Try what? The creation of her own spirit familiar! Cagliostro herself had one in the form of Ouroboros, and Clarisse had always been extremely jealous of that. But she had been meticulously researching the process on how to make her own while using Ouroboros as her inspiration.

So what she had come with, and what she was using the cauldron for, were her own ingredients that she had handpicked for this very

occasion. Creating a familiar required the perfect mix of materials deposited into a cauldron and the *kind* of familiar you created was flexible. The alchemist creating one could alter the recipe to change the parameters to what they desired. But Clarisse? This was just an initial attempt, she wasn't expecting any manner of success!



“GACK!? COUGHCOUGHCOUGH!”

And so she wasn't all that surprised when she added the final ingredient to the pot and a cloud of black smoke spurted up – a sharp inhale made by mistake on her part prompting the coughing fit that had followed. **“Guess that didn't work after all. Oh well!”** And yet after waving away the majority of the smoke? Sitting on the edge of the cauldron was a tiny, golden dragon, no bigger than a gecko.

Clarisse blinked a moment, hesitant to believe her eyes. **“Wait a second! Wait. A. Second! Did it actually work!? I mean, you're a little smaller than I intended, but I still created you, didn't I!”** Unfortunately it wasn't like the micro-dragon could speak, and so it merely blinked at the outburst of its creator. There was a

fundamental flaw to this creation though, one that Cagliostro might have noticed had she been present. But because her protégé wasn't as experienced? It slipped right by Clarisse.

The tiny dragon was radiating a strange energy unconsciously – no doubt thanks to the Dragonshook flower petals she used in its concoction. The effects of this energy were not made immediately present however, and so for a time the girl continued on like normal. **“If this was successful, I should probably take notes and call it quits for today, huh? I'll need to figure out what ingredient resulted in the little guy being so... little!”** Could she ask Cagliostro's opinion? No, her mentor had been adamant that she wasn't ready to create a spirit familiar. But maybe she could phrase it as an unrelated question?

Still standing, she had traveled to a nearby desk and had begun to scribble her observations down into a notebook. Among these observations was the little lizard's mannerisms, or *lack thereof*. It was clearly *alive*, but it wasn't doing much of anything at all. It was just sort

of sitting on the edge of the cauldron with nary a thought in its head. **“Uh... Are you conscious?”** She had looked over at it and received a blink in reply. **“Guess so!”** And so she returned to her notes.

But it was around this time that the energy the reptile was excreting finally began to take its toll on anything, and *anyone* nearby. Clarisse being the primary unintentional target of this energy as the only living person in the alchemical study. So you could probably go out on a limb and say that Clarisse, despite her earnest intentions, had *kind of messed up*.

“Mn... This isn’t a good time for a headache, brain!” As she was still focused on jotting down her findings so that she might hypothesize what it was she needed to change, the alchemist soon found herself putting down her pen and massaging the sides of her head where a dull pain had begun to emerge alongside a strange *pressure*. She knew this feeling well, or at least she *believed* she knew it well, because it was most assuredly a *migraine*. She got them from time to time, as *all* great minds did.

But the positioning of her hands gradually shifted upwards to the direct sides of her skull’s frontal bone as the pain worsened. This wasn’t a common migraine location but it *could* theoretically happen. **“Wait a second...”** And yet as she rubbed there? The girl realized that something was *off* about how it felt. Why was her skin raised so high in these two spots? It wasn’t as if she had hit her head once, let alone twice on paralleled sides of her noggin.

A noise escaped her lips shortly that wasn’t quite *right*, but only because it was a sound of *alarm*. The tops of those nubs had taken sharp points, and said sharp points eventually pushed *up* and *out* of her head, fingers instead grasping black, jagged growths that curved back and up almost like lightning bolts. **“H-Horns!? Why did I grow these!?”** She was holding them like handlebars from shock. It wasn’t like body modification was all that unusual, technically. Alchemy could do plenty of things.

Clarisse just could *not* recall exposing herself to an alchemic reaction.
She’d been very careful to not get anything in the cauldron on her
clothes or body!

She staggered back and away from the desk she had been using after removing and tossing her leather gloves on top of it. She wanted to use her bare hands to examine these new growths. Yet strangely? As her fingers explored their length, density, and weight, her fingers themselves eventually appeared differently than they had when she had first removed her gloves. The fingers were thinner, longer, and now had

longer nails that were neatly manicured. She always kept them short so that they weren't uncomfortable in her favorite gloves, so that was definitely wrong!

“I can't believe I grew horns though... Cagliostro is definitely going to laugh at me.” The comment had begun innocently enough, but it took a strange and almost violent turn near the end. **“But she'll get hers if she tries! ...Eh?”** What was that she had just said about her stern but lovable tutor? **“Why did I say that...?”** There was no way she could possibly perceive this, but in the process of her outburst her blue irises had glowed gold and remained that color even after the glow had waned.

Those eyes weren't the only part of her to experience a color change, either. The amber locks of her hair lightened at an alarming rate towards a silvery white, the length of this hair cascading longer down her back all the while. The locks beneath her horns were swept to the sides along with her bangs, but some still hung down between those now golden eyes. What stood out midst this silver hair, however, was one crimson streak on the left of her bangs.

“Am I forgetting something? What was I just doing?” The woman hadn't meant to nor had she realized it, but she was speaking with a much sterner tone in a slightly deeper voice now. It ultimately suited the look of her better however, as the more serious expression she now sported was a product of changed facial features. From the neck up she didn't like Clarisse at *all*, in fact, with full, rosy lips, narrowed eyes, a thinner jaw, and a sharper nose. Though she *did* look more mature, look a young adult instead of a seventeen year old.

Her memories, too, felt a little *strange*. She was on the Grandcypher, she could remember that. But what was her purpose here? She'd joined at the behest of her *Commander*? No, that wasn't what she called them, was it? Clarisse's brow furrowed as she tried to piece apart this new riddle, but it was simply because the recollections of her experiences were shifting to represent another life altogether.

Those memories held a different idea as to what her *body* should have looked like in the present day, and her body itself was quick to pick up on these memories to 'correct' reality so that everything lined up. It began with a change in her overall stature, a few inches applied to her height. While the alchemists outfit *looked* like it was two pieces it was actually a single dress, and now with her spine taller, that meant her shoulders were higher.

So her skirt had been lifted high enough that you could see her unsurprisingly plain, white panties. That wasn't exactly what was

relevant about what came next, but they certainly got caught up in the process as this cloth was quickly and uncomfortable yanked up into her ass crack in the back, and forced to show off some cameltoe in the front. **“NGH!?”**

It certainly wasn't *comfortable*, and manicured fingers reached back to pick the wedgie without thinking about why it had happened in the first place. But looking at her hips and ass, it would have been difficult *not* to see why it had happened. Her rear end had swelled more than a few inches out behind her, bearing the look of a big, plush pillow compared to how thin it had been before. Her hips had honestly been given no choice but to spread wider to accommodate this growth, and her thighs had earned the brunt of the excess, rounding out each so that they were just as thick as her waistline. The peaks of her thigh highs did *not* survive the growth, and the tops tore several times.

If Clarisse sat at a chair now, no doubt those thighs would muffin seductively over the lip of its front.

The woman exhaled sharply, but only because the chest region of her dress felt extremely tight all of a sudden. Her ego had been corrupted enough by new memories that she hardly saw it as strange that her bosom had begun to not only swell, but practically *erupt* with mass, and as pressure grew and their shapes could be seen filling and pooling beneath the restrictive fabrics... It was only inevitable that the cloth prison would give way with a mighty explosion. Two full, pale, F-cup tits leaped out from beneath, hearty, eye-sized nipples firmly at attention as it all stood bare. **“What's up with these clothes?”**

Out of everything that had just happened, *that* was what her mind chose to focus on.

But perhaps, in the end, that was intentionally. Because the cloth that remained disintegrated at the behest of the tiny wyrm's powers, leaving her standing in the nude momentarily, and *only* momentarily. A new outfit was constructed out of nowhere, though it left perhaps a little *too* much to the imagination. Red cloth covered her big nipples as part of what seemed like a dress, though these were practically the only things covered and her breasts were exposed otherwise. Those 'flaps' connected to a black strip of fabric that hung past her bellybutton with cross-laced strands crossing around the sides of her torso.

The black panties she now wore were completely exposed and wholly made of lace, but at least they fit that big ass of hers properly. Otherwise, she was wearing tight, black, leather gloves, and a crimson choker held her neck while thin straps could be seen extending from it around to her back, where they aided in binding the little that covered

her huge tits. Even her horns were accessorized by tiny bells that dangled from the ends.

The changes to the young woman's body and attire had certainly been pronounced in the end, but it was hardly the only thing to have changed due to the familiar's presence in the immediate area. In fact, Cagliostro's alchemical study didn't resemble its original purpose whatsoever. It was now a bedroom, and a rather fanciful one at that with a grand canopy bed and a large wardrobe. It was *her* bedroom, as in the woman that was still standing inside of it.

“Hmph.” Ägir grunted after looking around. She had nary a recollection that she had once been Clarisse, but that didn't mean that nothing of Clarisse remained. The strong feelings that she'd had for the ship's captain lingered, but they were also twisted to better suit her new personality and position. After all, she was a *shipgirl* aboard a ship, and as a member of Iron Blood she was the sort of woman that took what she wanted without a second thought.

The draconic weapon rig piled neatly in the room's corner was a testament to that.

Rather than think *anything* of the transformation she had just undergone, or the fact that her bare feet were still against the cold floor despite the revealing dress that had tried to cover things otherwise, there was only a singular thought that hung on the woman's mind. Something she wanted to do more than *anything*. **“I wish to go see the Commander.”** Which would have been the ship's captain in this case. More than just see them, she yearned to take them down a peg. To place them under her feet, and—



“WHAT THE H—!?”

Before Ägir could complete that presumably lewd thought, though? A girlish shriek from just outside of her door interrupted it and agitated the shipgirl. **“Who would dare bother me unannounced?”** She could only imagine it was one of the other crew members. Not only were

they eccentric, but they were beyond *nosy* as well. She wasn't fond of their antics. But when she opened the door? There wasn't a person to be seen. Just a pair of black, thigh high stockings right in front of her door. "**A gift?**" Although if *that* was the case then why had they yelled? She picked the cloth up and brought them inside.

Sitting seductively upon the edge of her bed, she opened the stockings and pulled them tightly up both of her legs where she then fastened them with garter straps to the rest of her outfit. They fit like a glove and complimented her outfit completely. How lucky for her. But the truth? Well, what Ägir had just adorned was what had become of Cagliostro. She was unknowingly *wearing* her old mentor.

Because not only was the draconic familiar that Clarisse created *gone*, but it had slipped under the door and run into the ship where its powers would undoubtedly bring about even more changes. But Ägir didn't know this. Nor did she care. She only cared about one thing.

"I suppose wearing these, the Commander's view will be more exciting?"