

FRESH ERUNE MAKEOVER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph wasn't so ignorant as not understand why women wore makeup.

They did it to enhance their beauty according to the beauty standards of today. Some did it for fun and didn't really care *that* much about it, while others viewed it as a necessity, whether it was because they had become so accustomed to it or because they wanted to hide their own perceived flaws. There wasn't really a wrong or right answer for using it at the end of the day because it came down to personal preference. Even some men made use of it, and that was totally fine!

...But Joseph himself wasn't one of them. He'd actually never even touched the stuff and didn't much care if women did or didn't. Beauty wasn't something he decided based on what makeup a woman was wearing, and one could be just as beautiful without. Ultimately? It was not something that even really crossed his mind under normal circumstances.

And so, the circumstances he presently found himself in must not have been *normal*.

“Who even left this here? What am I supposed to do with it?”

He had gone out for the day, which in itself wasn't exactly *unusual*. He had to go to work a lot of the time, and he also made a habit of seeing friends here and there. No, the trip itself wasn't really the implied abnormality. It was what had awaited him when he had returned to his bedroom after a long day. There had been a small box resting on his desk.

Within which there had been some very *peculiar* products. Makeup, of all things. “**I feel like someone is almost playing a prank on me...**” Because he couldn’t even imagine *who* would leave a box like that there, much less *who* would have done so. His confusion only grew after removing a container of blush from the box and examining the label.

“For your back and armpits? Do people even use makeup there?”

It *sounded* ridiculous, but Joseph also couldn’t help but think that he’d heard something like that somewhere before. It was on the tip of his tongue, but he just *couldn’t* remember. The man’s memory had been *tampered with*, in fact, and while he hadn’t completely forgotten where he’d heard of back and armpit makeup? He’d only recall by the time it was *much* too late. “**Wait, did I—?**”

“**Huh!?**” There had been a long pause in the man’s thoughts. A *very* long pause it seemed, because the next moment he gained any sort of awareness? He was sitting down at his desk with a brush in hand. The blush he’d been holding was open on the desk, and he could tell. He’d applied some of it to his *shoulder*? “**Wh-Why did I do that!?**” Somehow that had *also* triggered the memory about where he’d heard about back and armpit makeup.

In *Granblue Fantasy*.

He wasn’t really given much of an opportunity to grasp what that *meant* beforehand, but he *would* experience it firsthand. After all? The skin upon which it had been applied was *paler* than it had been *before* it had been applied. Its natural, olive tone had paled despite the blush being a pinkish color – and did that mean the rest of his body would change color with makeup? Well, *yes*, but it wasn’t really necessary to apply it anymore either. This paled color was spreading naturally *from* his shoulder down his arms and torso, and even up his neck and face.

Around that time, Joseph subconsciously took the blush and reached over his shoulder to pat at his back underneath the shirt. It took him a second to realize. “**H-Huh!? What am I doing!?**” What had compelled him to *continue* applying the blush!? *Well, I want to look my best, of course! There are plenty of men to impress out there!* “**Grk!?**” Why had that thought even crossed his mind!? Since when did he, as a straight man, care about impressing other men? *How else am I going to get laid?*

Had his preferences *changed*? Was he becoming *bisexual*? It was a plausible assumption considering the lack of information he had at his

disposal, but there were already plenty of signs that it was due to something greater. After all... There wasn't anything different about his sexuality if he was somehow a *woman*, was there? And while they hadn't come to complete fruition just yet, the signs were *already* there. Joseph's clothing felt looser overall, a product of subtler changes having begun to happen beneath the cloth.

His body had thinned, any bulk that it had previously possessed almost *melting* away while his silhouette gradually moved towards a form that was far more *androgynous* in nature. Even as he *continued* to pat makeup against his back outside of his control, there was soon *less* of that back to pat down as it became small and curved in towards his waist on the sides. While Joseph *had* become thinner overall, slight muscle mass could be seen building in his back and arms – adding to the sensual appearance of the former.

“I can't – *mm* – stop applying it...” Try as he might, he couldn't stop himself from applying that makeup and wasn't even afforded an opportunity to try and check why his body felt so *weird*. Even as the hand holding the brush adjusted its grip, a necessity because his palms and fingers had become a touch smaller and more delicate, and because his fingernails were both long and manicured, he was unable to look down to see. It was as if he was being guided solely by instinct, now dabbing a hairless armpit as if he had done it a million times in the past.

That little moan he had sounded amidst his commentary was something worth contemplating too. It had sounded effeminate at the time and was awkwardly communicated thanks to the man's *lips*. Well, the issue was more that they didn't really look *like* a man's lips any longer? Perhaps the best word to describe them would be '*juicy*', with pink skin stretched across an almost beestung mass that complimented what had been transpiring across the rest of his face – and even his hair – well.

He reached for a different blush product once his armpits had been completed and began to pap at his face. The structure of pale skin thinned, narrowed, and lengthened so that this face's shape was long and narrow overall, but with a smaller nose and narrowed eyes there wasn't much point in denying its femininity. He clearly *looked* like a woman more or less, with chestnut brown eyes fluttering with lengthened eyelashes beneath thinned eyebrows. And was he supposed to look a little *younger*? Like he was around *twenty five* or so.

“And why am I enjoying... it?” Joseph couldn't deny that there was something oddly *satisfying* about what he was doing. It was scratching an itch that wasn't there, although in the end he found himself hung up on how womanly and sultry his voice had begun to sound. It matched his now Adam's apple-less visage. And yet, as dramatic and notable of a

shift as it was? He didn't linger on it long. Different thoughts came to mind. *I should tend to my beautiful hair next, no?*

Considering he kept his dark hair so short, this felt like an odd thing to think. But it actually paired well with the next wave of changes, for that short hair grew and fanned out behind him. As it grew longer and longer, falling *way* past his shoulders, the color of it all lightened to a chestnut brown that matched the changed colors of his eyes. This hair reached behind his shins in the end and was *clearly* well maintained.

There seemed to be a tradeoff for an increase in hair length, but it wasn't exactly *that* difficult for Joseph to notice while seated. Typically, he was nearly six feet tall, but his posture on the chair slowly shifted to accommodate a change in *height*, namely that his body was shrinking a little bit. "*Hm?*" The man might have vaguely noticed it, but it didn't wholly register that he had dropped down to 5'7". Even his feet, much like his hands, were fairer by the end of that collapse. They were delicate, manicured tootsies that could easily be the subject of a man's foot worship.

In fact, *she* would have welcomed it! "*Oh my!*" From the woman's perspective it was as if something was now burning in her loins. The act of her cock and balls blending into her pelvis where a pussy and all of the related organs were forged didn't seem to bother her, and instead? The woman licked her lips. She saw it as a burst of arousal, and sometimes she did have moments of hypersexuality. She stopped seeing to her makeup for a moment to think about a big cock railing her. "**I could really go for that tonight!**"

Once Joseph's sex had changed, the final wave of changed rocked her body pretty quickly, targeting the regions of her body that would define her femininity. Sensitive nipples were part of this, swelling to twice their size as weight pooled beneath. Skin stretched around what would become a pair of *B-cup* tits that jiggled beneath her shirt.

And a similar weight was invited to her ass. It bubbled out beneath her, the woman's posture in the chair once again shifting as she rose a couple of inches. Thighs lipped over the edge of the seat too, her pants tightening around the weight that gathered at the peaks of a pair of attractive, hairless legs. In the end she crossed one thigh over the other, finding the posture much more comfortable.

Both her surroundings *and* her clothing swirled at her transformation's end, and ultimately? The woman was left wearing something entirely different. Dark leather, thigh high boots with golden spikes extending from their heels, alone with a matching two piece ensemble that considered of a top that merely covered her breasts and a pair of shorts

so short that her cheeks were still exploding out of the sides in the back. A matching cape hung from her shoulders, black with a blue-feathered clasp. And a hair ornament with a pink gem took shape on the right side of her head, just in front of...

FLOOF!

A pair of furry, canine-like animal ears that twitched up and to attention in place of her old, human ears.

The Erune woman had remained blissfully unaware of how her surroundings had changed, a once familiar bedroom now replaced with an inn room that was only *vaguely* familiar. Because *Metera* had only been renting it for a few nights now as she stayed in town to experience the nightlife. “**Mm...**” She ran gloss over her full lips, pressing them together to test the application before finally standing from her makeup chair.



“**Sometimes it’s so tough being an Erune woman~!**” She mused playfully with a stretch and a wink at the mirror. “**It takes far too long to apply makeup with my armpits and back in the mix.**” But when you considered the fashion sense of her race it at least made *sense*. Their clothes were always backless with their armpits exposed. It had been a longstanding tradition that seemed to work pretty well for them.

Well, it worked *especially* well for *Metera*. She was a natural born beauty who had little problem showing as much skin as possible. Even now she was daydreaming about what sexy hunks she might find parading around on the sky island that night. She was typically fucking a man every day at this point! “**Although I suppose I’d need to consider my perfume...**”

“**A beautiful woman’s work is never done!**”

I couldn't help but let out an exasperated sigh at the sight.

“Mail, mail, mail...” After coming back from a grocery shopping trip, I'd found a few small boxes piled up in front of my door. Packages from Amazon, no doubt, because I'd had to replace a few things in my house. I just wasn't at *all* excited about having to move them all inside after bringing in all of my groceries though. I was just one man! It took me about five minutes to get all the food inside and put it all away before I could grab the boxes.

And as I thought? They were addressed to *Axel* – or at least *most* of them were. There was *one* that was entirely unmarked. **“Was this not delivered with the rest of the mail? Did someone just leave it on my porch randomly?”** They must have gotten the wrong address then. Sensibly, my plan was to just leave the box closed to see if someone else came to pick it up because I *was* assuming it was a mistake.

But then I blacked out, or at least my consciousness did. **“Wh-Whuh?”** When I became aware again? I was holding a makeup brush in my right hand, sitting at my desk with the box open in front of me. I could see a number of makeup items, including the blush open in front of me. **“Did I apply some of this? Why!? Where!?”** Unlike Joseph who had been applying it *as* he'd changed? My own impulses had led me to essentially apply *all* of it to my shoulders, back, and pits already. That was why I couldn't really tell.

I pushed myself away from the desk and distanced myself from the makeup out of concern. But no sooner than I threw my weight around to do so did I arch a confused eyebrow. My pants had slipped off and, realistically, it hadn't felt like I had thrown much weight around in the first place. **“EH!?”** I cried out shrilly as I'd looked down, finding things... not exactly where they should have been.

My shirt was oversized, and that was *exactly* the problem. I'd been a bigger man for a very long time, with a weight that I just couldn't seem to completely alleviate regardless of how much work I put into it. But that weight was just *gone*, and my shirt hung off of me like an old, ill-fitted towel. **“What's going on here? Why am I *thiiiiiiin!*?”** As much as I'd simply wished it was solely a matter of getting thinner, I was struck with the reality soon after that my desk was becoming a little closer to my eye level.

I had shrunk down to 5'6"! **“I... What's going on here!?”** I repeated the same question as before but with a little more OOMF this time. Unfortunately, the amount of 'OOMF' I used didn't affect the lack of an answer. My voice was beginning to hit my ear strangely too, almost like

it was a little bit higher than I subconsciously remembered? By the next time I spoke, though, I wouldn't even realize that it had completely changed any longer.

That change in my voice was linked to another set of alterations that I hadn't been able to notice without a mirror anyways. Namely the collapse and softening of my facial features. Everything became smaller and cuter on the whole, with full, pouting lips and brighter eyes. A small, cute nose rested between thinned cheeks, and in the end? There wasn't really much point in denying how *feminine* I looked facially. But I was also extremely *beautiful*, eyes that now shone with a dark pink beneath lengthier lashes and all.

“Hm? Why did I step away from the table? I need to finish getting ready for tonight's heist, don't I?” It wasn't just *what* I said but how I said it as I began to move back to my chair. Thoughts of looking my best filled my head, *especially if I wanted to preserve my secret identity*. **“My...?”** Did I have a secret identity? That sounded really cool! And sexy! *Well, am I not both of those things~!?*

This was seemingly becoming truer with each passing moment. My short, dark hair spilled out speedily almost as if it was on a mission. First to my shoulders, then to my shoulder blades. If fanned out and curled upward in its lengths as it eventually reached where my butt was now located – but it also lightened to a soft but striking pink that matched my new eyes well. And this new head of mine wouldn't be complete without—

FLOOF!

A pair of fluffy *Erune* ears that sprouted from my head's sides. My human ears now gone, of course.

But I didn't even notice them twitching. I had stopped halted my return to the desk and to *my* makeup momentarily, but soon returned to what was a very short trip. It was realistically just a few steps away, yet a lot happened over the course of those few steps. Such as? Well, my chest quickly flourished beneath my oversized shirt. Sensitive nipples distractingly rubbed against the underside of the cloth as they became puffy, and it only became more distracting once the weight of a *B-cup* bosom jiggled about with each step. **“Mm...”**

It wasn't the only part of me that was jiggling about before I finally sat my ass down again though. That *ass* was actually one of the culprits, cheeks rising and falling with greater vigor as they bubbled into an appropriate heart shape that lifted my shirt's back. Any weight that

wasn't given to my ass was instead bestowed upon my thighs so that they became rounder and plusher. *But Erune aren't exactly known for their bodacious figures! Our beauty is much more refined!*

A vague moment of discomfort afflicted me once I sat my fuller ass down on my chair. Once courtesy of my sex changing, leaving me with a *woman's* pussy where a dick had been seconds before. And it didn't happen a moment too soon, for my outfit *and* surroundings were promptly swapped out. And that outfit? Well, it was pretty tight around the crotch.

Because the bulk of it was largely a backless, armless leotard that showed off my cleavage, and also my tummy through translucent black lace. A *plethora* of belts and compartments appeared across my thighs, connecting to heeled, thigh high boots. Each compartment had useful thieving tools hidden inside. A crimson brooch rested across my collar bone too, atop a collar that was attached to gloved half-sleeves that only covered the top halves of my arms. So that my armpits and sideboob could be exposed, of course! Topping it all off, a little top hat sat in front of my right ear atop a crimson headband.

Once I finally sat down to apply the lipstick to my lips, I stood up once more energetically and posed in the mirror of the inn room I was renting. Had my surroundings changed? If they *had* then I hadn't noticed! **“And done! Masterful application if I do so say myself.”** I placed my hands on my hips and beamed at the mirror. Wasn't I the prettiest twenty two year old Erune this side of town? **“...I should watch where I say that. I know Metera is in town too.”** And that Erune took her beauty perhaps a little *too* seriously.

My goals for the night weren't the same as hers, however. While I would sleep around with men or women here and there, that wasn't my primary interest. I'd heard of a wealthy woman hiding away in town that had hurt a few innocent people, and that made her the perfect target for *Night smoke*, my phantom thief identity! ...Although my real name was *Catherine*. The application of my makeup was just another part of the visual transformation, for I always wanted to look my best during a heist!



But *because* I'd decided to get ready before setting out? I wouldn't be able to leave through my inn room's door. I'd need to slip out the window from the third floor. That drop would be a cake walk for an experienced thief like me, though! After doing yet another dramatic pose in the mirror in my black outfit (cut to show off my armpits and back, of course), I thought back to my mission once more.

“Actually, the last time I planned a heist and Metera happened to be around things went a little *awry*, didn't they?” Because the Erune had been clinging to my target at the time. But in this case the target was a *woman*, so it probably wouldn't be that much of an issue. Right? *Right?* **“Gods, I hope she doesn't inadvertently cause problems for me anyways...”**

I didn't want to hear detective Rick complain at the café the next day more than usual because of it.