

BUSTY OR BUSTED?

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“A matriach’s work is never done, it seems.”

Words spoke to the great weight of responsibility that often fell upon the shoulders of those who held positions of great importance and renown. Of the kings that led their nations, of the governors that did their bidding, and even the small business owners that contributed their taxes to the kingdom at large. Yes, there were plenty of roles in this world that expected one to be in a constant state of business, many hands that were constantly kept busy by the whims of society.

But in the case of Priscilla Barielle, at least in *that* moment, her words seemed to be somewhat hollow. Because she was not engaged in any form of work, nor did she even look to be getting ready to do so. Instead? She was lounging about in her bedchambers. Fully dressed in her usual, elegant gown of course, but spread lazily across her bed.

Being the matriarch of House Barielle of the Vallachia Empire, needless to say that Priscilla was an extremely important individual within the confines of her homeland. So important, in fact, that she had been held up as a candidate to be Lugnica’s next king. But all of that importance? She hardly reflected it in such a sorry state – but she just wasn’t in the *mood* to work.

“Meetings, meetings, meetings! And then I need to await the report on the cart that was deployed in the capital. Give me a break!” Considering how she was hailed, perhaps it was unsurprising to hear that her personality left a *little* something to be desired. She was proud and arrogant, believing that the world was an oyster from which she had the exclusive right to pluck the pearl. So there were days like

this where she simply refused to work, much to the headaches of her advisors.

What was more frustrating to them was that she was acting this way while visiting her home. The nineteen year old had possessed accommodations in Lugnica's capital due to her role as a king candidate and her family's wealth. There had been no need for her to return, yet she had insisted on the merit of being homesick. How could someone like that rule a kingdom? Of course while her advisors were *thinking* this, none of them would dare say it allowed.

Lest they wanted to experience the teen woman's full wrath.

In fact, considering how fowl of a mood she was in, Priscilla had planned on remaining in all day. Forget her meetings! She would skip them all and they would say nothing of it! They would be foolish to make an ill remark after all, particularly when she had come such a long way. But there was also the issue of the cart in the capital.

It contained something of a family heirloom. An ornate chest that she was having delivered to her homestead in the capital city where it would be kept for safekeeping. While he had passed away seven years prior, her father had always told her to keep it close. Apparently it had the uncanny ability to *turn someone's perspective on its head*, which made it a useful tool for negotiation and bartering. She had never seen this power firsthand, nor had the occasion ever arose to bother using it.

Until now.

“OW!?” The woman had landed face first on something hard, wooden, and *in motion*, which quickly stunned her since she hadn't been in a position where she should have fallen in the first place. It took her a moment to recover from the pain of the sudden collision, and by the time she had pushed herself up onto her knees she was rubbing her nose thoughtfully. No blood, nothing was broken. Thank goodness.

“HEY! SOMEONE'S IN THERE! COME OUT HERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR WE'RE COMING IN THERE!”

Though muffled, a man's voice from beyond the wooden walls that contained her gave an authoritative threat. Priscilla had hardly been given a chance to understand what was going on, but she was in the back of a closed carriage or cart of some kind? She could have sworn it looked familiar, but she hadn't turned around to see the opened chest that her back was practically rubbing up against. **“Crap...!”**



Because she didn't know what was going on, she didn't have the context to know that if she had just stepped out, she would have been met with one of her own people and escorted back to her home in the capital. Instead she believed she was now in *danger*, and in a pinch that she needed to get out of *stat*. Since they knew she was here, she believed that making more noise would cause problems, so eyes searched the floor in front of her for something, *anything* that might allow her to make a break for it.

And then she saw it.

Everything from that moment on was little more than a blur. She picked something up off the floor, twisted it, and threw it out the carriage's back flap where it suddenly exploded. Smoke poured in, the item

obviously having been a smoke bomb, and the woman took advantage of the confusion to bound out the back of the carriage and dart into a nearby alleyway – leaving behind her heels to run barefoot despite the risks.

It wasn't until she got far enough away that she was comfortable with stopping that a number of realizations hit her all at once. **“This is... Lugnica's capital!? Did I throw a smoke bomb? How did I know it *was* a smoke bomb, much less how to activate it!?”** Priscilla pushed her back up against a dark alley wall. These were all good questions. Not to mention where she might have gotten the endurance to run so quickly and so far? That wasn't the sort of stamina the busty woman typically was treated to. Something wasn't *right*.

Though to be fair, her status as a 'busty woman' was part of the issue in the first place. With breasts so large and an ass so big, one could say that the genes she had been dealt made it difficult for her to comfortably exercise – at least when it came to things like running. So for her to have moved with such speed and precision, it was almost like she hadn't been burdened by those issues whatsoever.

“...Eh?” To say that this thought had prompted Priscilla to look down would have been a lie. Instead her crimson gaze had ultimately been directed downward in response to an unusual tingly sensation that seemed to have targeted her *chest* specifically. At first she wondered if maybe her mind was playing tricks on her? Perhaps it was a side effect

of being panicked and going for such a long run when she wasn't used to it? But in the end she couldn't help but squint. Where specifically?

The points where her breasts met the low neckline of her dress.

Perhaps saying the dress even *had* a neckline was a little overly generous. Priscilla always wore dresses that were supported on her arms, just below her shoulders, and so essentially the upper halves of her breasts were just as bare as her cleavage was. Yet because she constantly wore the same types of dresses, it was certainly simple for her to tell when something wasn't fitting as it should have. **“Did my dress slip while I was running? No...”** And it certainly wasn't possible that there had been a change in her weight so *suddenly*. So *why*?

Why was there space between the reach of her weighty breasts and the cups of her outfit? It was roughly an inch, or at least it had *started* that way. Yet... Soon it was a *two inch* gap. **“EEK!? Nonononono!”** As she had seen it with her own two eyes, an alarmed yet accurate realization struck her. Nothing was wrong with her outfit and she certainly wasn't losing weight. Her breasts, no small part of her pride in her physical appearance, *were getting smaller!*

Both hands pawed at them in a panic, grabbing at the flesh of her bosom as if to salvage what she could – yet the force that was robbing her of her beauty did not falter in response to what was a minor nuisance at best. The supple tissue that made her breasts so big and firm was diminishing, and before long? They were little more than mosquito bites upon her chest, just enough to prove she was still a woman in the most basic of senses. Of course since her dress had defined cups, those cups still pushed out as if to mock just how much she had lost.

“N-No way! How in the world did my chest... get... smaller...?” Priscilla had been so certain that this was alarming, and for good reason at that. But the more she looked at and felt her tiny breasts under her fingertips the more familiar it seemed. *There's no way... Were they always this size? What was I so shocked about?* It certainly would have explained her agility if anything.

Yet her chest wasn't even the only place that had been affected. It had been the one she had noticed while it was happening, but farther south on her person? A similar set of changes had been wreaking havoc around the rest of her curves as well. This was best felt in the fit of the black, lace panties that she wore – or perhaps it was better to say their *lack* of fit?

Much like the cups of her dress, these was a lot more room afforded to that undergarments now. Cloth was hanging much looser because there

was less for it to hang onto, and her ass was part of that. Cheeks compacted, retaining their roundness but *certainly* not their mass, and her thighs thinned considerably to boot. In fact? Without much to accommodate, her hips had narrowed dramatically as well. Giving her the figure of a woman that seemingly hadn't quite grown at all.

The woman shook her head, trying to shake away the weird feeling she felt. Yet in doing so it was almost like she was *shaking the orange* right out of her hair. Instead the color of it all lightened towards a brighter blonde, and what's more? It seemed to shorten from the center of her back right up to her neckline. The floral ornament in her hair had fallen out, and what remained of her hair stuck in an extremely *messy* style. "***I must be losing my mind!***"

Priscilla's voice had acquired a rather childish chirp to it, and she was speaking both with much more energy and in a much more casual way than she was accustomed to. Almost like she had been raised as some *nobody street rat*. Little did she know that her face, another point of her illustrious beauty, was changing to support a changed backstory. Her eyes? Rounder and redder. Her lips? Nearly pencil thin. The shape of that face? More circular and chubbier. Even her brows became short and thin. Until she didn't look like the beautiful matriarch of an extremely important family.

She just looked like *some kid*. Even though she was pretty in her own way and it wasn't quite the face of a child. Perhaps it was better to describe it as the face of 'a very youthful teenager'?

"Whoa!?" Was she falling!? Arms were thrown up and out to the sides as her balance had been compromised, yet her feet hadn't slipped out from underneath her at all? Though the hands she'd held out had lost their perfect manicures, nails now looking chewed upon fingers that... were those fingers *smaller* now? *It wasn't just her fingers, though.*

Falling in line with what her lack of maturity already suggested, the stature of her frame had begun to, well, *fall*. Whether it was her limbs or her torso, all of it ultimately became more compact as if gravity had suddenly doubled around Priscilla specifically, and like that gravity wished for her body to conform into a new shape. Arms and legs became shorter, and so of course her hands and feet did the same.

It all made *sense* once a full *five inches* had been peeled from her overall height, really. Her lack of curves was hardly as concerning now that she was both smaller *and* four years younger at the age of fifteen. Was there a chance that she would grow more buxom as she got older? Those chances weren't *zero*, but it also looked as if she was destined to remain dainty if she was still so lacking at *that* age. Not that she even *wanted* to

be curvy. The girl couldn't help but think that having big boobs would have been a real pain in the ass!

Speaking of? She blinked. A drafty feeling had brought her attention back downward again. Her chest was bare, and the breeze was teasing all of her exposed skin in a way that going to make her sick. So... what?

“What... am I even wearing!?! This looks like the kind of gaudy dress that Priscilla would wear!” Shaking arms about wildly to loosen the dress that still hung off of her tiny form, *Felt* was none too pleased about her current circumstances. **“Did I get this from the chest? Why did I put it on!?”** The memories of planning the heist to rob Priscilla blind had all come rushing back to her, and when her brain tried to fill in the blanks this was the only scenario that made sense – and even then it didn't really make all *that* much sense.

Because after shedding the gaudy outfit? She was very clearly *naked* underneath. Not that she really cared all that much, but she made quick work tearing up the dress she had just wore to create bindings for her chest and pelvis so that the essentials were covered. It really wasn't all that different from what she was used to wearing on the streets, honestly. In fact it was probably more valuable just based on the material alone.

“I still have a million questions though. What's with that memory gap?” Once she was at least a little bit decent, *Felt* stared up at the sky. She didn't understand why she couldn't remember what had happened once she had snuck onto the carriage. Even if someone had told her the truth of it, however? There was no way that she would believe that she had *been* Priscilla, spirited away by her family heirloom and changed into *Felt* because the girl had tried to rob her.

No, she wouldn't believe that in a million years. But she also didn't have any leads, so she sighed. **“Guess I should go back. If my clothes are there, it'll be a real problem if that gets traced back to me.”** See, why would she leave any evidence at the scene of the crime? It really wasn't in character for her at all!



But oh well...