

BLADE FIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



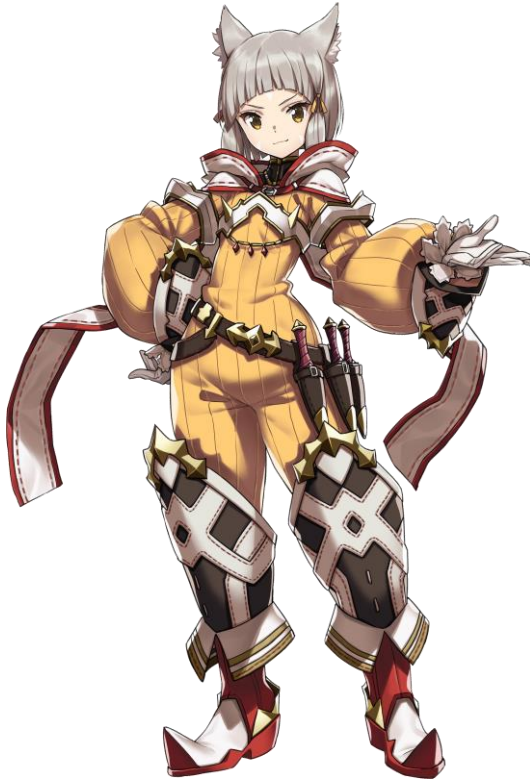
It wasn't like Nia to be jealous.

Okay, it was *totally* like Nia to be jealous.

But the Gormotti woman had been even more jealous than normal as of late, ever since she had warmed up to a certain someone. And as much as she hated the fact that she *had* warmed up to him, she really couldn't deny that her feelings had turned that way. She had developed affections for Rex, a boy that she had seen as backwater and a little tasteless at first, and that had led to the unfortunate mental state that she was left in now.

Perhaps her jealousy wouldn't have grown so much if not for factors that she couldn't control, though. It went without saying that if it was just a simple crush, and there was no competition, then Nia wouldn't exactly have all that much to worry about. But this *wasn't* the case, and most of the problems stemmed from the fact that there *was* competition. And that competition was so powerful that Nia herself felt powerless in how to combat it.

The issue? Well, it was Pyra of course. The Blade that was bound to Rex (*and the fact that she was a Blade made it all the more difficult for Nia, all things considered*) was kind, beautiful, and compared to the Gormotti had a *much* more appealing figure. In many ways Pyra was already the perfect housewife in how she cooked for and cared for Rex, meanwhile Nia could hardly stop herself from being unnecessarily abrasive with him.



But a chance had finally come. **“We’re going to the beach, the beach, the beach~!”** Nia was in unusually high spirits, but this was because she had a plan. The group had decided to have a beachside adventure – a short break to relax amidst all of the fighting they had been subjected to as of late. It was her opportunity to show Rex the appeals of a slenderer woman! That just because a woman was well endowed, that it didn’t mean she was superior!

To make sure her plan was successful though? She first had to remove Pyra from the equation. No matter how hard she tried, if the Blade of flame had been standing right beside her in a swimsuit, this

absolutely would *not* have worked. And so she had developed something of a plan. See if she could trick Pyra into taking care of the cooking that evening, during which she could take Rex aside and have him all for herself for a bit.

The plan was simple. Meet Pyra in the changing rooms, get dressed, then take her by the beachside market and plant the idea in her head that her cooking would be better beachside. The Blade would *undoubtedly* take the bait, and then she’d have her chance! Or at least that had been how things were supposed to go, but Pyra was late for some reason, and Nia had been left in the changing room alone with their swimsuits.

“Huh? Wait a sec... Didn’t I pack Pyra’s as well? I could’ve sworn I did...” A hitch automatically developed in the plan, and it was one that would likely make her look bad. She had been responsible for bringing the change of clothes for the women, and deciding to get changed while she waited for the taller woman she had opened the bag to fetch her own swimwear. Only to realize that her swimsuit was the *only* one in the bag. **“But I packed it! I’m certain that I did!”**

Thinking that she perhaps overlooked it, fingers desperately turned the bag inside out. But there was no swimsuit inside. Instead though? She found a strange, glowing charm that was reminiscent of Pyra’s Core Crystal. **“Hm?”** And once it fell out of the bag and hit the floor of the changing room? It suddenly gave off a very bright and warm glow.

“WHAT THE—!?” But how could that crystal give off *warmth*? The glow eventually dwindled, leaving Nia stunned in place, blinking. **“What in the world was that?”** The crystal appeared to have disappeared as well. Wasn’t that kind of bad? She couldn’t have been sure, but she had gotten the impression that the crystal might have been somewhat important, somehow.

The Core Crystal lookalike hadn’t *actually* disappeared, though. It was still very present, having been absorbed by the crystal that was normally hidden beneath Nia’s own outfit. And in the same vein? Her golden eyes had begun to glow the very same, bright green that the crystal had given off in the first place. She just hadn’t realized.

Her own Core Crystal *was* normally hidden, but it was completely exposed by this juncture. Nia herself had not realized at all until her gaze eventually wandered downwards though, because she had somehow felt a little cold. **“Where... did my clothes go?”** It was true. While she hadn’t undressed herself, she was now standing in her birthday suit within the changing room. Which wasn’t really a *problem*, but the sudden disappearance of her clothing was alarming. **“Is this some sort of prank!?”**

That had to be it, didn’t it? There was no way this was all happening for real. Was it a joke being played on her by one of the other party members? She had a hard time taking it seriously, a simple burst of light that stripped her naked in a room that was private anyways. But at the same time it also felt a little elaborate. All she could do, really, was try and ponder the purpose. It wasn’t that big of a deal since she had spare outfits, and she had her swimsuit to change into anyways.

But the young woman was ignorant. Not willingly, but so distracted by *what* had happened, she hadn’t thought much about whether or not there were any other side-effects of being exposed to that light, which there absolutely *were*. Looking at Nia’s hair revealed something odd. That bright red strands had begun to appear midst their usual silver – not isolated to only her hair, but also the fur on her ears as well. Strand by strand it was dyed, but at the same time there was something *off* about them other than the color.

In terms of quality... was it really still *hair*? The strands somehow didn’t look as fair as hair typically did, and in fact came across as a little rough, at least individually. They still sat there in their usual position at their usual length, but there was no denying that they looked more like they should be stitched together than exist as loose pieces. Almost like... it would made more sense if they were bound into clothing.

“I suppose I should get changed and then figure it out...” There was no point in sitting around naked. Pyra would just walk into her being nude and be confused, and the last thing she wanted to do was to cause problems – particularly since she hadn’t shown anyone in the group her own crystal yet. Her crystal was, strangely, now glowing just as green as her eyes. The same green as Pyra’s Core Crystal. But despite the similar glow and red hair that was a similar color to the flame Blade’s own, she wasn’t actually *becoming* Pyra.

Resolved to get changed as she was, Nia found herself unable to turn around to grab her swimsuit off of the bench. Rather, she couldn’t move her body *at all*. Even her mouth, which she had been speaking through just seconds prior, could only quiver at most. Was she paralyzed? Why was she paralyzed? Was she in danger? All of these thoughts crossed her mind... and they were only exacerbated once she fell backwards, landing on her back upon the wooden floorboards with a groan.

She was unable to willfully move her neck, but as she hit the floor, her head had bounced around until it settled off to the side, looking at her shoulder. If she’d possessed the ability to scream, then there would have been no doubt that Nia would have done so once it had all clicked. Because she wasn’t actually looking at her shoulder. In fact, there was no shoulder there to see, nor an arm. She had fallen because the same thing had happened to her legs, too, with everything below her hips, aside from her pelvis, having disappeared as if into nothingness.

‘*Where did my arms go!? Why can’t I move!?*’ Unable to speak, all she had were her thoughts to try and process the phenomenon that was gradually robbing her of her humanity. Much of the feeling in the pieces of her body that remained by this juncture were fading, and so she ultimately missed that, of all things, her *figure* had begun to change below her neck.

Like clay, her torso was pulled a little longer, the arch to her tummy much more prominent as a result. Her lower half also lifted slightly more off of the ground because her ass, or at least what was left of it, puffed up in size and weight. The same was just as true of her breasts, which bounced and jiggled into a size that was at least four times bigger than the bust Nia normally possessed. These proportions were much more similar to those of Pyra, adding to an outcome that was becoming more and more obvious – at least to an onlooker.

The skin of her body that remained soon darkened, but more than inherit a dark color that wasn’t typical of any human’s skin, the skin itself also seemed to take on a strange pattern while gradually becoming much more flexible. Cross-stitching decorated what was essentially a dark green for the most part, although around her sides and above her

chest, it became red instead. As her flesh became more elastic, so too did any orifices in it seal. Her ass crack mended together for one, while her pussy and bellybutton filled in altogether. Even her nipples smoothed away so that her breasts, now dark green, lacked any notable features other than a bright green cross that ran across the right breast.

'No, no, wait!' Darkness descended next, with the girl's vision dimming to the point that she was certain she would no longer be capable of seeing anything if it continued a few seconds longer. She wasn't incorrect, but she couldn't have imagined just why it was happening. After all, she couldn't see nor feel what had happened to her torso at all.

The truth of her blindness was that she simply had no head left to see through. The red fibers from her hair had spread into her face, her eyes, and her mouth. And in turn they had all folded into the sides of her neck, becoming one with a body that was very much a sporty, one-piece swimsuit. Once that was complete, what remained of Nia completely lost its shape, and the swimsuit deflated into the state you would expect to find clothing in when it wasn't being worn. You couldn't even tell how big her breasts were, seeing as how the cups had deflated.

But her own cup size wasn't what mattered. What mattered was whose cups they were going to wrap around.

Nia was powerless to move now. In fact, she was powerless to do much of anything – which wasn't all that surprising considering her present, physical state. From her perspective her consciousness had been lost in darkness after watching her body transform, but in truth she was exactly what she had perceived before the light had been lost. She was a one piece swimsuit now, her flesh naught but dark latex with bright green decals and red around the chest and neck portions. She was an inanimate object, one meant to be worn.



'This is bad! I need to change back! But how...?' All she had were her thoughts, for she couldn't see anything nor move. But just as she was on the verge of losing hope, the sound of the changing room door swinging open provided her with some, albeit a little bit. Had someone come inside? Would they realize that she wasn't *actually* a swimsuit?

“Nia? Oh? Did she get changed already?” It was Pyra’s voice! So, as long as Pyra noticed... **“I guess not, her swimsuit is still here... Maybe I should just get changed while I wait for her?”** But any hope of that went out the window rather quickly. It hadn’t struck the swimsuit prior to hearing Pyra say this, but it was Pyra’s own swimsuit she had become? But...

Wait.

Didn’t that mean that...? If she could have screamed, Nia most certainly would have. She couldn’t *see*, but she could hear Pyra disrobing herself. Was the Blade going to put her *on*!? She was going to be put on over Pyra’s body!? Fear welled up, and that only built once she felt soft fingertips press into her material and lift her up. What was strange, though? Was that the moment she was touched, she could see through the parts of her that were being held.

And once she felt herself being held down towards the ground, and then an appendage pass *through* her, that vision became more widespread. She could see out of what was essentially her *groin*, but only because Pyra had put both of her legs inside Nia and had pulled her up against her pelvis. Nia could feel herself pressing up against the warmth of the Blade’s pussy, and a somewhat salty taste could be sensed in the process.

Her material was stretched more and more as arms were put through her straps, and her latex form was pulled against Pyra’s firm tummy and her immense breasts. Flexible as the swimsuit was, she perfectly showed off the ample shapes of Pyra’s tits, even with perky nipples prodding up and inside of her. She even hugged the indentation of Pyra’s navel, showing it off entirely.

But the worst part of it all? Nia felt *good*. She could see all around her now, and it was pleasurable. Almost like she *liked* being worn. Like she could get addicted to it. It didn’t matter anymore than she was straddling Pyra’s pussy, nor her ass or tits. It just felt *nice*, and in the end she felt pacified by it all. Though she mentally moaned with surprise once Pyra picked a wedgie from her ass and Nia’s own ‘rear’ slapped against jiggling cheeks in the process.

And in the end? Pyra was unaware that she was wearing her friend. **“There we go! It fits perfectly!”** She was just happy to be in her swimsuit! She had been very excited for this beach day, but she was a little self-conscious about showing off more of her body to Rex. She’d hoped that Nia could help support her, honestly...

She *was* supporting Pyra, technically.

“I guess I’ll go meet up with Rex? I’m sure Nia is around somewhere!” Pyra couldn’t really have known just how right she was with *that* comment.