

SHIFTED STARS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Navis. A terrible group of foes that had gone toe to toe with the crew of the Grandcypher on multiple occasions by this point in time. There had been sacrifices made to defeat them each time. Deaths or near deaths of comrades, in some cases the loss of limbs; but the worst of those sacrifices had been emotional. Whenever Navis struck, they appeared to target the holders of the Horoscopes, special weapons that hadn't been seen as all that remarkable by Djeeta and her crew until Navis had come into the picture.

Their last encounter had seen a battle between Cupitan and her beloved Tristette alongside a number of other seemingly fated conflicts at the end of which it felt like they had dealt Navis a crippling blow *finally*. But it had been bittersweet after all they had suffered through, and with the ultimate fate that had awaited Tristette. Those battle weren't easily won, and the margin between victory and loss was so narrow that nobody was anxious to run into Navis again.

In fact Djeeta had pushed the entire ordeal out of her mind intentionally so that she could focus on not only the rest of her adventure, but the wellbeing of her crewmates. If they lived in fear of what was to come then they would never be able to enjoy the small joys in the moment; at least that was what she wanted to believe. **“And yet... Why is this in my room?”**

The reason the captain had been reminded of the entire situation was due to a certain item that she had found in her quarters after returning from a long day of shopping in the main town of the island they were presently docked in. Propped against the wall in the corner of her room

was *Gisla*, the Horoscope weapon that belonged to the Accordant, Kolulu.



This on its own was already strange, but stranger still the spear didn't look as it should have. It was a weapon largely fashioned in a golden color and yet it was presently grey – almost like all of the coloration that belonged in it had been sapped away. **“Is this a replica? Did Kolulu leave it here?”** Considering how dangerous they had learned these weapons to be during their last encounter with Navis, Djeeta was understandably wary about picking it up.

Unfortunately fate seemingly had a different outcome in mind. The spear shook against the wall a little which prompted the blonde to squint her eyes at it. But the next thing she knew? The spear launched itself vertically off of the wall. Without even thinking she grabbed the shaft of it with her right hand. **“Why did it do *that!*?”** That probably wasn't good, right?

Well she certainly didn't *feel* right.

Despite her better judgment informing her that letting go of the spear was in her best interest, especially when before her very eyes its golden coloration returned within her grasp, the captain couldn't find it in herself to loosen her grip. Almost like her hand was glued to the object it held on – and no amount of shaking it about loosened that grip. If anything notable had been accomplished ultimately it was that, well... was she reaching up higher to maintain the position of her grip? **“...Wait.”**

That couldn't have been possible, could it? After all the only explanation for this change of reach was that the shaft had somehow grown longer? But compared to her surroundings it seemed roughly the same... No, there *was* a different explanation. The inverse of what she had first wanted to assume, and it was actually related to a couple of early changes that had escaped Djeeta's note seeing as she had been so fixated on the spear itself.

Her bust had never really been *excessive*. The woman's chest was average sized and she was absolutely okay with that after seeing how Draph women tended to struggle with their own immense heft. And yet if that was her logic she might have been happy to realize that the

medium sized breasts that she did possess had been in the process of shrinking. C-cups prior and yet only *A-cups* remained as mere handfuls above her ribcage.

This loss was seemingly reflected elsewhere in her body as well. Djeeta's hips had been wedged closer together, narrowing her gait in a way that initially left her hips and ass to feel even more abundant than they actually were. Unfortunately for her, though? That excess was trimmed away so that her bum was perky yet small, and her thighs were hardly a few inches thicker than her bone. It was all almost *childish* by design.

And therein lied the truth about why she had to reach higher to grasp the spear in the same position. With her figure trimmed back to more youthful proportions the rest of her body had decided to do the same. Her height was unraveling, body dipping down to a much more miniaturized stature of 4'3". Her dress practically swallowed her whole, and in the process she had been forced to kick off her boots. **"Ah! I'm so small! So... small?"**

Why was it that her voice sounded so much higher as well? Was that a side effect of her height loss? But the very clear doubts Djeeta had about her height felt *less* clear. Was this height not correct? *Seeing as I'm only eleven years old I couldn't expect to be much taller, could I?* And was *that* even true? Why did she view herself as a child now? Well in the first place... her appearance was more than suggestive of it. She'd been stripped of her height and more mature womanly features. Upon shrinking the years had simultaneously been stripped away from her face as well, leaving her with a younger looking maw that...

Didn't look all that much like Djeeta's, come to think of it.

Her facial structure was rounder and her eyes smaller. One would expect a girl's lips to be thin if she was younger, yet the poutier shape of them didn't match Djeeta's own youthful face at all. Even her nose had a flatter shape and her chin was rendered too circular. She looked like a different maiden altogether, and the lighting up of amber eyes so that they inherited a pale green certainly didn't help in that respect.

"What am I... doing here?" The child shook her head, hair seemingly lengthening from the very act of her doing so. It took on a fuller figure as locks danced around messily, a forest green dyeing itself all the way from her roots to the tips. *Several* ahoges sprung up atop her head, but considering how young she had become? There was something about the girl's aura that didn't suggest she was an idiot. Or even immature.

In fact she bore a striking resemblance to the real wielder of the spear in her hand. A spear she hadn't let go of throughout the entirety of her

transformation. In the end it was gradual, but the amount of melanin in her skin was dialed up so that her complexion took on a natural tan. At this point she was practically *identical* to the Gisola's owner. What ultimately solidified this as truth was how her dress tightened, split, tore, and reshaped. Into a torn white top, shorts, boots and a *huge*, ripped jacket with a big sleeve laced around only her right arm. Bandaged lines little legs and tiny arms, pulling the look together entirely.

“... I see. These are the captain’s quarters are they not?” Despite being a mere *eleven* years old, *Kolulu* was a girl that was far more mature than her appearance suggested. So while she greeted what *she* perceived as an inexplicable shift in surroundings as alarming, she still responded to it in a calm and concise manner. The concept of people being teleported about wasn't exactly a new phenomenon aboard the Grandcypher, and yet why was she standing in the captain's room alone?



A now colored Gisola in hand, the girl paces around the room for a moment. She felt a little *off* but couldn't seem to place what it was that was bothering her. Perhaps it was merely a side effect of being displaced so suddenly? ...Even though she had been standing in this room all along. **“I guess no one else is coming? I suppose my being sent here was a mistake...”** She'd just return to her room then and get some rest.

“Perhaps I'll stop by the cafeteria first though. I can smell the delicious aroma of bread from here!”

As the wielder of the Lion Khan Claw, Feather was already a member of the Accordants as the claws in question were a Horoscope weapon themselves. Feather was a young man who was something of a musclehead, always looking to train and improve his physical abilities. If he could go up against a strong opponent then he would be infinitely happy. But recent revelations about the Horoscope weapons and the toll his was taking on his body ultimately had been giving him second thoughts as of late.



He was still understandably confused at the sight of *another* Horoscope weapon within his room when he had returned from training with Randall. “**Huh? The Asclepius Rod? What the heck is it doing here?**” The *Asclepius Rod* should have been in the possession of Tikoh, a young Erune doctor with a girl’s soul bound to her own. Squinting at the rod in question he couldn’t help but think it looked kind of odd. Where had all its color gone? “**HUH!?**”

And why had it suddenly flown into his hands!? He’d caught it as if it was the most natural thing in the world too!

“**Erm...**” Feather gave the staff a wave. He had tried to toss it aside with that gesture and yet his left hand would not loosen its grip on the pole. Even commissioning his right digits to try and yank it away amounted in absolutely zero progress. “**It’s stuck!?**”

While continuing to struggle with the staff, his silvery blue eyes changed in color into a dull amber and the lashes around them almost seemed a little more *voluminous*. Were they longer? A similar question almost felt like it could be asked about his lips. They seemed *fuller*. Poutier? Much more suited for the face of a woman. And it was becoming increasingly apparent that this was the intention since those facial features rounded. His eyebrows also thinned, taking a silver blue coloration in the process.

All in all, was that really Feather? His face looked more like...

That of the wielder of the Asclepius Rod.

“**Still nothing, huh...? Huh? What’s up with my voice?**” It wasn’t just Feather’s face though. The sound of his own voice was high, soft, and familiar to him – a much better match for the renewed appearance of his face but not a great match for the rest of his body. *Have I not always sounded like this though?* His concern was promptly alleviated by a ‘reminder’ from the depths of his own mind. A thought that carried that very same sound.

The silvery blue that had already dyed the young man’s brows seemingly seeped into the color of the rest of his hair next, ultimately seeing to it that all of the hair on his body was colored the same way, but more than

that the hair atop his head was lengthened. Not *exceptionally* so, but blue locks now hung just past his shoulders in the back while bangs were straightened and cut neatly in the front. There was something fluffy about the hair atop his head, albeit not as fluffy as...

The fur on his ears? Because moments later two fluffy points poked out from either side of his scalp. Little by little they rose while the fleshy ears on the sides of his head shrunk into naught. Before long the fluffy *Erune* ears that now twitched atop his head were about five inches long each, obviously out of place on Feather's person but not out of place on the person of the *woman* he had begun to strongly resemble.

"I should calm myself down. This level of anxiety is detrimental to my health." His health? Feather hardly concerned himself with such things. He didn't get such a fit and muscular body by fretting too much about such things, yet that fit and muscular body was *melting*. Muscles softened into seemingly nothing, a thin layer of fat instead presenting his skin with a gentler appearance that almost seemed *supple* in key areas.

Take his *chest* for example. It definitely appeared softer, but it was notably softer than the rest of his torso. Weight not only pooled into a heft that amounted to almost twice the amount of what you would consider a 'handful', but his nipples stretched in size beneath his shirt as well. There was no denying that what had formed beneath his top was a pair of B-cup breasts – and they didn't even really clash all that much with the rest of his feminizing body.

His pants tightened on two fronts. One of them was in the rear for his ass was inflating, cheeks tripling in weight with their cleavage poking up and over his belt. This forced his hips wider, which made it easier for the second front to fill. His *thighs*. **"Why are my pants so— Oh!?"** The sensation and sound of them tearing at the sides caused Feather to cry out, taut thigh flesh poking through frayed fibers. Those thighs were *beyond* abundant in their creamy flesh, so thick that they rubbed up against each other even *with* his thighs parted.

But from Feather's perspective... why was he wearing pants that didn't fit his thighs and butt? *They smell like sweat too.* He'd hardly noticed that his height had diminished three inches in the process, almost like his height had been converted into thigh flesh. But considering how swollen his thighs were it was almost a miracle that there was no discomfort around his *crotch*.

And there was a good reason for that. The cock and balls that should have been there had gone flaccid around the same interim, and eventually they had simply folded up and *into* the *woman's* new *pussy*.

Not that the new Erune batted an eyelash at the feeling. She'd always been a woman as far as she was concerned.

Clothes changed to suit this, becoming a white tunic overtop a pair of tight shorts that exposed fully her fat thighs (that she now found herself feeling self-conscious about). She wore black boots and leggings, and a large and puffy jacket was thrown over her shoulders with sleeves that covered everything aside from her slenderer hands, now clad in white gloves. A little nurse's cap appeared on the woman's head along with a hair clip, and a golden piercing poked into her leftmost ear.

There wasn't a single trace of Feather left within his own room. Instead the Erune doctor, *Tikoh*, looked around with no shortage of confusion. From her perspective she had just been working in the small office she had aboard the airship and now found herself standing in Feather's room. **“Ugh, does his room always stink this bad? He needs to do laundry...”** The scent of sweat was pungent enough to make her think *‘this is definitely a man's room’*. Even though it had been *her* room up until a moment prior.



Clutching the Asclepius Rod, now properly colored, within her hand, Tikoh turned to walk towards the door. **“I don't know how I ended up here. Was Navis behind it? Or perhaps the Horoscope weapons did some sort of resonance...”** Despite wracking it through her brain she couldn't imagine what Navis would have to gain from simply teleporting her into another Accordant's room.

But she *would* have to reckon with a side-effect once she returned to her *own* room.

“Whew! I bought a lot today!” Around roughly the same time that Djeeta had come into contact with the colorless Horoscope weapons, the blue-haired Lyria had returned to her room with a number of bags in tow. She'd purchased warm clothes for the upcoming cooler season. Even the air while sailing through the sky was chillier at specific times of the year and so she'd picked up gloves, a scarf, and a couple of sweaters!



It wasn't until she'd put those bags down on the bed that she noticed it lying near her pillows. A colorless dagger in a very familiar shape. **"Wait! Isn't this Vegalta? What is it doing here? Why does it look like that?"** *Vegalta* belonged to the cute and trendy Manamel, another Erune that was counted among the Accordants. Unlike with the other two though Lyria simply picked up the blade all on her own. **"I need to return this to, uh...?"**

"...to me?" Now *that* certainly didn't make a lick of sense!

The girl blinked. **"That was *totes* a weird thing to say! H-Huh? Why am I, *like*, talking this way?"** Lyria's expression was one of bewilderment. She spoke in an overly casual way, and even *thinking* of what to say found a number of casual shortforms and slang coming to mind when it wasn't normally part of her speech patterns. It all came across like things a stereotypical teenaged girl might say.

Which didn't really seem to be all that off the mark, the Girl in Blue soon realized. **"H-Huh!?"** She had lost control of her sense of balance and had thrown her arms out to help stabilize her own footing. Blue eyes blinked as she attempted to register the cause. **"Did I... Did I just get taller!? *That's rad!*"** She wasn't wrong. Her limbs and torso were longer now. Not significantly so, but she'd bounced up from just under the five foot mark and now stood at just over 5'2". Her dress was lifted so that the skirt only just barely hid her underwear.

And she certainly had lucked out that it managed to cover that area even a little. **"*EEP!?*"** A sharp cry was sounded in reply to an equally sharp feeling. The sensation of her undergarments being pulled both into her crotch and the cheeks of her butt all at once – yet it was the latter area that had brought about this issue. The cheeks of her bum had swollen suddenly, a few inches applied to their bulge while skin tightened around this added mass that likewise made its way into her thighs. The combined growth of these areas was only permitted because her hips had swung a little wider.

In kind, her waistline thickened a touch so that her curvature didn't feel as sharp. This left her to seem increasingly mature physically, but with her waist and tummy a little wider the growing constraints of her almost child-sized gown became increasingly obvious. It almost looked as if Lyria was on the verge of bursting out of the sides of her dress. **"This is *soooo* not comfortable!"**

There were no immediate signs that things would improve in that regard either. In fact, the golden, winged decoration that was always found worn across Lyria's chest was seemingly being pushed forward. It eventually fell clean off, dislodged by what could now easily be seen without the gold and jewel in the way. Beneath her dress her bosom had surged forth. Where breasts once practically left no impression, a pair of perky *B-cup*, *almost C-cup* breasts had not only stretched the white of her dress but was sticking out at the sides. Shoulders even widened a touch to accommodate them.

“Were my tits always this big...?” The (now) *seventeen year old* almost felt silly asking that question as she raised a hand to poke at one curiously. Said hand sported long and slender fingers now, each topped with a faux, purple nail that was clearly a fashionable extension. Similar changes had seen her feet, now a little larger, decorated with manicured and painted toenails of their own. **“They *def* were, right?”**

Just like her voice had *def* always been so deep and vapid sounding, right?

Change eventually crept into the young woman's face and hair. The traits that ultimately still made Lyria, well, *Lyria* were removed one by one. Her blue eyes brightened to more of a teal variation as the shapes of those eyes themselves narrowed. At the very least her lashes thickened with mascara, and pink dotted thinned cheeks and was painted around her gaze. A slightly larger nose twitched a moment, while thickening lips inevitably pursed into an almost desirable pout. The overall shape of it *wasn't* Lyria's.

Just like the pink and purple that seeped into her hair was not her own either. The two colors seemingly flipped back and forth in a vertical pattern atop her head, bangs soon thick and brushed across her eyes while in the back hair shortened to a few inches past her shoulders when not pulled up. Similar to Tikoh's circumstances she was likewise blessed with a new pair of *Erune* ears, a pink-furred pair emerging from the hair atop her head while her old pair was erased. These fluffy ears were pierced with golden hoops, and a pink bow and floral accessory appeared in her bangs.

All part of her sudden costume change. Her white dress *definitely* didn't fit her taller, better developed figure. But her new backless, black dress with a frilled underskirt and fluffy, detached sleeves certainly *did*! Translucent, thin, black cloth hugged the peaks of her breasts above white cups, and the bulk of the dress around her torso was leather with criss-crossing, black belts. The skirt had white vertical lines, and her new black boots had just as many straps as her dress did! Of course there were bows present *everywhere*.

I'm a fashionable Erune if anything!

“No way, wasn't I just sipping my *Delightful Dolce* in the caf? Why am I suddenly in someone else's room? That's *totally weird!*” No longer carrying it, Vegalta hovered behind the new *Manamel* casually. As had been the case with the other two it seemed like she couldn't recall her previous identity. She'd just suddenly found herself in Lyria's room and that was *totally* not something she had expected!



She clicked her tongue impatiently, turning to the door with a loud clack of her heels in the process. “**Mm... After running into sister-boo again I thought things might get more normal, but that hadn't like, been the case at all!**” Then again her memories of that meeting *were* a little hazy. Manamel flipped her hair over her shoulder and left Lyria's room before finally heading back to the cafeteria to grab the *Delightful Dolce* she believed she had left behind.

But strangely enough? She would find a copy of herself there. And two Kolulus! And then later that night? Two Tikohs would show up! They were all *terribly* confused and Navis certainly would be the next time they attacked as well. But there was still a looming issue.

Who was to say more of those colorless Horoscope weapons weren't out there?