

BOW BLESSED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... It seems our collection has grown once again.”

As the saying went: the spoils of war went to the victor. Not that Katalina believed that the crew of the Grandcypher had ever engaged in some manner of *war*, at least not in the strictest sense, but the sentiment remained. Even if it wasn't war times that plagued the Skydom, they often engaged in battle with all manners of men and monsters. The skies around them were not immune to strife – and in fact if their experiences had proven anything, it was that it was quite the *opposite*.

Battles happened frequently and most battles ended with gains. Items, maps, *weapons*. There were few things that *hadn't* been found during at least one opportunity in the past. Because there was so *much* though, it made the most sense to divvy up the responsibility for handling different bounties between different crew members. And for Katalina?

It was the weapons that she was charged with collecting, maintaining, and otherwise keeping an eye on. This collection had started small, truly, but over time she'd been forced to expand the room they were kept in several times, and in this case? **“It's certainly growing tiresome, but I suppose we'll need to make use of the additional room that Rackam said he was having built...”** The only way to continue to contain their findings would be through expansion.

“Which begs the question: what do I do with *these* in the meantime?” The knight had managed to find the space to cram their newest findings into the room, but at the cost of needing to remove a

few larger pieces to make space. She'd have to take them elsewhere until the new room was ready. "**Perhaps my personal quarters...?**" She lived a minimalist's life and so there was plenty of space there. So if it was only a few items... And so she set forth on her quest to relocate these few weapons.



“Actually, when did we get this bow?”

Katalina had already moved several blades and a hammer back to her housing, but returning to grab the last piece? She had picked it up without doing much in the way of questioning, but it *did* give her pause after touching it. Contact left her fingers feeling rather tingly, which wasn't all *that* unusual with weapons that came from battles with things like Primal Beasts. In this case? **“Was it a**

drop from Apollo? I suppose that makes sense.”

While it might have seemed unreasonable to someone with no experience with these weapons, the woman had initially *ignored* the tingling feeling. It just wasn't the first time a weapon of this nature had left a mortal's flesh tingling from its power alone. She honestly wondered how the captain was able to wield them so *effortlessly*.

And so, with her intention to just take the bow back to her room as hastily as she possibly could, she started for the door of the weapons storage room to realize that goal. *Except* something prompted her to pause. **“Wait. That's... alarming.”** The tingling reaction from the bow felt stronger suddenly, and so being reasonable she propped it up against the nearby wall rather than continue to carry it.

But that didn't help to dissuade the tingling at all. In fact it seemed to be spreading from her hands across the *rest* of her body. Should she seek help? The thought struck her, but... **“Wait, this feels like Lyria's power?”** The Girl in Blue had some unique abilities of her own, and while Katalina had never personally been subjected to those summoning

abilities of hers, she *had* been present when used, and an energy always radiated from the girl when she used it. An energy that reflected Lyria's warm, kind personality.

It was a similar feeling to what was spreading through her body. **"Maybe I should go find Vyrn to help? ...Vyrn?"** There was a touch more panic in the woman's voice now, because she had *absolutely* meant to search for Lyria. If there was anyone that could help her in this situation considering how she felt, it would *have* to be her. But she had just blurted out Vyrn's name instead? Why? There was little help that the dragon could bring her in a situation like this!

Regardless of whether or not it was sensible, though?

She couldn't seem to shake Vyrn from her mind.

And she *literally* tried to shake those thoughts away. Thoughts of how adorable he was, and how she wanted to hold him close. Surely they were people out there that felt this way about the little dragon, but not Katalina! She had a great deal of respect for him and would never *dare* treat him like some pet to be coddled. Not to mention she knew that he wouldn't like being treated in such a manner himself. So why, against her own personality, *could she not just think about something else?*

"I need to go find Vyrn... Ugh!" An attempt *had* been made to get herself back on track, to revisit the plan she had initial had since the tingling had yet to subside. Evidently whatever that feeling was, it must have been directly been tied to this strange fixation. Well that, and despite her serious nature, the fact that her voice had begun to sound a little bit *cheerier*. Almost unsettlingly so, ultimately.

But the knight had no idea that there were visual differences that had begun to surface alongside her new love of Vyrn. Such as? Well, her brown eyes had begun to *glow*. And *literally* so, at that. But not with their usual color, or a color that was even remotely similar to their natural hue. Instead? They shone a baby blue that tainted their original browns. So even *when* the blue glow faded her eyes would remain that same blue color.

Katalina was at a loss. Not only could she not focus on what *should* have been important, aka solving whatever the heck was wrong with her, but she couldn't take a step to address either this important concern *or* her growing desire to find Vyrn and give him a great, big hug. In fact she couldn't move at *all*. But not because she had been paralyzed or anything of the sort. The real reason was actually much more *bizarre*.

And it took her a moment to even realize. “**E-Eh!? W-Wait a moment!? I’m... floating!?**” It was *true*! Her feet were only a few inches off the ground, but they most certainly were not *touching* the ground. This passive levitation was a side effect of the fact that whatever or whoever she was becoming, they weren’t *mortal*. That they possessed a power that could not be wielded by mortals, anyways.

The woman flailed about in the air, trying to figure out a method to ground herself once more. But unfortunately this was to no avail, and she just couldn’t seem to improve her orientation relative to the ground whatsoever. This flailing did serve as an ample distraction to prevent her from noticing something that she *might* have noticed were she actually aware that her body was changing, though.

Namely her *hair*. The chestnut brown that was so deeply rooted in the mental images everyone had of her had been compromised, and the color that took its place wasn’t even a single tone. It paled to a snow white nearest her roots, yet the farther away from the roots the strand ultimately grew, the bluer each one became. Not like a solid, vibrant blue, but more of a pale blue. This distance was shorter in her bangs, but farther the longer the hairs were.

And that distance was actually longer than normal, because her hair had grown both in length *and* in thickness. It reached just above her rear end now, and it almost seemed like there was *twice* as much hair as it curled ever so slightly behind her. Some fell across her shoulders and down to her chest, while her bangs were both messy and licked to the sides with abundant fluffiness.

“**Mm...! Why can’t I set myself doooown!?**” There was an almost immature whine to the words she uttered, Katalina having made no progress in lowering herself. She couldn’t wrap her head around what was happening! Though interesting to note about her head: even the face upon it had begun to look like a different woman altogether. That face was certainly *rounder* in shape, and her eyes were twice as large with more circular shapes. But it was her lips, which almost appeared bee-stung with how plump they became, that drew the most attention. Anyone receiving a kiss from those would be lucky indeed.

While slight, Katalina’s height took a teensy dip. It was only four centimeters which ultimately disheveled the armor and the clothes she wore underneath. But piece by piece that armor seemed to fall off of her body, undone by the same force changing her almost like it was preparing her for something that would have been rather *uncomfortable* were her body still clad with its steely weight. Her underclothes remained on for now, consisting of loose, grey pants and a matching, long-sleeved shirt that showed off a few inches of her tummy.

Though the integrity of what remained appeared to be compromised in quickly, because the bottom of that shirt was pulled up inch by inch, eventually showing off her navel and was suspiciously looked like... her stomach was a bit *bigger*? Not to say she was chubby or the like, but it was a bit *thicker* in shape. Which ultimately made *some* deal of sense, for pants soon tightened around hips that pulled a full *four inches* wider. To call them 'childbearing' would have been an understatement at best.

“Wh-Wh-What’s happening here!?” Katalina was clearly and uncharacteristically flustered, floating higher in the sky now as she felt the fit of her clothing take a turn for the worst. Part of the issue was that she couldn't see past her chest! ...Which was exactly why the bottom of her shirt had been rising in the first place. Her breasts were *swelling*, growing incredibly ample and pulling on her clothing in the process. Yet Katalina didn't really seem to notice that they were getting bigger? Just that they were *in the way*.

Even then, *how did she not notice?* It wasn't like her bosom had grown a *little*. Her shirt was wrapped exclusively around them now, each breasts larger than her head and bouncing gleefully with each breath she took and squirming motion she made. The strap of the bra she had been wearing had long snapped, and you could easily make out the shapes of the five inch, erect nipples that pushed out through the fabric. Hefty as they were, they seemed to be surprisingly perky. But their girth couldn't be accommodated by her shirt forever.

And with a loud rip, the front ultimately split open so that both tits could spill out and breathe the cool air of the equipment storage room.

Katalina blinked. **“E-EH!? What happened to my top!? Why am I naked!?”** While this might have *sounded* like an over exaggeration seeing as she was still wearing pants, well... *She actually wasn't*. Because once her hips had widened, in tandem with the swelling of her breasts, her ass and thighs had grown as well. In the former case, the cheeks of her rear became nearly as bountiful as her tits. Full and perky, the back of her underwear were flossed between those cheeks. When it came to her thighs? They capitalized on the space afforded by parted legs, and when they had bulged to fruition they rubbed against each other gingerly.

It went without saying that her pants hadn't been able to accommodate them, and flesh had bulged through tears before eventually splitting the pants altogether.

So for the woman to cry out about being naked... she *was*. She could see past her mammoth tits to see that her pants had peeled away anyways, but the draft she felt told enough. Not that it mattered for long, because her blue eyes began to glow once more. And Katalina? She froze up. It was getting hard to think, or perhaps it was more like the thoughts she had were being realigned to a different reality. To a different sense of self.

But at the same time, clothes appeared from a golden glow. A white dress with a neckline so deep that it reached her navel, the trim red like blood while being open in the back. How did it stay fastened to her body? Magic was the only way. Aside from jewelry like silver bracelets and a winged pendant, however? She wasn't adorned with much else.

She blinked, and the glow faded once more. She wasn't sure what had been happening, but she certainly wasn't shy about floating anymore. She seemed to have *complete* control. But all of the doubts about her goals had been completely erased. Much less the doubts about herself. She knew what she had to do, and that led her to fly out the door without a second thought.

“**Vyrn?** **Vyyyyyrn!?**”

While the *sound* of the woman's voice certainly hadn't changed, her inflection and ultimate *use* of that sound was completely different now. Her voice sounded much airier and enthusiastic than it ever had been, and the stiffness of Katalina's usual verbiage had all but been deleted from her



personality. In its place was something much more boisterous and outwardly happy.

One might almost say *bouncy*?

Whether or not her personality was as bouncy as those huge tits of hers that bounced around as she fluttered back and forth through the ship now, catching the confused gaze of other crew members, was up for debate. She was frantically looking for the little dragon, uncaring that everyone was looking at her strangely. Mind you, it wasn't because they didn't recognize her.

Artemis was a goddess in this world, albeit not the same one that Lyria could summon. Rather, this goddess conducted herself in a way that many would see as very ungoddess-like, and understandably so. She was always chasing around Vyrn and trying to hold him against her big bosom. And for the most part? Everyone's memories had changed to reflect this new reality. No one remembered Katalina... aside from the captains and Lyria.

“There you are!” And so when Artemis finally found Vyrn at Djeeta and Lyria's side? While she was quick to glomp him, the two other women that were accompanying him seemed confused by her presence. Neither Djeeta *nor* Lyria knew who this mysterious, floating woman was! They could tell that she possessed powers that were at least equivalent to a Primal Beast, but they didn't know where she had come from.

It was Lyria who ultimately spoke up. **“Um... Hello! I don't mean to be rude, but who are you? And how do you know Vyrn?”** Tragically for the tiny dragon, he was being hugged near to death and was almost completely smothered by the silver-haired woman's bosom. It would have almost been comedic if not for the fact that it looked *extremely* uncomfortable. Thankfully the question prompted Artemis to loosen her grasp.

But only because she seemed *confused*. **“H-Huh!? Do you not know who I am!? There's no way, right!?”** With no memories of her past life remaining, it only made sense that the woman would be confused. Reality had not changed for these three for some reason, but it wasn't like she *knew* that. It just felt inconsistent with the reality she *now* understood. But in a fortunate turn of events after Vyrn unfortunately escaped her grasp, the dragon made a comment towards the two grounded women that demonstrated there had been a reason for this.

“O-Oi!? Why are you two growing cat ears and tails!? You're not cats, right!?”

“HUH!?”

But Djeeta had grown green cat features, and Lyria? Almost identical, silver ones.