

COLLAB CRAZED

COMMISSION STORY

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It was nice to look back at the things that had happened now and again.

This was a mentality that often led the captains of the Grandcypher, along with Lyria, to visit the storage unit aboard the airship to reminisce. They had all been through so many things together, and while their adventures had certainly been perilous at times? The good things they had done and the good people they had meant trumped any of the tough times. Those were the ones that were no good to dwell upon anyways.

“It is a little sad that all we have to remember about some of them is these mementos.” Remarked Gran as his eyes traced one shelf in the storage unit in particular. Throughout their journey, the crew had come across a number of individuals that had seemingly come from other worlds. Idols, magical girls, rebels, thieves... They always came in all types, but just as quickly as they appeared, they often had to leave – to return to the worlds they came from.

Lyria smiled. **“Right! But it’s for the best, right? I wouldn’t be happy being trapped in a world that wasn’t mine.”** Was her mind playing tricks on her, or had Gran been staring at the king chess piece on the shelf for longer than the others now? Hadn’t that been from when Zero and the others had appeared? They had heard that their group had managed to return home recently!

“That’s true!” The second captain, Djeeta, chimed in. But Lyria realized that *she* was staring at one item in particular too. Wasn’t that the replica Sealing Staff that Sakura had left during her stay? Why had the two of them taken an interest in these items in particular all of a

sudden? Usually they looked over everything! Like, for example? One of the calling cards that the Phantom Thieves of Hearts had left! That was a good one!

A really good one!

“...Huh?” A realization soon dawned upon Lyria. That she couldn't take her eyes off that calling card no matter how hard she tried. Was the same thing happening to her captains? Had they not *realized*? She wanted to ask them, or at least point it out, but before she could? The three items began to glow, and seconds later? The three individuals disappeared from the room entirely.



Gran blinked. He had just been in the storage unit upon the ship, and he could remember being momentarily blinded. But now? He was standing in what looked like a dorm room at a fancy school. It was a spacious location with a bed *and* a couch, and it looked as if one person had been taking care of the room... and the other had been making a point to make a mess of it.

“How did I end up here? I don't see Djeeta and Lyria around...” Although there *were* piles of pizza boxes stuffed into the corner of the dorm room's kitchenette. It reminded him of C.C. a little. She had been obsessed with the dish even during her stay in the Skydom. But that woman had been so enigmatic that he had hardly known much about her at all in the end.

The young man crossed his arms in thought. **“Is there a way back? I can't be trapped wherever *here* is, can I?”** But first he would probably have to gather information. He couldn't remain in Area 11 forever. **“...Area 11? How do I know where I am? Why does that term sound familiar?”** Something wasn't quite *right* here.

And it wasn't quite right in more ways than just a simple recollection that shouldn't have existed, though Gran would remain utterly oblivious to the nitty gritty of what was occurring. Such as? For example, the general shape of the young man's frame had been subtly changing ever since he had arrived in this room. It was in subtle ways that his clothing mostly hid, but for example? His shoulders were narrower now, as was his waistline. And on the contrary his hips had *widened* several inches.

He certainly didn't sport the build of a young man anymore. At least not unless you were to claim that he was androgynous.

Which you *might* have been able to do briefly if not for what had been happening to his face. In a structural sense, at least for the time being Gran still looked like, well, *Gran*, but there was a clearly feminine tilt to that face's overall design. Cheeks were softer, lips fuller, eyes bigger – almost like he looked like Gran... if he had been born a woman. And to those ends his brown hair likewise fell down to his shoulders, natural spikes smoothing away.

“If this is Area 11, then am I in a different world?” With his current understanding that certainly made sense, but a voice in the back of his head soon nagged back. *What are you talking about? This is your world, idiot.* ...Why was he berating himself? Were those words true? Things that made sense oh so quickly became less sensical, and what was once unfamiliar was gradually growing familiar.

In the meantime, any doubts about Gran's sex were given answers. His butt grew a touch fuller, as did his thighs, but in the end it still looked like a feminine play on his existing DNA even as a pair of B-cup breasts grew beneath his hoodie and, well... The last remaining thing that made him masculine *ceased to exist*, a pussy taking its place between *her* legs. Ultimately, she strongly resembled her sister by this juncture. Just a taller version with brown hair, dressed in Gran's clothes.

Her gaze surveyed the room once more, and she found herself approaching the couch without so much as batting a single eyelash at her changed sex. In fact, she felt strangely *lethargic* and *lazy* all of a sudden. **“Sigh...”** A sultry sigh with an iconic voice escaped the woman's lips – lips whose shapes were now fuller than before, the nose above it both slightly lengthier but rounder upon the tip.

Gran's eyes soon reflected a shimmering gold color as opposed to their usual brown, and those eyes not only grew larger, but lashes longer and fuller. Her overall facial structure lost any semblance of the identity she had once had, just as her hair began to spill down past her shoulder and brighten in color to, of all things, a vibrant *green*. Bangs were full and ultimately covered her forehead, but likewise disguised an unruly scar that etched itself into her skin. An unfinished, open triangle with wings. Or at least that was its closest resemblance.

She looked *younger*, in fact. Like a teen rather than a young adult.

“I'm bored.” Should this *really* have been her priority at that very moment, with her gaze cast at the couch? No, but it seemed that any reservations she had about her circumstances had waned. All the while,

the clothing she was wearing appeared to be tightening and *whitening*, the silhouette of her body laid plain as cloth universally became whiter aside from some gold trim around her top.

Her pants were essentially skintight after only a moment, attached to heeled boots, but they found some resistance around her ass and thighs because they actually swelled thicker than before as that cloth ground into the shape of her perky rear. In those pants, it was certainly a pleasant sight. Just as her new jacket was with how they hugged bloated, C-cup breasts. Puffy gloves found her hands, but otherwise? Her transformation was complete.

Into a mysterious, immortal, teenaged girl.

There was no longer any emotional unrest on the part of the green-haired woman that now stood comfortably in a room that was wholly familiar to her. In fact she collapsed on the couch, pulling out a device from beneath one of the pillows so that she could nonchalantly order from *Pizza Hut*. *C.C.* was really hungry for pizza. A *whole* pizza. But honestly? When *wasn't* she hungry for pizza?

“Lelouch better hurry up, else I’ll run up his credit card completely.” There was no limit to how many pizzas she could order and then stuff in her mouth, truly. But there was something odd. The lingering sensation that she was, perhaps, forgetting something important? Lifting herself seductively against the couch cushion and crossing her legs, it immediately struck her. **“My clothes?”**

Why was she wearing the uniform she’d been adorning during Black Knight operations lately? It was a stuffy outfit for lounging around Lelouch’s dorm room! She’d need to change as soon as possible so that he didn’t walk in on her naked. **“Though perhaps that would be amusing in its own right?”** She couldn’t help but giggle to herself.



“I knew it! Something *was* strange!” Not that Lyria had really needed to affirmation once she had found herself so fixated on the Phantom Thieves’ calling card. But she remembered that it had lit up, and the next thing she knew? She was standing, still barefoot, in what looked to be the attic of a building that had been converted into a makeshift bedroom.



It was early in the evening and the scent of coffee wafting up from below was practically palpable. There were a lot of sounds coming from beneath the floor too – almost like a restaurant? *No, this is Leblanc of course!* An invasive thought in the back of her mind had corrected her, but that name... Lyria felt like she really had heard it before?

But she shouldn't have known that *this* was that place. Her brow furrowed. **“I should... probably figure out a way to get back home! ...But I don't know how I got here in the first place.”** She just had a really bad feeling that she shouldn't linger here any longer than necessarily. It might have *already* been too late.

She was also beginning to feel strangely *impatient*? Lyria didn't really think too much about it, nor would she. Because much like Gran in Area 11, she was an outsider in this world. And because of that? She would ultimately be *assimilated*. Given a new life with new memories. And if she were to freak out in the process? Well, that would cause instability of its own.

So the blonde streaks that began to strike themselves throughout Lyria's iconic, blue locks went unnoticed. It was understandable at first because they were so few in number, but as time wore on and her investigation of the attic began to almost feel *unnecessary* – was it more familiar than she thought? – the blonde had jumped to *all* of her hair. What's more, these blonder locked were shorter both in the natural sense and in the artificial sense, for a natural curliness might the fluffier tufts appear shorter overall. When all was said and done, it dangled halfway down her back rather than all of the way to her ankles.

“**Nn...**” Lyria gave a shake of her head. She wasn't usually the kind of person to entertain negative emotions *at all*, but that impatience of hers was growing. What was she even impatiently waiting *for*? She was trying to figure out what she was doing at Leblanc! *Waiting for someone, duh!* But *who*? No, didn't she need to focus on leaving? Getting... home...? Like to *her apartment*? That didn't feel right either.

As relevant as her internal struggle was, it was paltry compared to what was happening to her body in that moment. With blonde hair now longer, curlier, and with bangs swept across her forehead – the face beneath these locks was changing. Her eyes grew bigger in size, both horizontally and vertically, and their blues became much more vivid in

hue. But on the subject of these eyes, in terms of racial design? With lids pinched in at the sides, she looked like a *Japanese* girl by this juncture. One not only with a fuller face, but with more pronounced lips that better suited her new hairstyle.

Her bare foot tapped impatiently against the wooden floorboards beneath her, hands sitting on her hips in a posture that certainly wasn't typical of Lyria whatsoever. In the interim, her body began to, of all things, *grow*. The skirt of her short, white dress was lifted off her hips due to the distance between those hips and her shoulders growing, and lengthier limbs demonstrated a very lanky build for just a moment as she grew up to 5'5".

But that lankiness *was* eventually evened out, if only because her body soon filled out *horizontally* as well. Hips and shoulders both stretched to varied degrees, with hips certainly becoming the more pronounced of the two regions. With her dress' skirt lifted you could see her panties plain and simple, but it was clear that their fit was in jeopardy. Not only from the wider hips, but because her rear firmed and filled out behind her so that her underwear was lightly flossing her cheeks in the back.

She tugged idly at her dress. "**Nani?**" Lyria's voice was deeper, and she wasn't even speaking the same language anymore. She was confused about why her clothes were so *tight*, and yet because of the powers changing her, she was unable to properly process this answer. Not even as the big brooch upon her chest was raised by the blossoming of B-cup breasts beneath said dress. All in all, it at least better suited a face that was reflective of a more fitting age.

No longer did she look perpetually twelve. She looked like a right, proper teenager.

It was clear that she couldn't stay dressed the way she was though, and the cloth of her dress melted along with the jewelry she was wearing. It stretched across her body where it thickened and changed in color, and before long? Platinum hair now tied into tails, she was dressed in a school uniform with a hoodie between the black jacket and her blouse, long enough to almost completely hide the plaid skirt underneath. There were also matching shoes and bright red tights to speak of.

"Seriously, what's taking him so long?" *Ann Takamaki*, commenting in fluent Japanese, was getting a little tired of waiting. Her boyfriend, the leader of the Phantom Thieves, had run out to the public bath saying that he'd be back soon – yet he'd been gone for almost an hour! She was growing so bored that she'd begun to think that she was *forgetting* something! And something important, too!

But regardless of how much she wracked her brain, she couldn't figure out what it was. All of her homework was done, there was no need to go to Mementos that day... She honestly couldn't recall! It was, of course, that this wasn't the life that she was supposed to be leading. But she couldn't really remember any of that. In the moment her mind was full of, well... Regular 'teenage girl in love' thoughts.



“When he gets back I’m choosing the movie.” That was the punishment Ann had decided on! After all, she couldn't be *too* strict. Not if she wanted cuddles and kisses later, of course! It was rare to get quiet nights like these when they were always so busy with Phantom Thief things.



“This is definitely a girls’ bedroom, but where...?” It was a small and cute bedroom that Djeeta had found herself in suddenly. Unlike Lyria and much like her twin brother, she hadn't caught onto the fixation she'd had with that one item in particular on the storage unit shelf. But she definitely remembered a flash of light before she'd appeared *here*.

The walls were pink and the bed was small. It all looked like it was designed for a little girl, not a young woman like herself. There was also an oak desk with a matching chair nearby, and upon it? They looked like workbooks designed for a grade schooler. And yet? **“I... can't read this?”** It was a language she had never seen before? How could *that* be?

It's a little complicated, but I'm still a kid after all! This thought that came on suddenly was both reassuring *and* off-putting. Where had it come from? Because she certainly *wasn't* a kid! But was that *true*? As much as she knew it *was*, she couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't actually the case. Like since when had she been so *tall*? **“Am I not feeling well...?”** It was almost like she was finding her own body bizarre.

There certainly *were* things about it that were bizarre, but they weren't the things that Djeeta was thinking of. And, in fact, they had come about

because her body was changing in real time. For example? Her golden blonde hair was darkening towards a plainer, chestnut brown that was just a shade or two lighter than her brothers. And while its length didn't really change all that much, some strands on top curled upwards messily while bangs were swept to completely hide her forehead now.

Similarly to what had befallen Lyria, the young woman's face took a tilt towards something more *Japanese* – and in tandem the text of the book on the nearby desk would have become a little easier to read as her thoughts were converted into those from the associated language. Though at the same time... Something about her face felt a little mismatched to the rest of her body as it changed. Her lips narrowed and cheeks became chubby and round, and paired with bigger eyes that now shone emerald?

From the neck up, it almost looked like a child's head had been spliced onto a woman's body.

“I did all my homework, right? ...Is that right? Homework?”

She even *sounded* younger, voice lighter and cuter. But she felt torn between whether or not the words that had escaped her lips were even correct or not. Nonetheless, at the very least the stark difference between what had happened to her head and the appearance of the rest of her body would be addressed posthaste.

Take the cups of her dress where her breasts protruded. It seemed that the cloth there appeared to be slacking, and this was because Djeeta's modest bosom was flattening away, skin tightening as breasts not only lost their weight, but the attached nipples shrunk until they were inconsequential. It was a trend that could also be observed in her ass and thighs, with panties bunched up now that her rear was hardly much of a bump whatsoever. Were she *shorter* then she probably would have looked *entirely* like a child now that there was no maturity to her frame to speak of.

And, well...

It didn't even occur to Djeeta that the small desk she could see clearly over moments before had suddenly become eye level with her. Limbs were shorter and stubbier, and her tummy was just a touch pronounced with the chubbiness of a girl that was no older than *eleven* now, because she had fallen down to the height of *4'5"*. Everything about her appearance screamed 'child' aside from her clothes, and even her thoughts were pointed at more childlike concerns. Homework, playing games, hunting Clow Cards. You know, normal magical girl things?

The dress that now hung from her like a loose blanket shrank and tightened, cloth changing in color and reforming to grant her a different, more suitable outfit. A short, pleated white skirt with a black uniform top in a sailor style made up what was clearly an outfit designed for school. She even had black loafers and little, white socks! Pink beaded ties also pulled short tufts of the girl's brown hair into miniature pigtails at the side of her head.

“Oh no! I’m going to be late for the morning bell if I don’t hurry!” *Sakura Kinomoto* finally realized exactly what time it was. She wasn’t let *yet*, but if she didn’t move soon then she definitely would be! Small hands picket up the books on the nearby desk and crammed them into the bag that she flung over her shoulder, and she grabbed the hat of her elementary school uniform off of the back of her door before running down the stairs.



Her dad asked about breakfast, but Sakura responded that she had no time. Still, he gave her a bento to eat when she got in. He was such a good dad! After packing it and putting on her roller skates? She was off! **“I have no time to waste, and I told Tomoyo-chan I’d meet her before class too!”** Of all the days to sleep in!

She was in such a hurry she’d had no *time* to dwell on the feeling that she had been forgetting something.

Despite the fact that the captains and Lyria had been taken from the Skydom, business continued on as usual. Because the girls that the original trio had changed to replace? They had been teleported back into the Skydom in their place. Becoming the twin sister captains of the Grandcypher and, well, *Lyria*! And no one was any the wiser!