

# SUNNIER DISPLAY

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How long had it been now? *Two* weeks?

It had been a full week since Gran and Lyria had gone away on that all expenses paid vacation at the new resort erected on Auguste Island, and everyone had been getting worried. There hadn't been any contact from the two since they had left the ship, and they certainly hadn't returned on the seventh day when their stay had run out. Many crew members had rushed into the town over the week that followed to try and come up with some clues, but in the end? There had been next to nothing.

That was why, finally, it was Djeeta's turn. Acting co-captain of the Grandcypher in Gran's absence, it wasn't like she could just get up and leave whenever. She needed to make sure everything had been taken care of and, well? Who better to find one's brother than his little sister? Djeeta was *confident* she could find Gran, if not catch a whiff of his tail.

But she couldn't do it alone, either. It was fortunate that Katalina had been just as worried about Lyria as Djeeta had been about Gran because the co-captain and the lady knight? As a team there was no way they could lose, right? They would be unstoppable! That was the level of enthusiasm Djeeta had come into things with when they stepped off the ship together. And honestly?

*It was something of an act.*

She was actually *nervous*. It wasn't like Gran and Lyria to just go off the grid like that. They definitely wouldn't want to worry the others like they had, and Djeeta herself? She had a life link with Lyria just as Gran did, and as of late it had been somewhat faint. Faint, at least, until...

**“Lyria?”** The girl had sensed it as they approached the resort front entrance, a familiar sensation that pulsed through both her heart and even soul. Lyria was close. Their life link wasn’t exactly a radar, she couldn’t tell the direct, but if she was close... and she was. But where the feeling was the strongest? Was right in front of a pair of unfamiliar women handing out event flyers for some kind of musical performance. Djeeta was *shocked*.

Of the two bikini-clad women handing out flyers, there was one with short, pink hair and another with hair that was of a long, flowing white. It was the white-haired beauty around which the feeling was strongest, but she was looking back at Djeeta with confusion plastered all over her face considering the captain had just blurted that name out. **“N-No? My name isn’t Lyria, it’s Vestal! And this is my friend Tartu! Are you looking for someone named Lyria? Do I look like her?”**

**“Vestal...”** Before Djeeta could answer the question, the pink-haired woman leaned over to whisper something into Vestal’s ear. Her eyes lit up as if she’d just realized something, and she took Djeeta’s hand in her own.

**“Oh! We actually heard something about this Lyria girl! You two should come with us. Once we can ask you questions and make sure you’re not looking for her to hurt her, we can give you the info we’ve got. Come on!”** Katalina, who had been watching from the sidelines, had something of a bad feeling here. These two girls didn’t appear suspicious, but in a *way* that was suspicious on its own. Before she could voice those concerns, however, Vestal was already pulling Djeeta in the direction of a building off to the side of the hotel.

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**“Hm? I’ll be meeting with someone here? Isn’t this the changing room of a theater?”** Somewhere along the way both Djeeta and Katalina had been separated from one another and led into the back area of the building they had been led to, which was actually a performance hall of some kind. Pulled into different changing rooms, it was Katalina who had been left with this ‘Tartu’, and even then? She appeared to be heading out the door. **“Do you two really know anything about Lyria?”**

Tartu shook her head from side to side. **“Not us. The higher ups.”** A lie. It was all a lie. They were under orders to, if someone came around asking for a ‘Gran’ or ‘Lyria’, to bring them to this place. They didn’t know why or what would happen, just that they could not go against

their contract. **“They should be here soon though, I apologize for the wait.”** And with that? She was gone.

Katalina had the right mind to storm out of the room and find her captain *immediately*. Nothing about what Tartu had said had been strange, and yet separating them? That was suspicious enough on its own. Why was this not something they could discuss with them together? And for what reason would a meeting room be... *this*.

It was a fairly standard changing room, only as spacious as a bedroom with a couch, desk, and full-length mirror inside. Other than the furniture, though? The only other thing in the room was a strange garment hoisted up against the nearby wall. It was an elaborate, white ensemble that looked designed for either a child or a young woman with an incredibly petite frame.

Katalina couldn't tell if they were boots or tights that hung from beneath a frilly, white skirt decorated with gold lining and stars, for they seemed to be a singular piece. But even then? That skirt was attached to a top that absolutely did not look suitable for a child to wear, hugging the sides of the hanger with white frills while two straps also hung against it. If that were to rest on a person, at best it might cover their nipples? And what did it connect to? Sleeves likewise hung off the 'arms' of the hanger, white and only liable to cover the upper portion of one's arms while exploding into frilly, white and gold sleeves. There were also a number of accessories clipped onto the hanger, from a gold, four-pointed star to a pair of matching, feather hair decorations.

**“Who in their right mind would put that on?”** Katalina wondered aloud. It looked shameful. It looked...

It would look good on *her*, right?

She had to shake her head rapidly to push that thought away. **“In what world...?”** To begin with, there was absolutely *no* way that ensemble would fit her by any stretch of the imagination. It was crafted for a girl that couldn't be any taller than the mid-four-foot range, if not shorter. She'd be lucky to get even her toes into those legging-slash-boots, and as a knight? Katalina could never shame herself by wearing something so terribly gaudy.

Yet, her intentions aside? She had begun to strip – wordlessly, as if she were in a trance. Before long she was entirely naked, her glistening muscles and averagely sized but perky breasts glistening beneath the bright light of the changing room. But she began to reach not for the clothes hanging upon the hanger, but instead the accessories. The feathered hairclips were first, fastened onto either side of her head

neatly. And once they had been adorned? They instigated the beginning of a fresh hell for the woman who had mindlessly put them on, though she would hardly become privy to the realization of what was happening. **“What... am I doing?”** At most, she was simply confused about why she had stripped down and put on the clips in the first place.

But with the incitement underway, there was already no hope for preventing it. Now that her body had come into contact with the costume it was hard for her to think of anything but getting dressed, even if it wouldn't fit the woman. But, of course, there were fixes for that. That particularly fix wasn't what surfaced in the first place, however.

Unless an issue in sizing could be fixed with the color of her hair paling, anyways. It was difficult to say if the phenomenon had begun at Katalina roots or farther down the line, but from the perspective of an onlooker it looked as if it had begun wherever hair came into contact with the feathered hair pieces – something that might as well have been the truth in the end, for these accessories *were* the cause.

Visually it appeared to begin slowly, and yet given just the briefest period of time it had spread throughout her typically brunette mane like wildfire. This hair both whitened like freshly fallen snow, while at times lengthening; a style once completely thin and straight becoming thick and fluffy. As if possessed, this whitened hair had begun to snake around several prongs on the sides of the hairclips as they were molded into a pair of competing buns on either side of her, the rest hanging loose behind her.

It was a completely different hairdo in terms of color, style, and substance. But the hairclips weren't finished; not *yet* anyways. Its effects seeped past the surface level of her scalp and into the woman's face below, at first seeing her eyes brighten to a steely, yet sky-like blue. But that wasn't even the most remarkable thing about them, not as her pupils brightened to pink and bloomed into a pair of four-pronged floral shapes among the blue.

The second these eye-flowers flourished, something in Katalina's mind just *clicked* in a different direction. She was suddenly awfully familiar with the French language and would unknowingly litter both her thoughts and words with it seemingly at random. What's more, had she always been so... tired? For a knight, being alert at all times was a must. They had to be wary of any potential danger, and so even if they were drowsy they had to push past it.

**“YAAAAAAAAAAAAWN!”**

Not any longer, it seemed. A hearty yawn bellowed forth in a voice that was both soft in tone and high in pitch, spewed by lips that looked increasingly less pronounced as her facial features inevitably collapsed in terms of maturity. The changed colors of her eyes were all the more apparent now that those eyes were wider and brighter, seemingly taking up even more of Katalina's face now that her nose and lips had collapsed, and eyebrows (*dyed white*) were longer and thinner. On the whole it almost looked as if a *girl's* head had been pasted upon a *woman's* naked body, or at least...

Until she grabbed the golden star accessory that had been beside the hairclips.

This accessory didn't have any clips upon it to speak of, but there was a layer of adhesive on the back. It shouldn't have been clear where such a thing should be mounted, at least not without being told prior. By Katalina, as she was now? She seemed to know instinctively – because she placed it against her bare collarbones, just above where her breasts were separated. Now *this* would end up solving the issue of her height vs the sizing of the costume.

With this pasted star as the epicenter, a wave of paler color rippled throughout the entirety of Katalina's skin. But, more noticeably? “**H-Huh!? Am I too sleepy for this...?**” She'd gotten all wobbly. She felt as if she were falling, at times because she felt too weak to hold her body upright, and at others because her point of view was plummeting further and further. The cause was two sets of changes happening in tandem with one another, each seeing to it that the taller woman would ultimately fit into the costume hanging on the wall.

Whether it was Katalina's arms, her legs, her fingers, her toes, or her torso – all at once, she began to shrink. “**Ah...?**” Not in a consistent way that at all preserved her proportions, but in one that saw her frame reaching a suitable threshold that would match the youthfulness of her face. Before she plummeted too far she'd had the good sense to pluck the hanger from the wall, because she certainly wouldn't have been tall enough to grab it had she waited much longer; not as her resting height ducked beneath five feet and dwindled even *more*.

As her body became more youthful, so did the paled skin that encompassed it. The weakness she'd been feeling came from the fact that her muscles had been steadily erasing themselves, leaving everything soft and tender where it had once been strong and firm. Blemishes like scars and callouses evened out in the process, but one facet of her frame had not changed: her womanly breasts and waistline had remained even once she'd bottomed out at four-foot-five, making

her look more like a baby-faced short-stack than the young girl she probably should have ended up being. But, clutching the costume on the hanger, she pressed on obliviously.

**“I hate putting this on... C'est trop de travail.”** She groaned about it as tiny fingers pulled it from the hanger and flapped it to air it out. What had looked like a two-piece ensemble appeared to be a singly piece, with the boots and leggings etched to the skirt. That helped a little bit, at least as she slid her feet through the open back of the dress and down the leggings.

For the most part? They fit. Her toes wriggled into the heeled boots, and as far as her knees? The leggings clung properly. But from that point upwards? Discomfort became evident. Her thighs were too thick for the leggings, her hips too wide for the skirt, her butt too bulbous for both parties – so it was fortunate that all three of these areas ended up squeezed like some fruit being juiced by the outfit. Ass, thighs, and hips all crunched inward uncomfortably, conforming to the sizing of the tights that was less than abundant, and very childlike by contrast.

**“So tight... Énervante.”** Incidentally, she wasn't even commenting on the crunching. The tights were just uncomfortable small from the outset, and now that she had the two breast straps in her hands? She knew she would loathe the next step as well. They had adhesives on the end and were meant to be pulled across her bosom – but wasn't it a little too large right now? There was no way they'd cover her tits? But even though she was uncertain, *Le Kata* was compelled to try anyways after sliding her hands through the sleeves.

Almost miraculously, as they pressed against her oversized bosom, the sizing of her chest quickly diminished. Fat bled away until only a pair of rounded handfuls were left in their place, just barely covered by the straps she managed to stick to her chest.

*La Malin* yawned one more time and wandered over to the couch like a toddler, where she allowed herself to lay face first against the cushion. **“Nap... I want to nap...”** At least until Dido came to pick her up.

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Meanwhile, in a room not too far from where Katalina had been brought in, Djeeta had been shoved into a similar situation. Vesta had told her that someone would be with her shortly and had even added the lore that they didn't have any proper offices, so they had to make use of the changing rooms for meetings. This was *obviously* a lie, but Djeeta unfortunately didn't even *think* to question it.

And so Vesta had excused herself, leaving the captain alone in a spookily similar room. Similar except for the costume dangling from a nearby hanger, which might as well have been the polar opposite of the hand Katalina had been dealt elsewhere.

It surely wasn't a costume that was as blindingly white in color, even though there *were* white aspects to it. Nor was it as overly complex by design. A single-piece dress with puffy, blue, and white plaid short sleeves and matching, layered skirt, along with a white top with center frills and a white collar. Curiously, much of the chest area appeared to be cut out, from the underboob to the sides, and it certainly looked as if it were designed for a woman with much larger breasts than Djeeta's were.

Lacy, white gloves and leggings were draped over the hanger, and on the floor were a pair of white idol shoes with plaid cuffs that matched the plaid on her sleeves, heels only a few inches off the ground. Rounding out things accessory wise was what appeared to be a pair of headphones dangling from a hook off to the side. They too were white, and had a pink heart on either side, and overtop their band? Dark blue cloth with white frills.

All in all, it looked like the kind of outfit you might find an idol wearing. Djeeta had tried it before, and she didn't really have the fortitude to live that kind of life full time. Not that there was any way that outfit would fit her even if she *wanted* to.

But still, *she wanted to try it on.*

Instinct took over, and before she knew what was going on she was standing completely naked in the changing room with the dress in her hands, fumbling at the zipper in the back to open it up. She finally succeeded, and not long after slid both of her legs through the back and skirt after throwing on a pair of matching, blue, plaid panties that been concealed underneath. And, slowly but surely, she managed to reach back and zip the dress up once her arms were through the sleeves.

The dress looked like it was the perfect height for Djeeta, but the width of specific area? It wasn't quite right. The front of the chest hanging loose was the most obvious area of interest, but there was likewise the matter of how loosely the skirt hung too. Even the panties felt a little baggy in the back, but since she'd put them on first? There were among the first to bring about change.

**“Oh!?”** While what she'd done hadn't quite registered with the young captain yet, she could certainly feel her undergarments pulling against her pussy suddenly. The cause was pretty obvious, too: they were being



pulled tighter in the back, because her ass had begun to gleefully swell to properly fill the undergarments. Her buns practically doubled in size, pushing out the back of her layered skirt while even more weight bled down into her thighs, seeing them grow plump.

Djeeta herself hadn't at all been put off by the change and had incidentally set her larger rump down upon the nearby couch so that she could pull the matching leggings up either leg, bands snapping against the swollen thighs that they readily reached while sending pleasurable ripples through them at the same time. The idol shoes ultimately went on overtop of the thigh highs, and in cramming her feet inside she felt those toes crunch just a little smaller so that they were the *perfect* fit.

**“As a *maid*, and as an *idol*, I need to make sure my costume is perfect.”** She mused, rising back up to her feet and tapping her shoes together. **“Hm... was I maid? An idol? I...”** Although something seemed to be rewiring her brain. Fortune had made it so that it was only subtly at first, and yet after sliding her fingers delicately into the lace gloves (*and those fingers narrowing while nails lengthened to fit*), she reached for the headphones that dangled beside where her costume had hung. Once adorned, they would absolutely seal the deal.

But before that could happen? The girl heaved forward a little and was forced to catch herself upon the nearby wall. The cause? The weight of her chest had surged suddenly, the cups of the dress filling with fresh, fatty tissue that saw B-cup tits growing into a set of unreasonable Fs, skin strained so tight that the veins closest to her engorged nipples could do little to avoid showing themselves – fortunately, her clothes hid them from an unwanted audience anyways.

She'd more or less filled the dress out completely now, but from the neck up? She was still Djeeta in face and voice. Now that the captain had steadied herself and grabbed the headphones, though? Well, the moments the headphone pads snapped around her ears, her memories grew just as jumbled as her facial features.

To say her face changed a *lot* might have been a lie. She didn't look any older or younger, but she certainly ended up with features that were more notably pronounced. Headlining this was her lips, which swelled up and earned a natural, pink glossiness that was completely void of any tampering via makeup or the like. Her cheekbones appeared all the softer as well, helped by her eyes rounding a brightening – a pretty pair of soft, *pink* orbs that sparkled under the bright light of the room. Her eyelashes grew long too, but what stood out were her brows. They'd lightened to a silver white.



A color that became common among the blonde of her hair, too, eventually overcoming it entirely. Unlike in the case of Katalina where she only earned a little bit of extra length, though, Djeeta's hair practically spiraled out of control. She typically kept it in a bob, but as if alive it fell past her shoulders and halfway down her back before stopping, but even then? It was styled off to the left in a side ponytail that curled cutely at the end.

Nothing about her even looked remotely like Djeeta now. And her mind? It was worse off. Those earlier murmurings of being an idol and a maid? That was the kind of reality she had now come face-to-face with, recollections of serving both posts vivid, while memories of being a captain, of coming here to search for her missing family? Those thoughts were gone. She couldn't even remember meeting Vestal and Tartu, but her memories now implied she had known them for much longer. After all, they all served the same commander, did they not?

Oh, right. *Maid, idol, ship girl*. She was all *three* of these things.

Dido eventually craned her neck towards the clock above the door, her resting expression one that seemed somewhat distant even if that wasn't the kind of girl she typically was – at least not all the time. She was already late for rehearsal? **“Uh oh. This doesn't reflect on me well as a maid. Why didn't Le Malin come get me when she was ready?”** Did she even really need to ask? That girl... she probably fell asleep before even getting dressed.

Hopefully, they wouldn't get scolded.

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**“Sorry we're late!”** Dido exclaimed about thirty minutes later. On stage an entire palette of girls had assembled, all in idol costumes, and many of them not resembling the kinds of people that typically lived in the skydom. Each of the girls appeared incredibly unique, and if Dido had still been her old self she absolutely wouldn't have recognized them – and in fact? They were all actually members of the Grandcypher's crew that had gone looking for Gran and Lyria, but not a single one of them could remember that fact.

**“We?”**, asked Akagi, a woman with fox ears and tails. She seemed mad. But Akagi was always grumpy like that! Dido wasn't quite sure why she was confused, at least at first.

But it eventually dawned on her. **“Oh!”** She reached behind her and pulled a smaller girl that had been clinging to her back into the forefront, allowing her to dangle like a breeze in the wind. **“I brought Le Malin too!”**

“...**Stop holding me like this.**” The small girl groaned, to the laughter of everyone else gathered before she was set on the stage floor as requested. “**Our show is in two hours, right? We need to rehearse. ...Even though us running late is the reason.**” She yawned, evidently still plenty sleepy. “**We had to sign our updated contracts before coming on stage, too...**” Something that had completely trapped the duo into this new role.

Akagi merely groaned. “**Alright then, let’s go. From the top!**”

And that night? It was the legendary debut of the new girl group, μ.