

LOVE TO SEE IT

APRIL 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes the greatest threats could be found right beneath your very nose, and they wouldn't always be immediately apparent. The Zodiac General of the Bull, a young Draph woman by the name of Catura, had discovered this horrible truth for herself one day in her long quest to find her perfect prince.

Well, *correction*. She had *found* that prince. He was the captain of the Grandcypher crew that she was now a part of, Gran. The young man was absolutely dreamy and absolutely her type! She had no doubt that if she were ever in trouble, he would come rushing to her aid like any good prince would their princess. The only issue? There was another girl standing in her way. Another girl that clearly had romantic interest in him...

Though the fact that Catura had only noticed this girl particularly, and not the one-hundred other women in the crew that had a crush on him spoke to her lack of general awareness. Regardless, it was *Lyria*. Catura didn't really want anything bad to happen to her, but at the same time she had been actively looking for a way to remove her from the equation.

That desire had led her to ask Anila to borrow a book of charms and curses. She didn't actually think they would do anything, but the Draph thought leaning into the superstitious might make her feel a little better. But what would happen in the end? Well, it completely defied even her wildest of expectations.

Several days after Catura had borrowed said book, Lyria was off into a port town on her way to do some much needed shopping. The ship was running low on fresh water, and so they'd stopped at this small farming island in pursuit of a source. All she had to do was negotiate with a vendor and have it delivered, so Lyria had been insistent that she make the trip on her own.

“Did I take a wrong turn?” But somewhere along the way, she found herself in a farm's paddock. The Girl in Blue was certain that she'd been following a cobblestone path, so when did she...? And why did she feel so *tingly*? She had a lot of questions but surrounded by cows she discerned that making her way back to town was her first priority. Barefoot as she always was, she didn't want to step in... *something*.

The tingling sensation that plagued her skin, however? It had other plans.

To begin with, a splotchiness of color had begun to arise against the girl's fair complexion. It wasn't so significant that it brought about a stark difference, but there was no denying that these splotches were just a little bit darker than the color of Lyria's skin regularly. It was a change that the girl did not notice in the end, for eventually these spots replicated and merged, ultimately leaving her skin consistent in color. Yet, something about the quality of this skin seemed *off*. If one were to touch it and had the skin of a girl Lyria's age nearby to compare it to, they might conclude that it was just a little more *worn* than it should have been.

Lyria's eyes darted down to her body, and then from side to side. **“Something's not... it's not right! There's no way I could have come all the way out here without realizing, right!?”** She was slowly piecing together that something was amiss, but while she did so even the very eyes that had begun to glance around frantically were succumbing to the curse she'd unintentionally been placed under. The blues of her irises burned bright with a gold that ultimately replaced their natural color. And the eyes themselves? They almost appeared *larger* somehow.

There was only one area that required a dye job left, and fortunately it wasn't as substantial as the others. Lyria's blue hair was largely left untouched, but as a fluffiness beset her bangs as if from nowhere, and their weight brought them to fall in and close the entirely forehead window she always had on display. Just above either golden eye, the blue of her hair darkened until it was a shade much closer to black, but other than that her hair color *did* remain untouched.

The issue was that, as her bangs had demonstrated, it was the styling of the girl's hair that was at risk. Around her scalp, her blue mane was just becoming so much thicker and puffier, at least when compared to the thinner length that always hung all of the way down to her ankles. But this thinner excess? Well, if it was longer than her shoulders, the cool breeze of the paddock eventually stole it away as if her hair had been severed without her realizing. The remaining bulk continued to grow thicker and curlier, until the weight of her bangs didn't at *all* look out of place.

But Lyria? Despite the excessive changes to a part of her body that had been with her as long as she could remember, did not really react to it. Rather, she felt more confused about her location now than ever. It was the side effect of what was happening internally, as the girl's ego was threatened by new purpose and even identity. There was greater change to come, but she'd remain oblivious to it all.

Her fingers began to lengthen several inches in the meantime, though the nails that extended from her skin were all the more eye-catching as a result of it. Jutting out several inches, a bright red paint was glossed over them... just as it was her toenails, while experience a similar growth atop slightly bigger toes. The strange thing about this was that Lyria didn't really have much knowledge about makeup or the like.

Or, at least, she *hadn't*.

Memories of doing her nails every morning and becoming somewhat prideful of her skill with doing so, took root within her mind. These recollections were just a few of a growing palette that was far more mundane and peril-free than the life of imprisonment and ill-fortune that Lyria was familiar with – yet such was the kind of life she would soon wholly recall in its place. One that was humble, bursting with swelling pride.

But wait! Something much more perceivable had begun to burst and swell as well! The girl's posture began to slowly lean forward in the earliest stages, but Lyria didn't really react to it. Rather, it was plain as day that her nipples were pressing up against the fabric of her white dress with much more gusto than they normally did, their sizing much more pronounced and swollen than they should have been for a girl of her apparent age.

They pressed forward not only because they were erect, however, but because that which lurked beneath the skin around them was building up in mass as well. A chest that was more or less completely flat had bubbled up gleefully within a moment's notice, pulling up the skirt of the girl's dress so that it just barely covered her crotch. **“Oh! Why do**

my clothes feel so tight? Isn't this what I normally wear...?"

She'd noticed the restrictiveness of it all, yet even as she looked down at her swelling bosom, she was merely struck with more confusion as if she were completely blind to what was happening.

Her breasts, on the other hand, did not care about what Lyria did or didn't notice. Her milkers continued to swell, so much that it seemed like her dress would no longer be able to retain its integrity and the fabric might tear at any given moment – but before they could, she was instantaneously stripped completely bare, giving these tits the room to bounce free, so immense in their size by this point that they practically slapped against her tummy.

They looked very out of place on her smaller frame, particularly as they finally met the enforced quota of a pair of ripe G-cups. It was a wonder that she could even remain upright with tits this big, though a rippling and tightening of the muscles in her back could certainly explain it as milky orbs hung proud and free. As she could recall, she'd always been proud of her huge milkers. They were comparable to her *sister's*, and as a Draph— **“Wait, am I...?”**

The question of what Lyria was or wasn't had always been a hotly debated topic but thinking of herself as a Draph woman certainly didn't feel right. But with breasts this huge and a height this low, didn't it also make complete sense? With a shrug, she tossed that concern into the back of her mind.

She'd even completely disregarded the sound of her own voice, which had found a significant deepness that spoke to greater age. But then again? The wear upon plumper cheeks and the pronunciation of her now significantly swollen lips suggested she might have unknowingly aged into her twenties, complete with light makeup that matched up with her memories.

With her breasts so big came the absurdity of her lower half when looking at her entire body all at once. It was much slenderer by contrast, but fortunately that was short lived. **“Oh!?”** Lyria squeaked out in surprise when she almost fell forward as something had knocked her ability to stand off-kilter, and that something had been her hips growing wide, making her waistline appear far more petite.

Those hips certainly hadn't widened according to their whims though. Rather, it was through the inflation of her ass cheeks that they were forcibly parted, left with no choice but to stretch to accommodate the junk that was fattening her trunk. The skin around her cheeks stretched thin as bouncy tissue saw their sizing inflate to almost ridiculous sizes, skin itself taking on a natural sheen *from* said stretching.

An ass of that size required a pair of thunderous thighs to match though, and they certainly bloated with the same vigor as her cheeks had. Considering the girl's *woman's* height had not changed, the weight they ended up supplemented with stretched her fair skin dramatically, bulging to add the bottom-heft to the top-heft that her breasts had brought about.

And then? As if she'd never been nude, she was dressed once more. Not in the dress she was familiar with – or *had been* familiar with – but instead with a costume more like something you might find on one of the Zodiac Generals. Detached sleeves were separate from a white kimono that hugged her tummy and was completely open at the sides, so you could make out the sides of her immense breasts with little to cover them. Matching thigh high boots climbed her short legs, all white cloth decorated with a cow-like pattern – with cowbells even dangling from the front cloth which just *barely* hid her tits. Red appeared too, but largely as the fluffy collar around Lyria's neck, or the second layer of her detached sleeves (*which also rested atop a black wool, fingerless pair of gloves*).

Feeling a little giddy, she giggled to herself. “**Much warmer! Why did I feel so cold? Actually... Who... Who am I?**” She still couldn't quite wrap her head around everything, but she was at the point where her mind was just going with the flow of what it was being told was ‘correct’, such as the fact that she was a Draph, and that she was both cute and confident! But she was at a loss for what her name was.

Yet something about her visage didn't quite match her understanding of herself. Draph's always had horns and pointed ears. Lyria(?) had neither. As if to rectify this though, her own ears were pulled out to the sides, retaining their roundness in the center but fanning out horizontally into points; they were ears that were closer to those of the cattle that were grazing all around her.

The horns, naturally, came next. The final features that would signify her assimilation into the role of a Draph. Incidentally, it wasn't painful, but the two sleek, black horns that curved up from her scalp looked to be well maintained, just as her body was on the whole. She had to remain pretty as could be, because what if she wanted to flirt with someone?

“**My name is... Oh, right! It's *Catie!***” The Draph woman, with her cow-ish body, shook her head from side to side before finally settling an answer to the question that had been plaguing her. Why had she forgotten her name? That felt like a silly thing to do? And while she was surrounded by friends in these cows here, she was trying to piece



together why she was out in this farm paddock in the first place! **“Did Anila ask me to get something...?”**

Her mind, as it had been throughout her transformation, kept drifting to think of the sheep-like Anila. She was a good handful of years younger than Catie, but Catura’s elder sister had a big crush on her. It was really fortunate that she hadn’t fallen for Gran like her sister had, because she knew just how Catura could be with those she was infatuated with.

But as she skipped back towards the cobblestone path, her gratuitous Draph curves bouncing along with her, she couldn’t help but think about Anila again. **“Maybe I should buy her a gift? Some sexy lingerie to surprise her with, perhaps?”** They weren’t even dating. But this

was how bold and flirtatious Catie was.

There was a problem though. Anila seemed to have eyes for the Grandcypher’s co-captain, Djeeta. So an idle thought crossed the elder sister’s mind. **“I know sis was looking at a way to harmless get rid of her love rival... I wonder if I could do something about Djeeta? Haha! As if!”**

TO BE CONTINUED...?