

GYA-R-U UP FOR IT?

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s certainly a unique shade of pink.”

“A-As well as being very interestingly shaped.”

“Would you two stop dancing around its appearance? It looks like a *pastel pink dick*.”

This was a very *unusual* sounding exchange between three women that probably could have used a little more context before anything. Two Au Ra and a Miqu’te, Mitsu and Dreah, and then S’aiya having spoken in that order, had been commissioned to undertake a very specific quest. At the time they had been told that it was a job without much risk. They just had to explore a very shallow cavern system that appeared to act as a dungeon.

But it *was* a little shady. It was a job that hadn’t been sent to them through the Adventurer’s Guild. Instead they had been specifically approached by the commissioner. Made doubly concerning by the fact that the entrance to this ‘dungeon’ seemed to be on their own property. The three, however, were confident in their own strength. If it was a trap it would be dealt with, and if anything happened to them? Well, they had made sure to tell their friends and loved ones *where* they were going.

The commissioner hadn’t been *wrong* in the end. There was nary a danger in the caves, which naturally begged the question of why did they just not go down themselves? Or at least choose a less costly exploration group? Heck, *one* person could have done the expedition all by

themselves. But at the very back of the ‘dungeon’ had been a pedestal, and upon it?

The *pastel pink dick* in question.

“I guess the commissioner didn’t know this was down here, but it really does look like a d-dildo...” Being the softspoken Raen that she was, Dreah could hardly choke the word out. The three women all stood around its pedestal inactively, as if to wordlessly ask the question ‘which one of us is going to have to carry it back?’. Perhaps *fortunately* for them? None of them did! But only because the item began to glow. Brighter and brighter, until it filled the cavern. And when that light finally faded?

No one remained.



“H-Huh!? Where am I? What am I... What am I wearing!?” From the perspective of the blonde-haired Dreah, it was as if she had been engulfed with a pastel pink light – the very same color as the crystal penis – and when it disappeared she was standing in a completely different place. Wearing completely different clothes. Beginning with the latter, she was wearing a button-up white dress shirt, a sky blue pleated skirt, a black choker and a red bow. She couldn’t see the hairclips in her hair.

It looked like a school uniform and sat vaguely loosely against her body. Was it a size too big? But if that was a school uniform then was this... **“Is this a bathroom stall?”** The space was cramped and a toilet was right behind her. She could hear other women muttering nearby. Were they in different stalls? But she couldn’t make out what they were saying. **“H-Hello?”** No response. At least not one that was decipherable. And to make matters worse, the door to the stall wouldn’t open!

“Could I go up and over it? *My tits might get in the way, but...*” That sentence went unfinished. *What* had she just said? Something about her *breasts* getting in the way? That just wasn’t true, because her chest was modestly sized at best. Certainly not enough to cause any climbing issues. And they definitely weren’t so large that they could be referred to in such a crude way. **“Why... Why did I say that!?”**

It was certainly something worth contemplating, but unfortunately Dreah didn't have the liberty of being able to spend some much needed time dwelling on it. After all, the sensation of things *peeling and falling* from her body along with a cracking sound at the sides of her head demanded her attention. **“My scales...? My horns!?”** Hands reached for where she knew some scales to be and instead found smooth skin. And by the time she'd thought to grasp her horns? They were *gone!* She had only been able to grab a few pieces of loose keratin from the sides of her head that still stuck out from around... **“HUMAN EARS!?”**

Her tail had also dislodged and fallen into the toilet behind her. At least until it disappeared.

Wait, what the heck was a 'human'? She had meant to say 'hyur', right? That was the name of the round-eared race of her world, of... **“Like, where did I come from again!?”** Why couldn't she remember such a basic thing!? It was a world where people could have horns and scales, proof of it had fallen all over... the floor of the... stall...? But there was nothing on the floor or on the toilet? Only the multiple piercings in her ears.

“Am I going crazy and stuff?” She definitely *felt* like it. A progressive and gradually dramatic decrease in intelligence made it hard for her to think too critically about it. Which was ultimately fine since she had *bigger* things to worry about. More relevant to that previous thought that her tits might be in the way. Well, *extremely* relevant to that thought.

Dreah didn't initially think about *why*, but she had been pawing at her chest ever since her concerns about her horns and scales had been left forgotten. Subconsciously she had understood that something about her bust wasn't matching up with her constantly changing memories, leaving the woman feeling as if something was missing. Why then did she feel like she needed to *grab* her own breasts? Well, fortunately for her she didn't need to instinctively yearn without satisfaction for long.

“Like, OW!?” Her face was thrown into the bathroom stall door all of a sudden, hands too preoccupied with her chest to catch herself. It was in fact the heft of her bosom that had pushed her into falling forward in the first place, with the orbs of flesh having *doubled* in size over just a few seconds. This would *naturally* knock anyone who was unprepared off balance, and suddenly the loose fit of her shirt made sense in the grand scheme of things. It felt perfectly fitted with her breasts now D-cups.

There was a new issue in that they were meant to be larger though. Much, *much* larger. **“Uh...”** Righting her posture had proven to be

difficult, and looking down now she was privy to the sight of her breasts ballooning even further. They pushed against the folds of her button up shirt now *equal* in size with her head, pulling tight a black bra with triangular cups beneath that she hadn't been able to see until the white had been tugged so thin. "***Ngh!?***" Dreaah groaned but it sounded much more like a *sensual moan*, unable to take the stimulation from nipples that dwarfed her eyes pushing into this bra and rubbing as tits *continued* to grow.

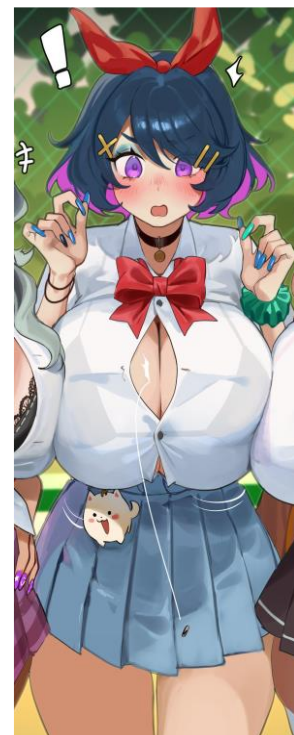
And it wasn't even *just* her tits. While certainly not *as* dramatic, her thighs clearly grew pudgier beneath the hem of her skirt. Excess bled to bloat her ass into a heart-shape and her hips pushed wider, but this all paled in comparison to breasts that now forced the second button off her dress shirt, showing the depths of a cleavage that took up *all* of the room in her shirt. They were so big that they obscured almost all of her tummy. Each tit was *twice* the size of her head. It was a miracle her body could accommodate their weight!

But rather than remark on how her chest had just swollen to an unbelievable size? "**I told once-san they were going to burst!**" With a higher and more vapid sounding voice, she instead was remarking on the state of *her high school uniform*. It did make her look *smoking hot* though, and the thought of sliding a dick through her tits where the button had flown off... "***Mmn...***"

The rest happened at a much quicker pace. Such as? Two waves of color wracking her hair, turning the underlayer of her blonde locks purple and the outer layer a navy blue. Makeup likewise thickened on her face – blush and eyeshadow, coating features that were fuller and more mature. Puffy, kissable lips and a rounder face overall gave it a different structural design. Whereas enlarged eyes showed off how irises has turned purple. A number of fake, blue nails also had been applied to her fingers

"I have no idea what I was, like, worried about... Totes a mystery!" To be fair, *Daishi* didn't hold any recollections of her past life any longer as she managed to finally unlock the bathroom stall with her almost comically long, fake nails. Her body was *exploding* out of her clothes in every imaginable way, the school uniform meant for a high school girl not suited for her buxom, twenty-five year old body.

She wasn't in the girl's bathroom of a high school, either. Along with two of her friends the Japanese



woman had decided to go back and get the high school diploma she had missed when she had dropped out to shoot the shit and fuck around... usually *literally*. Even now she couldn't help but think about how she could go for a good fucking. But the degree was more important! ...Wasn't it? She was in a building of learning, but it was aimed at young adults in their shoes. But one of them had thought it would be fitting if they dressed in their old high school uniforms.

“Well, it is totally drawing attention!”



The other Raen woman that had been in the party, Mitsu, found herself in a very similar situation. Consumed by light and forced into what was a bathroom stall surrounded by muffled voices. Not knowing that one of them was *Dreah's* voice. **“Can you two speak up? I can't understand a word you're saying!”** If there were two other voices, then didn't mean the other must have been S'aiya?

Mitsu didn't appreciate her current state of dress. Why was she wearing a school uniform and why was it so *big*? A white dress shirt with a red bow, a black pleated skirt, black loafers... She could tell the underwear didn't fit either, but she wasn't so bold as to see what they looked like. *Unlike* Dreah though, Mitsu didn't take the door not opening sitting down. Rather than trying to rattle it further?

She checked it with her shoulder.

“Owwie!” Which amounted to no more than pain radiating through the Au Ra's shoulder and prompting her to cry out in a way that was very... *not* in-character of her. It was just as out of character for her to not note the crackling sounds that had cried out upon impact with the door. Because as if they had been made out of a fine glass, the moment her body had collided with the door? Her horns and scales had all fallen off her body. Leaving her with ears that she would have considered 'human' if asked.

Mitsu shook her head, the final pieces of keratin from her Raen horns flying off in the process. **“Did I just say ‘owwie’?”** She couldn't believe her own ears. Ears that now sported golden, hoop earrings that had seemingly appeared out of thin air. At worst she usually grunted while in pain, she wouldn't make such a silly sound in the place of her

discomfort. But then again she was about to check off a lot of *'this isn't how things normally are'* boxes.

Take the woman's complexion for example. It had always, *always* been pale. About as pale as Drea's (and consequently Daiya's). But that didn't *seem* to be the case much longer. Visually it almost looked as if someone was spraying her with an invisible spray can, a copper tan being applied to her body from head to toe. But there were a *couple* of exceptions that proved this tan was fake. There were areas that remained pale, such as in small triangle shapes around her nipples or in the shape of a thong around her pelvis. Not that she could *see* these places because of her new uniform.

"I feel *totally kinda tizzy*, actually." A little like her head was spinning and like it was hard to think at the exact same time. That didn't really help when it came to registering her changes, and they *were* becoming more dramatic. Mitsu's hair was a good example of this. Short, reddish-brown locks had lightened dramatically at her roots so that a dirty blonde shone. That color bled towards her tips, but took a gradient into pink *near* those tips instead. From that point on it was almost as if her hair had *exploded*, locks becoming long and silky, yet simultaneously extremely fluffy all of the way down to their tips at the base of her ass.

She squinted. **"My eyes as all blurry *and stuff* too! I wouldn't even be able to see *a cock* if it was right in front of me!"** A cock? Why would she have dicks on the mind? But a dick in that moment... Her pussy did quiver at the thought of one. Wouldn't it be nice to straddle a hot guy? Deep down she was repulsed by the idea, and yet she simultaneously found herself getting lost in the fantasy.

Playfully the woman licked her lips, tasting a strawberry gloss that hadn't been there before. Her eyes *and* the thickness of her lips were both side effects of changes to her face. It had become fuller in shape and her eyes were *definitely* larger around a lengthened nose. But those eyes now reflected a reddish pink color beneath eyelashes that had been thickened by an abundance of mascara. Her vision was so blurry because here eyesight had been shot. She needed...

"*Oh~!*" Mitsu practically purred as her vision returned to normal. But *only* because a pair of round-lensed glasses had appeared on the bridge of her nose – much like the appearance of the mysterious hoop earrings before them. Not that being able to see really helped her much. She still didn't notice that her skin was tanned, nor that her nails were long and painted. The power transforming her made sure that she was too dumb and ignorant for any of that to register.

And so when her *own* figure began to swell like Daiya's had, she didn't really bat an eyelash. Her own tits swelled up into gelatin-like masses that bounced about within a stretching dress shirt. A hot pink, leopard print bra could be seen pressing up through white cloth, forced there by ballooning breasts that lessened the integrity of the space between her shirt's buttons and showed off a newly formed beauty mark on her left tit.

“Whoa!” Mitsu didn't fall forward nearly as quickly as Drea had though. Her muscles, at least when the swelling began, had been largely in tact in all of their strength. And while they *did* soften as tits swelled to be about one and a half times the size of her head, by that point her body's posture had been properly adjusted. More than anything, having her tits swell up like that just made her feel *horny*. But she *was* a hypersexual individual (now).

That hypersexuality was fairly dominant in her new personality, and so she rubbed her tanned thighs together to even *further* arousal, not noticing that this was now only possible because those thighs were swelling to seemingly *ridiculous* proportions. Tanner skin struggled to wrap around them as they surpassed her waistline in thickness, and white thigh highs that had once been so loose had tightened around them to the point that flesh was pushing over their hems. This all led up into an ass that defied any and all reasonable expectations, with the red thong tied beneath cameltoeing the front of her shaved pussy as lines dug into cheeks that was bigger than beach balls at her rear.

Miyuki pushed her tanned tits up against the bathroom stall door. An act that could *definitely* be seen as unsanitary, but bookish glasses aside there wasn't exactly anything sanitary about her life in the first place. Like her friends she was a gyaru slut who threw herself at every cock she could find. And in fact it was Miyuki that had decided she wanted to get her diploma. ...It was also her idea to dress up in their high school uniforms, though. Something their first class' teacher had *not* appreciated.

“OMG, would those two hurry up?” Only one of them had needed to use the bathroom, but in the end they'd all decided to sit in stalls on their phones for their lunch break. There weren't any studs in the class so what had even the point have been in dressing up in the way they had? Who was she going to mount in that group of



dweebs? Finally hearing a stall door open though, Miyuki crashed out to find *her little sister*, Daishi. **“Mataku! Took you long enough!”**

Still, she felt obliged to give Daishi a sisterly hug, their huge tits crashing together like meteors.



“Tch. Trapped in a bathroom stall in clothes that don’t fit, surrounded by voices I can’t make out.” As you could probably tell from her disgruntled monologue, the Miko’te, S’aiya, was in the very same bathroom in the exact same situation as the other two. She was wearing a white dress shirt that was tied off at the bottom so that her tummy was exposed along with a pleated, pink and purple skirt, thigh highs, black loafers, and a series of clips in her hair that had gone unnoticed. The top two buttons of the shirt were also undone, showing off her breasts and the black lace bra that appeared *much* too large around them. Not to mention the black straps of a thong shooting up from her skirt and onto her hips.

Why did the outfit feel like it didn’t fit right? **“I have too many questions about this, but that weird dildo was the problem, right?”** That had to be related. She didn’t know that she was the only one considering that, but it didn’t really matter anyways. Any analytical ability that she still retained would soon be out the window. After all, she’d already realized that she was trapped inside.

Jumping over the top made sense. She was strong and light enough to do just that. And so she didn’t even *hesitate* to try. But the moment her feet lifted off the ground? Her subconscious noticed that something was *very* wrong and she fell back down without trying to grab the ledge. Her balance hadn’t been right. **“Something’s *totally* wrong here, isn’t it?”** She spun around while looking behind her, looking for... *something?* She’d initially been seeking her Miko’te tail but it wasn’t there. Not *only* was it not there, but...

“And why am I looking behind me? *LOL!*” What could *possibly* have be there? It wasn’t like *humans* had tails! Nor *cat ears* it seemed, since her own had slowly slid down to her head’s sides, fur stolen and shapes rounded to match the ears of Daiya and Miyuki – a plethora of piercings that hadn’t been there before an all. **“I wanted to jump outta the stall? I guess I’m probably strong enough, but what if I chipped one of my nails?”**

This concern was significant. S'aiya had grown up on the streets and was used to getting her hands dirty. She kept her nails short and they often got chipped and damaged, but those nails had lengthened two inches past her fingertips and were painted a *hot pink*. S'aiya *hated* pink; or at least she was supposed to. That was in part why she had hated this uniform she was wearing. A pink bow, a purplish pink skirt... *ick*. She hated seeming *too feminine*.

She shook her head. “**My *super cute* nails? What am I...?**” It was getting hard to think. Her crafty nature was diminishing, and in its place she felt... *bubbly*? Like an *airhead*. All the while her physical form continued to change, like what could be observed with her skin. Her natural tan was fading but only in *spots*. Around her nipples and pussy were the most prominent places, but skin lightened in *tan lines* across her hips and shoulders. Suggesting in no small way that her once natural tan was now false, and that the paler tone was now her *real* skin color.

S'aiya clicked her tongue, the weight of a new piercing there now going as unaddressed as the similar one that had appeared in her exposed naval. “***I was... like... trying to...?***” Her voice sounded *beyond* vapid, and there was a very subtle lisp at first, like her mouth wasn't used to something. The piercing was part of it, but her lips were also twice as thick as they had been before. Part of a series of changes that restructured her face so that she looked like Daishi and Miyuki, so that she was *Japanese*. Narrowed eyes sported hot pink irises and purple eyeshadow. Thick mascara made her eyelashes appear thick, and blush pinkened rounder cheeks.

The woman hadn't been wearing her hat that day but if she had? It probably would have been tossed off by the length of her brown hair, which was growing longer just as it was becoming (largely) darker. Her roots became a dark green while the tips were paler. Stretching down past her ass (a feat that was a little more impressive because she'd actually grown three inches taller), this hair gradient was very clearly dyed. Her thickened bush of pubes told the truth – that her natural hair color was now a very dark brown. More pink appeared on her person in the form of a pink scrunchy that bound some of this hair into a side ponytail.

Miraculously, all of the hairclips stayed in place throughout it all.

“**Weird. Why'm I all like, horny? This isn't a great time, it would totes be better after class.**” Class? Was she a student? But she still looked like she was just under the age of thirty. She also had retained her toned body – contrary to what had happened to the two

new sisters. But wobbling a bit, the final touches to this new, bimbo gyaru were finally bestowed upon her.

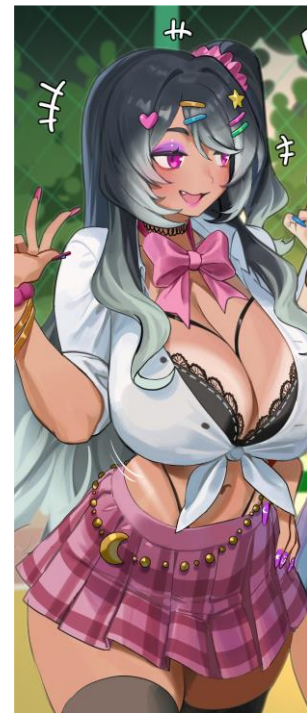
S'aiya had been the curviest of the three women when they had entered those caves what had only been earlier that day, and while Daiya and Miyuki had swollen to the point that their tits were beyond comprehension? S'aiya's swelled to a size that was a little more reasonable. *A little bit*. She didn't really struggle with her posture when her tits bloomed, quickly filling the bra and her tied up shirt so that her cleavage (tan lines and all) was fully exposed. They bounced and jiggled as she moved, each breast slightly bigger than her own head.

On the other hand she would be the weakest of the three in terms of her lower body too. The fitness of her thighs persisted, but muscle definition was drowned out as tanned thighs expanded a few inches with softer fat. Her ass became perky and heart shaped too, her black thong fitting *far* more snugly when all was said and done. She had something of a sportier charm than the other two. She wasn't *as* thick, but that in of itself gave her a different and equally good kind of appeal.

Unlike the two sisters, *Suzumi* was merely the childhood friend of Miyuki. The two had gotten into gyaru shit at a young age and were both very hypersexual. Eventually Daishi fell into the same lifestyle, but there was *one* very notable difference between Suzumi's own slutty gyaru life and theirs. Stepping out of the stall with her own tanned tits bouncing, she paused at the sight of the two sexy sisters embracing. **"Holy shit, you two totes know I'm a lesbian. What're you expecting me to think walking out to *this*?"**

Suzumi was a slutty gyaru that only did it with women. Not that there was any issue with this. It almost seemed surprisingly easier to be exclusive in that way, but thus was her sexuality. The other two were bi but preferred dick while she wanted nothing to do with them. This wasn't different from her sexuality *before* the transformation though. **"If you two wanna stop makin' my motor run, let's check our makeup and go grab a bite. I'm starved."**

Miyuki and Daishi bemoaned her belittlement but ultimately followed her to the mirror where they all vapidly looked over their appearances. **"My tits look great as always!"** Daishi had exclaimed as she lifted and dropped her tits, the biggest in the group, so that they bounced around.



“And my ass is nice and full!” What did that have to do with makeup? Well, Miyuki *did* have the biggest ass. She liked to gloat about it whenever she could. While Suzumi was a little smaller in both areas though, she was the tallest and the fittest. The most fashionable of them, too. That was why she had customized her uniform so much and made sure those tan lines were there.

“Ladies! Let’s get our diploma thingies!”

“YEAH!”

