

SHIP SHAPE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had really been a strange union when all was said and done. Girls that had no business on the open sea, fighting alongside experienced ship girls that fought against the terrors of this world each and every day. Their help had been welcome in the end, particularly when it came to pushing back against the unique force that had manifested along with their appearances, but in the wake of that entire kerfuffle would inevitably come *review*.

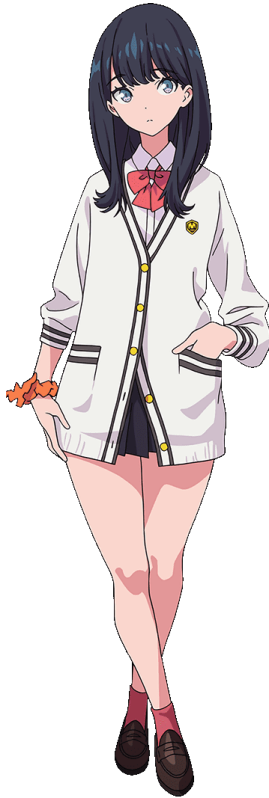
All new units, after giving live demonstrations on the battlefield, were privy to this process. Ship Girls needed to be up to snuff before they could be deployed, and judging qualifications was an absolute necessity. Not only could an unqualified unit lead to an operational disaster in the thick of it, but it could also lead to the loss of the girl's own life.

“...Um? I don't really understand what's going on here.” And that review had come for Rikka Takarada, one of the young women that had suddenly found herself under the guidance of the Commander after arriving from another world altogether. She had suddenly been summoned that morning to meet with an officer that wanted to discuss her performance, but once arriving at the room in question? There had been no one there.

What's more, the room itself resembled a laboratory of some kind. Little boots lined the walls, with what best resembled *molds*? The steel structures gave Rikka the heebie jeebies, largely because if they really *were* molds, they were shaped in the form of *people*. Women, in fact. **“Maybe I stumbled into the wrong room by mistake?”** She really couldn't imagine that lingering here for an extended period of time

would lead to anything *good*, and so slowly by surely she began to back away towards the automatic door she had entered through.

“Not so fast!”



“EEK!?” The voice that had shouted hadn’t been Rikka’s own, but the cry was. She had backed not into the door, or a wall, but a human body. And that body had gripped her and thrown her into one of the unsettling booths on the room’s outskirts. It had all happened so fast that she certainly hadn’t been capable of seeing who had thrown her in the first place, but his voice hadn’t sounded like that of the Commander she had been working under. **“What the hell!?”**

Looking to give the one who had pushed her a piece of her mind, the Japanese teen naturally stormed up the two steps that led down into the booth – only to have her escape efforts thwarted as the steps flattened into a slope that sent her spilling backwards into the back wall of the mold... which proceeded to clamp down over her. **“HEY!?”**

The interior of the mold was incredibly dark, but Rikka still had some room to move. Not *freely*, mind you, and it was a little tight around her thighs while arms were trapped inside arm-shaped deposits and legs the same, but she wasn’t devoid of space entirely. Perhaps the best way to describe it was that there was ‘room for her to grow into it’, which was a terrifying realization in its own right. Especially as the inner walls began to glow a dull, purple light that made her body tingle.

“What’s with this light!? What were these things even for!?”

For all of the time Rikka had spent in this establishment by this point, she had never once considered ‘where do Ship Girls come from?’. She had just assumed they were born like regular people. But in reality? That wasn’t really the case, and she was about to get a front row seat to how they were actually *created*.

The tingling worsened, and while Rikka hadn’t been given much of a chance to notice considering the steel prison she was housed within, it had already begun to pay dividends in the form of altering her body. The dull light that radiated made it difficult to see as much, but her dark hair began to take on a browner undertone, one that differed from the subtle blue that had existed since birth. This hair also lengthened to fill out the mold’s back, tumbling down to her butt and thickening on the sides.

It didn't exactly gone *entirely* unnoticed, but the girl couldn't really place the cause. "**Why is my head so itchy!?**" She so, so badly wished to give her head a scratch as her hair had grown out, but it seemed impossible to remove arms and hands from a mold that practically had them bound. The whirring of the machine was getting louder too, which rose her level of panic even higher.

...Except it had not gotten louder. From Rikka's perspective it certainly *sounded* that way, but the truth was something different – that her *hearing was becoming more sensitive*. If not for the revving of motors she probably would have been able to hear a pin drop in that room, and it was all because of her ears, which had been slowly crawling up the sides of her head, while all the while drawing into pointed shapes and inheriting black fur that matched her hair. Even white tufts of fluff erupted from their bases, giving them a perfect feline appearance.

And one that matched up entirely with the mold's exterior.

These ears twitched and bounced, bringing Rikka to raise a brow at the sensation. "**Is something on my head...?**" She was certainly onto something, but she also didn't have any means to check as much. Not that she was given much time to think about it before she was distracted by something just as confusing. "**IS SOMETHING SLAPPING MY BUTT!?**" Again, without hands to check, all the girl could really do was *speculate*. But yes, yes it was.

You see, when her ears had changed? So too had something else occurred to make the teen appear even *less* traditionally human. Something had lifted the back of her skirt, having grown from where her tailbone was located. It was, in fact, *a tail*, and one painted with the same fur as her hair. With one exception – a white tip. Roughly two feet in length, it had slid perfectly into a slot on the mold after flicking against her butt several times.

"...Is it really strange for me to have a tail though? W-Wait! It totally is!" She wasn't sure why, but she had just tried to talk herself out of being concerned about all this. Not just what felt strange, but about being trapped in the machine in the first place. *Is there something wrong with being reborn?* Of course there was, but a voice deep down kept asking her that question.

Steel eyes came aglow with a soft mauve that stood to contrast their old color, while the eyes themselves seemed to become both bigger and rounder – while retain that which left her undeniably Japanese in heritage. Lengthened lashed flickered above a slightly large nose, with

lips pursed even plumper. Before long you wouldn't even be able to tell it was Rikka, what with how round her cheeks had become.

“I need to get out of this thing, don't... Eh? My voice? Why does it sound so soft?” Once again she had been about to question her line of thinking, but the changed ring of her voice took precedence. Ears twitched to the sound, effectively distracting her as a wry acceptance continued to slink into her ego, making this entire situation much, much easier to stomach.

Some of her discomfort was actually being *alleviated*. The tension of the mold around her butt and thighs, for example? It seemed to fade away, but only because there was *less* of a body to make uncomfortable in the first place. Her thighs had slimmed down, remaining thick but not so abundantly as they once *had* been. Her ass had done the same, remaining perky but nowhere near as massive.

Yet all of that excess weight had to go *somewhere*, right? Rikka certainly wasn't known for having a very big chest. In fact, she'd been made fun of it when she had been a little younger. So was it some sort of unspoken desire for revenge that saw her mounds now rise, and so dramatically so? That wasn't even an understatement. **“Huh? Are they growing to the right size?”** The right size? For a second she didn't even know what that meant. But what it *did* mean was that she had come to accept what was happening.

And that was for the best. After all, the top buttons of her blouse had no choice but to pop off, ricocheting off the inside of the mold while the pink ribbon above became unraveled. Breasts swelled into a pair of DD's that could not even imagine being contained by the maiden's typical uniform. And so, in a way, it was a little freeing once the feeling of being stripped of her clothing washed over her. **“Oh~!”**

The warm steel pressing up against a body that practically form-fit the mold was unfamiliar, yet only temporary. For as the interior light began to dull, a new outfit took shape. Black tights clad her legs and thighs, while a purple kimono with big, black, detached sleeves – ornate with a white floral pattern. With a purple ribbon in her hair and a bell around her neck, the girl's ample cleavage was entirely exposed.

That bell let out several jingles once the mold *finally* opened, and she enjoyed a reunion with the cool air of the room once more.

“Huh. I guess my name is ‘Arashio’ now?” *Arashio* remarked aloud as she finally stepped out of the opened molding device. She could still recall it. Being Rikka, living her life as Rikka, and yet she didn't look back on that life with any sort of fondness. Instead she felt a little

restless because she was... excited? It felt like she had been *reborn*, and that was a *good* feeling even if she could place a finger onto *why*. Of course, this was because she had been programmed to feel that way by the device's influence.

She wanted nothing more than to live her life as Arashio now. She would not speak of who she had once been, nor would she ponder things about her past life. Who she was now was just who she was. “**I feel so stellar, like a plane soaring through the sky!**” Her feline ears twitched as she beamed to herself, hopping up the stairs to the sensation of her sizable bosom bouncing with each skip. It hardly felt strange. In fact it felt quite normal! Once she finally reached the peak of the steps, though, she was met with a familiar face.



“**Oh! Do I have orders?**”

“**Rikka is waiting for me? In here?**” Akane Shinjou was in the very same boat (*no pun intended*) as Rikka Takarada. She was a girl that came from another world that had been whisked up in the struggles of an unfamiliar land. To say that she didn't need much motivation to go visit Rikka on request would have been an understatement, because Akane truly loved her. But this cat-eared woman who had brought this message to her? She'd also reassured her that the meeting was kaiju-related!

...Of course, this was because Arashio *was* Rikka, and was playing up to what she knew about Akane.

She had been successfully misled, but was wondering why the Ship Girl had been so quiet while leading her through the room of rather strange design. What was with the little spaces with what looked like human-sized molds? They looked like something out of a sci-fi anime! Eventually though, Arashio stopped at the booth in the farthest corner of the room. “**Huh? Rikka in here?**”



Arashio took a moment, as if she was deciding what to say next. But eventually? She grabbed Akane's wrist and tossed her into the booth, where she fell with her back against the wall. The mold then closed in around her, trapping her until the process would be completed. "**I suppose you could say Rikka was with you all along?**" And so, her orders completed, she skipped away.

Not that Akane had been able to hear that within the still prison she found herself in. Since it was human shaped, her arms and legs had naturally been given no choice but to slid into the slots provided, effectively preventing her from trying to force her way out. "**I'm not the type of person you should be trappin'!**" It almost reminded her of when Alexis had... Scratch that thought, the interior had begun to glow a soft pink!

"**Oh!?**" Akane felt so *tingly*, and while it didn't exactly feel *bad*, it most certainly did feel *weird*. It felt like every hair on her body was standing on end, along with some *other things*. Just why, exactly, had her nipples gotten hard!? Was she finding this *arousing* somehow!? Did she have a thing for being trapped in glowing, human-shaped molds?

So caught up in the *feeling* of it all, the teen couldn't really be faulted for not noticing that her body had begun to bend to the mold's will. In the first place it was only her face that had exhibited change anyways, with pink eyes darkening towards a royal purple while lashes grew and brows thinned. Her face, much like Rikka's, grew a little rounder as blush tickled them – but there was something about her face that was different than with Rikka's assimilation as well. And no, it wasn't the mole that popped up beneath her right eye.

That wasn't to say that it wasn't becoming *fuller*. Cheeks did grow rounder, lips fuller, and even her nose a little bigger. She hardly looked like herself after just a brief moment of the tingling – but that wasn't where the most notable difference between herself and Rikka was. Rather? Akane looked a little *older*, like a woman that was in her twenties rather than retaining any semblance of teenaged immaturity.

"**My, my~! Erm... Huh? Did I just make a noise like some kind of anime waifu?**" A tingling that played with her nipples and loins had forced a strange noise from the woman's bigger lips, forcing her to draw comparisons between it and some big sister anime tropes. Why *had* she made a sound like that? And why was it all tingly *down there!*?

It wasn't like she could just *check*, and in fact it felt even harder to move her hands than it had been before. There *was* reason for this, and that reason was that her palms had thickened and her fingers had lengthened slightly so they fit perfectly into the hand molds that contained them. The same could be said of her feet of course, with toes daintier and feet more akin to those of a talented dancer.

The tingling down below saw the color and style of her pubic hair change. The color, while purple still, became a much darker shade, and the cut of them? Well, some landscaping was ultimately done so that they strongly resembled a *heart*. Her pussy twitched in slight as well, feeling warm, but only because it had loosened – indicative of much more *experience* than Akane normally had.

That color extended *beyond* just the hair of the young woman's pubes, mind you. It seeped into the hair of her head. Hair that, in turn, dramatically lengthened to the same length the mold's exterior suggested it *should* have been. It all fluttered out behind her as it lengthened much of the way down her back, likewise, becoming fluffier and more unkempt in the process. So unkempt, in fact, that an ahoge even emerged from its peak.

“Mm... I don't really get it, but this isn't so bad, is it?” Her voice carried a maturity now that hadn't existed before, once again suggesting the demeanor of something akin to a courtesan. Strangely her ears warped in a manner of speaking as well, but unlike Rikka's they did not crawl to her head's peak. Instead they stretched out to the sides while what looked to be purple feathers clad them. Until they resembled *wings* more than anything. Even so, she retained her ability to hear. ...*Somehow*.

A sensual giggle escaped her lips thanks to a tickling sensation that ran across her body. She could suddenly feel the warmth of the metal tomb's light against bare flesh, as her old uniform had been sapped away. Butt naked, she almost didn't seem to mind? Akane was *always* confident, but now she felt even *more* confident. And she *loved* it.

She was given plenty of reason to flout that confidence, too. Her old body had been intentionally designed to give her a sizable bust, considering it had been artificial forged of course, but now? That bust size swelled even bigger. It wasn't all that surprising since there had been plenty of space around her chest in the mold, but that space was quickly closing in on them. Or they were filling it, rather.

Her bosom bounced and jiggled as it ballooned, eventually reaching the realm of the mythical F-cup. Nipples hadn't been spare either, and had

both stretched and engorged so that no coin size would be comparable to their luster. These tits were huge, heavy, and insanely sensitive. “**Aww...**” So much so that she had to vocalize the dissatisfaction that she could not bring her hands to them to give ‘em a good fondle.

Again, unlike Rikka, the process that affected her ass and thighs was different. The complete *opposite*, in fact, and to the point that her hips had to first stretch wider to accommodate what was to come. Her thighs blossomed rather than declined, soon swelling to a size that rivaled those of the girl who had once sported such an egregious pair – overtaking them in size, in fact. From the exterior, the mold showed both thighs smushing together in the center, and that was exactly what had happened within.

Just as her thighs had blossomed, so too did her ass rise. Akane had always been the boob girl of the two, but.. “**I’m the complete package~!**” She was most certainly *getting there*. Her bare buttocks wasted no time in filling the bubbled cheeks of the mold, each one sizable enough to sport a notable ripple whenever she might step in the future.

And then? She was reclothed, the light of the machine dulling along with the sound. A pink kimono left little to the imagination when it came to cleavage and thigh windows, with black thigh highs and a dark purple jacket, open, cladding the bulk of her remaining person. A pink choker bound her neck, and in her hair was a silver clip along with an ornate, floral hairpiece.

The machine let loose one final hiss, and from within it a well-endowed woman with a sly smile playing upon her lips fell out – big and bouncy tits doing a sizable hop from the drop. Similar to what had happened with Arashio, Akane was still in there. But just as similarly, she no longer cared about *being* Akane. There was a new name. A new identity. **Houshou**, a woman that could be considered the *Mother of All Aircraft Carriers*.

Which was a far cry from the Mother of Kaiju that she had considered herself to be for a time.

But that fixation on kaiju? It had come to a close. Giant monsters were little more than enemies to be defeated for the sake of this world’s people. Nothing more, nothing less. “**Ufufu... How could I be so misguided before?**” Dressed as she was, as she stroked her own chin she most certainly elicited the impression of a courtesan. Not that even her *old* self would have minded, considering the design she had chosen for that body as well.

At the top of the stairs, Houshou noticed her. Arashio, obviously waiting for her to arrive. She didn't need confirmation to understand the significance of this. Rikka was... Arashio *had* been Rikka. But wasn't she better like this? She was cuter, sexier, and those cat ears? Houshou felt like she might lose her mind! That was why it wasn't words that were exchanged first after walking up to her, but a gesture.



Houshou reached up to fondle one of Arashio's ears, making her moan.

“N-Not here!” The cat cried, both making an effort to push away but voluntarily leaning in time and time again like a pendulum. This was the kind of Ship Girl that Akane had become? Well, she certainly didn't mind all that much. She could still feel it – an intimate connection that was shared between the two of them. And she was a little excited to see where that went. **“We have orders! There are still some girls that are underperforming, right?”**

By that, she could have only meant the other girls that had been brought here from their world. Houshou understood immediately, just as she had been programmed to. And if the others remained as oblivious as *she* had when Arashio had brought her here, she could only imagine how delightfully easy it would be to do. *Fun*, even.