

# SHEEPISH SISTERS

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“So the charm that sis used was this one, right?”**

Sitting on the floor of her cabin in the Grandcypher with an old tome open in her lap, the blue haired Draph woman, Catie, was murmuring to herself. The existence of this Draph in the first place was *unusual* to say the least. She wasn't a normal member of the crew and, just days prior, had been *Lyria*. But not only did she not remember this but reality had adjusted so that her old self just simply no longer existed. A new individual had been concocted in her place. A new Girl in Blue that wasn't as close to Gran as the old one had been.

Regardless of the answer, Catie didn't have the knowledge of those events to ask the question in the first place. She believed that she had *always* been Catura's big sister and as part of this new life of hers? She had a *huge* crush on her fellow Draph, Anila. Anila was a Divine General like her little sister and she had known her for a long time. But ever since she had joined the crew she had noticed *competition*.

Anila *clearly* had a thing for one of the captains of the airship, Djeeta. It was incredibly obvious and she wanted a leg up on the competition. That was when she remembered that Catura had mentioned a book to help her get close to her own crush. It had *apparently* worked even though Catura couldn't seem to identify why (it was because her love rival, Lyria, had been turned into the older sister that was now Catie) and so Catie had been willing to give it a try. **“So I just need to cast... *this?*”**

---



“...Phew. I think I can get a little privacy in here.” At roughly the same time as Catie had been playing around with that curses and charms book, the subject of her ire had been shopping in the town of the island they were docked at and had ducked into a changing room within a small tailor. Djeeta had *planned* on going on this trip on her own, but in the end the Divine General of the monkey, Andira had ended up bumping into her and tagging along.

Not that there was anything especially wrong with Andira herself, but at times she was a little *clingy* and she had been practically dangling off of Djeeta’s side the entire time. With the excuse of wanting to try on a new, pink dress she had clipped into the changing booth while leaving Andira to peruse the other wares in the tailor’s shop alone. She felt a little bad, but it would only be for a few minutes! She just needed a little recharge!

And yet at the time she didn’t know she wouldn’t be leaving the booth the same woman she had been when she had stepped inside.

While resting her back against the wall of the booth, things had in fact *already* begun to shift according to Catie’s meddling. Not that Catie knew *what* she was doing nor that her own existence was a product of a similar charm, but it began to work its magic, nonetheless. Of all places it could be seen in Djeeta’s *face*.

It was a very jarring sight, in fact, because the rest of her body at this juncture was clearly Djeeta’s, but little by little her facial structure departed from what was true to her identity. Cheeks looked a little swollen for example, giving things a round puffiness that set the tone – a tone replicated in full, pouty lips and a flatter but wider nose. Her eyes might have enlarged a touch and the colors dimmed beneath brows that shifted in shape so that they were oddly *circular*, but what was the oddest about her gaze was—

“**Huh? Why is everything so blurry all of a sudden?**” Like *really* blurry. The woman’s surroundings were hardly comprehensible through her eyes now, as if her vision had taken an extremely dramatic dive in quality. *That’s what I get for not wearing my glasses...* And yet Djeeta had never needed glasses for her vision? Why did she not realize that much?

Then again that was just one article that could be added to a list of ‘things Djeeta should have noticed but didn’t’. Her hair was another notable one, with those golden locks of hers spilling out in every direction. The consistency and feel of her hairs became soft and fluffy, strands shaken into messy curls that fanned out with great heft as it all reached all of the way down her back (or would have had her back not been pressed up against the wall), while bangs fell to cover her new, equally fluffy brows. Those bangs dangled low enough that she definitely *should* have noticed. Just like she should have noticed the color of her blonde having paled more than just a touch.

“**Maybe I should *TRY* the dress I picked out *ON*?**” To make her extended stay in the changing room seem more realistic? Although why was her voice cracking so much? And had she already shrugged off her blurred vision? Truthfully, the co-captain couldn’t seem to remember her vision ever being *good* now. *My eyes went at a young age, didn’t they?*

Her mess of curly hair became relatively tangled up in the back now, because it was being dragged against the back wall of the changing room. It was hard to imagine *why* it might be dragging, but on closer inspection it was actually clearer than you might think. While Djeeta’s posture had *not* changed, her *height* was. Inches slipped off her, thighs slipping further into her boots while her arms simultaneously retreated into her short sleeves. Hands and feet adjusted in kind as well, with digits slender and not as calloused as they had been.

By the time she had *finished* shrinking she couldn’t be much taller than 4’5” – although despite being a similar height to a child, the maturity had not been erased from her form. It was a *very* stark departure that had her practically swimming in her old clothes. And yet again there was no acknowledgement of this fact. “**I really need my glasses, actually. What dress did I even pick out?**” The captain’s voice was very soft and a little whiny by this juncture. She once again had fixated on her vision, but this time she sought a solution that shouldn’t have been available to her because she didn’t *own* glasses.

Since it seemed no amount of body transfiguration would provoke a thoughtful response from the victim it likely wasn’t all that surprising that equally dramatic alterations didn’t shift the needle in that regard. Djeeta’s dress was plenty loose now that she was so short, and the fact that her maturity had not waned along with her height was something that was about to make a lot of sense. Because beneath her skirt?

Her thighs were thickening, bloating like sponges filling with fresh water, soon growing wider than even her waistline. The boons of these

thighs were shared soon with the surrounding area, and the back of said skirt was progressively lifted higher and higher as the cheeks of her ass developed into a mighty, bouncy cake that jutted out about eight inches from the curvature of her back.

It just didn't really *seem* this way because her posture shifted away from the wall. Her bloated ass had certainly pushed her away from it a little, but her upper body tilted forward much more dramatically *all* on its own. Or at least it *seemed* that way, but the cause was far less subtle. The neckline of Djeeta's dress had always been relatively low, but since she was shorter and smaller now it was a much *bigger* hole comparatively.

Big enough for her tits to slip right out once they *ballooned*, stretching to sizes that seemed far too abundant for a woman of her height. Nipples were big and swollen, rivaling her big eyes in size when her areola were considered, and the mounds themselves had risen to be comparable to her head itself. These weren't the tits of a human like she had been, but there *was* a race who had features like these. **“O-Oh no! Why are they out...?”**

Seemingly Djeeta could recognize that her breasts were *not* supposed to be exposed, and that served as ample distraction while the tertiary traits of this race settled into place. Such as her ears pulling longer and developing soft, white fur. Or a pair of brown horns growing from her skull and curling forward to resemble the horns of a sheep. But she was very much a *Draph*.

A Draph whose outfit woes were soon dismissed, for pink fabric tightened and rebound into a bishop's robes that left her thick thighs exposed between them and black thigh highs, a matching habit atop her head, and *finally* a pair of glasses. She could see again! ...Not that she understood why she hadn't been wearing them in the first place. Nor did she remember that.

**“Huh? Why did I even bring this dress in here? It's way too small around the, umm...?”** The face of the Draph that now occupied Djeeta's changing stall held up the dress and immediately put it back down, cheeks burning a bright red of embarrassment beneath the black frames of her rather dorky glasses. But that was how plenty of people saw *Anise*. At twenty one years old, Anise was Anila's older sister and a bishop of an unnamed faith. She was awkward





socially and actually enjoyed things like tabletop games in her spare time. Toss in the fact that she was very clumsy and that painted *quite* the picture.

She wrote off bringing in the wrong sized dress as just another side effect of that klutziness she possessed. “**Oh dear... I bet big sis would laugh at me if I came out wearing this...**” When it came to her and her siblings she was also the pudgiest in the tummy, even though her breasts were bigger than Anila’s and smaller than her big sister’s but... *Wait*.

Anila wasn’t even supposed to have one big sister. Much less *two*. So who was the *second*?

---



The monkey eared and tailed Andira was poking around the tailor shop as she awaited her captain’s return from the changing room. “**Hmm... She’s really taking a while!**” A few minutes had passed without Djeeta returning, leaving the twelve year old to ponder the delay. But she wasn’t going to be pushy about it. She may have been young but Andira wasn’t *entirely* an idiot. She had been being a little too clingy and she recognized that. But she just couldn’t figure out how to stop herself from acting that way!

And so she had retreated to a corner of the shop behind a series of clothing racks to look at some clothes her own size. The racks were tall enough to hide her from any potential gazes, not that this was at all intentional on her part. But in the end? It served as a competent veil as a certain *charm* began to wash over her body. “**Oh! This outfit is really, really cute!**” And she was entirely oblivious to it.

But wasn’t the curse only supposed to target the one Catie had envisioned?

Regardless of what it was or *wasn’t* supposed to do, the effects that it had on Andira were immediate and irrefutable. After all, her round and fuzzy monkey ears were plainly balding and misshaping, folding in on themselves until they were a pair of sharply pointed bovine ears. One of the traits of the Draph race that Djeeta was undergoing a transformation into in the nearby stall. But the child received the *other* unique Draph

trait just as early. **“Huh?”** A hefty weight atop the girl’s head gave her pause, but never enough to investigate.

Even though a pair of thick, grooved, tanned ram horns had occupied much of her head space and curled both forward and upward.

More than anything? The changes that came next felt *preparatory*. **“Is something weird going on here? I feel kinda funny.”** Oddly, Andira seemed to be even more aware of the reality that she was changing than Djeeta had. Not aware enough to identify any of those changes, but clearly the tension of her leotard stretching and giving her a wedgie as she *grew four inches* had registered in *some* capacity. Aside from her knees slipping up and out of her leg wraps and that tension around her stomach and loins though, there wasn’t much in the way of clothing malfunction. *Yet*.

Andira *had* grown taller, but looking at her face it was easy to recognize that it was more than that too. Her features seemed more *mature* and that was highlighted much more significantly once they began to depart from Andira’s general aesthetic. Lips swelled to an unthinkable thickness that, suspiciously, bore a similar shape to Anise’s lips. In fact her *entire* face did, though her jawline was narrower and her skin in better condition. By the time gold spread through her irises and her irises had widened *horizontally* to resemble a sheep’s, she facially resembled a woman her *mid-twenties*.

And one who *didn’t* look like Andira. She sported a much stronger resemblance to Anise and Anila but certainly not in her *hair*. Messy blonde locks would have likely maintained a similar color if the idea was to make her too similar to those two sisters, and yet blonde dulled away far an equally pale silver. These hairs straightened and sat loosely just above her shoulders while her ahoge developed into a loop between her horns.

**“Hmm... Was there something odd about the fashions here?”** Any concern she’d had that something might have been amiss with *herself* had been washed away, and so her brain frantically tried to figure out just what she’d considered to be ‘funny’ a moment again. Even though, spoken with a deeper voice, she couldn’t fathom her saying something so *childish*.

As if to declare that her body was no longer that of a child (as it wasn’t), the front-covering top that she had been wearing was pulled in between two mounds that pushed forward, far too significantly sized from them to remain hidden within the folds meant for a child’s chest. **“Oh!”** The grew so amply and suddenly that the woman did stumble a little, nipples that were larger than her eyes both perky and attentive as newfound

weight sloshed midst the tits within, almost having them jiggle back and forth like a pendulum as they expanded. By the time they reached their full potential they had wholly usurped her head in terms of size, each one a J-cup or maybe even higher.

But such a sight wasn't all that unusual upon a Draph. Nor was it odd to see her with such bloated thighs nor as perky of an ass that, interestingly, were not *as* excessive as the shorter Anise's. But Andira *did* have much larger tits, so it all evened out in the end. It was still a shame that the inflated rear was cameltoeing the hell out of the leotard bottom she war. "***Ngh...***"

Not for long though. Cloth darkened, stretched and crept across her body before solidifying into a brand new outfit. A long sleeved, black turtleneck with vertical lines and a fluffy, wool collar that matched the miniskirt she now bound around black tights and high heels. There was a single bell around her neck, a leather belt around her waist, and dark gloves around her fingertips. All in all it was a very fashionable ensemble that highlighted the full shapes and sizes of her tits.

**"Now *why* was I browsing the children's aisle? Surely I'd find more inspiration in outfits fashioned for adults like me."** Now *twenty five* years old, the fashionable Draph paced towards a different aisle of the shop – still short enough that you couldn't see anything other than her tan-colored horns peeking out over the racks. "**And Anise is certainly taking a long time.**" She glanced at the changing room with a golden gaze that was a touch more sheep-like than her *sisters*.

Yes, *Aria* was the oldest sister of a trio. Anila was the youngest, Anise was the middle child, while Aria was the eldest. They were all very different personality and career wise but in the end they all loved each other immensely. That was why Aria had agreed to go shopping with Anise in the end. Well, that and because she was a *fashion designer*, she had a personal interest in seeing the many fashions of the vast skydom. Unfortunately the charm Catie had used on Djeeta had an area of effect and... Andira had been in that area.

**"This dress is interesting. I should pitch a similar idea to Korwa..."** A sparkling, black gown had caught the Draph's eye and, as such, she recounted her *partner* Korwa. Both a business *and* romantic partner. After checking a few more outfits and chatting with the tailor she eventually made her way to the changing room and knocked on the door. "**Anise?**"



**Didn't you say you wanted to pick out a cute outfit to ask Gran out in? I'm being supportive, but it won't do any good if you hide in there without showing me what you're trying on."**

**"U-U-UM YES! Just a second, sis!"** While on the other side of the door Anise had completely squandered her opportunity to sneak out of the booth and find a dress that would actually *fit* a Draph. If only she had known that Aria had been distracted then she could have taken the opportunity! But unfortunately for her she'd been too caught up in her own anxieties of getting embarrassed.

It was true that she had a crush on Gran though. Yet as of late more and more girls had been getting closer to him! Anise had just wanted to stand out and so she thought about wearing something a little *sexy* and asking him out. But maybe her nerves just weren't up for it? Did she have any other options available to her? Ready to admit to defeat she had come up with *one* idea.

*Didn't Anila say she had a book of charms and curses?*

Maybe that would work!