

# VALENTINE'S SQUARED

## COMMISSION STORY

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## HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY! WON'T YOU BE A VALENTINE?

Joseph had raised a single eyebrow at the note he had found on his desk. He had a number of reasons to be skeptical about it, reasons that were extremely *reasonable*, more or less. It was early in the morning on February 14<sup>th</sup>, which was *obviously* Valentine's Day. He'd gotten up, showered, brushed his teeth, gotten dressed; his usual morning routine so that he would be ready to greet a new day. It wasn't like he had any *plans*. It was a day unlike any other, just like a fancy title.

He'd checked his desk before starting this routine because that was where he kept his phone. Nothing had been out of place at the time. And yet when he'd returned? There had been a handwritten note with a cutesy writing style that spelled out those words. **“Isn't the saying 'won't you be my Valentine'?”** It *was* odd. Even odder was that right beside the note had been one of those little Valentine's heart candies that usually had cute little messages on them. But it read 'BE A VALENTINE' as well.

**“Did someone have the candy specially made? Or... Maybe they just copied the incorrect text on the heart?”** The latter scenario *definitely* made more logical sense. The mystery related to this note didn't even end there. He was home alone, everyone had filed out of his place before he'd even gotten up. So who had slipped that note and candy onto his desk in the first place? **“There's no way someone broke in, right?”** Did he have a *very* weird secret admirer? A stalker? That wouldn't be good. But it was probably more likely that it was a family member.

Should he be cautious about the candy, then? He *was* a little hungry and he was about to leave the house, but it looked harmless enough. It wasn't exactly like he was on anyone's hitlist so it was probably *just* a candy. **“Well, no harm, no foul. I guess whoever left this will just ask me about it later.”** And so he picked up the heart-shaped candy and popped it into his mouth.

And then *darkness*.

**“The desert!?”** While there had been momentary darkness, it hadn't been because Joseph had passed out or anything. Light returned almost as quickly as it had disappeared, and he was left beneath a hot and sunny sky before a lived-in shack in what *felt* like the middle the desert. The air was dry and uncomfortable, and the shack in question? It was on the tip of his tongue but he just couldn't seem to remember where he'd seen it before.

What *wasn't* on the tip of his tongue was the candy. Being so confused about the changed surroundings its absence went unquestioned, but it had definitely up and disappeared. **“How did I end up here? How do I get back? Is this just a dream or something?”** Questions that were often asked at the behest of *Hisa's* pranks, but this was one that the nekomata chose not to reveal herself during. She'd even wiped her existence from the minds of her victims pre-emptively.

It wouldn't matter soon anyways.

There were other consequences for sticking the candy into your mouth than merely being teleported to an unknown location. And in fact? To the discerning eye those consequences could already be perceived. Well, maybe it didn't take an eye that was *that* discerning to notice a very sudden shift in the man's color palette. What colors? *All* of them. His olive complexion was among them, for it lightened to a differing light pink coloration, but it was also seen in his hair and eyes as well – both regions changing in different ways alongside their color swaps.

**“Should I go inside for now? It's pretty hot out here...”** Joseph had plenty of questions and no means of obtaining answers. That was, unless someone was inside the shack? He felt pretty certain he could hear someone snoring inside. But this was the middle of the desert. How would someone react to a stranger just showing up and waking them up? *Stranger? Why would he see me as a stranger?* Oh, right! He *did* know the person inside, didn't he? *Did he?*

He gave a shake of his head as a poor attempt to try and remove any uncertainty from his thoughts, though peculiarly he didn't seem to pay

much mind to a changing *weight* atop it. Nor the tickling of something against the back of his neck. It could all only be his *hair*, and these feelings could only really be accomplished if it was getting *longer*, which it was. The dark coloring of his strands not only brightened a tinge in the process, but changed to different hues depending on which layer of this hair you examined. It eventually fell past his shoulders, displaying a dark red on top, yet underneath? A *very* pale blonde that served an interesting contrast that likewise made you wonder how that color spread was even possible.

Bangs had even lengthened in a messy style to fringe his eyes, which made it all the more peculiar that Joseph hadn't noticed his changing hair length and color in the first place. But then again? Those eyes themselves had already been previously noted to have been among what had been altered. Their colors had begun to reflect a bright emerald, but they were also larger and with lengthier lashes. It all seemed quite... *feminine*.

An impression that was ultimately shared with the rest of his facial features and, inevitably, Joseph's body. Lips pursed, bulging into thickened forms beneath a softer-shaped nose. Cheekbones likewise pinched in to give this smoother, now hairless face a more triangular shape as well. Even the Adam's apple positioned on his neck seemed to smooth away before long. He now bore the head of a beautiful woman atop a body that still held its masculine shape. At least for now.

**“I guess I could... Huh!? My voice? Why does it sound kind of weird?”** It sounded like a woman's voice, but it didn't help that he seemed to be playing into it. He didn't usually talk with that amount of energy? And even then? His momentary fixation on that voice ultimately provided a little *too* much cover for a very dramatic shift in his body. A drop in height from roughly 6' to 5'5", as well as a loss of weight that left him both trim and with an exceptionally narrow waistline.

The outfit that the man was wearing had naturally been disheveled by this loss of height and weight, but it strangely did not slip from him. This was because while his waistline had become impossible trim, the area directly beneath had swollen magnificently. His *hips* swung a plethora of inches wider, for a time causing him to stumble a little upon the dusty driveway that led up to the shack. Pants got caught on these hips easily, which allowed time for *everything else* nearby to swell in kind.

It was truly fortunate that his hips had swung so wide, actually, because the new gap between his legs prevented the expansion of his thighs from compromising the comfort of the dick that still existed between his legs.

They plumped up keenly, pant legs stretching around them until their shapeliness could be completely perceived, but what *really* stole the show was his derriere. That ass *exploded* with added girth, shaping into a full, heart-shaped bubble that stretched the back of his pants until the seam split and you could make out his boxers within. Those cheeks would rise and fall enticingly with each step, but they pulled his underwear so tightly that he felt a momentary discomfort in... **“My dick!?”**

*Wait.* **“Uh? Huh... A dick? I mean the only one I’ve ever really seen is his, right? And it’s so... big.”** *She’d* been penetrated by it a number of times now, and she knew that she was lucky that her hips were so wide. **“W-Wait, I’m not into men, I...?”** *Had* she been into women? Her sex *had* changed, and it seemed that along with it her tastes had too. It wasn’t really like she was into men either though. More like a *very specific man*. The thought made her new pussy ache.

As did her nipples. Though not for *entirely* the same reason. Her sex had changed and so she had been missing something. A *pair* of somethings that arose to D-cup fame within her shirt. A pair of beautiful, perky breasts. But the woman knew that all of the highlights were farther down. Her ass and thighs were more noticeable, and with how flexible she was...

*And* with what she wore. The fit of Joseph’s outfit tightened and lightened, ultimately transforming into a light grey bodysuit that hugged these curves nicely. The V-shaped neckline came down as far as her bellybutton, exposing her inner breasts while sleeves and pantlegs were opened in a way that almost made it look like a straitjacket. Gloves, heels, belts, and even a ball and chain with a jack-o-lantern face appeared.

But what stood out the most was perhaps the shattered, yellow halo above her head.

It now seemed that ‘BE A VALENTINE’ had *not* been a typo. Because occupying the space of the man that had previously placed the candy reading those words into his mouth there was now a woman who wore the name and title of *VALENTINE* herself. It was even, technically, her *race*. That was the truth behind the existence of *Jack-O Valentine*, a Backyard lifeform



known as a Valentine who had found a new life among the living.

**“Alongside him...”** An airy sigh left the red-headed woman’s lips before she caught herself and straightened up, breasts jiggling from the suddenness of the movement in that bodysuit of hers. **“It’s still a little hard at times, but Sol is very... Mm, I feel comfortable with him.”** Her affections for Sol Badguy were genuine, but maybe that was to be expected with the soul her own had been built upon. Her heart was practically skipping a beat just thinking about him!

And so she turned her attention back to the hut. To the home that Jack-O shared with Sol. **“I suppose I should wake that sleepyhead up! It’s almost noon!”** And she couldn’t wait to see how silly he acted when she did. Maybe she’d straddle him sensually? You know, just to get a reaction out of him? Or maybe a little more!

Jack-O smirked mischievously.

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**“What am I supposed to do with these?”** A similar situation had befallen Axel, Joseph’s friend and Hisa’s creator. The exact same note had appeared on his desk *before his very eyes*, but there *were* some differences. To begin with there were *two* candy hearts, and the existence of two was touched on in the text of the note.

MAKE SURE YOU GIVE ONE TO SOMEONE DEAR TO  
YOU!

Axel had just been squinting at it. It was *definitely* suspicious. **“Like to who? Kay?”** In terms of friends, those counted as someone dear, right? It wasn’t like he was seeing anyone. Had his memories not been tampered with then he probably would have seen how obvious of a trap this was on Hisa’s part. But seeing that he’d forgotten all about her? He didn’t think anything of it while popping one of those candies into his mouth.

**“Whoa!?”** It had felt like the world had shaken around him and the lights in his room had turned off, leaving him in an abnormal pitch black for just a second. Once that darkness cleared? He was standing somewhere *different*. In a grungy looking changing room. It smelled of alcohol and cigarettes, and loud music could be heard outside. **“Is this a changing room?”** Why was he in this changing room? *To get changed, duh! But I guess I wear the same clothes on stage that I wear in person!*



*On stage?* Being an introvert, Axel *never* would have willingly gotten on stage in his life. So where had that thought come from? Was it part of... whatever was going on? It *was*, of course, and there was much more going on than a simple change of scenery and the odd, unusual thought in the back of his mind. His eyes were proof of that. They were shimmering with a bright, sky blue that hadn't been there before. And his dark hair... In a blink and you'd miss it moment, it had all lightened to a silvery white.

He shook his head, the weight and length of that hair changing as he did so. He couldn't really be blamed for not noticing this, because the hair in question didn't really grow *that* long. It ultimately only became a thick bob that rested no longer than his chin, and lengthened bangs were swept *above* his left eye. ...Barring the ahoge that sprung up, it wasn't an especially exciting haircut. But it *was* cute.

**“This really doesn't make much *sense!* ...That was a *weird... voice crack?*”** *Yeah! Since when did my voice sound so deep? I'm way too cute and pretty to sound like that!* Wait, was that really the issue here? To begin with, Axel didn't really see himself as cute *or* pretty. He was a tall man that was on the heavier side, or at least he was *supposed* to be. But things were *definitely* changing quickly. He was almost six feet tall himself, but much like Joseph that height was unraveled.

Not only did he fall dramatically in stature to 5'6”, but *almost* all of the excess weight on his body slimmed away. *Almost* all, because there was still a very subtle softness to his complexion. His belly in particular seemed a little squishy in shape, but it didn't exactly *bulge* or anything. **“Wait, was I always this... *adorable!?*”** He was acting out of character for himself with that level of energy, but he also wasn't *wrong?*

Now that Axel was smaller, his face had thinned. Yet that face inherited a rounder shape and more defined features. Namely? Those bright blue eyes looked like they were getting even brighter as they grew in size and shape, and while his nose compressed? His lips swelled bright and glossy. There was something sensual about them, like the sort of lips that you looked at and just *wanted* to kiss. Needless to say, he looked like a *very* attractive young *woman*. **“*Mmn...*”**

Maybe it was more than just *looking* like one.

That noise *she* made was a direct reaction to a tug between her legs, one that saw to it that her previous masculinity was sapped away. A pussy had dug within her pelvis in its place, granting her a woman's biological form in more ways than one as the changed sex had additional effects on the rest of her figure. Her ass and thighs were among them, both regions

swelling into plusher shapes that not only filled her boxers and jeans to capacity, but also prompted tears to form in those clothing articles. It probably was none too surprising since each thigh ended up *thicker than her waist*, and her rump had bubbled into a full heart.

**“What am I even wearing? These clothes aren’t cute at all! But I guess it looks like I’m wearing my *boyfriend’s* clothes! Oooo!”** Axel had never had any interest in dating men and so that was *already* odd. But what was strange for a different reason was that... the woman he was becoming didn’t have a partner either. But she couldn’t stop thinking about cute romantic things. When would *she* find a partner? She wanted to get married *really* badly! Why was it taking so long? She was cute *and* she had a super sexy body!

The full breadth of just how sexy it was then flourished. Her thighs and ass were already *plenty* hot, but her chest showed signs of life that suggested they didn’t want to be outdone. With nipples engorging to lead the charge, the innards of her oversized t-shirt almost *instantly* sprung up as *F-cup* tits bounced to attention. The force and speed at which they had grown had rendered them in what felt like a perpetual state of jiggling. They were moving so much that she was beginning to sweat all over!

...How were those two things even related?

At least until her clothes tightened and reformed. Into a tight, white dress with a frilly, pink underskirt. The gown was sleeveless, but it was also designed to show off the woman’s breasts. Not the cleavage, mind you, but her *side-boob* which was practically bulging out of an outfit that was extremely restrictive otherwise. A short, pink, leather jacket was open around her shoulders, and matching thigh high heels clutched those abundant thighs of hers.

But across all of these articles of clothing there was an abundance of *silver spikes*. Perhaps the only articles of clothing that *didn’t* have spikes somewhere were her black, fingerless gloves and the black spats she had on under her skirt and panties. Because even her *head* ultimately had spikes on it, jutting out of a pink headband that matched the rest of the pink in her wild, pastel pink, heavy metal ensemble. Of course, the smoky blush on her cheeks and around her eyes added a lot to this appearance.

**“Whew! What a good set!”** The sweat glistening off of *Elphelt Valentine’s* skin made more sense now with the context her memory provided. She’d just come off stage just a few minutes prior and had yet to clean herself off. Thinking nothing of her situation now, she grabbed a white towel from the back of a chair and began to dab the excess

moisture off. So what if there had only been six people in the audience? One day she'd be big!

Much like Jack-O, Elphelt was also a Valentine. One that had walked a different path alongside her sister. But through the kindness of others she had been able to change, and now she was looking forward to the future earnestly. Did she need to be showing so much of her tits and thighs to reach that future? Probably *not*, but that future would involve getting married, right? So why not seduce a potential husband or wife a little! **“Maybe someone even fell for me tonight! KYA~! Wouldn't that be the best!? I should go out and check right now! They could be waiting to meet me in person!”**



And so, barely dried off from her set, she practically launched herself out of the changing room like a rocket.

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Kay did *not* know what was happening here. He hadn't found a note *nor* a candy, he had just been working on an art stream when he had suddenly been dropped onto a bar stool in a barely crowded bar with a stage. **“Uh...?”** He didn't know what Axel's comment was what had brought him there, nor had Axel been aware of the fact that uttering his friend's name would put him in the exact same building... in the exact same world.

It seemed like someone had just performed on the stage, but there weren't a lot of people inside? Whoever it was they definitely weren't famous enough to draw a crowd. **“Did I not get enough sleep last night? Did I pass out during my stream?”** He didn't want to think about the implications of *that* happening. But his theory that this might be a dream only grew when someone he recognized hopped up to him.

A *video game character* that he recognized. Elphelt Valentine from *Guilty Gear*? **“Oh, there you are! Hey! I think I was supposed to get you to eat this, sis!”** Kay didn't have time to react. She started prattling on and pulled out a tiny, heart-shaped candy from her *sideboob window*? He gulped, the sight a little much to handle. But he gulped again when she suddenly shoved the candy in his mouth. It was



for a single moment, but her fingers had been in his mouth!? “**One sec, I gotta talk to the owner!**”

And then she skipped off without explaining *anything*.

Kay went to spit out the candy that had been forced into his mouth but promptly found he didn't have to. After all? It was *gone*. “**What... What the heck is going on!?**” He turned to the bartender and yet the bartender didn't even look at him. “**Hello!?**” No amount of calling appeared to attract his attention. It was like he was completely invisible to everyone around him *aside* from Elphelt, who was a fictional character that absolutely should *not* have existed.

What *wasn't* invisible were the prompt and obvious alterations that occurred to the man's body nearly the moment he'd noticed the candy's disappearance, however. “**I must be going crazy. I'm being ignored and now the room seems bigger? Er, wait... Is it?**” Confused, Kay rubbed at his eyes a moment and withdrew his hands... not noticing how those hands appeared to be smaller and daintier or, more strikingly, how scarred tissue seemed plentiful not only across the left hand, but had likewise been traveling up that same arm and right leg.

His eyes hadn't been deceiving him either. The bar *was* bigger, but not because the indoor space had changed in size at all. Rather it was *he* who had shrunk – plummeting down to 5'6” from 5'11” over just a few seconds. Even the excess weight around his belly had been sapped away, but that weight hadn't been lost without receiving something in return. This flatter belly had rippled with new strength and, in fact, his *entire* body had met the same fate.

But this new strength went unnoticed. Kay found himself grappling with different issues, such a rapidly changing perception, but seemingly one of those issues *wasn't* his clothes falling off despite the drop in height. His shirt wouldn't have been an issue either way, but his pants had received the good graces of the man's hips. Hips that had, for obvious reasons with the other two transformations in mind, swung a handful of inches wider. This newfound gait allowed pants to hook plentifully over them, keeping them in place.

That said, they gave him a rather curvy silhouette. Especially since his shoulders and waist had narrowed dramatically in kind.

“**I... This *bar*. Did I come here on *purpose*?**” Cracks in Kay's voice popped up here and there. He was certainly struggling with his memories, because he had begun to believe he had walked through the venue's door with his own two legs. Two legs that were... *pudgier* than

they had been before. Not beneath the knee, but above. Thighs were bloating splendidly, perhaps not reaching the same heights as Elphelt's but certainly reaching a close second as they stretched his pant legs. When it came to legs, the feet within his socks showed signs of change too. They'd become a little smaller as he'd shrunk before, but they became more compact still at this juncture. Each toe was a little shorter and his heels bore gentler slopes.

But why was it that his fingers and toes appeared to darken in color? It was as if they had become melanin rich all of a sudden, a copper-brown taking root and beginning to spread up his limbs. At the same time? His dark hair lightened, for a sandy blonde started in her roots and traveled to the tip of each individual strand. Those strands grew out, taking a shaggy and thick style that reached his shoulders, whereas bangs messily tickled his brows and nose.

He blinked, brown eyes glistening to gold and lashes lengthening. **“Something’s wrong here... But I can’t remember? What was I...?”** Kay’s voice was higher but it also sounded *flatter*. The way he spoke bore a monotonous quality that seemed almost indifferent, but in a way that matched what was happening to his face. His eyes took on more effeminate edges but at the same time they drooped ever so slightly to make him seem more tired. All the while, lips puckered up just in time for the new tan to bleed into his face and paint them brown beneath a small nose. With his cheeks a little rounder he certainly looked more like a *woman*.

A woman that should have been just as familiar as the one who had  
shoved the candy in his mouth.

Or *her* mouth. Kay bit her lower lip without even recognizing the cause, but as the tan washed over her pelvis, her cock and balls had folded up and into her newly formed snatch – becoming one with walls that would lead into a newly formed womb. Above this brown pussy, sandy blonde hairs grew into a sizable bush of pubes, and behind them? A plumpness finally found her cheeks, echoing the sentiment of her thighs as they swelled into a perfect, smackable peach shape that her pants hugged even more snugly.

**“Hm... It doesn’t matter.”** With memories of a new life replacing her old ones, the woman ultimately shrugged off her previous concerns. Just in time for a compact pair of C-cup breasts to surface beneath her shirt. They were hardly noticeable at first with such a baggy outfit on, but much like the others the clothing she was wearing compressed.

Crimson bandages were fashioned around her right arm and leg to hide the severe scarring, shoes melted away into white foot bands, and

matching short shorts with belts around her thighs beneath them covered her lower body. Around her torso? Well, her cute and toned tummy was left exposed, although a white, double-breasted waistcoat hugged her chest and made it obvious... for a moment. Because a thick and heavy cape eventually hung off her shoulders. The outside of it was white, but the inside was pink and *moist*. Like a mouth. Perhaps the sharp, black teeth that lined the bottom added to that impression. Though the cute, eared white hat with a clover ornament on it did not.

*Ramlethal Valentine* blinked. Even though they didn't really look *that* alike, she was still Elphelt's sister. Even if no one else came to Elphelt's shows, Ramlethal would always make the time. Because their bond was the unbreakable sort of sisterly love. Although a bar like this wasn't *typically* where you'd find a woman as quiet as Ram was. She was just quietly awaiting her sister's return now, but she eventually did sit back down at the bar. "**One burger.**" Wait, El would probably be hungry. "**Three burgers.**" The extra was for *herself*.



Elphelt eventually returned and sat on the stool beside Ram. "**Sorry about that! He was really nice for letting me perform here, so I had to say thanks!**" The white-haired Valentine was by far the more extroverted of the two, but the tanned-skin introvert didn't really mind. She was happy so long as Elphelt was happy. "**So what'd you think? I'm pretty good, right!?**"

It was a question that Ramlethal had to think about for a moment. "**You have a very powerful voice. I think it's good. You're talented.**" Such kind words prompted El to beam and playfully kick her feet. It made Ram smile slightly too. And just in time for their burgers to arrive! *That* was enough to make Ram kick her own feet, albeit with a little less energy. "**El. Did you know that today is Valentine's Day?**"

"**Oh!? Like a day celebrating us Valentines!?**"

"**...Not quite.**"