

COOLHEADED GOOFBALL

JUNE REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A CONTINUATION OF *FIERY SHORTSTACK*...

Was Gran thinking the same thing she was? Djeeta could only ponder this as she flipped the earring Drang had gifted her between her fingertips playfully, butt firmly planted upon her bed. The two of them had gone out for drinks with mercenary duo of Sturm and Drang, answering an impromptu invitation that had baffled the pair of them at the time. But it seemed like they'd wanted to give them each an earring?

And there had been mention of a trial of some sort. Much like her brother she was used to such things. Their dual fate as the Singularity more often than not tossed them into dangerous events with the fate of the Skydom at stake. They'd fought Primals, Astrals, beings from beyond space itself... if there was some sort of trial handed off to her by Drang of all people then surely it couldn't be anything to fret about.

What was she supposed to do with the earring in the meantime? She didn't pierce her ears, and it looked like it was properly sized to be clipped on an Erune ear as opposed to a human one. As a bit of an aside, Erunes are essentially the furies of the Skydom. While they're largely human in design, they're denoted by their fuzzy, animal-like ears. Some had tails as well, but those were usually reserved for important bloodlines. The hoop of the earring was just too thick for a human's ear lobe.

Comically the co-captain held the accessory up to her left ear to try and get a feel for just how big the hoop was, but as her brother had learned at that very same moment this was the worst idea she could have acted upon... for a sharp pain where

she'd held the earring suddenly made her squeak and withdraw her fingertips rapidly. But the earring didn't fall even without her holding it: *it was firmly stuck to her ear.* **"What!? Did this thing just pierce me!?"** The blonde immediately jumped to her feet and ran over to her mirror to get a proper look at the damage. She'd been expecting blood to gush from the wound as she ran to check, but once she was finally able to inspect it there was no such thing.

No blood, but nothing about her ear quite looked normal. Djeeta had been correct to assume that the ring wasn't made for a human's earlobe, but to say her ear looked human might have been an ill-placed description at this point. Already her ears had adjusted their location upon her head and showed little sign of stopping as they rose higher and higher. Yet it wasn't merely their location that was changing, but their shape as well. Pointier and pointier they became, lobes thinning into a finer layer as the backsides grew a dusting of brown fur. Tufts began to emerge from the front as they reached the top of her hair, pointing towards the ceiling like a dog's or cat's might.

They were practically the spitting image of Drang's. Or maybe Ferry's? Come to think of it, those two really did share quite a few physical features for some reason. Regardless of whose they resembled, it didn't change that she now had a pair of Erune ears atop her head. Sensitivity seemed to be an unfortunate side effect, what with how they twitched in response to every creak in the floorboards or wall. Actually, had she just heard Sturm in Gran's bedroom? Surely not.

But the ears alone weren't the only thing Djeeta was about to share with Drang. It began in the roots around her new ears, but before long a rich blue dye swept through her usual golden locks. It wasn't long before she looked like a wannabe Eternal short of several untouched strands of blonde, but it wasn't as simple as a casual dye job. Almost like a fluffy mane of fur the texture of her strands began to soften even as she tugged at them. Between her fingertips she could observe blue hairs lengthening and abandoning its usual straight nature in favor of something a little curlier. **"Even my hair? Is this the test Drang was talking about?"**

Unlike Gran, who'd been cursed with a much smaller body, Djeeta was destined to take a form that was just slightly taller than her typical height. It was quickly represented by the line of her dress slipping upward -- for while her skirt usually rested just above her knees, it evidently sat a ways up her thighs now. What's more, her legs grew more enticing as an erotic plumpness beset them although at the sacrifice of any firm muscle she'd tendered.

There was little change to Djeeta's torso short of subtle elongation. Perhaps her navel looked to sink as her tummy became more spongy, but nothing dramatically substantial. By this point in time her hair had grown all the way past the middle of her back, swirling and curling wildly. Some strands of her original blonde seemed to stay naturally, instead looking like highlights among the blue. It would certainly be an issue to properly maintain later as evident by the fact that the co-captain herself couldn't tame the locks with her fingers. Much of it framed her face and some

spilled down towards her tits, ticking mounds in her cleavage as they ballooned not only one size but two. Erune women weren't known for there abundant breasts, but some had them (*Djeeta herself becoming the newest addition*). This merely added more strain to an already ill-fitting dress, and her panties could be seen beneath her skirt depending on the strength of the breeze fluttering in from her bedroom window.

Wait. If the earring had done this much to her, then maybe the voice she'd heard in Gran's room was... "Oh no". She was correct of course, but she was in no condition to go out and check on him. Quite simply because an overwhelming arousal took her. Perhaps it was because of the night air tickled between her legs, or how she couldn't keep her hands off of her heaving breasts, but she craved some form of satisfaction.

Yet her own clothing denied her any attempt at satisfaction as it began to mutate into a completely different shape. The pink of Djeeta's skirt began to lighten to white as the material of the dress' top began to change towards the very opposite. Her upper wear, even, began to grow thicker and warmer as it darkened, eventually thickening into a brown, year-round jacket fastened together by a belt. A belt that, tragically, was tied tightly just below her breasts to provide a rather tasty view of her cleavage with the upper portion hanging open. There was no way that styling choice wasn't intentional, what with how her creamy mounds were center stage. Beneath the jacket, poking around her boobs, one could see lacy white cloth that was connected to what her skirt had become. A long, elegant blouse worn beneath her jacket.

A hood had taken shape behind her, spacious enough to accommodate those Erune ears of hers. It was bound to a cape, that fluttered wildly out behind her, and admiring her appearance in the mirror Djeeta had moved away from her interpretation being that she looked more like Ferry and had settled on '*Drang, but as a woman*'.

It wasn't quite her upper layer that made pleasing herself difficult however. Boots crept up and across her thighs, spreading thing while retaining their dark brown as they eve consumed her hips and crotch. The panties beneath them turned into a thong, but by the time they were done her footwear had turned into a full pair of skin-tight pants that showed off everything from the curvature of her legs to the roundness of her ass. A pair of proper boots seemed to lift her off the ground, leaving her general transformation complete.

Fingers still firmly planted on her breast, Djeeta blinked at her own reflection. Longer lashes, a narrower jaw, and plumper lips greeted her, almost no resemblance of her old self present aside from the streaks of blonde in her hair and the color of her eyes. Her need to be satisfied was still prominent, and she was beginning to forget about everything else in it's wake, when...

Several sharp stabs to the back elicited a number of excitable squeaks from her lips. **"Gauche, what are you doing looking like an idiot?"** A voice, surely the source of the one stabbing her with a scabbard, posed query from behind her. Sturm? That was whom the voice reminded her of, but turning and looking down she found it wasn't quite the case.

Gran. This was *definitely* Gran. Like her he'd taken the form of one of the pair, it was evident by the color of this woman's eyes. But... *Gauche?* Did she not remember who she was? It was concerning, but not as concerning as the fact that the name sounded *right*. **"H-Hey now Droite, I was just feeling a little frisky alone in the privacy of my own room! Nothing wrong with that, right!?"** Djeeta replied over her shoulder in a tone a little too casual to be her own. Her own words left her stunned, from the way she spoke to the use of the name 'Droite'. No... She'd just been through this, right? The Draph in front of her was ~~Gran~~ Droite? Of course she was, *who else would she...*

This explanation spurred another onslaught of sharp stabs and a click of Droite's tongue. **"Really? When I'm right next door?"** Djeeta thought she was about to get scolded for having such thoughts that might be disruptive, but a sudden squeeze of her ass and another hand around her waist proved otherwise. **"You could have just asked me."** Crimson quickly swept across Djeeta's face. Why did this feel so familiar? That touch, those complaints, even the feeling of being stabbed in the back repeatedly. Sure, she'd seen Sturm do it to her brother Drang all the time, but...

No, no. Drang wasn't her brother! ~~Gran~~ Droite was! ...? Droite wasn't a *man* though, and it'd be pretty messed up if her brother was her lover like Droite was, wouldn't it? She reached her free hand down and laced fingers with the Draph, guiding the shorter woman's hand down the front of her pants where she quickly felt a finger probe into her pussy.

"Now, now Droite. Maybe thinking of you was what got me going? I thought you were asleep! You can't blame me for that!"

"Tch. Fine." Droite's breasts pushed up against Gauche's back, though with the height different they were only a short way above the Erune's ass. **"Just don't be selfish. I'm here toO!"** Now it was the Draph's turn to squeak as one of the Erune's hands reached back to grope Droite's tit.

"Don't worry Droite. Your Gauche is an equal opportunity lover, right?" 'Djeeta' seemed to be all but gone, Gauche taking center stage. She was a goofy Erune that was serious when need be, much like her brother Drang. Captain of the Grandcypher? Well, she and Droite were still those of course, but Sturm and Drang were always trying to take their crew to help them with mission.

But that was neither here nor there. The two had a night of tender love and affection to get to. Maybe they'd meet up with their siblings in the morning.