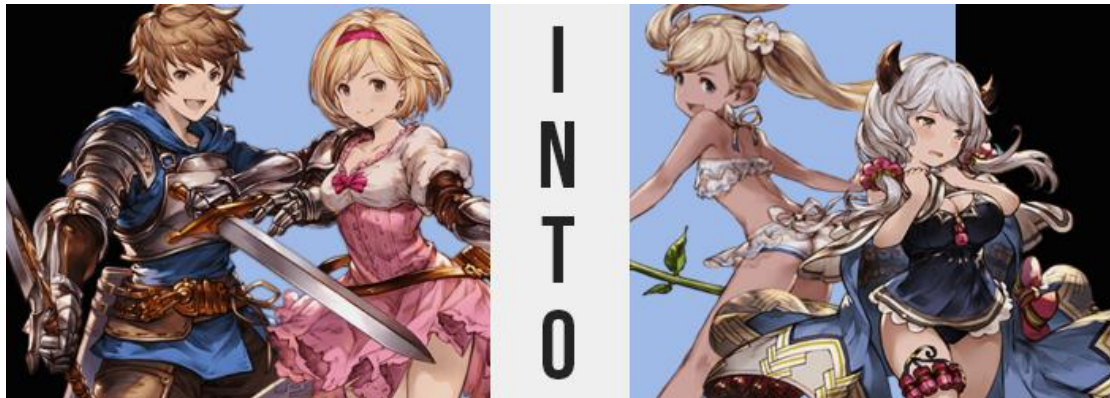


BEACH BABYSITTER'S CLUB

REQUEST STORY 09

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"I don't get it! Why won't the captains let us participate in that thing...! What's it called again?"

"The, um... Gravure model competition?"

"Yeah, that!"

The crew of the Grandcypher had traveled to a familiar beach setting for a little rest and relaxation. The events revolving around Pandemonium now behind them, it went without saying that everyone was in need of a break. From men to women, children to adults, they'd all flocked to the sands and waves to wash away all of their concerns if even for a short while.

When they'd arrived there had seemed to be a competition of some sort taking place. Like one of the children had mentioned it was a gravure model competition, a test of sexiness in swimsuits along the water's shore. While many of the women in the crew went to participate, and many of the men went to watch, captains Gran and Djeeta had expressly forbidden anyone under fifteen from attending in any capacity.

Which had left Io and Camieux, two of the few children in the crew, left to their own devices at the resort suite. Everyone had clamored down to the beach including their captains, and while Camieux was content tinkering with weapons on the desk in their quarters, Io had sprawled herself out on the bed to complain.

It just wasn't fair! She was always being left out of this adult stuff! **"I wish we were old enough like the captains!"**

A stone mixed in the the contents of the Draph's toolbox suddenly began to glow, light enveloping the entirety of the room as Camieux could only cry out anxiously.

"WHAT'S HAPPENIIIIING!?"

Meanwhile on the beach proper a sea of chairs was set out before an elegant stage. One of the Grandcypher's two captains, Djeeta, had made her way into a closed snack booth just off to the side of the site to help prepare drinks for the guests, crew somehow having gotten mixed up in the day's events thanks to Korwa. In the attached stock room, cramped as the whole hut was, her brother Gran fished around for different ingredients.

If all things went according to plan, they could get their crew some good street cred here. Some of them were participating in the event proper, and plenty others were helping with seating and snack distribution. Things were definitely looking up, at least until the inside of the good hut was overcome by a bright light that forced both captains to look away.

When their vision finally cleared, they both found themselves in the same room... and not even a room by the beach. It was definitely one of the resort rooms they'd rented for their stay. While Djeeta had been standing just a moment ago she was now seated in front of a desk, and Gran was laying atop a bed.

Both jumped to their feet once reality set in.

"Gran?"

"Yeah... that's weird."

Oddly enough the two of them were pretty used to being moved around against their wills. There were all sorts of entities out there that had focused on them because of their combined existence as the Singularity. But they were usually sent somewhere more surreal, not to a plain looking room.

"We should leave, right?" Gran suggested.

"Weren't we asked to stay here?" Djeeta replied.

"What?"

"No... I mean... we asked the kids to, right?"

"Why would we do that? That's mean!"

Truth be told, this back and forth exposed the early signs of what was to come. Their thoughts blurred as if they were intoxicated, familiar memories jumbled as personalities were contorted by encroaching change. The two of them, undeservingly, would become victims in this tale. And neither of them would ever be aware of it once the process had been completed.

Djeeta was the first to exhibit any physical signs of change, perhaps because her changes were more complicated. Hard bumps began to push up from her skull, tiny at first but more elaborately large as they rose. "Ow? OWOWOWOW!?" Of course it hurt, hands running up to tender bumps as she sat back down in the desk chair. Gran, perhaps, should have reacted to his sister's change, but he was still.

A little too still. *Frozen*. Djeeta had even forgotten he was there, a careful fail safe installed in the process to prevent any chance multiple targets might retain awareness of their changes by removing comprehension of one another until the process was finalized. At the core of this incident there wasn't something as simple as a magical wish granting device but rather a piece of tech born by the Astrals. Camieux had picked it up during the Pandemonium incident unknowingly, and the crew would soon reap its 'benefits'.

Despite black horns rising and curving upward from either side of Djeeta's head there was no blood to be found. Instead of erupting from the skin on her skull it was more like its shape was being re-purposed. The hair around these horns, short and blonde, quickly took on discoloration. Strands that had been vibrant moments before were swept away with silvery white, the very volume of her hair as a body beginning to change as it became more widespread than just around her horns. As it began to grow, her pink hairband that was already displaced by the growing horns could do nothing but be relocated backwards by the snaking hairs.

Djeeta fondled her horns as they were growing, and continued to do it briefly after they'd taken complete shape. She'd been fortunate enough to be seated at a desk that had a small mirror on its surface, and so she could clearly see the black bone sprouting from a head of hair that was looking increasingly silver and fuller, hair beginning to tickle her neck. Fingers clawed behind her neck to try and feel it. A gentle tug proved it wasn't a wig, and it was way softer than her own hair. "**How is this even possible? Horns... Only Draph have horns.**"

But a strange warmth soon provoked her into fondling another place: her breasts. She couldn't be sure if the sensation was correct at first, but nestled in her bra each tit felt a little *fuller*? It was as if the mass had ever so slightly increased in a way that made them feel uncomfortable in the bra. It wasn't like Djeeta's breasts would ever inspire any awe. As far as a human woman went they were pretty average, nothing to write home about, but she *definitely* bought the right sized underwear. Though it wasn't the underwear that was the problem so much as it was the breasts themselves.

The sensation became more prominent. A feeling of flesh baring into the cups that normally kept them supported was all the more apparent as the dip of her dress was soon visibly strained beneath Djeeta's own hands. Each breast was swelling, skin seeping over the edge of the bra as the straps threatened to burst from mounting pressure behind her... and inevitable they did. "**Ah! What...?**" She didn't get to finish her thought as the material from the dress began to dig into her back as it was pushed forward by a pair of breasts that probably wouldn't be normal on a human of her height. But a Draph? They were definitely possible. Each grope of her breast felt fuller, and her breaths quivered with arousal as engorged nipples rubbed up against the front of her outfit.

Unable to think of anything other than what was happening to her body, it became clear that Djeeta wasn't aware that change had begun to seep into her uncomfortable clothes as well so that they'd become a little less so. Her tummy had pinched inward, and the pink dress around it began to accommodate a shifting size while adorning a new color: navy blue. Even the material was shifting from conventional cloth to a blend of synthetic fibers that weren't only soft but elastic. Breast flesh still peeking uncomfortably over the hem of her dress, the pressure seemed to lessen as the blue snuck around the cups and absorbed the bra that was only still holding on because it was pinched between cloth and breast.

Her feet had been tapping against the floor anxiously while this had all been occurring. The sensations were foreign, and in the mirror she could see her face looking less and less like herself. Any maturity had been struck from her visage, cheeks puffy and eyes wide (with their color having shifted to gray). It was a face she recognized as her lip quivered with anxiety - something she'd found building a little more prominently than normal.

But feet could no longer tap against the ground at all. They just didn't reach, and so they began to swing back and forth. She'd stopped thinking of herself as a human somewhere down the line and the mentality of '*I must be a Draph*' had set in. Her horns and large breasts more or less made this true after all. But it wasn't just her legs, but her whole body that had begun to shrink. She was regressing to match the general body type of a Draph, but what was more she was regressing to fit a different age. A woman in her late teens one moment, a girl that was barely considered a teenager the next.

Legs were short and thighs were plump, their skin on full display since her dress in its entirety had shortened into a one piece swimsuit that covered a short tummy that expanded out into an ass and thigh ratio that would be considered generous for a girl of thirteen. But that was just how Draph women were biologically. There was no doubt that she'd grow even more splendidly in the coming years, but for now she was just a shortstack child of 122cm. Gone was the muscle of a warrior, replaced with a childish softness better suited for wielding a tiny firearm.

"**Huh? What? Why am I...?**" Djeeta glanced around the room. This was... her room? Where was her roommate? She felt like they'd just been talking... Sliding her butt

against the chair, she set feet on the ground and pushed herself off into a standing position (the sudden motion bringing breasts to bounce against her loose fitting swimsuit). Tiny hands grabbed a pair of scrunchies on the desk and began to apply them while looking in the mirror. **"Where's Io...? I thought we were going to go swimming...?"**

Io was there of course. Well, not quite *yet*, but sitting on the bed was Gran. **"Djeeta...? Wait, was Djeeta even here?"** He rubbed his temples, confused. Still under the influence of the Astral tech, as was the new Draph child by the desk, he couldn't register what was left of his sister nearby. What was more, the name 'Djeeta' didn't even feel synonymous with the identity of 'sister' anymore. *'How could she be my sister when she's my reliable captain?'*

"AAAGH!" Frustrated with his own confusion, he pulled at his hair childishly. More of Io's personality had set in than he was aware of, such as the fact that she didn't like sitting still. Each tug of his hair merely aided in the early progression of his transformation however. The hairs in the areas he tugged grew longer, blonder, and as if stirred by the scalp nearby the hairs around them began to do the same thing. Messy strands straightened as his mane flattened with a swirl to his bangs, the overall length not taking long to reach his shoulders as he plopped backwards against the bed once more.

It was fortunate for Gran, perhaps, that he needn't endure the pain of changing races like his sister had. Though that didn't mean he wasn't due for a change in color. A light tan set across porcelain skin, fading in like someone had upped the contrast on his body. It better suited the blonde locks that were sprawled out on the bed behind him.

While Gran would never readily admit it to anymore, he'd really wanted to watch the swimsuit competition. He really liked attractive women, so of course being told to stay here would make him upset. **"I wanna goooo!"** As he cried out to no one in particular his voice tuned upwards several octaves. Even then, a weird shudder ran through his body that interrupted Gran's little whine fest.

Laying on the bed with his feet planted firmly over the edge, this suddenly became rather difficult to do. Shoes dropped to the ground as pants grew looser and looser, legs pulling up so that feet could no longer touch the ground. Arms and torso followed suit, and victims of his body's sudden regression piled up: muscles. Gran was fit. For a human he was pretty ripped at this point. Not grossly so, but years of dangerous travels and wielding a variety of weapons had given him a pretty muscular body. But as his height diminished so did his muscles. Tanned arms were left short and about as toned as a spaghetti noodle, while non-athletic legs buckled inward to better suit the gait of the one thing that had expanded: his hips.

Years wore from his face along with his facial hair. Cheeks grew softer, rounder, and looked extraordinarily pinch-able as lips turned to a natural pout. Gran's eyes flickered, confused by the sensation of resting in a pool of his own clothing. It felt

way too heavy, like he was being pinned down by cloth. His blue hoodie in particular carried a great deal of weight that was difficult to flail tiny arms with unkempt fingers beneath. **"Let me out! Let me out!"** His voice was unmistakably feminine now, pitch almost grating as he rolled around in a sea of clothing.

But within the sea two pieces of clothing suddenly pressed tightly against him. The first were his boxers. They clung around tiny hips and a budding buttom and, like a vacuum, sucked tightly around his pelvis as the material turned white with a sky blue, bottom brim. Almost like a skirt the leftover cloth fluttered out, forming an elegant rim to what almost looked like a pair of panties, though the nylon feel suggested it was the bottom of a swimsuit. A bulge was quite evident against its tight surface for all but a moment before Gran felt a sudden emptiness in his groin that made him stop rolling around for just a moment, *now*-gray eyes wide. **"WHA!?"**

She finally had the sense to escape the clothing prison like a normal person and rolled onto her stomach before clawing the bed in front of her. Pulling herself out of the pile made more sense. Blonde hair, which had gotten increasingly messy as it was flung around with her rolling, collected in unity beneath a pair of floral hairpins to give her a set of adorable twin tails in the meantime.

Bare shoulders erupted from beneath the sea of the blue hoodie as Gran sighed with relief. Her undershirt, much like her boxers, had tightened against her body. It sat against budding breasts, two cups that matched the bikini bottom ruffling out and around her torso in a band while being tied around her neck. It was a swimsuit that was suitable for an eleven year old, but also mature enough that Rackam couldn't make fun of her.

Still, as she escaped the confines of the clothing prison and sat cross-legged atop the bed, she couldn't help but cup her own lack of breasts with dejection. It didn't help that she was sharing a room with Camieux, whose boobs were all like *BANG BANG!* One day she was going to be all grown up, then they'd see!

"Earth to Io." The sensation of the bottom of her foot being tickled suddenly provoked the tanned child into a screech. Her physical and mental changes established, the Astral device's safety measures had been disabled. Toes wiggled a moment before Io practically jumped to her feet. The tickle culprit? Camieux, in her swimsuit as promised as the foot of the bed. **"We're going swimming... right?"** The Draph tilted her head to the side, silvery locks dancing with the motion.

"Uh... yeah!" For some reason Io felt like she was forgetting something important. Like... was she looking for someone? Djeeta? Had she been looking for Djeeta? She crawled across the bed to close the short gap between Camieux and herself. **"I wanted to show Djeeta my swimsuit after all! We'll show them that we're pretty enough to be in this competition too!"**

"...I thought we were just going swimming though? I'm... I'm not comfortable enough to do that!"

Io could sense Camieux's anxiety from a mile away. She was a big ball of nervousness half of the time. But Io kind of liked that? It was cute! Reaching down, tanned fingers interwove with pale ones as she leaned across to give Camieux a quick peck on the cheek. Rosetta was always telling her she needed to show people she cared! **"You're plenty cute, Camieux! That's why I like you so much, so...! If we pull this off, after we're done why don't we tell the captains? About us?"**

"Uu..." Camieux wasn't so sure. Io had a bad habit of getting ahead of herself. Even if she *was* a reassuring individual to have nearby.

She felt like this was going to end badly.

Meanwhile, at the snack shack...

"Gran? Why are we? Huh? Wait, I'm Djeeta!?"

"I'm Gran!? I can't be a boy!?"

It seemed those that made the request of the tech were granted knowledge of its changes. To maintain balance in the world, however, things had to be traded. A body for a body, a role for a role. That was the law of the world.

And until next the device was activated, this was what remained.