

LEISURE ISLAND III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Narmaya had decided to take a stroll along the beach.

It was roughly thirty minutes prior to Gran's own transformation into a big-breasted waitress at the café along the beachside – an event that the Draph swordswoman had ultimately attended herself. But aside from feeling a little bit hungry at this point she wasn't really thinking about meeting with the others *just* yet. She had been too busy exploring the island of *Voluptas* at her own pace, looking for interesting activities to partake in *after* she'd had her meal with the others.

“But there was that thing that Lyria had said, wasn't there...?”

Even though she had come to the island with the others to relax and she *was* making that her priority, Narmaya was not one to shirk her duties either. If there was a chance that something dangerous could be lurking about on the island, then she couldn't simply put that possibility aside. Her travels had been just as much about searching for signs of danger throughout the many venues.

Which was something she had *not* found even the slightest trace of. As far as she could tell things were perfectly peaceful. It didn't matter which corner of the island that she visited nor which conversations she listened in on. In the end she had no reason to think anything was amiss. Which made what Lyria sensed all the more curious. There was no way that the girl would make up something like that, not to mention she had seemed so *certain* at the time.

“I can't do much if there's nothing to be found... I wonder if this island really *is* hiding some type of secret?” Perhaps the others would find something more substantial than she had. Narmaya

knew full well that captains wouldn't leave those concerns uninvestigated even though she had taken it upon herself to look without running it by them.



And so, she decided to put her investigation aside for the time being and turned her attention to the beach she was walking down. There were plenty that had opted to use the ample sand to picnic with friends or bask in the sun. Tanning was a very popular hobby for women around the Draph's age, but Narmaya had such fair skin that she wasn't a *big* fan of it. She was much more likely to burn than to tan a little.

But those people weren't *really* what had caught her eye as she moved to a more private part of the beach. She'd seen a washroom down on that end

and had needed to use it, but along the way she had ended up distracted by the sight of several people sailing across the waves of the water on what looked like surfboards with sails attached. **“I believe that's called windsurfing, isn't it?”** The Draph had seen people doing it on other vacation islands in the past.

She wondered how it must have felt to sail across the water on such a device, but Narmaya was also deftly aware of the problems she would face. The people out there partaking in the activity were lean in their body shape, especially the redhead in the white swimsuit that was in the lead. That *wasn't* how Draph women were typically shaped. They were short and had big breasts and a large ass, not to mention heavy horns. It made balancing a little difficult sometimes, and she could only assume there was a reason that none of the women on surfboards out there were of her own race.

But in the end, she put that potential ambition aside so that she could use the public washroom. It didn't take long at all before she was out of the stall and washing her hands. Yet when she stepped *out* of the bathroom? **“Uwah!?”** Her foot caught on something, and she almost fell flat on her face, only just *barely* recovering. Once she was no longer in danger of falling, she spun around to look at the cause: the end tip of

a surfboard with a sail attached... with what looked like a white swimsuit folded up and resting on the other end.

“Wh-Who left this here? It wasn’t there when I went inside...”

And she’d only been *in* the bathroom for a couple of minutes at most. There were other peculiarities about this, namely the lack of markings in the sand from someone dragging it, and of course the swimsuit was suspicious. Had a woman just *stripped* out in the open? Was she running around naked!? That didn’t make *any* sense when the bathroom had been *right* there to change in. And there had been at least three open stalls! **“Either way, you shouldn’t leave something in the way like this...”** Someone could have gotten hurt!

And so, to those ends, she slowly began to move the board away from the door.

“It’s heavier than it looks...” Not that its weight *should* have been an issue for Narmaya of all people. Despite her shorter Draph female body, she should have had plenty of strength. She was a swordswoman whose strength was practically on par with an Eternal’s after her long life of chasing Eahta’s shadow; not that she was particularly fixated on that these days. She had been able to move on thanks to the efforts of the Grandcypher’s captains and crew, something she was eternally grateful for.

So that begged the question: how heavy could this surfboard be that *Narmaya* was having troubles moving it? When she had first begun to move it, she had done so with ease. But it had only taken a quick moment for it to become clear that she was struggling a little bit. Her muscles spasmed and the speed with which she pulled slowed down significantly. **“D-Did it get heavier!?”** All things considered it made sense that this was the conclusion she had come to.

Even though it was *incorrect*. The board’s weight had actually remained consistent throughout. What had *actually* changed was the *woman moving it*. Or at least her *strength* had changed thus far. Because her strength vs her build could only be seen as ‘inhuman’ it didn’t really show visually, but her power had been sapped until she was no stronger than any regular woman of her build. **“There... I think that’s far enough...”**

In the end she managed to clear it from the door of the bathroom, pulling it off of the path so that no one could trip over it. But it had just taken so much longer than she had planned at the time considering what she knew of her own strength. In the meantime? To be fair to her, there wasn’t really any way she *could* have noticed it, but her ears looked... *different*. Their long, almost bovine points had thinned,

shortened, and rounded. Until her ears clearly looked like those of a *human*.

But they weren't alone in that regard. Draphs had two aesthetic features that set them apart from humans aside from their builds (which were polar opposites depending on sex anyways). Her ears had been among them, but there were also her *horns*. If she already had human ears, then what would be their fate? Well, it was something exceptionally bizarre even considering what was to come of her otherwise. Those horns crumbled, flattened, and rearranged. They folded against her forehead and wrapped around the back of her head as the flattened fronts shifted into plastic.

Becoming a pair of sport *swimming goggles* that were no longer a part of her body.

“I feel a little *strange*, actually... Why is everything so heavy?”

If she had felt the need to comment then it must have been particularly notable, and she felt that way because of a combination of problems that would soon be alleviated. By and large, the issue was merely a continuation of the fact that her body had weakened in general. She didn't have the same strength to support herself, and with that figure of Narmaya's there was a *lot* to support. But there was a mental aspect to it as well, as subconsciously? She was beginning to feel like her body was meant to be *thinner, leaner, and taller*.

It was true that without any other Draph-like features that there realistically wasn't anything keeping her bound to her shorter height if she truly was changing, and that was promptly taken advantage of. **“O-Oh!?”** The swordswoman was aghast with shock once she noticed it: her body was springing upward, arms and legs stretching along with her torso while her curvature otherwise remained consistent for *now*. But for someone whose height had peaked at 4'5" through a completely normal growth cycle for a woman of her *previous* race, shooting up to 5'4" was certainly a surreal experience.

Although the tunic-like garment she'd been wearing had been hoisted *way* up as a result, showing off as high as her hips – including her undergarments. But she wasn't immediately clued into that issue. **“How did... Erm? Even my voice?”** It definitely wasn't as soft and ethereal sounding as it normally did, and *how* she was speaking was likewise worth noting. Had she always sounded so *curt*? Certainly not. **“Ah?”** Her leather gloves slid off randomly – because her hands were a little smaller than they used to be *despite* her jump in height.

Narmaya was in awe of her new height even if there *was* something vaguely familiar about it. There was an odd tug o war of feelings going

on in the back of her mind because memories of another life overlapped with her own. “**Oh, even my...?**” But it was hard to think too much about it as she watched her own figure *continue* to change before her very eyes.

Her huge breasts hadn't looked *as* big now that she was taller, but they began to compress on their own. Skin tightened around them more and more, nipples shrinking as they went down in 'fruit size' rapidly. Once melons, they could hardly be seen as 'tangerines' by the time they finished shrinking into A-cups upon a chest that remained relatively toned otherwise.

These losses were also shared elsewhere. Her ass and thighs were drained of their excess too, but it wasn't anywhere *near* as dramatic as what had happened with her bosom. Her thighs were still thicker than a narrowed waistline and her ass still presented a juicy peach shape. It had just been taken down a peg... and her panties were barely holding on for dear life as a result.

“**What do I do about this?**” Narmaya asked herself a *fair* question. Her violet eyes had begun to shimmer with a dark red as part of changes that sought to rearrange her face. Cheeks thinned and her chin took a sharper angle. Even her nose poked further out too, lips a little thinner beneath them. All in all? She definitely looked entirely *unlike* her old self, but she also looked a little *younger*. She was taller... but *younger*? That was what a change of race in the Skydom could do to you! Regardless, she was now *eighteen* as opposed to twenty-four.

She had a quiet yet pensive expression now, hardly reacting to any further changes. Not that anything that happened now could be anywhere *near* as extreme as what had happened thus far, though. It was really only her hair that was left untouched, and that promptly was corrected once her long, violet locks began to quickly unwind. It was like watching hundreds of tiny measuring tapes being withdrawn all at once as it was pulled closer and closer to her scalp. In the end it was chin length in the back, messing when it came to her bangs, yet it reached her bosom in the hair that framed the sides of her younger face.

And then all of that hair *ignited*. Not *literally*, of course, because that would have been *extremely* dangerous. Rather, a bright red seeped into her roots and then spread towards the tips of this new hairstyle with speed and purpose. It didn't take long at all for her entire head to be dyed in this color, ultimately concluding the physical alterations to her form and leaving her a completely different person in body. But as was the case with the others? That wasn't entirely true about her soul. At least not *yet*.

“Oh crap! Come to think of it... Why am I wearing... this!? A- And out here!?” The redhead *finally* realized something important about her predicament. She was *definitely* wearing an outfit that didn't fit her. From her best, brief assumption the clothing had been designed for a woman that was both shorter and *rounder* than she was. But that just provoked vague memories of her past life. **“Wait, no, these are my clothes, but...”** But they *weren't* hers at the same time.



Fundamentally, at her core Narmaya hadn't gone anywhere. She could still remember that previous identity of hers, but it didn't match up at all with her new appearance and the jumble of memories that made up the life that this new body led. Even if she thought of her name? Her new name, *Birmingham*, was what came to mind before her old one. And she could even remember being out on the water windsurfing about ten minutes prior. When Narmaya had first noticed her surfing with her friends.

“But my name is actually Birmingham. No, it isn't Narmaya. It's Birmingham!?” The two names sounded completely jumbled when she tried to identify herself aloud, too. She'd hoped that she would be able to at least state her true identity to her friends, but that didn't seem like it was in the cards. **“W-Wait! More importantly...!”** She was still standing in front of the bathroom while wearing clothing that seemed like it would fall off at any moment.

She instinctively grabbed *her* swimsuit off of *her* surfboard and bolted back into the bathroom. About a minute later she re-emerged, clad in a backless, white one piece with black, shorts-like bottoms. **“Crisis averted...”** It had been jarring when she had taken off her old clothing too, because after looking away from it for a moment, when she had looked back it had become casual wear that would fit Birmingham's body properly... along with a small beach bag to stash it in. **“But now what do I do?”**

Birmingham thought about going to the café that she was supposed to meet the others at later, but then her mind wandered elsewhere as her gaze locked on the nearby waves. She glanced down at *her* surfboard.

“Well, I told Biloxi and her gals that I’d show off a little...”

Friends that she could recall having. Not friends of Narmaya, but friends of Birmingham. But there was slowly less and less distinction between the two in her mind. Like she subconsciously was being guided to do and think the things that Birmingham would do and think.

Until, eventually, she would inevitably forget about her old life entirely.

But then who was the Narmaya that would show up at the café about fifteen minutes later? That was the *original* Birmingham, caught up in the Primal’s antics in order to silence the Grandcypher’s crew. But no one could tell the difference, and no one ever would.