

BAD LUCK BE A LADY

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY

BY: CHALDEACHANGE



GRAN -> BEATRIX SEMI-TWINNING

“I’m so bored.” It was a groan that sounded from one Grandcypher captain as he lay face down on one of the couches in a waiting room prepared by the Society, an underground organization that did battle with unknown forces from the Moon above. Gran’s lack of enthusiasm was to be expected. With the toppling of an artificially created automagod, the Society had called in all combatants for a routine inspection to make sure there’d been no irregularities. Lyria had already been cleared and sent back to the ship, which left the brown-haired Gran and his blonde-haired sister, Djeeta alone in the waiting room. Beatrix and Zeta, two young women that doubled as agents of the Society and members of the Grandcypher’s crew, had originally accompanied them but had been dragged away by higher ups almost immediately upon their arrival.

Djeeta couldn’t help but stifle a giggle at her brother’s groan as she sat across from him on another couch. **“You’re really patient overall, but when it comes to appointments like these you just really can’t wait to get them over with, huh? You were always like that with the doctor when we were kids, too.”** Were they still kids? Having recently turned eighteen it would really depend on your opinion.

“Yeah, but it’s not like I can show this side of me to the crew anyways.” To lead so many people faithfully, to live up to his reputation as the Grandcypher’s captain, he absolutely had to remain steadfast. He couldn’t allow his will to waver, he had to look adversity in the eye and tell it to piss off. Which was fine and dandy, he’d become a master. He just couldn’t do it to the *doctor*. Djeeta laughed again, but the conversation was cut short when the door to the all-white room suddenly opened and two Society assistants wandered in.

“You two are next.” One, a woman, glanced over at Gran’s ass hanging non-enthusiastically in the air as his face was still buried in a pillow. **“Don’t worry, it won’t take long. Gran is with me, and Djeeta is with my partner here.”** A young man waved with a smile.

“Coming!” The first to reply, with all of her enthusiasm, was Djeeta as she hopped off of her spot on the couch and followed out the door. Running back suddenly, she shoved her head back in and yelled **“GOOD LUCK GRAN!”**, the volume enough to get him on his feet begrudgingly. She was surprisingly good at pushing his buttons when she wanted to.

Exhaling, he followed the woman out into the hallway. **“Your sister is quite energetic.”**

"Well, yeah. She's always been like that."

"And you're a pretty strong leader, huh?"

"I guess. Depending on who you ask."

"Have you ever thought about having the Grandcypher and its crew act as agents of the Society?"

"What?" A bold question to ask. Zeta had asked him to join the Society personally a while back, but it had been met with a firm no. The entire crew? While he would readily admit it was filled with powerful fighters from all over the Skydom, there was no way he could ask them to join in such an endeavor. After all, they had their own goals too. **"No. We understand you guys aren't bad people, but we just have too much to do ourselves."** Not to mention it had only been recently that they'd had internal issues that almost lead to the deaths of thousands, so. Hard pass.

"Hm. A shame." The woman stopped before a door and gestured at it as it opened. **"Wait inside, Gran. The doctor will be with you shortly."** The young man merely nodded and obliged, thinking little of her earlier question now that the fear of the doctor was recreated in his heart.

The room lit up on entry, the door shutting loudly behind him as he looked around. It was a fairly spacious room with white floors, a white wall, a white ceiling... and a bed? Not a medical bed, a full-ass queen sized bed made up with white sheets with a bathroom off to the side, full-wall mirrors across from the bed itself. It looked more like a bedroom than a room for a check up. Or a prison cell.

He quickly turned on his heel and went to walk out, but collided with the automatic door when it didn't open. There was no handle or anything either, and his weapons had been taken upon entering the Society's headquarters. *Okay.* It was then that a loud hissing sound filled the room with an unusual scent accompanying it. Perfume? He'd encountered this scent before...

On the other side of the mirror wall, the woman from earlier watched Gran's confusion with bemusement. **"If you don't want to join the Society on your own, there are other ways to get what we want."**

Back inside the room Gran was desperate to look for a manner of escape. Nothing good could come of being locked in a room with a strange gas filling it. Worst case he could end up dead, best case it was a truth chemical or something of that nature. Did the Society want information from him that bad? And if this was happening to him, what about *Djeeta*?

This had definitely been planned. There were no loose items in the room short of the sheets on the bed, and while the sink had running water there was nothing in the drawers. What was worse, when he turned to pivot back to the door he tripped clumsily over his own ankle and fell face-first onto his bed. It wasn't like him to do something so unfortunate... was the gas making him dizzy?

No, it wasn't. Bad luck was being drawn to him, but it wasn't exactly the gas' fault. Rather it was the fault of what the gas was changing him into. Or *whom*.

Pulling his face off of the bed's duvet, he found himself having to blow strands of brown hair out of his eyes. "...?" Of course his hair wasn't that long. It was usually in a short, messy style that he wore upward, there was no way it would ever be long enough to even reach his brows. And yet as he gave the few strands a tug, he could tell they were attached to his skull. He became aware very quickly that it was a larger problem than he'd originally assumes, the weight of his own head more than he was used to as it seemed every hair on his head had chosen to participate in the lengthening spectacle.

Finally pushing himself up and off the furniture, he spun around and looked at his reflection in the mirror; his hair had spilled all around him, down his back and over his face, his brown eyes blinking with surprise underneath. As if the brunette hairs were snakes charmed by a flute, they began to dance around on their own. Those strewn over his shoulders slid back behind him with Gran lifting so much as finger. Bangs brushed themselves to the left as the rest of his hair flowed back behind him into a single ponytail tied by a navy scrunchy that appeared out of nowhere. He recognized that hairstyle, and the scent from earlier. It was...

“Bea?” That was the answer he’d found, yes, but it wasn’t him who’d spoken the name. The voice had come from the doorway, where a naked blonde was staring unabashed despite her body being on display. He missed his chance to flee, and the door closed behind the newcomer. Usually, if a naked girl walked in on him he would have asked them to leave and turn away, but something about this girl struck him as calming. She was beautiful.

Zeta? She looked like Zeta. But there was no way it could be. She was definitely younger, probably around his own age? Whereas Zeta was in her early twenties. And did she just call him *‘Bea’*? **“I wondered why the higher ups wanted me to visit you straight from my checkup. Why do you look so tense, huh? Not like we’ve never had a checkup before.”** Still completely in the nude, the blonde came over and stood in front of Gran. That was when he noticed it. *Her eyes.* They weren’t the usual blue that Zeta had, they actually resembled Djeeta’s more in color. Of course that was impossible.

...*Was* it impossible? He’d completely forgotten about his hair. **“Are you Zeta?”** The girl blinked in response to the question. It was in that moment that Gran finally got a good look at her body. Her breasts were generous in size and perky with youth, her abs hard from what he could only assume was a disciplined training regimen. Her hips were wide and her pussy shaved, and she was decorated with scars all over. Even then, her skin looked smooth. It looked tempting. Gran couldn’t help but blush in response to how erotic she looked.

“Zeta? You mean sis? Did you go and hit your head, Bea?” Without an invitation she leaned over his shoulder (as he was still seated on the bed) and began to tug at his hoodie at the base of his back. Her breasts rubbed up against his shoulder as she did so, but eventually she yanked it free while he raised his arms to have her pull it off. **“We need to get you undressed before the doctor comes in.”**

“Zeta doesn’t even have a sister! And my name is Gran!”, he protested as he went to reach for the sweater in her hands. Yet bad luck struck again, and his hand ended up grabbing her breast... *‘Zeta’* looked shocked for a moment -- **WELL OF COURSE SHE DID! SOME DUDE JUST GRABBED HER BREAST!** -- and he expected the worst, but her look of surprise curled up into a mischievous smirk.

She dropped the sweater on the ground and placed one of her legs on the bed, resting her naked ass on his lap as she wrapped her arms around the back of his head and inevitably tossed her other leg on the bed as well. **“Right now, Bea? Well... alright! Guess the doctor won’t be here for a while anyways!”** She leaned in for a kiss, and in that moment Gran realized her eyes had finally shifted a familiar blue. Her lips pressed up against his and Gran had half a mind to push her off. But her weight, the warmth of her body, there was something familiar about it all. This girl that wasn’t Zeta, that claimed to be Zeta’s sister, he felt as if he’d been intimate with her before. The taste of her saliva, the work of her tongue, it was just all so nostalgic.

As his tongue danced with hers, it met a rhythm it didn’t know he understood. He somehow knew the feeling of her mouth, and while her tongue had felt fat in the play they were making with their kiss, it almost felt like it had grown more slender the more they frenched. The softness of their touching lips seemed to grow more prominent as it continued, too, in part because Gran’s lips had taken on a fuller form, lip gloss having applied itself between the friction of their exchange. The skin on his face grew smooth, evident that a great amount of care had been put into keeping it looking that way, and its structure overall became more slender as his eyes became more almond shape. Lashes nearly doubled in length. His face was certainly that of a woman’s now, but lost in the kiss and with the naked *‘Zeta’* straddling him, he wasn’t able to see the mirror in front of him.

And he *wouldn't*. Content with taking their moment of intimacy to the next level, the blonde leaned forward and pressed Gran's back against the foot of the bed as she pulled her legs out so that she was standing once more. Effortlessly she tugged off the boy's pants, and despite referring to him as 'Bea' was not surprised to find a completely erect dick between his legs. But she ignored it at first, instead electing to crawl over his laying body and set her breasts against his chest as her hot breath poured onto his face. "**Zetta.**" Not Zeta, but Zetta. It was a subtle difference in pronunciation, and yet it was the name Gran had purred and panted when she kissed his neck.

The warmth of Zetta's body was all he could think about. With her laying on top of him like this, he could feel everything. Her hands, her legs, her stomach, her breasts. He was jealous of how perky Zetta's were, but at least when it came to size he had her beat! Wait?

Zetta's hand ran up from his stomach and teased one of his nipples beneath her own, and in that moment he could tell something was awry. Her hand had run *up* his chest, and while he had pectorals it wasn't like the flest around them to be that loose. His erect nipples had begun to push up against Zetta's own, and he had to bring his own hand over to play with the side of his chest she wasn't to get a feel for what was happening. It was like his pectorals were ballooning outward, pockets of fat gathering and swelling as the skin around his chest was pushed and stretched under the new mass. They'd grown to almost a DD cup by the time they'd finished, Zetta raised upward off of her in slight thanks to the symmetrical docking they were participating in.

Memories flooded in. His family being killed by enemies of the Society. Traveling with his sister and joining the Society. Meeting Zetta. Meeting Vyrn. Becoming captain of the Grandcypher. His brain throbbed, but not as much as his dick as the blonde finally grabbed it. For about 0.2 seconds. It was strange, like his dick had been there one moment and then a moment later, it was gone. But glancing over the side he could see Zetta clearly grasping something between his legs.

And a feminine moan escaped *her* lips as *she* realized what it was. A navy blue, double sided dildo that slid right into her fresh cunt. She'd been penetrated for the first time as a woman, and yet as more memories took shape she realized this was usual fare. Zetta and herself were in love and they were more than a little sexually active outside of missions and their duties on the ship. Her old identity as a man was easily lost within the rhythmic flow of the two sharing a sex tool, Zetta's drool dripping onto her neck as she reached slimmer and well-manicured fingers up to massage the blonde's breasts between intertwined kisses.

With each shake of her hips, Gran's pelvis began to change. Her hips popped outward suddenly, certainly childbearing in size as an obvious thigh gap formed. Her juices spilled onto the bed even as the hair fell from her thighs and new-found girth jiggled with each thrust. Her feet became smaller but callous, adjusted to wear heavy armor boots, and her stomach pinched inward as it became flatted but well-toned, just as her arms had become. Shoulders had popped inward at some point, finalizing the shift in appearance from a masculine boy to a feminine one.

Eventually Gran rolled Zetta over so that she was on the bottom, and with her muscular man-ass now free to grow it took its care to do so. It swelled several sizes with a noticeable jiggle as fat accumulated, her crack going from shallow to deep as it became suitably smack-able. And reach around to smack was something Zetta did. Of course she did, she was *always* like that. "Zetta...! I love you!" Gran inevitably cried out as she pulled the blonde close into one final embrace, having climaxed around the same time as her counterpart.

"**I love you too, Beatrice!**" The final piece fell into place. Her name was similar to her sister's but not the same, just like Zetta and Zeta. *Beatrice*. Her name was *Beatrice*. Eighteen years old like Zetta, she had terrible luck... as demonstrated by her rolling off the bed with a screech the moment they'd finished their courting. Her partner couldn't help but crawl off the bed after her, hands resting on her hips even as her juices leaked from her pleased pussy.

"**Seriously, Bea?**" She smirked and held down a hand, hoisting the brunette back up to her feet.

“Look, if its such an issue we can just duel and see who the better fighter is!” Like her sister, Beatrice was obsessed with being recognized. She didn’t like being seen as a weaker link, and as much as she loved Zetta, she liked to poke fun at that aspect.

“No, no. Not right now, anyways. We need to get dressed, right? The higher ups want to talk to us about using the Grandcypher in an operation or something?”

“Oh, right!”

“Did you really forget?”

“N-No... I TOTALLY KNEW!”

“Riiiiight.”

Of course, the executives watching from beyond the mirrors couldn’t be happier.