

TYPES OF FEMININITY

BIG STORY #28

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“Femininity has everything to do with elegance!”

“No, you can be a bruiser and be extremely feminine too!”

“Can’t we just meet in the middle on this?”

It had been such a petty argument exchanged between the members of the Gear Music Club. They should have argued over something more realistic, like the *name of their club* instead! But it was almost a fitting name considering the one who had (involuntarily) brought the group together. That was to say that the reason the three lovely ladies arguing had even been together in the first place was because of *Sol Badguy* exclusively.

How else would Bridget, May, and Elphelt end up meeting, much less end up forming a *music club* of all things together? They were a trio of girls that all had their own lives and agendas, not even living in the same part of the world a lot of the time. But because Sol had known them all and introduced them? They had been meeting every few months over their shared passion of music.

And they generally got along *very* well. This was their third meeting and the three of them hadn’t had *any* disagreements in the past. But during their third meeting the topic of what it meant to be feminine had come up and all three had possessed very different points of view on it. Well, to be fair it wasn’t like they had gotten *angry*. But after stating their points of disagreement *something* had happened.

A gemstone that Bridget had been carrying in her pocket had begun to glow, suddenly flashed, and then all three women *disappeared* from the room.



“Huh!? Where the heck am I!?” The next thing Bridget knew she was in what *felt* like an inn room. She would have described it that way because while it had everything an inn might have – a bed, a nightstand table, and a bathroom all in a tight space – but there was something sort of *off* about it. She’d never seen furniture of this style before, and looking out the window? Nothing about the city it was nestled in was familiar.

To begin with: were most cities that *tall*?

The young woman adjusted the habit-like hood of her sweater as she turned back to look at the door. **“That stone I’d picked up a few days ago had been glowing, right? And then I suddenly ended up wherever *here* is... Was it magic? Did I actually stumble upon something really cool!? But aww... It isn’t in my pocket anymore!”** She also didn’t *see* it anywhere on the floor where she had been standing. But its power could be felt.

Its purpose hadn’t been *just* to teleport her, and it hadn’t teleported her *alone* either.

The gem had *resonated* with the opinions expressed during the Gear Music Club’s argument and had sought appropriate ‘fates’ for each member based on the opinions shared. Bridget was simply the first because she had been within the closest proximity as the one *holding* the stone. And because of that? Well, those strands of brown in her blonde hair hadn’t been there a few seconds ago. In fact, weren’t they beginning to make up more and more of her head of hair? Before long Bridget’s entire hairdo had been painted to make her a brunette, but it was a little *more* than that.

Literally, actually. There was a little more to her hair in terms of *length*, and it was pooling in the back of her hood to the point that it was

pushing it outward. “*E-Eh!?*” Bridget didn’t even really notice that growth until her hood finally slid off so that the length of it all could pour out, falling down to the base of her back. “**My hair!?** **My... hair?**” She had scooped up a handful of it with apparent surprise, but her eyes glazed over as she stared at it. “*Is this hair... wrong somehow?* **N-No! It’s wrong, right?**” Where had *that* lapse come from?

Things were beginning to become strange even *beyond* her change in location, clearly. First her hair, but then she began to question her own body. “**Wait. Am I taller?**” She couldn’t entirely put her finger on it, but it definitely felt like her point of view was *slightly* higher than it had been before. A hand patted around the base of her shirt, and she leaned forward. Her top was *definitely* up higher than it had been. Truth be told, she had grown *two* inches taller; it was a miracle she’d noticed at all.

“**This is so WEIIIIIRD!?**” Was it as weird as that screech Bridget had just fired off? *No*, it was *weirder*. Despite presenting like and identifying as a girl, biologically she was still male. Or at least she *had* been, but her cry had been a process that had granted her deepest desire. With a sharp tug and a feeling of section, her biological sex had been irreversibly altered, giving her a pussy between her legs. “**Eh? Wait... could it be that...? B-But haven’t I always been...?**”

For such a welcomed, monumental change, she certainly seemed to be confused about it.

New memories *had* been slowly overwriting the old, and the coloration of her own eyes served as the meter for how much damage had been done. It had begun with rings of brown around her irises, but as the new memories became more abundant, the coloring moved closer and closer to the outer edged of those irises. In a related change? The shapes of her eyes narrowed ever so slightly – a small part of what had been happening to her face while she had been distracted by her plumbing.

Her face looked very *unlike* who she had been moments before. Even if you put her browning eyes aside, her features were growing more and more *womanly* in a biological sense. Puffier, poutier lips and a rounder nose, not to mention thinner cheeks. There was something *graceful* about her facial features when all was said and done, and there certainly wasn’t any room to doubt her sex now.

Even if there *was*, weight soon flourished upon her flesh that would have made it unquestionable. “**O-Oh my!**” Even her exclamations felt more *refined* now that her eyes were almost completely brown. But she clearly wasn’t so far-gone that she hadn’t noticed the fact that the front

of her top was pushing forward as plumper nipples stood proud atop sensual mounds that could be seen as anything *but* breasts. They began small, but gradually grew larger and rounder with pleasant jiggles until they reached the heights of rather perky *C-cups*.

While in a similar fashion? Her butt and upper legs benefited from a similar treatment. Skin tightened and shone as that skin of theirs was pulled tightly and neatly around more abundant flesh. It gave her lower half that shapeliness you would expect from a young woman, even though Bridget's thighs had been pretty impressive before. But the woman whose body it all belonged to? She now saw it as how her body had *always* appeared.

Just as it had always been dressed in a white uniform top, a black, pleated skirt, and matching shoes with her hair tied into a ponytail.

Each and every step that *Celica A. Mercury* took from then on was a graceful one. Incidentally, related to the form of femininity that Bridget had offered up as her definition back before she had been brought to this place and transformed. Celica pushed her torso out of the open window, leaning over the edge. **“The Hierarchical City of Kagutsuchi... Well, this is where I've been staying for a little while now.”** The young woman spared a glance to a mechanical doll that had appeared in the corner of the room. One that she knew would protect her if she was in danger.



And being a Chronophantasm, she certainly needed that aid even if she didn't quite realize it yet herself. This world was dangerous and hostile, *especially* to her, and she had certainly had a taste of that recently. But because she had been brought into this future? She had also been reunited with important people and made new, dear friends. Despite the pain, Celica had decided she would persevere.

“With all of the elegance and grace of a well behaved lady, of course! Well... most of the time.”

Who was she even talking to?

Elphelt Valentine had a *little* less context regarding what had happened to her than Bridget did, namely because she hadn't realized the stone that woman had possessed was glowing until it had flashed, and she had been displaced. **“Umm... This place is kind of dark, isn't it? But I**

guess it's pretty *metal* too in a way!" A long, dark hallway of steel that was lit up by tiny lights. It must have been underground considering the scent of soil. But she didn't find it stifling.

After all, when she compared it to her time in the Backyard...



But those old memories didn't really matter to her much these days. **"Did May and Bridget end up here too? I wonder if they're nearby? I should probably try and find them! Or... Maybe if I left them alone, they'd fall in love!? I wouldn't want to interrupt, would I?"** Her love-fixated mind came to all of those *wrong* conclusions constantly. So perhaps, in a way, it was fortunate that she would soon no longer think that way.

Elphelt was destined to transform just as Bridget had, but that didn't mean that she was becoming someone similar – nor that her transformation would unfold in the very same way. Elphelt's own transformative journey didn't begin with something as quiet as a mere change in hair color. Instead, it began with a—

RIIIIIIIIP!

"UWAH!?"

With the sound of fabric tearing and a cry from the woman's mouth, in fact. The singer had been utterly *stunned* by what she had just experienced, because it certainly wasn't something that any woman *should* experience in their life. That is unless breasts *normally* swelled to twice of their original size at a moment's notice, tearing through the fabric of her dress after trying to escape out the sides. **"M-My tits!?"** They had already been impressive as D-cups before, but *now*? Bright and bouncy *F-cups* with nipples that were thicker than she remembered them being.

"This is crazy!?" She'd already latched onto her tits with her hands, but she immediately had to let go of one to explore her rear. It was a good thing that the shorts beneath her skirt were so *elastic*, because her

ass had inflated several inches and her panties had been caught uncomfortably between her cheeks as a direct result. **“My cute booty too!”** The more she thought about it, mind you? **“Wait, is this really a bad thing?”** What girl *didn't* want a sexier body?

But... **“Wait, what the heck am I thinking?”** Hadn't her body always been so rotund in the best of ways? Not just soft, but there was a *hardness* to it that was appealing in its own way too, right? This formed as she thought of it, with all of the muscles in Elphelt's body swelling so that they were way more defined. Her abs became chiseled and her already enlarged chest pushed out further thanks to swollen pecs. But her arms and legs weren't left out either, strength apparent in her body even at the slightest glance. This muscle was the only extra mass that her thighs acquired.

And had her height increasing two inches been a side effect of it?

“Th-That's not right! I'm not supposed to be so...?” So... *what?* So well *endowed?* So *sexy?* Deep down she had her doubts that this was incorrect, for a different type of confidence had begun to well up from within in tandem with her blue eyes turning brown around the edges of her irises. It wouldn't take long at all for that color to reach the outskirts of her gaze, surely. But now that her build had been 'corrected', the mental effects and changes to everything above her neck had begun to escalate in earnest.

The white hair that had once been bright pink even *before* this showed signs of darkening as her chin length bob was changed in style and color but not really in *length*. The roots of her man took on a chestnut brown that was just a touch darker than what was happening to her eyes, while hair thinned a little in the back and her bangs swung inward to sit in the middle. Hair that framed the sides of her face thickened and took on a far lighter brown than the rest of it, while atop her head, in the dead center? *Two* brown ahoges shot up. Typically marks of stupidity...

But not *always*.

Elphelt really didn't get what was going on. **“Sheesh! I feel kinda weird, but why?”** She was rubbing at the back of her head and speaking with a deeper voice through swollen lips, yet neither of these things clicked despite having plenty of opportunities to notice. **“Is it 'cause my tits are hanging out? Well it's not like anyone's around to see...”** Although, she *was* beginning to wonder why she was wearing what she was. She couldn't recall putting it on.

There was an annoying twitching feeling atop her head that probably should have warranted more attention, but of course she didn't give it

any. Nonetheless, it was caused by her *ears*, which had slowly been traveling up the sides of her heads and pulling up into a pair of brown, fuzzy triangles. The ears of an animal? No, the ears of a *squirrel-type demi-human*.

RIIIIIIP!

This wasn't the first time that something had torn on Elphelt's outfit in the past few minutes? But in this case? The source was *behind* her as opposed to being in front. The backs of her shorts had finally been torn through and her skirt hoisted up in the back, courtesy of a big, fluffy, striped, brown tail that was thicker than the rest of her body and would likely be *just* as long as her height if it wasn't curled in the center. Like the tail of a *squirrel*.

She did a couple of hops and spun around. "**My tail? Wait, nothing's weird about it...**" Moreover, the clothing malfunction had been temporary. What remained shifted and rebound in new forms, becoming an orange top that showed off her underboob, a matching short skirt that showed off her thighs and the straps of her undergarments straddling her hips, and orange boots overtop black thigh highs. Tonfas were attached to her gloves. "**What's weird is that I lost my cloak somewhere. Huh. But oh well...**"

"It was yet another successful mission! Kokonoe better give me a nice reward this time..." After throwing her hands behind her head, *Makoto Nanaya* walked comically down the tunnel without a single concern about her dimly lit surroundings. It was a path she had walked plenty of times considering it was one of the tunnels that led back to the based used by Sector 7, with whom she was employed. It was her job to conduct operations in secret, but lately she'd been involved in even *more* dangerous work.

The squirrel girl, with her tail bouncing about behind her, might have been the cool bruising type – but did that mean she didn't have any femininity to her, right? Every woman was feminine in their own way! At



least that's how Makoto would have answered the question. So, it made sense that Elphelt had become her after believing that the strong could be feminine too.

“Actually, I wonder if Mai is back already? I could really use a pick-me-up!”



“Eh!? What is this!? A metal coffin!?” May *had* noticed Bridget's stone glowing in the end, but that didn't make it any easier for her to process the sudden change in her surroundings. She was a sky pirate! She was used to freedom! And yet now? She was surrounding on all sides by steel walls! Well... There *was* a door that looked like it opened normally, and a bed, and a dresser... **“Or is this a bedroom? Oops...”** Well, it wasn't a very *homely* bedroom if so.

“Mm... Should I head out that door and confront whoever runs this place? Clearly, I've been kidnapped, right?” That felt like a fairly baseless read of the situation, but with the limited information she had available it also *kind* of made sense that she'd come to that conclusion in the end. Fortunately for May? In the end... She'd end up coming around to the room at least a little bit.

May *immediately* realized it when something felt off to her. The problem being? Well, it was clearly that the power changing her had the same effect that it had on the others, clouding her ability to recognize those changes in any meaningful way. **“Huh?”** So even despite the fact that her height had shot up two inches all of a sudden, her reaction to it was suppressed by the red rings that had formed around the pupils of otherwise brown eyes.

But that slowly expanding red wasn't the only splash of color that her body was receiving. A much more *vibrant* hue erupted midst the hair atop her head; a bright blue that bordered violet, in fact. It had begun by tainting a couple of strands but was quick to spread from hair to hair like a very brightly colored infection. Yet not content with merely dyeing

her mane in this new color? The hair soon pushed off her pirate hat, left no choice as her hair grew longer, and longer, and *longer still*. What had once reached the centre of her back now reached to the backs of her shins. Atop her head? Two ahoges shot out to the sides like antennae.

“So what am I gonna do about – *COUGH COUGH!* – *this situa...? Is something off with my voice? I must be going crazy.*” That *couldn't* be the case, right? Her voice still sounded feminine, but there was something oddly tomboyish about it too. *My voice has sounded like this since I became a girl, right? Became a girl?* May had *always* been a woman, but her memories were beginning to tell a different story.

Her body was too, because no man would typically ever dream about having the body that she was rapidly developing. For example, her hips had been forced to jut and additional *four inches* wider, as her waistline was tugged narrower. The weight of her thighs firmed a bit so that it was distributed in a more attractive manner across longer limbs, but in the rear? Her ass fattened and protruded an extra two inches. There was a *substantial* gap left between her thighs, because even though her thighs were thick, her hips were just a little *too* childbearing in shape.

This lower body had all of the traits one might expect from the bottom half of an hourglass figure, and as for the top? She *also* received that shaping rather quickly. **“*Eep!?*”** From May's muddled point of view, as her eyes were almost entirely red now, an invisible force had grabbed her all of a sudden and had been pulling her forward. But anyone with a discerning eye could see that this wasn't the case at all.

Her small chest had been the true culprit, as it wasn't so *small* any longer. In fact her breasts had practically *ballooned*, flesh being pooled beneath enlarging nipples that jiggled and heaved across the woman's narrowed torso. Her tummy was eventually laid bare as her tits lifted her hoodie up higher, their G-cup shapes both extremely heavy and functionally a shelf with how unnaturally perky and bouncy they were. Despite almost *seeming* fake, they actually weren't.

“*That was... odd.*” In the end the woman was able to correct her posture in a way that was comfortable thanks to her back muscles tightening. By this point her muscles were much better defined on the average, and her sexy hourglass figure just added a little something more to it. Of course, aside from the colors of her eyes, her face had also shifted. The pirate had always possessed a baby face even though she was a young adult, but her features had grown more 'mature' within the confines of a narrowed face. She *looked* older, and thick and luscious lips were one of the biggest tells of this fact aside from a vaguely narrowed gaze.

The shapes of May's huge tits were made immediately apparent thanks to a change of clothing. Her hoodie was swapped out for a backless, white halter top through which the sides of her breasts and her toned tummy were nearly entirely bare, along with tight black pants with cutouts around her hips. She wore white boots with golden tips and bangles, as well as fingerless red gloves. And when it came to her long and vibrant hair? It was not pulled into a long ponytail.

“The accommodations that Kokonoe have given me are pretty... barebones, huh?” Ultimately, *Mai Natsume* hadn't come around to the steel-walled bedroom she'd been provided *that* much. It was a temporary room in Sector 7's underground base. This meant no windows, no natural light, and not a lot of freedom. And it wasn't like she was really a long term member, either. She hadn't *entirely* gotten used to living with them just yet. She just wandered over to her bed and squatted on it with her legs crossed.

In a way, Mai was the perfect middle ground between elegance and violence – the stance that May had taken during the conversation about femininity earlier. She moved gracefully, had an amazing figure, and could hold her own in a fight. Which made it all the more curious since, at one point in time, she had been a *man*. But none of that really mattered now.

“I hope Makoto comes back soon! I think we're getting a mission together next.”

