

THE SHIMAKAZES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Come on, come on! There’s gotta be a boat we can take here!”

The two young men that had rushed down to the docks of the isolated Rokkenjima island had plenty of reason to be panicked. Having come to the island along with the rest of their extended family for an important meeting, a number of developments had transpired that had left them in mortal danger. The head of the Ushiromiya family was on death’s doorstep and they had all met to discuss the handling of his assets – only to find that a witch’s riddling epitaph stood between them all and the family gold and succession.

To make matters worse? A typhoon had struck and, of all things, a *body* had appeared. One of their very own family members had been killed, and without anyone else on the remote island the odds seemed to be high that one of the family members had been the culprit. With the weather as bad as it was it seemed almost like a fool’s errand to try and escape by water. Which meant the only people brave enough to try would have been... fools.

“Battler? Maybe we should just go back to the mansion? It’d be safer there.” The speaker, George Ushiromiya and his cousin Battler Ushiromiya had both come all of the way out to the docks in search of a seaworthy vessel. The wind and rain was strong and so they’d slipped into a small shack, both desperately peering out at the water alongside those docks in search of a vehicle.

George’s words *did* make some sense, but Battler wasn’t having it. **“What? You want to go back and get killed too? We need to get the word out to the mainland that there was a murder!”** There

was no point in arguing with *that* logic either. Both of their points had merit and they both knew that. But the dangers of the typhoon proved to tempting counterargument. They could die in the mansion if the murderer was still at large, but they could just as easily die if their boat capsized. **“Damnit, I don’t see anything we can take! Is there nothing that can float around here!?”**



The others *had* warned them that it was hopeless, but Battler was stubborn. Of course, at this point in time he was unaware of the existence of *magic* in this whole ordeal. So knocking over a book of old ships on a nearby table, one with a *golden* cover, didn’t seem especially harmful in the grand scheme of things. Unfortunately...

BOOM!

Golden light erupted from the book in a small explosion. This explosion had enough force that it sent Battler flying into the nearby wall of the shack, but George? He screamed as he was launched out the nearby window with a crash. **“George!”** The red head took a second to pick himself up, only to spy the book still glowing on the floor. How was that possible? It must have been some kind of trick, right? After all, magic didn’t exist...

Battler was *naturally* still woozy after getting to his feet. He’d just been launched across a (small) room and into a wall, after all. It was hard to properly articulate just how disoriented that could leave you, and yet there was already more at work *to* disorient him than the young man had initially realized. *Because* he was dizzy he hadn’t noticed that the room was a little larger than his perspective than it had been before – because he was a little *smaller*. His hands had almost slid all of the way into his sleeves from it.

But not especially so. It was just a few inches less, and in fact his frame as a whole came across as more petite. This was because his shoulders had narrowed and his chest had thinned. In tandem? His hips had done the very *opposite*, stretching out a handful of inches so that his suit pants were two tight around the sides but bunched up around his knees. **“Hah?”** There was no realistic way for him to *not* have noticed all this and he eventually looked down. His clothes were baggy and the boards of the shack’s floor were closer than ever.

“I’m smaller!?! Gck!?! What’s up with my voice!?!” It was subtle but *he* could hear it. It had a similar sound to what it normally did but it was several octaves too high. Like he’d ingested the slightest amount of helium. It almost made him sound like—

“NGH!?!”

—a *woman*. Battler had buckled forward, both hands resting on his crotch immediately. **“W-Wait a second here! I want to sleep *with a woman, not as one!*”** For a pervert like him, the idea that his dick and balls might be withering away was a terrifying one and yet, by the time he’d had the sense to shove a hand *down* his pants? One of his smaller fingers now slid into *her* pussy. **“I HAVE TO BE DREAMING!”** Magic wasn’t real, so this had to be either a dream or some really messed up drug trip, right!?

Sadly? It was neither. And now that her biological sex had been altered down to the point that she had a *womb*, related traits began to flourish. Such as her ass filling out the back of her pants much more keenly, her thighs bloating, and her hips widening. Battler watched on with distress as the sides of his suit jacket were pushed aside by a growing *bosom*, hardly able to stop herself from groping the C-cup *tits* that had swelled beneath her crimson dress shirt. **“They’re so *sensitive!*”**

The face she was making was fairly lewd. But it was also fairly *different*. Much like the rest of her body it had taken a heavy lean into the feminine now that she *was* female, shifting towards softer features that presented her a ‘female version of Battler’ more than anything, complete with red hair that had lengthened down to her shoulders. But this was all *temporary*; only a small drop in the bucket of what the magic book was doing to her.

But Battler was too busy groping herself to notice.

Nonetheless, it was happening. Her Ushiromiya genetics were being erased and replaced, and that had begun to alter the color of her hair first and foremost. No, maybe not *just* the color. While it was true that each individual strand appeared to be paling, they also seemed to be snaking out in length as well. Little by little they inched past her shoulders and down her back, coloring seeming whiter and whiter while spilling past her ass. With bangs fluffily coming down past her brows it was difficult to see them change too. But while they became fuzzy circles in place of thin lines, rather than snow white? They turned a mismatched, bright red.

“Hehehe... Having boobs feels pretty... *inappropriate?*” The perversion on the woman’s face was slowly dwindling, her own mind

apparently beginning to take issue with how she was acting. This mental shift seemed to unfold in tandem with her face changing much more structurally – it became softer and rounder in its shape for one. But eyes grew brighter and lightened to a bright orange color, whereas her plumper lips thinned and her nose shrunk in on itself. She didn't look a bit like Battler from the neck up now.

She also looked much *younger*. Like a girl rather than a woman.

A sentiment that was echoed by the rest of her body not long after. “*Erm...?*” Her voice was much higher now, better suiting her face, as she seemed to become deftly aware that the world around her was growing once more. The suit she was wearing slipped farther and farther, pants themselves even slipping off along with her boxers, though her jacket and dress shirt was large enough to cover the essentials. The *girl's* thighs and butt lightened but retained their feminine shapes, and the breasts upon her chest? Well, they were hardly A-cups by the time all was said and done. Unsurprising since she looked no older than *thirteen* or so.

“Why was I touching myself? That's pretty indecent! Plus the weather is bad.” Instead of dwelling on this loss of age though, Battler was a little confused about how she was acting. Just in time for a pair of white bunny ears to spring up from her head. They *were* real, but her regular human ones remained as well. *Actually, why am I on this island? Was there a reason?* Her memories were likewise jumbled somehow. It allowed her new, youthful, purer personality to flourish.

Even the burden of oversized men's clothing was lifted from her by the magic tome. What she was wearing began to glow and soon tightened to hug her body, shaping instead into a dark blue skirt that clung all of the way up to just beneath her chest, which was only hidden by a loose flap of white sloth. A school jacket hung loosely from her shoulders, a headband framed her hair, and you could get a peek of the red bikini bottom beneath her skirt with how short it was. What was perhaps the most surprising was how she was suddenly lifted off the ground by a pair of metallic devices that resembled heels. Devices that would allow her to traverse the water's surface.

“Wh-Whoa! This amazing! I'm Shimakaze! I'm a ship girl! With this I'll be able to brave the typhoon!” The level of



excitement that the Japanese girl seemed to express really didn't line up with how Battler *should* have reacted, but at the end of the day she wasn't really Battler anymore, was she? She was right to refer to herself as *Shimakaze* now, and while she understood that she needed to 'brave the typhoon' that was still raging on outside of the shack...

...She didn't really remember *why* that was. **"Huh? Why was I just so excited to be me? That's weird... But I still feel pretty good though!"** If anything the girl was just excited to set out. A little bad weather was of no concern to her! But it did feel a little like she was forgetting something *important*, wasn't she? Hadn't she been *really* anxious about something? Something that was on the tip of her tongue... **"Oh! Is *she* okay!?"** Someone had been launched out of the shack, right?

Shimakaze sprinted right past the book on the floor, its glowing cover fading.



"Ugh... Just what *was* that?" George really felt like he had been through the ringer. This wasn't surprising since he *had* been launched through a window, landing a whopping twenty feet away from the shack at the mouth of a small tunnel that at least provided relief from the wind and rain. He could only assume it was the wind's fault he had flown so far, but what had launched him in the first place? An explosive of some kind? Surely there hadn't been a *mine* near the docks?

To make matters worse? His glasses had gone flying when he had and he had no idea *where* they had landed. The young man's surroundings were too blurry to make out details. **"Battler! Are you okay!?"** He at least had the good sense to try and call out to his cousin. The shack was still there, but with the wind howling it was probably a little difficult for anyone inside to hear. He'd have to bolt back to the shack to check on him.

Before George could, though? He became keenly aware that something was *off*. While he'd been launched quite a ways from the hut and the magic tome that was glowing within, he was still being subjected to its effects. And while they began to affect him in a manner that was similar to Battler, there was a significant difference to be noted as well. That is to say that he was *shrinking*, but he didn't just shrink a little to slowly transition his sex first. He just straight up *shrunk*.

“What on earth is happening here?” Maybe it was because he had just been thrown through a window, but George sounded oddly calm about it. He was still *alarmed*, but as his body collapsed both vertically *and* horizontally he didn’t devolve into any sort of panic. He was a calmer man than Battler but that calm still felt a little excessive in this particular case.

Still, this dulled reaction remained consistent as his once tall and masculine figure was consumed by the folds of his gaudy, green suit. Hands slipped into his sleeves, their fingers more petite than ever, and wobbling on his feet lead to them slipping out of shoes that were more than a touch too large. His shoulders became narrower and narrower, and while his hips seemed to collapse too? Their girth remained a little more substantiated than his shoulders. Toss in his waistline pinching in a bit and you could more or less assume that a similar fate to Battler’s was in the stars for him.

He blinked. **“Everything grew so much larger and... Hm? W-WAIT!?! Why can I see!?”** Seemingly responding much more realistically to his eyesight become a perfect 20/20 once more, he hopped around *energetically* without really addressing his sudden point of view drop down to a mere *five feet* at all. Which was because he *didn’t* really see a problem with it. Was this not a normal height for him? It was a little odd that he was wearing oversized clothing, but it wasn’t really an issue?

So his previous calm had been the result of his mind already bending to the magic. Did Battler have some sort of resistance that George didn’t? One could only wonder considering the difference in the speeds of their transformations. Not only had George shrunk but he was *definitely* younger too. He looked a *little* older than Shimakaze, however. Even though his facial features likewise seemed to push towards more feminine alternatives.

But they weren’t really similar to Shimakaze’s beyond the fact that they were feminine. This more youthful face lengthened and his lips *did* pout with a touch of extra volume. Yet his face had sharper edges, a larger nose, and eyes that were *cute* but not as big and bright as the girl in the shack’s own – presenting with a dark blue color. It certainly made sense as to why his voice was so much higher, or why his Adam’s apple had faded away.

“Wait... Was I thrown around? Is it because of the weather?” Could he not recall what had brought him to the mouth of this tunnel even though it had only happened minutes before? That seemed to be the case, but seeing as Battler had forgotten everything about his past life before his transformation had ended this still seemed to be par for

the course. If anything it was a fairly useful distraction to stop him from thinking too hard about what was tickling the base of his neck.

That being his *hair*. The wind was still blowing into the tunnel entrance he was holed within and that had been ruffling his short hair the entire time. But those strands were blowing wildly, pulling longer behind George. Long and straight, dyed permanently with a sandy blonde that was likewise replicated in his thin eyebrows. **“Something doesn’t really feel right? What’s with these clothes?”**

George didn’t recognize what he was wearing. It definitely didn’t *fit* him, and he really didn’t like how it rubbed against his body. It was really *awkward* for reasons not registered. Like how his flat chest had puffed up into a *very* small pair of breasts; nipples rubbing against the cloth felt odd. Or like how his ass had perked up a *little* to push the backs of loose pants. *She* blinked several times at a strange feeling in between her legs. **“Tug?”** Had something just been tugged within her? Her old sex, of course. There was no point in playing at the idea that she might still be male anymore.

The light of the tome in the shack had been fading around this point, and so the final stage affected her just like it did the white-haired girl within the shack itself. Her suit lit up with a golden light and reshaped, becoming a blue, pleated microskirt over a black thong and a white, sleeveless (and backless) sailor top. Long, white gloves hugged her hands and red and white striped leggings came up to her thin thighs. A headband with faux, black bunny ears helped give her a bunny aesthetic slightly similar to the other’s, and she also was graced with unusual, metallic footwear.

It looked like a different technology but it would serve the same buoyant purpose.

“Huh? This weather really sucks!” Unlike the Shimakaze in the nearby shack, *this Shimakaze* didn’t even seem to have the slightest sense of the idea that she had just transformed from a young man into her present form. The fact that she shared a name with Battler’s new form would likely be *confusing*, but she was just as much a Shimakaze as *that* Shimakaze. It was just that they were different models, even though they were based upon the real ship.

Much like the silver-haired girl, however, the blonde felt confident that this weather



would not stop her. She could recall that she had to leave *for some reason*, it was just a shame that the weather was so bad for her departure. **“Hmm... Is *she* ready to go?”** She was familiar with the first Shimakaze. They were traveling together, weren't they? And they included sailing. It was a relief to know that she wouldn't be braving the typhoon on her own at least. Maybe they could hold hands!

And speaking of the devil...

“Kaze! There you are! Are you hurt anywhere? I mean, the window...?” The silver haired Shimazake had pushed past the wind and rain to find the blonde in the tunnel entrance, apparently having taken to calling the blonde 'Kaze' to better distinguish themselves from one another. At mention of a window Kaze seemed a little confused, however. Like she couldn't remember being *launched* out of it moments before. Because she *couldn't* remember that. **“Well... I mean you look okay! Do you wanna get going? We probably should before things get worse!”**

Shimakaze had put aside the question after noting Kaze's visual confusion, and so Kaze didn't think much about it herself. **“Mhm! We can brave whatever weather, but we should probably avoid a worst case scenario!”** She just wanted to get back to the mainland where things would likely be safer. She couldn't imagine being holed up on a remote island like this with no way to contact the outside world. What if something bad happened? What if there was a *murder*!?

...Not that anything *that* bad would happen, surely!

Shimakaze held out a small hand to Kaze. One that was taken before they ran hand in hand down the dock and *jumped*. The moment their feet touched the water they just floated on top, and like it was the most natural thing in the world they propelled themselves across the wavy water's surface. They could scale even big waves so they'd be fine! **“Goodbye, whatever island this was!”** Oddly enough, neither of them could even remember why they had docked there in the first place.