

ROCK AND ROLLING IV

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



No one really understood where the record label had come from, but every talent signed under the ownership of the Grandcypher Recording Company ended up being a smash hit. As their numbers grew, so did the company's renown, and before long there weren't many people across the entirety of the skies that hadn't heard of at least on artists associated with what was once known to be a great and powerful airship crew.

But with sudden fame came those skeptical of the circumstances, and in this particular case that skepticism was *more* than warranted. It was such a sharp thematic change for the ship's crew, and not a single performer was at all recognizable when compared to the list of said crew members. And, one by one, sightings of the original crew dropped off dramatically, until not even the captains had been seen in public for *months*.

This was a natural cause for concern to allies of the Grandcypher. Those that had worked with them in the past, those that considered the crew of that ship friends. Be they knights from small islands, random people the ship had helped over the course of their travels, or even concerned frenemies – everyone that went to investigate did *not* return. And a new talent would suddenly pop up.

Enter: *the Enforcers*. Key operative Lecia and Monika had become increasingly worried as reports had filed in from here and there, but unlike most that had staged investigations, these two had at least an understanding of *what* was happening. None of the new talents had any traceable history. Pair that with the missing crew members, and you could only arrive at a single conclusion: something was creating those talents out of the crew members.

It sounded crazy, and they didn't know *how* it was happening, but it was still the most logical conclusion to draw considering the available information. **“Are you sure this is a good idea, Monika? We don't know what's causing it”**, Lecia commented. Their investigation had brought them to the seaside island where it had all began, the two traversing a festival being hosted by the Grandcypher Recording Company in question.

It seemed to be a large affair, with skydwellers from across the skydom all having come to watch a number of shows put on by the performers. Be it Laura Lars, GYARU, or Pianina – all of them had very dedicated fanbases. Dedicated to the point that it was suspicious, because why were all of the fans so *hardcore*?

All Lecia and Monika were doing on this outing was gathering evidence. **“I think they'd need to take us onto the ship to get us if that's what you're worried about. So as long as we stay off of it...”** They'd departed the busy festival streets and had wandered into one of the backstage areas. Plenty of stages had been set up across the island, but this was the first they'd stumbled upon that didn't have anyone working inside.

It was vacant because it was a *trap*, though.

The craftsmanship was impressive, so much that one could wonder how they'd set up so many of these little huts with big stages attached over such a short period of time. The inside, which led to the stage by means of a separate hall, contained a corridor with changing rooms off to the side. **“I guess it'd be faster if we split up?”** Or so the significantly taller Lecia ended up suggesting, Monika replying with a nod before taking the closest door to her, as Lecia took the next.

Jumping to Lecia's point of view, the inside of the changing room was just as impressive as the rest of the small building appeared to be. It contained a mirror, a couch, a makeup stand... but also some technology that wasn't particularly common across the skydom. Or, at least, it hadn't been until the GRC came into existence.

Computers and televisions had become commonplace at a dizzying rate, and the internet had sprung up alongside them. It all just contributed to how suspect and unpredictable the recording company's appearance had effectively distorted the world.

Despite all this however, Lecia didn't find anything of note and had been about to leave, when she caught sight of a heavy-chested woman with bronze skin standing in the doorway. She was... Gyu? A member of the

band 'GYARU'. Before Lecia could comment though, Gyu just waved. "**You're on in five~!**" And slammed the door completely shut, before the computer in the room's corner began to buzz with the sound of a song.

Guitars and banjos strummed along to the beat of the drums. It certainly wasn't the type of music Lecia would personally listen to, and yet...

It felt as if it was reverberating through her very soul.

The song left the young defender feeling unusually weak, and any will she might have possessed to escape this room was left to fade away indefinitely as her posture slouched in an unenergized defeat. "**Why does this song sound so familiar?**" Honestly? It was uncanny. Lecia could confidently say she'd never heard the song before, and yet it was as if the lyrics were on the tip of her tongue.

She wasn't afforded much of an opportunity to sing them though, not before an imbalance was suddenly forced upon her body, much to her surprise. The weight had carried a great deal of focus at her chest, where an obvious pressure brought with it an incessant and persistent discomfort. "**Why does it feel like my— AH!?**" Lecia had been in the process of asking why her chest felt swollen, yet by the time her eyes wandered down to get a good look the reason became clear.

Because it was swollen!

"**WHAT!?**" Not nearly as measured as Monika in times of frantic confusion, Lecia both cried out and groped her heavier bosom, all the more aware of the fact that her nipples had become rock hard in the process. The frilly cups of her corset top were filling to capacity where there was once enough room for the frills to sit loosely, and while holding them? These breasts eventually spilled up and over, already two times their original size. "**This is impossible, right? Am I in some kind of dream!?**" She would've called it a nightmare if not for the fact that she'd always thought about how nice it would be to be just a *little* bigger.

Maybe this was a little excessive, though? "**Is this gonna stop!?**" For but a second it almost sounded like she'd gained a country accent, but it was passed off as a side-effect of her panic, seeing as her breasts were now on the Draph tier of 'way too big'. F-cups? G? Lecia wasn't great at judging breasts on a scale, but they were certainly *up there*. And gods were they heavy!

Her situation was made all the worse thanks to a similar sensation around her pelvic area. The belt around her skirt was made to feel a little tighter as hips widened a few centimeters, and while not that substantial, their growth was only to afford more space for related areas. Namely: her ass and upper legs.

Thighs ballooned with a proverbial slosh all at once, the meat they acquired far more abundant than the muscle that decorated them otherwise could overcome. Boots that reached up to them were forced to squeeze tighter, bare skin muffining over their cusp in the process. But her ass? It pushed up the back of her skirt while it grew big and plump like the juiciest of fruit. Well, if fruit could slurp your panties up their butt cracks, anyways.

“This can’t right be happenin’, can it?” That sentence hung in the air for a moment while the woman resisted touching her squishier curves, before she addressed the elephant in the room. **“I’m talkin’ funny, ain’t I?”** The second time, her entire sentence was carried with this same accent. One that sounded like the type of singer that might perform over the guitar and banjo that strummed through the room.

A sandy blonde had simultaneously found its way into her head of luscious, brown hair. Beginning at the tips, it swept through the whole length with gusto, yet everything dyed blonde found itself different in quality as well. Hair didn’t grow longer, but it certainly became *thicker*. So much so that her hat fell backwards, pushed away by its fluff. It certainly seemed like a mane that would be better styled than left to hang as it was.

“My hair’s all fluffy too? Ain’t anything weird about that though, is there?” Where she’d been certain that something was awry before, now Lecia felt strangely at peace? If anything, she felt a little too high up? Kind of a strange feeling to have, wasn’t it? But then again, the fact that pointed ears were beginning to poke out and stretch from behind her blonde hair? It suggested that her race was changing.

The full force of which could be felt the moment the woman felt like she was falling, even though her feet were planted firmly on the ground. **“What in tarnation!?”** It was as if every aspect of her body was condensing in upon itself, including her clothing. What was excluded, however, were her breasts and ass, which had grown large in the preparatory phase.

Her height plummeted, but not at all in a way that kept any consistency to her body’s shape. Arms and legs became much shorter in relation to her torso, which likewise crunched in against itself with inconsistency. Much of her weight ended up hanging around, giving her a slightly

chubby appeal once she bottomed out at roughly 4'6". Fortunately, her clothes had changed in the process, else her boots would have been digging into her pussy by this juncture with how her figure had diminished.

Speaking of, the ensemble it had become was strangely fitting for her memories, which now featured knowledge of the lyrics that went to this instrumental song. She could remember singing them again and again on stage. Oh, how she loved to sing. More than ever, since she was a little girl. In a way, becoming famous was her way of taking revenge on a world that mocked her for being a *Draph without horns!*

“Huh? ‘m I really a Draph? Why’s that sound all funny? But...” She could remember her childhood, her teens, everything – all with this body. And she could remember putting on these clothes too. From the unbuttoned, blue denim shorts that showed off her thick thighs, to the open, brown leather jacket that revealed her soft tummy, to the cowboy boots, belt, and matching gloves, all of the way to the ties that now brought her hair into twintails – she remembered adorning it all.

Even her face had suffered from the height regression though, and not only did her cheeks look rounder, but her eyes appeared bigger and brighter than ever! The icy blue of their gaze was likewise new, replacing a darker ocean color that came before it.

Left panting, the blonde and twintailed Draph woman clutched her chest through the fabric of her buttoned up, brown, leather jacket.



“Dayum! That sure was one hell of a feelin’, but at least it ain’t gonna be a bother anymore.” A thick bumpkin accent was conveyed through her words, and she wiped the sweat from her tiny brow with a single, gloved hand before seeing the chair in front of the mirror and pulling herself so that she could see her reflection proper.

She felt like she’d been here for some reason other than getting ready for her show, but that couldn’t be it, right? Daisy May took her country singer career very seriously, and there wasn’t a single thing that could make her miss a show. She’d performed while sick, while injured – pretty much under every circumstance imaginable! She just wished that her partner had the

same commitment to their craft. Not that she wasn't reliable, she was just... **“Wait, Daisy May! You can't be thinkin' that kinda thing about her!”**

The last time her partner caught wind of these comments, she withheld sex for almost a month! They were performing partners, but they were also a couple as well!

“Do you really think you're going to stop me with a door and some terrible sounding music?” Even after the second member of GYARU, Aru, had closed the door on Monika in the next room, the short woman hadn't taken the same moment to hesitate that Lecia had. Even so, the moment she drew her weapon to smash the door down? She found it wasn't quite what she remembered it to be. **“What? Is this...?”** It was a microphone. Where had her weapon gone? When had she picked this up?

Why couldn't she mute the country music blaring in the background, come to think of it? Trained as she was, she was a professional when it came to blanking out any noise that might be distracting while on missions, and yet as things stood, not only could she not ignore the melody, but it was also like she *couldn't stop thinking about it*. Lyrics were coming to mind, most conveyed with an accent the woman didn't typically speak with. But she didn't sing them. *Not yet anyways.*

It took a bit of effort, but she finally pulled her attention back to the door and began to slam on it after discarding the mic. **“What are y'all doin'-!?”** Monika's thought went unfinished however, because what was that accent!? It sounded forced and was similar to the one reverberating in her head along with the song.

With a quick cough, that voice seemed to correct itself, leaving her even more confused. **“What was that? That didn't sound like me at all.”** A finger was brought up to tap her lips, trying to keep it cool and think of a plan to escape before things got even weirder. Each tap of her lip found itself with a shorter time between itself in the next, however. It went unnoticed to Monika herself, but it was because her lips were swelling up to look far poutier than they typically did.

Likewise, there was something about the short woman's eye that appeared off as well. If their color changed, it was only to make them ever so slightly darker. Rather, it was their shape that demanded more attention in this regard. They seemed fuller and more angular alike, taking away the childishness Monika's face typically portrayed despite her age. In fact, her jawline broadened as well, helping sell an older

appearance even still. Toss in just how bushy her brows were becoming, and – wait, had they turned *brown*?

It wasn't merely the blonde of her brows that took on this dirtier color, for it settled into the curly locks of her twintails and bangs as well, ultimately overcoming her natural color – and design – alike. Indeed, darkened hairs shorted dramatically, the natural perm that tickled her strands under normal circumstance straightening out entirely. What was left was a straight, brown cut that dangled to her shoulder, framing her face at the sides.

“I’m feelin’ mighty flushed all of a sudden, too... Ah!” There it was again, that *extremely fake* sounding country accent. Why did it keep slipping in? Regardless, the way it was said didn't take away from the truth behind *what* was said. Monika felt a little ill, something not at all helped by how hot her ears felt. She'd taken little notice of her hair, but once fingers reached up to poke at one of the ears in question? She certainly took notice of something else. **“WHAT THE!?”**

The way she cried out was almost comedically excessive, completely unbecoming of how the woman typically conducted herself seriously. Of course, the alarm was warranted. The ears she'd ended up touching were extremely fluffy and had evidently begun to droop as they lengthened under her touch. Human shapes were quickly lost while hanging lower, the fluffiness born of a soft, white fur that covered the outskirts. The undersides of these droopy ears though? Pink and felt. They resembled a rabbit's ears, but on Monika?

They made her look like a short Erune.

From the neck up, she didn't at all resemble Monika now. **“Why are my ears so dang fluffy? Humans don't have any gosh darn ears like this!”** Argh! It was *still* happening! What was really happening here? This was obviously some kind of trap, one that was affecting her body somehow? Yet, just as she expected things to get worse, they somehow got better. Because, after all, she always lamented being so small – *and now she was springing up!*

“Woah!? WAAAAOOOOOAAAAAH!?” Another comedic cry of surprise burst forth from her mouth as she rocked to and from, struggling to stay upright as tiny legs reached lengths she'd never thought possible. One might expect her clothes to rip and tear in response, but incidentally they reshaped as well. The casual attire she'd come in to blend in with the crowd melted together almost like a goo, and she laughed hysterically as it wriggled across her heightening form before solidifying in a sky-blue color.

The result? A skintight, leather bodysuit that looked fairly loose against a body that was now lanky but not at all curvaceous. She'd grown to 5'8", and even her fingers and feet had lengthened to remain consistent. The bodysuit, on the other hand, left far too much of her skin exposed. The chest was completely open, which was a huge problem since her small chest hadn't grown an inch and so you could see her erect nipples beneath. Her belly, inner thighs, and ass crack were also on full display. Her crotch? Pussy and brown pubes were disguised by a blue thong, no shame felt about revealing most of her crotch in this manner.

“Why'm I wearin' this gaudy thing? Then again, I think it looks kinda sexy!” The accent was here to stay, as was her new favor for this outfit. Despite not being one to wear heels, she even managed to stand atop the black ones that had formed as if it was completely natural. She didn't at all address her lackluster curves, largely in part because she somehow expected them to be bigger soon. **I'm fairly sure I'm way hotter than this, right!?**

She didn't need to do much more than think about it briefly, for her bosom exploded into action not long after. **“HAHN!?”** Monika wasn't shy about calling out a pleased moan, nipples growing several sizes while added flesh rapidly ballooned her lacking bosom outwards, inflating them like water balloons that bounced around as they barreled forward. Eventually they caught the leather cups of the open bodysuit, and their roundness perfectly molded to fit them. G-cup tits, perky as could be while bound in her outfit, heaved with every breath she took.

Not to allow her bosom to hog all of the glory, her hips suddenly jolted wider considerably, forcing a small hop from the woman as she adjusted to this greater gait. There was a looseness around her butt and thighs where her body hadn't quite grown to fit the leather's hold, but it was a temporary condition that was quickly corrected.

Thighs blossomed along with Monika's swelling sexual appeal, a jiggle that was pleasing to the eye seeing legs expand out to the point that the leather couldn't wholly contain them, fat lipping slightly over the hemline until both thighs pressed up against one another between her legs. **“This feels right good!”** As did her ass blowing up like an inflatable, cheeks so excessively large that between the open back of the bodysuit and the thong she was wearing, much of her bare rear was on full display – and would undoubtedly catch the eye of any who wished to look. Every step she'd take would see a cheek lift and fall, twitching sexily without exception.

Dolly June rubbed her ass after picking herself up from her fall. “**How in tarnations did I fall like that? Ain’t makin’ much sense if you ask me!**” It actually made plenty of sense if you knew Dolly like her partner, Daisy, did. The tall Erune woman was extremely clumsy and was always using her accidents to make excuses not to practice and the like. It was a point of friction for the two performers-slash-lovers, but not as strong of a point as that terribly accent the rabbit was spewing.

It was obviously fake, and obviously terrible. But Dolly insisted on forcing it out even in private ‘because we’re country singers, so why wouldn’t I sound like this?’. It agitated Daisy, who had her accent naturally. She’d grown up in the country after all, while Dolly had grown up in the big city – or it was big when comparing the two, anyways.

Speaking of: “**Are you ready in here, Dolly!?**” The tiny, blonde Draph was standing in the doorway to her changing room now. Weird. Dolly was quite sure that door had been locked just a moment ago. Did it lock and unlock from the outside? But she could see the locking mechanism on the inside. Daisy, despite being the older of the two, looked pretty adorable with her lips in an impatient pout.



That was why, for all their fighting, Dolly could always make up with her! She was just too adorable! But also sexy when she wanted to be. The best of both worlds in the end, right? “**Y-Yeah! Just finished puttin’ on my makeup, see?**” She leaned down and poked a cheek out at Daisy, who mumbled something to herself before pecking that cheek on the lips. “**Heehee!**” Yeah, she figured that that was what she was after.

“More after the show, but we gotta show up all the other girls with our country tunes first!”

Was that really why they were here? Daisy wondered.

It felt like she’d forgotten something *important*.