

FAILED ENLISTMENT

COMMISSION STORY

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“Oh right, your enlistment fitness checkups are today aren’t they?”

JOIN THE FLEET TODAY AND HELP ERADICATE THE THREAT OF THE ABYSSAL MENACE!

...Or so the recruitment poster the couple standing before the fleet secretary read several weeks ago had said. The world wasn’t in great shape these days, with an alien threat ravaging the waters with the only thing standing between it and the end of humanity being a group that deployed Shipgirls -- girls implanted with the arsenals and abilities of famous battleships from throughout history. Their origins were a little iffy and how they came to exist was likewise a shady subject.

The poster had been a call for help. For aspiring Shipgirls and Admirals alike, and these two were the *perfect* candidates, though maybe not for the reasons *they* expected.

“Miss Alicia Waters?” Behind the counter, the secretary read the first name aloud. Between the boy and the girl, it was the girl that stood at attention in response. She was a young Caucasian woman in her early twenties with short, blonde hair and blue eyes. What was most noticeable about her appearance was the fact that she was both short and baby-faced, standing at 4’11” and not even having much of a figure to her name. It was something of a complex on her part. Alicia looked much younger than she was, so she tried to make up for it by dressing more maturely and that included excessive makeup at times.

“Mister Devon Leblanc?” A second name was read off the clipboard, naturally referring to the boyfriend. He was tall, almost six feet, and had messy brown hair with green eyes. He was comfortably fit and knew it, which led to problems in their relationship since he was naturally flirty. Alicia had just found texts of him getting chummy with another girl a couple of weeks back, so things had been tense.

Applications in hand, the secretary looked them over one more time. **“We’re actually very interested in you, Mr. Leblanc. It’s not often someone like you signs up for that post.”** This comment was confusing for Devon. He was under the assumption he’d signed up for the Admiral position, and a young man of his capabilities made sense for a spot like that didn’t he?

“Is it really that surprising? I don’t know what kind of people you’ve been accepting otherwise.” He was a little snarky with hands in his pockets, provoking a glare from his girlfriend. But the secretary just chuckled and commented on how ‘lively’ their union was.

The thing was, while Devon was confused about the secretary’s comment? Alicia wasn’t. She’d seen his application beforehand and had been equally surprised. Not in a million years had she expected him to have that kind of desire but she wasn’t really *against* it either.

After confirming their IDs the two of them were led to different medical rooms in the same hallways of the port enlistment office. There was no doctor inside to see them - in fact the process was all done digitally. There was a machine in the room’s center beside a chair, the machine itself possessing a hole that was clearly meant to have an arm inserted into it. They were both expected to strip down naked for a scan and to have that blood taken.

Well, that was what they were *told* was going to happen.

Once they put their arms in that machine their fates would be sealed, and neither of them would walk out of their rooms the same person they’d entered as. After all there was a reason the origins of Shipgirls were kept a secret. *The procedure was just a tiny bit illegal.*

“Ow! That really smarts!” Alicia was the first to have a needle pierce her skin (*though realistically the same thing was happening in both rooms simultaneously*). She’d had blood drawn before, both for medical reasons and for the sake of giving donations. She was actually somewhat withdrawn compared to her boyfriend and was a borderline shut-in, but she always made a point to help others when she could despite it all.

Because she was experienced with having her blood drawn though, something about the needle made her a little suspicious. It didn't quite feel like blood was being *drawn from her* as much as it felt like something was being *injected*, which forced her baby blue eyes to stare up at her only contact with the medical office: a camera in the room's corner. She'd been told a woman doctor would watch her seeing as she was nude and all. **"Uh... This is drawing my blood, r-right? It doesn't really feel like it..."** There was no way Alicia could remove her arm either, it was completely locked in place until the needle withdrew.

The second she could move her arm again it was yanked out through her own will. It was easy to see where the needle was administered: a clear spot was bleeding gently on the inside of her elbow. Everything around that particular area felt like it was throbbing at first, but the breadth of that range began to expand more and more, ultimately consuming her from her to toe as muscles and flesh danced to the tune of her heartbeat. **"I don't feel very well...!"** The throbbing aside she was dizzy. Anemia? That was possible right? It was likely that they'd just drawn too much blood. *That was what she was telling herself at first.*

But Alicia was forced to question whether or not anemia could actually cause the other things she was taking notice of, like how a strand of brown hair now dangled down, cascading among the rest of her blonde bangs. Did this come with a complimentary dye job? Was she sitting under an oil leak in the ceiling or something? Patting the top of her head yielded no conclusive evidence of *that* theory.

She pushed herself up and off the medical chair, fingers forced to grab the terminal she'd placed her arm into as she was plagued by a mental imbalance that made it impossible for her to stand upright without aid. **"Whoa! I'm dizzy too!"** Alicia felt a little tipsy. *She was.* There was a brief side-effect of the injection she'd unknowingly been given meant to confuse the senses so the subjects couldn't lash out or try to escape; not that the latter was possible through either of the bolted doors on the sides of the room.

As she swayed back and forth on short legs, the brown discoloration permeated throughout the rest of her hair, and that wasn't *merely* limited to her head. Eyebrows, body hair, and even the trim cut about her pussy all bled the same brunette as the preliminary conformation steps were imposed. This included her blue eyes, which didn't necessary look at that blue any longer as brown swirled midst her irises until the old color was completely forfeit.

Although, there was more to her ocular changes than just a change in color might suggest. Slowly the corners of her eyes pinched together,

their shapes slanting while allowing a wide-eyed range of motion. When all was said and done, at least as far as her eyes were concerned, she certainly looked far more Japanese than white and that was helped as other facial features shifted around as well.

Despite being in her twenties Alicia always looked younger and that didn't really change, but lowered cheekbones and a smaller nose came to accommodate a plumper set of lips. Add on the appearance of a mole beneath her left eye that hadn't been there before and there was little about the young woman that remained of her old self facially.

Of course this was all happening in a place she couldn't see without a mirror, and the room was completely void of reflective surfaces. Even the sheen of the machine beside her wasn't adequate enough; not that she really had the strength or reason to consider looking at her reflection in the first place.

Her muscles were still throbbing as she used all of the power she could muster to keep herself upright, which was weird because she was beginning to look, well, *stronger*. How so? When one thought of the strength of the human body it was obviously in reference to muscles! Alicia, spending most of her time inside, wasn't exactly strong at all. Her arms and legs had been like spaghetti, adding to her more childish appeal.

But through convulsions all of those muscles had begun to firm up and give her body a noticeable muscular glow. It wasn't enough to be eye-catching, but it was certainly more suggestive of the idea that she put herself through a daily workout regimen. There was added length too, and in turn her height shot up almost half a foot, though she mentally chalked that up to being so dizzy.

"I need to sit..." It was only a matter of time before she gave up on trying to stand. Her head was spinning and her body wasn't cooperating after all. **"...H-Huh?"** Yet, when she'd sat her butt back down on the chair it felt weirdly *squishy*. She had a boney behind normally, not a lot of cushion for the pushin' so to speak, which was why it was so surprising to find her bare butt cushioned. Alicia looked over her shoulder to not only find a shocking increase of weight pressing against the seat, but the way it jiggled almost looked like it was getting bigger still.

She could have continued to marvel at her behind, but while the throbbing sensation had seemingly faded among her muscles the same could not be said about her chest. It was actually intensifying there, and brown eyes shot down at her lackluster bosom just in time to see something amazing. Her whole life she'd wished for a more impressive

figure and she had certainly been bestowed the booty even if, while tipsy from the injection, she couldn't fully process it quite yet.

Hands patted her chest out of sheer confusion, the fact that her hands themselves weren't quite what they used to be not quite taking with Alicia mentally. Her fingers were a little longer and her nails had grown out from the short cut she normally maintained, but in her drunken stupor she was far too fixated on what she was holding. Because they filled her hands.

Her tits had never filled her hands before.

“Whoa! My boobs are growing!?” She was a little more vocal than she usually was since she wasn't quite in her right mind. There had always been a curiosity about what it would feel like to have bigger breasts so she couldn't help but keep squeezing them even as they continued to swell more and more. As they bulged, flesh prodded up from between her fingers and occasionally bulged so much that her hands themselves had no choice but to retreat a little to make room. C-cups? D-cups?

Her posture in the chair leaned a little forward from the weight and her cheeks burned crimson as their sensitivity increased with the thinning of skin as it stretched to contain the fat. **“W-Wait this is bad! I'm on camera!?”** Attention was redirected at the camera in the room's corner.

She was sobering up now that the temporary scope of the injection was wearing off, and in turn Alicia was left stunned as one hand squished her breast and the other ran across a tight, fit stomach before sliding beneath a bubble butt. This was her dream body in a way, even if she hadn't realized she'd been turned Japanese just yet. But these curves... How was it isn't possible?

“...What happened!?”

“I didn't know this would hurt so damn much.” In the room next door a few minutes earlier, Devon had just received his injection. Well, the injection he'd assumed was actually taking a blood sample to see if he was physically fit to be an 'Admiral'. That was what he'd signed up for so he had no real reason to doubt anything happening in this room was to those ends.

But what he didn't know, that Alicia had known all along, was that her boyfriend had checked 'Shipgirl' on his application instead of 'Admiral'. It had wholly been a mistake on his part but Alicia had wondered if it was an honest desire on his part. He acted like a playboy at times but he

did have some more feminine traits to his personality. But neither of them knew the process would involve changing them into Shipgirls in the literal sense, and particularly not during a phase meant to just be testing.

But the shipyard was desperate for new recruits. There had been substantial losses against the Abyssals as of late so they would take anyone willing to become a Shipgirl regardless of biological sex. Even if it was a mistake on the applicant's part, since checking with Devon to make sure he'd checked the right box should have been expected.

The dizziness beset Devon about as quickly as it had taken Alicia after he removed his arm, though unlike his girlfriend his dismount had been a little... lackluster. In the sense that he'd ended up spilling directly out of the chair and onto his side on the ground. "**Ow!?**" His groan was a little raspy, like something had gotten caught in his throat mid-fall.

His motions slowed, the room spinning once he inevitably rolled onto his back naked. There was a camera watching him but he didn't mind, not when he knew the girl watching was pretty cute. Devon would never actually make a move on another girl while he was with Alicia, but his flirtatious personality certainly had a bad habit of creating the wrong impression. "**That wasn't just a blood sample... was I injected? The hell.**"

He was on the right track, but he was still powerless to really do anything about it. The dosage he'd been given was even stronger than the one Alicia had received for a couple of reasons. He was stronger than her and would be a problem if he lashed out, but more than that it was because he was a *man*. Turning a man into a Shipgirl definitely took a higher dosage.

His muscles convulsing, his attention wasn't really focused so much on his head which made for an easier implementation of the early steps. A bright blonde tiptoed into his short head of brown hair, seeing to it that he and Alicia had ultimately swapped hair colors by the time it was done. This was true of his eyebrows and pubic hairs, but body hair wasn't so lucky. In fact all of it had seemingly withdrawn and would never regrow again. A special Shipgirl perk that allowed them to be hairless where they didn't require hair.

To make up for hair loss elsewhere, the short cut upon his head underwent quick and substantial growth until a sea of winding gold was resting on the tiled floor behind his head where he was laying. It was a very luscious mane, hair well taken care of with bangs framing eyes that translated from green to a bright gray. Lashes lengthened in kind, and

they were only two pieces of a puzzle that were giving his face a much more androgynous design.

Then again androgyny was becoming a constant from head to toe. Unlike Alicia whom had benefited from throbbing muscles, they were creating a detriment for the still unaware boyfriend. The mass he'd built from his time in the gym from arms to legs to stomach to chest? It was all deteriorating in tandem with deterioration to his *height*. He'd almost been six feet tall at the onset, but through squirming to comfortably accept his head and toes creeping closer together while his body slid across the ground. When all was said and don't he was roughly 5'1", even shorter than his *once* shorter girlfriend was now.

"Shit! This really-- The hell is wrong with my voice!?" The raspy quality from earlier had suggested as much, but his voice had completely become that of a young woman that was likely younger than himself. It was spoken from lips emboldened in size, nestled between two softer, rounder cheeks. With wide eyes and a tiny nose, Devon certainly didn't look much like a boy there anymore. He gripped at his neck, fingers small and dainty with long nails that almost cut him. **"Ow!?"** **My hands too!?"** Raising them before his eyes he gasped. They were even more feminine than Alicia's!?

But everything was happening quickly now thanks to the high dose he'd been given, and he wasn't being afforded the time to comprehend the extent of his woes (*nor was he in the right mental state to get frustrated*). For example, laying flat, his pelvis was now slowly rising. This was because his butt was being supplemented with fat, a tight but round pair of buns providing feminine shape to his rear and lifting him in slight off the ground.

Overflow from this fat then bled into his thighs, which without muscle had seemed rather twig-like considering their lengths had diminished by about a third. The upper portions of Devon's legs plumped up nicely, so much that as he squirmed around the inner thighs began to rub together and stimulate his dick; or at least *what was left of it*. It had been shrinking and only a nub remained until it slipped between freshly engorged pussy lips that were accentuated by strands of curly blonde hair above.

Devon of course felt this and couldn't help but allow an effeminate moan to escape *her* lips, much to her surprise. She was sobering up now that the serum had almost completely finished what it was meant to, and she immediately shoved a hand between her legs while lifting her head off the floor (*to the feeling of a long head of hair tickling down her back*). **"My dick!? Where the hell is my dick!?"** But it definitely wasn't

there. In fact, her finger slid inside what she could only assume was...
“**Oh god.**”

But keeping her forward lean ended up being challenged as weight suddenly built upon her chest. If she had a pussy then... boobs!? Was she growing boobs too!? She sure was, and while they wouldn't be as daunting as Alicia's new pair they certainly wouldn't be anything to scoff at either. Masses jiggled as they bulged, Devon using one of her hands to grab at one in confusion. “**No way! Tits!? I don't want tits! Why are you turning me into a woman!?**” It was more like she was being turned into a *girl* though. She was very clearly in his late teens as opposed to her twenties, and the fact that she had a C-cup rack didn't change that. They ended up sitting there, being perky, *menacingly*.

About five minutes past and both young women were filtered into an attached changing room where they were told their significant other was waited. Yet, from Devon's perspective she was looking at a young Japanese woman and from Alicia's perspective she was looking at a short blonde girl that looked absolutely nothing like her boyfriend. It took a moment, but... “**Are you... Devon?**”

“**No fucking way!? You're Alicia!? But you look... You're Japanese!?**” Clearly she was overlooking that her own changes were *far* more substantial. The doors had shut behind them, and beyond their notice a transparent gas had begun to filter into the changing room. There were bins of clothes marked with their names and suddenly the two of them felt compelled to dress side by side.

Devon was certainly against dressing up in girls clothing and didn't even really understand the correct way to adorn it, yet sliding white panties up her legs something just felt *right* about it. How the silk coddled her pussy and snapped against the top of her rear, how she could so readily and properly adorn the matching brassiere. The more and more she dressed, the more comfortable she felt not only with the clothing but her body itself.

She kept looking over at Alicia, and as she continued to cloth herself this behavior became rather sheepish in comparison to how emboldened Devon typically was. She'd usually leer at a girl as hot as her girlfriend was now, but instead something was bubbling up from within. Guilt. Staring wasn't very polite, and so she was beginning to avoid it. Pulling up her black, pleated skirt she even became embarrassed about showing off so much of her skin to a stranger in the first place.

Alicia certainly had no trouble dressing up in girls clothing, because she'd always been a girl, but she was certainly worried about properly

adorning an outfit fit to proportions she wasn't comfortable with. Although she was beginning to grow more and more comfortable thanks to the gas. It was an agent meant to ignite a personality change in new Shipgirls, remaking their minds to match their bodies. So if one fell in battle they could just be replaced with one that both *looked* and *acted* identical. They'd still remember who they used to be, but the caveat was that they'd never again act like or be able to refer to themselves as who they'd been before the procedure.

She watched the blonde that was once her boyfriend struggle with the blouse of her uniform once she'd gotten as far as her own skirt finished. Alicia was feeling kind, and much more social than she normally was. Likewise she really just wanted to be helpful, efficient; and so she reached out a hand to help. "**Here Fletcher-chan, raise your arms.**" Though the blonde did as was asked of her, the both of them paused a moment.

That name was wrong right? And why did she use honorifics?

Of course Devon took immediate problem with it, even as Alicia helped put the blouse over her hand and brought it down so much of her cleavage was left comfortably on display. "**Hmmm~? Wh~at did you just ca~ll me, Miss Amagi?**" But she'd done the exact same thing. The two stood silently a moment, or at least as silently as could be while Alicia adorned the green piece of cloth that was meant to be her top (*it didn't cover her tummy at all and exposed the entirety of her whopping cleavage*).

That didn't sound like the boy she knew at all. What was with those playful inflictions that danced among her words? Since when did she speak in such a polite manner? Besides, why had Alicia called Devon 'Fletcher'? Her name was clearly... clearly... ??? Well! Why had Fletcher called her 'Amagi'? Her real name was clearly... What was it again? All of her memories of their time together remained, but the one thing she couldn't remember at all was their names.

Fletcher was dealing with the exact same problem. "**Ah... something is wrong here, is it not? After all, I used to be a man, and yet I cannot remember my name.**" Not only did she fasten her headpiece and neck decorations without second guessing the ability to do so, her thigh highs and shoes were adorned as if it were completely natural. She'd been so panicked about her situation, yet now Fletcher was feeling very comfortable? Like it was natural.

"Fuu... Amagi agrees! This is very confusing, but we can't do anything but live up to our new roles, right? Amagi knows we'll do great!" A verbal tic had been picked up, one where Amagi

spoke in the third person. It arose the moment she'd finished off her ensemble with a red floral decoration in her hair. She likely would have been upset about her current attire were she her old self. Her entire tummy was bare, as was her cleavage and much of her legs. What passed for a skirt didn't even really cover what was passing for undergarments beneath them, but...! She felt comfortable! Super comfortable! More comfortable than she'd ever felt in her life!

The two of them shared an enthusiasm that had bubbled up. An enthusiasm to serve the fleet, to do what was necessary, to protect humanity from the Abyssal threats. As had the Fletcher and Amagi that had come before them. And the Fletcher and Amagi that had come before *them*.

Fletcher took Amagi's hand, fingers entwined as she stood on her tip toes to give the Japanese ship a kiss on the cheek before tugging her towards the new door. Different from the past Fletcher and Amagi, though? These two would remain romantically involved, and now Devon was more caring than ever. **“Shall we go, Miss Amagi? Our brand new life is beginning, and I'm incredibly giddy to start!”**

Amagi was stunned from the kiss, but ultimately bent over to plant a kiss of her own on Fletcher's forehead. **“Mhm! Amagi is ready! Let's go together Fletcher-chan!”**

Some great new recruits indeed.