

BE OUR GUEST II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Time had come and gone, but what had *not* come were two of the Grandcypher's crew members.

After deciding to spend time in Auguste for what was meant to be the crew's 'summer vacation', the group had grown so large over the course of their travels that they had been forced to split themselves between two resorts – one that they typically frequented, and one that had been newly erected during the past year. Everyone was in a great mood, ready to bask in some good old-fashioned summer fun.

And yet, there had been a small problem when both groups had been meant to meet on the beach at the next morning. Two of the youngest members of their party, Io and Sara, were nowhere to be found. Not only had they not shown up at the beach, but a check of their hotel room suggested no traces to speak of either.

The captain of the Grandcypher, Gran, knew this because he had been the one to go check himself. **“Nothing up there. Io isn't the kind of girl to disappear without telling anyone, much less Sara...”** Having moved back down to the resort's lobby, Gran had opted to share his findings with Rackam, who had come along. There wasn't really anyone else around. Well, short of an Erune woman selling drinks at a nearby booth.

“Yeah. The issue is they're both so young. They're tough, but if those kids got into some trouble they couldn't handle...” But as Rackam added his two cents, that Erune woman suddenly chimed in with what seemed like a welcome suggestion.

“Oh, are you two looking for some kids? I was just about to get off work, so why don’t I help you? I have a friend that can come help, too!”



“So... You said your name was Yamashiro?” After accepting the tailed Erune woman’s invitation, she had called over her friend and their search party had split up into two different groups. Gran had gone with the Erune, Yamashiro, himself, while Rackam had gone with the other woman, who called herself Aquila. They hadn’t done so without the black-haired beverage clerk giving both men a can of soda, however.

They probably should have been more suspicious of that than they had been, but there were really no warning signs to tip them off.

“Mhm! And you said your name was Gran? Anyways, this is the room they were staying in, right?” The feline woman peeked her head into the resort room Gran had led her to, knowing full well that it was *her* room. Well, the one she shared with Aquila anyways. She entered first, and the boy followed in along after. Noting the can of soda still unopened in his hand however, she made a very crafty suggestion. **“You should drink that before it gets warm, by the way! Our drinks are best when ice cold!”**

Admittedly, Gran had forgotten he was even holding it seeing as he was so distracted by the disappearance of his friends. **“O-Oh! Right!”** A soft hiss filled the air as he popped the tab up, followed by the gulping sound of him chugging it. Yamashiro had her back turned to him and so the boy couldn’t see her expression, but she was wearing a rather self-appreciation *smirk*.

It didn’t take long after that, really. Not for the nanomachines that had settled in the bottom of the soda can to kick into action once Gran had swallowed them unknowingly. They were programmed to complete a certain goal of the new resort owner, one who had went on this salty tirade after seeing all of the men and children that had checked into his resort when all of the beautiful, adult women had checked into the older one. Well, if he wasn’t going to have many beautiful women as guests,

then why not *create* them? Io and Sara had already become victims, and to keep the secrecy alive it naturally meant that anyone inquiring into their whereabouts needed to be converted as well.

“Yamashiro? Do I look unwell? I don’t... feel so great all of a sudden.” Gran naturally had no context for what was transpiring, and so at the first sign of feeling *off* he innocently inquired as much to his companion by the time he reached the queen-sized bed in the resort room. Of course because he had no idea he’d been led into he trap, he couldn’t possible have fathomed that it was the tailed Erune woman that had done so.

Which made it all the easier for her to lie. **“No! You look fine, Gran! Maybe you’re just feeling a little dizzy?”** She really *was* lying right through her teeth. Because there was something that she so, so easily could have pointed out for it was such a blatant change in his appearance.

The young man’s hair was changing color, after all. And it wasn’t simply a subtle change. Brown locks lightened to a bright silver with some degree of inconsistency at first as only every other strand found its color changed. As the shifting picked up in intensity, it was only inevitable that the other strands would follow suit – although there was more to it than a mere hair color change. The natural spikes of the young man’s hair flattened atop his head prior to this, but strands did eventually lengthen so that they fell to his shoulders in a shiny bob.

But Yamashiro had been withholding more than that. It would have been too troublesome if Gran noticed things before the nanomachines adjusted his memories to match. And so she likewise made no note of his eyes, which had taken on a crimson hue, widened to be much rounder than they were previously, and even earned longer lashes that appeared downright feminine.

“Are you sure? Something doesn’t really feel right...”

“Sure am! You look right as rain!”

And so the deception continued. Gran even reached up to touch his lengthened hair, yet didn’t register it as anything strange. Good. The nanomachines were doing their job then. Even the fingers he’d reached up to touch them showed signs of change, what with their lengths being greater and their shapes being far slenderer than they had been previously. It was a trend that fed into the toes within his boots as well, and both hands and feet alike collapses in a trend that soon found its way travelling up all four of his appendages.

Looking back to Gran's face for a moment, however, there was an undeniable attractiveness settling into those features that built upon the bigger, feminized eyes he now possessed. His cheekbones had lifted ever so slightly to give that face a longer look, and yet cheeks filled in with an attractive softness that left it appearing rounder still, nonetheless.

The boy's jaw actually *narrowed*, and as a result everything within his mouth was forced to slightly shrink. Whether it was his teeth, or even his tongue. On the exterior of his mouth though, lips grew plump and pink – possessing a natural gloss that would be quick to draw attention to them beneath his shrunken nose.

Gran was left fidgeting there, for he felt his outfit becoming a little loose. **“Are you sure that nothing is wrong? After all, I do not believe I have ever felt this way before. Huh? Wait, why am I talking like that? That's not the way I talk!”** There was an uncharacteristic amount of measure in his voice, as well as a softer yet higher tone communicating the boy's words. Even so, Yamashiro just shook her head to reassure him that everything was fine.

Despite the fact that his face resembled that of a woman she knew, and that she was watching the boy's outfit look baggier and baggier upon his frame with each passing moment. It was clear that a little bit of height had been lost, but that really only amounted to an inch or two in the end. What was *really* making it all appear loose was the mass of his body itself. All of his muscles had softened away, and the sensation that had crawled up from his hands and feet had thinned out his limbs so that they appeared *much* daintier. This had extended to his shoulders, which pressed inwards toward one another slightly.

But Gran's hips? They had taken a noticeably *different* approach. Any room that had been freed up in the waistband of his pants was immediately undone as those hips popped wider in a way that elicited a response from the boy in question. **“Ow!? What the- Did my hips just pop, Miss Yama- ...Huh?”** It was then that it finally occurred to him. Why did he suddenly feel like he knew Yamashiro beyond their first meeting only thirty minutes ago? That didn't make sense!

The moment it dawned on him, Gran began to feel incredibly *groggy*. The nanomachines were responding to the feeling of resistance he was now putting up, which meant that they had to suppress that will as quickly as possible while the remaining physical shifts took place. It was clear looking at his pants that the final stage had been entered, though.

For the brown cloth around his thighs had appeared to tighten around them. That wasn't *quite* the case, however. His thighs had actually grown so swollen that they were pushing out the pants from the inside,

flesh pale and tender to the touch. The phenomenon had just as much of a presence in his rear, ass blasted out behind him several inches with the crack between swollen cheeks ever deeper while the peaks of the buns poked out above his waistband – giving a glimpse of his butt’s cleavage while boxers restricted around his groin.

This feeling didn’t linger for long, for his dick and testicles regressed in size until they were no longer non-existent – at which point a gaping hole engraved itself at the base of *her* pelvis. A pussy, fully functional with the inner organs to match, laid the baseline beneath silver pubes that soon saw one final area flourish.

The front of Gran’s sweater pushed out... and out... and out; lifting the bottom of the hoodie gradually so that his belly was exposed, revealing it had tucked in at the sides to give him an hourglass figure with his widened hips. But the cause of the lifting? His chest had swollen magnificently, posture forced forward as tits flourished into a pair of sizings that transcended the size of the young woman’s own head when all was said and done. They certainly appeared hefty and bouncy.

“I’m... not... I’m...?” Her mind still muddled, the woman did her best to pull herself away from embracing her new memories and personality. Not only was it too hard to do, but the nanomachines had begun to afflict her outfit as well. Almost as if they were eating the poorly fit garments alive, much of the ensemble was consumed to show as much skin of hers as they possibly could.

A black bikini was in her future. One with a top that was bound to her neck by a trio of straps (*one of which running through the center of her tits*) while a translucent, white shirt was wrapped around them and tied beneath her bosom. White scrunchies adorned both wrists, and a band wrapped tightly around her thickened right thigh with a design that just screamed ‘frilly maid’. Black sandals were then made of her boots, and heart-shaped sunglasses found her forehead.



“Heeeey! Earth to Sirius? Are you feeling better? You weren’t answering me, so I was getting worried!” Noting that the woman’s transformation had finally completed, Yamashiro used her

words to stir *Sirius* from the daze she had fallen into. It was clear that it had worked, for the crimson eyes of the white-haired woman appeared to find their light once more.

Plump lips simply pursed at first, but it still took *Sirius* a moment to speak. **“Miss Yamashiro? I... Oh, I suppose I was a little out of sorts.”** The response came with all of the politeness one would expect from a professional maid, even bowing slightly to show just how apologetic she was. But such a behavior was to be expected of all of the maids of the Royal Navy. **“Do you have some manner of task for me?”** Yamashiro merely smirked again, lips curling into a cat-like smile.

“Actually, would you like to see your family again? If so, I have a great gig for you selling drinks at the beach!”

“Mister Rackam? Is everything alright? You’ve hardly touched your drink... Or spoken to me much at all, honestly.”



“H-Huh!? Oh, sorry ‘bout that! I’m just worried about Io and Sara, is all. It doesn’t have anything to do with you.” Elsewhere, exploring the courtyard behind the resort alone, Rackam and Aquila had been in the midst of a very long, and very quiet walk. The man didn’t know what to say when it came to pretty, young women like Aquila – and when he was called on his awkwardness he was quick to chug the canned beverage he’d been given. *A mistake.*

Aquila, in an attempt to come across as innocent as could be, raised a finger to her lips and tilted her head to the side. Like Yamashiro she knew who she’d once been as well as the fact that she’d been transformed, but she didn’t care! This life was so much better, and she just wanted to spread that joy! **“Oh! Don’t drink it so quickly! I wouldn’t want you to choke!”** Besides, only a single sip was enough to get the nanomachines working since they floated near the top of the can.

“Oh, it’s fine. After all, it’s not my first drIIINK!?” Rackam had been in the process of reassuring the young woman that he’d be fine when his voice quite clearly escalated into a scream. It wasn’t for no good reason, either. For a brief moment the man thought that he’d been falling, only for it to occur to him that his feet *were* still planted firmly on the ground. On the other hand? Even though he had left his armor on the ship, the cloth of his outfit just felt like it didn’t fit properly all of a sudden.

And was the ground closer than it had been before?

With the shock of it all, he’d naturally dropped his soda can. **“Mister Rackam? Are you alright?”** Aware of what was happening and attempting to control the flow of events that came next, Aquila ran beside him and locked her arm was his, cuddling up against him in an attempt to fluster him. *Which it did.* Even though he was at eye level with the girl when he’d towered above her before.

“Y-Yes! I’m fine! Dunno what happened there, felt a little off I guess.” Even though he’d been flustered, it was still strange for Rackam to stutter like that. On the other hand, Aquila knew it was a more telling sign than anything, seeing as she knew of the identity of the girl the man would soon be turned into.

Even now, it was clear that height wasn’t the only thing that had been stolen from him. The man’s stubble had fallen out, leaving his face looking smoother – and *younger*. He’d once been a staggering twenty-nine, but when all was said and done he had reverted to his late teens – with some rather substantial modifications.

After all, even in his teen years Rackam had been rather built when it came to muscles. But now? His clothes had emptied more because his frame, which had diminished in muscle mass not to better suit his new 5’2” height, but to suit the form the nanomachines were setting out for him.

The man’s face was rounding significantly as his eyes fluttered from the girl holding onto his arm to the side. Why was she being so clingy? This was far too close! It was making him antsy, and perhaps even antsier than usual. Where was the backbone he typically had, where he would have just asked her to let go?

This doubt and indecision was reflected on softened features, for lips thickened while quivering as he attempted to find the bravery to say something. It was something that came off as cuter and cuter, for his eyes rounded as irises swelled and red found itself beset within the

colors – lashes fittingly long. Seeing that Rackam’s face was looking more and more familiar to her, Aquila thought to prod him. **“Is everything okay, Mister Rackam? You look like you want to say something...”**

Mister Rackam? Why did that sound strange to him? He wasn’t a mister, he was... No! He *was* a mister! He was a man, after all! **“Uhh... What? I’m sorry, I mean...? Mm... Is something... Is something wrong with my voice!?”** His Adam’s apple had smoothed out, and once it had his voice had been transitioned into something higher and squeakier, much more befitting of the cute, feminine face he now possessed.

“No, your voice has always sounded like that, right?” Aquila tilted her head to the side in an attempt to appear honest, even as she watched a whitish silver seep into the man’s spiked do and pull it longer and longer and longer until it fell as low as his thighs. Rackam didn’t say much in response to her assertion that his voice was the same. Rather, he seemed like he’d been stunned into silence.

Because, internally, he was trying to fight accepting it as truth. Part of him knew that was wrong. He wouldn’t sound like a girl! But there was also a part of him that was reassuring him that he *was* a girl. Until at least...

She actually became one.

A chill ran down her spine in tandem with the bulge in her boxers dwindling away, a maiden’s pussy left in between her legs – still miraculously shielded by oversized pants that had clung on to her hips. The size of those hips had certainly helped, for at some point they had pulled just wide enough for the brown fabric to not just fall right off. Now, however, they were finding help.

With her dick gone and her pussy fully formed, it was as if her new sex had given the rest of her figure the okay to add the final touches. Her ass protruded dramatically out behind her to begin with, cheeks poking out slightly from above the waistband of her pants; thighs gaining any excess that her taut cheeks could no longer accommodate and growing pudgy and round in the process.

While Rackam’s shirt pushed forward with a girlish squeak. **“O-Oh!?”** Tanned cloth filled quickly shortly after her nipples began to engorge themselves. They grew to the sizes of quarters, only to look even bigger once the weight beneath began to push them forward into sizable orbs that could only be breasts. Yet they swelled larger and larger still,

ultimately becoming just a little smaller than her head while remaining incredibly perky.

“No... I’m not supposed to be a girl! Uwee~ I’m a man! I’m definitely a man, so!” Rackam attempted to fight it with the last of her strength, even as her oversized clothes slowly tightened and faded away into she was left in a purple, plaid bikini with matching bows on her hips and in her hair. She also had a necklace of roses and a sunhat with a big, pink bow bringing the cute ensemble completely together. And once she realized her clothes had changed, thanks to Aquila pointing down at them, it was like something just *snapped*.

Instead of being worried about her changed sex, she just accepted it. Rather she was much more worried about her state of dress.

“Uwee~ This swimsuit is so embarrassing! Why did you convince me to wear this, Aquilaaaa!?” Unlike Sirius, *Cygnets* had required no interference from her partner ship to bring her back to reality. Being sheepish and shy, just feeling the ocean breeze against her bare skin was enough for Cygnets to meekly cry out in dismay – indicating her transformation was more or less complete.

Aquila chuckled, almost as if she were a proud older sibling doting on her younger half. **“What do you mean, Cygnets? We’re at the beach, and you chose that yourself! What else would you wear at the beach?”** Yes, this conversation felt correct. Surely, deep down, Cygnets understood the truth about her existence as well. It would take her a little time to properly comprehend it all though, but when that moment came? She would undoubtedly aid Yamashiro and herself with increasing the numbers of their fleet.



“Um... Um! I guess, but... It all feels really weird, somehow! Like... Um... Am I supposed to look like this? I mean I am, but! It’s strange...” Evidently though, she would likely need a little more time to adjust than Yamashiro and Aquila had required, but that wasn’t all that surprising considering her personality. So Aquila merely smiled.

“Don’t worry! Just give it time!”