

RING IN SUMMER'S END

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been an extremely eventful summer as it always seemed to be, and the Eternal, Niyon, was packing up her belongings to depart from Auguste Island. She visited the tropical paradise every summer to participate in the end of season music festival, a much more low key event than the one in July. It wasn't as crowded, which made it much more bearable for the Harvin's anxiety.

She was headed for the port, her belongings packed in a small suitcase at her side with her harp in its case upon her back. She could have taken a carriage there, but with the setting sun as the backdrop it was much more calming and beautiful to walk alongside the beach. Niyon always regretted that she didn't have time to go swimming when she visited, but she wasn't sure about showing strangers her swimsuit anyways.

“WATCH OOOOOUT!”

Niyon's peace was suddenly interrupted, however, when what looked to be a young girl with monkey features sped past her, in the process dropping what looked to be a rainbow colored gem. “Um...” How did one react to that exactly? She was fairly certain that was one of the Divine Generals that was counted among the Grandcypher's crew, but they weren't familiar enough for her to chase after.

At the very least she'd return that gemstone later however, and so Niyon knelt down to pick it up not realizing what she'd just done. After all, that wasn't actually Andira that had just sped past her. Well, it was, but she hadn't been until just moments ago thanks to the rainbow stone. In fact, at her core that Andira had once been *Lyria*.

Picking up the stone, she stuffed it in her breast pocket. This would cause problems immediately because with it out of sight the Harvin *wouldn't* be able to see it glow. And things would begin to unfold without her really realizing until it was too late. Unfortunately it was already too late, since physical contact was the trigger, and as she started towards her destination once more Niyon was given pause.

Pause because her heartbeat had begun to speed up.

This wasn't inherently a weird thing. Whenever her anxiety spiked this happened, but picking up a stone shouldn't have triggered her anxiety in this way and to add to the confusion it didn't quite feel like the thump, thump, thump her heart typically committed to in situations like those. No, it felt more like her heart was beating from excitement? Like she was anticipating something. Of course Niyon couldn't even imagine what that possibly might be, but that was merely because a spark had taken root in her soul with thanks to the stone. A spark that would change her so that she was always anticipating her next, brand new experience.

As she continued to walk along the beach side path once more she found herself stopping every few feet to catch her breath. Increased heart rate made longer strides more difficult, and her 84cm height Harvin body was feeling sluggish even though it was typically fairly agile. Without the intention of doing so, her head slowly tilted down to look at the ground only for her to pick it up again. Then it happened once more, and on another occasion; each time it became a little harder to lift her head again, almost like her skull had gotten heavier--

“UWA!?” Not even the perpetually quiet Eternal could stifle a cry after hands reached up to investigate her own head, immediately meeting with the problem: her skull was heavier, but because a pair of growths had curled out from the back of her skull. **“H-Horns!?”** Tiny fingers ran across their lengths, noting horizontal grooves all the way to where they curved upward into sharp points near the front. Only Draph had horns like these, and this unique design? Without seeing them it was hard to say for sure, but someone even grasping them was enough to suggest familiarity.

As if on a well-timed cue the evening breeze picked up and stole away the beret that was a part of her casual attire, and as much as Niyon sought to jump to catch it, those efforts were made fruitless by how hefty the weight of her own head had become with her horns. What the loss of her hat did do however was reveal something new: from the top of her head outstretched an ample ahoge, a long piece of idiot hair that pointed backwards. It stood out for greater reason than that though - *against her head of purple it contrasted as a sandy blonde.*

Almost like an anchor of transformation, strands that brushed up against this ahoge found themselves shimmering with the same golden color one by one, at first giving her a rather psychedelic pattern of strands where some swirled blonde while the others remained purple. Yet, with time their entirety succumbed. The bun Niyon had done up at the back came undone because, quite frankly, it could no longer contain the length. Almost like Goldilocks (*or Melissabelle*) it became an unruly and curly mass that fell down to her feet, a soft glow and feel to it reminiscent of a sheep's wool. No longer were her bangs long and swept across her left eye, but they sat even with a hime fringe just above her eyebrows.

And those eyebrows? They had become short and oval shaped while the same blonde permeated through their hairs. It was a very particular and unique stylization that had taken them from thin lines to fuzzy, rounded caterpillars, and again would have functioned as an obvious clue for Niyon could she properly perceive them. But she couldn't. She was too busy fumbling around with the hair that enshrouded her like a blanket at her current height. **“What’s going on...? Magic?”** Horns and long, blonde hair? She couldn't fathom what was happening.

But as it stood she looked like a weird, off-brand Harvin variant of the woman she was becoming. Anila of the Divine Generals, representing the Ram. Her eyes had widened and sparkled gold, while longer and more girlish lashes tickled her fringe-cut bangs from time to time. Even her lips had drawn to a more dramatic thickness, very kissable overall.

The muscles in her back suddenly tensed up, allowing her to properly lift her now-horned head as phase two preparations were completed. Her back certainly needed the extra strength for what was to come, because what that was exactly would break her back if this step hadn't been taken beforehand.

“H-H-H-Ha!? HaaAAAAaaAAA!?” Building pressure suddenly struck below her nipples and she felt a squirming beneath, almost like worms were crawling through them and making her feel strangely aroused (*she was lucky no one else seemed to be walking the path at this hour*). Niyon's breasts were fairly large for a Harvin, but as the were a little people they were on par with maybe a small B-cup by the standards of other races. Yet the sound of fabric tearing pierced the silence of the empty beach as pressure stained against the front of shirt and jacket; and after only a moment longer flesh burst out to tear her clothes asunder.

“WHAT!?”, she squeaked, far too distracted by the fact that the front of her outfit had just exploded to take notice of the fact her voice was

higher and much bouncier. The Harvin was having difficulty keeping herself calm now, everything she said came out like an exclamation. Her tits were only a comparative C-cup now, but the weight surged forth even so, even so, even so, even so.... until she practically fell forward. The scraps of the cloth from what was once her outfit were now buried beneath honking tits that exceeded E-cups, milky beasts splatting against the sand with nipples that were each larger than one of her golden eyes. **“No! I need to get help! Help! SOMEONE!”**

Her cries weren't enough to attract attention, and so as tits finally squirmed into their final size of J, against her Harvin frame she was practically pinned against the ground with her tiny torso barely planted feet-first on the ground. Incidentally when the front of her top had exploded the gemstone she'd tucked into her breast pocket had fallen into the depths of her new cleavage. **“Oh my! How am I gonna move!?”** Had her back muscles not strengthened beforehand this weight *might* have split her in two.

Those woes were only amplified as the same squirming could be felt in her thighs and bottom. It wasn't a phenomenon that dwelt as long as her growing breasts had, but after only a few seconds her ass erupted into a pair of huge cheeks not at all suited for her current frame, their weight forcing her hips to pop apart into a widened gait in the process. Her tiny skirt was torn to shreds by the sudden expansion, and tiny legs fumbled around as her thighs came to thicken with a noteworthy, tender jiggle as sand got stuck both between them but in her ass crack as well.

Thighs grew so thick that more length was required on her legs for the fat to properly distribute else she'd almost appear to have a sickly display of thunder thigh by comparison, and so it was fortunate that her body had begun to grow up as well as out. The tips of her toes grew long, nails well manicured as soles flattened and elongated to create a pair of feet that seemed more naturally suited for every race *but* Harvin. Ankles soon broadened a little after this, and from that point on her knees ground against the sand as the length of each leg stretched.

Niyon slid, bare stomach making contact with the ground finally as it felt like she was sinking into a bed. Her tummy became longer and much more dramatically toned as the curvature bled more naturally into widened hips from her giant tits, and arms reached forward as her chin ended up resting against her bosom. After just a moment she'd gone from 84cm to 142cm overall, which was still short but was a reasonable height for a Draph female. **“Whoa!?”**

The gem continued to shine from within the depths of the *Draph's* bosom, and to finalize its effect its powers were directed at the tattered clothing that laid all around her almost completely naked body. From

bare breasts to her plump pussy decorated by sandy blonde strands it was all on display, and what remained was little more than persistent cloth that clung on for dear life at points.

But as the gem's effects touched any nearby material it was all suddenly attracted to her body, scraps sticking to *Aniyon* like a magnet around her breasts and pelvis, pieces merging and firming into a two piece bikini that covered what was necessary. The base of the swimsuit was white with black trim around her crotch, snugly holding in her ample booty -- while above the cups of her bikini top were black with a white, ruffled outer layer. Matching, unattached sleeves were fashioned by further scraps, as were pump sandals, a thigh ribbon, and a strap that hung loosely against her lean belly that looked rather thick thanks to her lacking height.

Aniya blinked, her head emptied out and replaced with new thoughts and memories. Actually she could still kind of remember being little? But it wasn't that important as the excitement she was feeling just laying in the sand by the beach. **"Whoa! I can't waste the whole day laying here! Heh heh! I need to go swimming before it gets dark! Isn't that Gran and Djeeta by the water!?"** Looking off at the distance she was fairly sure, and so *Anila* pulled herself up onto her feet and made a mad dash. As she ran a plethora of flower decorations appeared to bounce within her fluffy mane, and so her transformation was complete.

"Heya captains! Whatcha doing?" It didn't take long for Anila to reach the two captains of the Grandcypher. She'd stopped so suddenly that the rainbow gem wedged between her tits finally bounced free, landing on the sand between the two siblings with a *THUD*. Being the good people they were, both had reached down to grab the fallen item in tandem, Djeeta only grazing it while Gran took it and held it out to Anila. **"Huh? That's not mine! Hehe... When'd that get in there?"**

"It's not yours?" Gran looked down at the rock and then up at Anila again. The sky was darkening as nighttime settled in and stars were beginning to emerge above, but the captains were out on an important mission so Gran merely pocketed the item. **"Have you seen Lyria? We haven't seen her for a couple of hours."**

Djeeta nodded along. **"We're worried! So... anything?"** But Anila merely shook her head. She'd been having too much fun at the beach to really pay attention to her surroundings. Actually, she kind of really wanted to do a nighttime banana boat cruise. **"I see..."**

“But why are you looking for Andira, Vicky!? I’m pretty sure I just saw her.” Both captains blinked. They definitely hadn’t said Andira’s name, and Vicky? That was Anila’s nickname. The two looked at each other, confused. Both went to reply, but it was Gran who ended up blurting something out. Despite Djeeta typically being the more outspoken of the two, she’d felt a sudden hesitation to do so.

“Vicky!? I’m clearly Gr-- Hey!? My voice!? What’s wrong with my voice!?” Nothing had physically changed, but the young man’s voice shot up several octaves mid-sentence; a much better match for the hyperactive enthusiasm that was welling up inside his very soul. For the rainbow gemstone in his pocket had begun to glow radiantly; but he wasn’t the only one that had touched it in this instance.

“Um... Uh... Something is wrong here...” Djeeta’s voice mirrored Gran’s in sound, but the way she quietly made her observations stood as a *very* obvious contrast. She’d gone so far as to pull on her brother’s sleeve to try and get his attention, eyes flickering between the ground and the side of his face.

Anila just looked very confused. She almost looked cross-eyed as if she was trying to look at both captains simultaneously. **“Um... Are you okay, Vicky?”**

No answer from either captains. In fact, they both looked to one another as they felt something *strange*. Their clothes were growing oversized and their points of view were lowering. They had both noticed at the same time, had thought to examine the other at the same time, almost as if they were on the *exact same wavelength*.

Within a matter of moments both were swimming in their clothes, the overall loss of height a telling sign not of the fact that they’d shrunk in the classical manner, but looking at one another’s faces it was easy to say they appeared much more youthful. Djeeta’s baby face had returned, with lips soft and lacking when compared to just moments before. Her eyes were smaller too, and somehow her irises had absorbed a crimson color to replace the one Gran recognized. A tiny nose sealed the deal, and somehow he felt like she didn’t even look like the sister he knew anymore.

But there was a fundamental issue here that he did not see. Only Djeeta could, but she had been forced into a state of such softspokenness that she couldn’t exactly blurt it out. *For Gran’s face now looked identical to the one on Djeeta’s own.*

With much of his body hidden beneath his oversized clothing, hoodie acting as a dress essentially while pants had pooled around his ankles,

with that girly face he looked quite androgynous. It was difficult to make any real observations about his sex as it was, but the curves of his younger vessel were falling more in line with Djeeta, whom had seen her curves reduced to even smaller sizes than she'd sported at their new, approximate age of fourteen.

For Gran it wasn't a reduction though, but an enhancement. Hips swelled out a little as his rump gained ample fat that firmed into a pair of youthful but budding buns; thighs of course mirrored this weight and became pleasantly plump for their age, but not enough to be considered 'sexy' or anything like the like.

“What's!?! happening... Huh?” They could hardly wrestle with their physical changes though, too much was wrong with their *minds*. Despite being separate people it was like they could suddenly hear one another mentally, and what was even worse was that their thoughts were beginning to overlap creating a phenomenon where they could no longer remember who they were. Which one was Gran? Which one was Djeeta? Did either of those names apply to either of them? Why were there two? Weren't they just looking in a mirror? **“Uhm...!?”** They were speaking in tandem for sure, parroting one another down to the exact motions of their lips.

This eerie phenomenon was suddenly interrupted as Gran let out a squeak so high pitched it would make a mouse jealous. **“EEP!?”** It had been provoked by the sudden sensation of something sliding inside, the loss of an organ that *she* couldn't quite remember having -- why *would* she have one? Pubes above this organ shrunk neatly down into stubble that was a white color - different from the brown atop her head for the time being.

Gran raised a hand to Djeeta, and Djeeta was compelled to raise the opposite hand to meet it, much like a mirror image. She was scared and confused, but felt drawn to this person that looked like... *her*? Was that *really* what she looked like? The hoodie her *other half* was wearing looked comfy yet she couldn't remember purchasing it.

The moment their fingertips touched, it triggered a phenomenon in Djeeta's attire. She was stripped naked suddenly and in a very strange manor as all of her oversized dress seemingly turned into a pink goop that crawled across her body to leave her bare, before using her own fingers as a bridge to Gran's where it joined with *her* own clothes, which had met a similar fate.

As they swirled around the once-boy, glimpses of her naked body could be seen as the liquefied clothes wriggled in attempts to find where they should settle. One moment of her exposed chest revealed it was

completely flat, but the next revealed her to have a small bust on par with Djeeta's own.

But the wriggling clothing finally began to settle. Gran's belly was left completely bare while much of it showed signs of solidifying across the upper half of her torso. A bikini top, trimmed with gold while the cups themselves sported horizontal pink and white stripes. Gold hearts decorated the corners and a white bow was tied in the dead center, all while white straps reached up to connect to a choker around her thin neck lined with more golden star decorations. A translucent, white hoodie was left to hang loosely from her arms as a red scrunchie wrapped itself around her left wrist and a blue, blow-up floaty found itself on the right.

Below, a frilly and white swim skirt folded outward as rotating red and blue heart decorations lined it to the brim and a second red scrunchie matching the one on her left wrist appeared on her left thigh. **“Uu... Why are you dressing us so boldly!?”** Djeeta was helpless and could only watch things unfold, the girl's body her brother possessed now reflected as *‘her own body’* in her heart and soul. Almost like they were both becoming two parts of the same person.

She watched fearfully as a pair of ears were finally constructed atop Gran's head. She still had human ears of course but these were large and mousy, extremely fake at even the quickest glance while red bows were tied behind it. But they were a trigger. One that made her **bold and rowdy**, that contradicted **her** true self. But who could say which side was **true** anymore?

Spreading from the white ears, Gran's hair began to whiten as it flattened and smoothed. It very clearly resembled the hair above her crotch in tone as it dangled to her shoulders; a neat and playful style that was completely replicated atop Djeeta's own head, though her hair darkened to black.

“Huh? Am I seeing two Vickys here? Did I hit my head?” Anila finally seemed to properly react to what was happening in front of her. Why were both of Vicky's personalities standing in front of her at the same time? They were meant to reside within a single entity, the dark-haired one only manifesting when the mouse ears were removed. And yet...

She rubbed her eyes.

It was only a brief moment meant to dispel any doubt Anila might have had, yet in that brief moment the final stage had settled in. Both sides of Vikala, both Gran and Djeeta, still vaguely remembered their past selves;

but their memories had been overlapping and clouding, and Vikala's personality had taken the forefront. Like Yin and Yang they could not be separate, they had to be together.

A strange phenomenon began to tug not only at their consciousnesses but their physical bodies as well, and by the time Anila opened her eyes...

Only a singular Vikala, the one with the mouse ears, stood there.

The only clue to answer what had happened being the footprints dragged across the ground towards her from where both captains had been standing prior. **“Huh? Weren't there two of you? Like, physically? Eheh... Maybe my mind is playing tricks on me after all!?”**

Vikala looked somewhat confused. She felt veery disoriented, but also felt surprisingly whole? **“Lucky! Cookie! Vicky!”** After blinking a few times she ended up blurting this out, posing like an idol with a peace sign drawn across her forehead. **“Of course there's only one of me! Well, physically! People don't just split into two you know~!”**

And so the end of summer was rung in with a chime. Not by the Goya bell, though these two would certainly be ringing it in the future, but by a bell of change. Both captains now existed as a singular Vikala, reflected in the Yin and Yang of her personality, while Niyon would live contently as Anila. Incidentally, the original Vikala and Anila were never seen again; not that anyone noticed.

But what happened to the stone that triggered it all? It had been in Gran's pocket during the transformation only to disappear before the end...

Three days later...

Tweyen wandered into the beach side hotel room she'd rented along with some friends. Silva and her sisters Cucouroux and Camieux. Little did any of them know, Tweyen had brought something dangerous with her.

“Check out this cool gem I found on the beach!”