

DRINKING BUDS

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Clarisse was giddy as could be! After a long day slaving away within the Grandcypher's kitchen, she'd finally created them! The *perfect* chocolates created with the intention of giving them to her biggest crush! Well, she could say she was giddy, but at the end of the day she was actually *incredibly* nervous. Her crush was on Gran after all, and there were plenty among the ship's crew that were always giving him attention – both boys and girls alike!

She had stiff competition, but she had also decided that she wouldn't be a sore loser. Even if he just *accepted* her chocolates, she would have considered that a win! It wasn't about getting him to reciprocate. Well, it would have been nice if he had, but baby steps, right? It didn't seem like there was anyone he had his eyes set on just yet, and she was really confident in the flavor of her choco! She'd tested some on Cagliostro already, and she'd given a raving review! Maybe, just maybe, these delicious treats would be what got Gran to change see her as his one fated soulmate!?

...That was unlikely, but she had to have hope!

There was a secret ingredient mixed into the sweet contents of the heart-shaped box she was carrying, after all! Just the tiniest drop of alcohol in each one! Certainly not enough to intoxicate anyone, but among the shared pantry of the ship she'd found this *extremely sweet* liqueur. It paired so well with the chocolate that how could she not? Strangely enough though, it wasn't on the inventory list? But the rule of the pantry was: you leave it, you lose it!

Little did she realize the chaos she had now sewed.

Gran was pretty chipper. He'd received a lot of chocolate, even more than last year! Every year he was surprised that so many people wanted to shower him in sweets, but unfortunately? The context was a little lost on him. When it came to romance, he sure as heck was *dumb*. To be fair, most in their right mind wouldn't think so many girls and boys could *possibly* have a crush on them. In this specific case, however, his assumption was simply *wrong*.

“Where do I even start...?” Looking at the pile that had amassed in the corner of his bedroom, he knew he had to start *somewhere*. All of them were handmade, and while there was no way he could eat all of these, he had to try one of each while they were still fresh. Barely able to even remember who had given him what at this point, he elected to pick the box on top. A pink, heart-shaped one *given to him by Clarisse*.

It was neatly packed. He could tell Clarisse had put a lot of work into these, and even the chocolates themselves were heart shaped. Naturally assuming them harmless then, he popped one into his mouth. **“Oh, wow!”** Upon biting down, a creamy but cool liquid had exploded into his mouth, extremely sweet and with a subtle alcohol burn. He'd have to be careful with these!

Careful, but in the span of thirty seconds he'd already eaten about five. They were strangely addictive and spurned a gentle warmth within his belly that he had misconstrued as pleasant.

In actuality, it was a tell of the side effect that was becoming more severe the more he ate...

Now, Gran had only been drunk less than a handful of times in his life. He hadn't been of age for long, and even then, with his responsibilities as captain it was a liability for him to be drunk, but what onset *with* the warmth? It felt surprisingly like intoxication. Perhaps he shouldn't have been too surprised seeing as he'd consumed so many of the candies so quickly, but what was the alcohol content of each, then?

“That can't be right...” Doubt filled Gran's mind about the fact that he might be drunk, but unfortunately having doubts didn't mean that it wasn't true. The intoxication laid the perfect foundation for what was to come, as it meant that the captain wouldn't be able to properly grapple with everything in a way that would allow him to act rationally. That meant he wouldn't seek help, which was preferable.

The young man gulped, and upon doing so his Adam's apple clearly faded away – its disappearance was unrelated to the gulp itself though

and was a part of a much greater repurposing of his existence and identity alike. Now, Gran had not bothered to sit down, and he'd begun to sway from side to side like an old drunk. His balance was already off enough as is, and so shifting proportions did not do much to draw his attention.

Those proportions? Well, they certainly were *abundant*, and they certainly weren't *masculine*. Beginning with his hips, they swelled wide to the point that his posture was forcibly altered, taking his standing position from perfectly straight, to dipping his knees inwards naturally. The growth saw to it that the waistband of his pants was strained, and the curvature from his waistline swung out dramatically as his waist tucked itself inwards as well.

Yet, this wasn't all. A sizable gap had been created between the boy's legs thanks to his wider gait and altered posture, but the extra space was challenged immediately by a swelling in and around his thighs. Fat bled in with reckless abandon, seeing the muscle of his legs drowned in a taut yet tender volume that would see fingers sink into it if attempted. This naturally tightened his brown pants around them and raised the level of discomfort, but even though there was an obvious difference between what his lower body looked like now and what it had looked like before...

“Huuuh? Why are my clothes so tight? Feels weird...” Based on the slurring of his words, it was clear that Gran was too drunk now to really process anything. His mind felt as if it was drifting among a sea of cotton candy, and so nonsensical as it was, he reached down and clumsily unbuttoned his pants before pulling both them and his boxers down to his ankles. **“That feels better...”**

Everything from his expansive waist down now bare, it presented a greater opportunity for things to *flourish*, so to speak. More specifically, additional volume found its way into his ass, and bare cheeks inflated readily and pushed his body's weight disproportionately backwards – although this didn't make a lick of difference considering he was stumbling to and fro anyways. Each cheek was enticingly round, lipping over the back of his thighs while also curving in gratuitously from the arch of his back.

Or in this case, *her* back. With everything else down low more befitting of a woman, perhaps it was only natural that her dick would eventually shrivel up while pussy lips spread in its place. **“Heheheh... That ticklesh...”** And even though it should have been alarming? Gran herself just thought it felt kind of weird and slurred a comment. *Pleasing*, but weird. Looking at her, it was clear that expecting any critical thinking at this time was more or less impossible.

Considering the sweater Gran wore, it was difficult to make much sense of what was happening beneath it until a certain point. Following the lead of her shrunken waist, the sides of her torso had just dipped in naturally, giving her the beginnings of an hourglass figure considering how ample her peach-shaped buttocks had become. Though, much like her feet below, her hands also seemed to be a little smaller at her sides. The scent of booze wafted from them, even though she technically hadn't consumed a drop.

But the happenings beneath her hoodie were made evident once the bottom of the top was tugged upward. Within a matter of moments it was possible to make out her navel and just how feminine her belly now appeared, but the cause of this exposure? It was a change that was certainly far more significant.

Boobs. Gran was growing boobs. And not just little boobs either, but a full rack of enticing badonkareedoos. Their growth was initiated originally by an itchiness around her nipples that she scratched with longer nails through her top, but before long the weight piled on and they blew up like a pair of balloons. The front of her top filled out with fatty tissue, and the imbalance her big ass had caused was evened out somewhat. They were breasts of a scope that were more than comparable to a Draph's, and yet she retained a human's figure... thus far.

But even with a big pair of tits upon her chest? “**Haha...! Boobs!**” She didn't seem all that concerned, and her voice was rather high in pitch. Instead, her personality and memories were leaning more and more into the existence her body was better indicative of. She wasn't sure why she was drunk, but it was related to a boy... wasn't it? After a depressing Valentine's Day... maybe? Femininity had plagued her facial features by this point too, brown eyes big and wide, lips plump and kissable, chin just the slightest bit round... and the scent of alcohol hot on her breath. Even though that face was cute and round, it showed age as well. Was Gran in her twenties now? Likely the latter half of them.

And then, she just *fell*. “**WHOA!?**” The fall wasn't a literal one. Rather, her point of view just dropped significantly, all at once. Her body had collapsed, but more like a spring that had been dropped against the ground and had wound up again. It was as if Gran's figure had been crunched downwards, limbs and torso crunching up while her curves remained in place, immediately turning her into a short stack of 4'2”. It was a remarkably short height for a human. “**Wheeeeeee... tiny!**”

Yet, for a *Draph*...? Her ears pulled outwards into a pair of almost elvish points, but elves did not exist in the Skydom. Everything really was

coming up Draph, and that included the horns. Pressure built at the sides of her head, and a pair of black bones erupted and curled into a pair of distinctive Draph horns, more or less sealing the fact that she was of a completely different race now.

The horns almost appeared wet somehow, but they weren't all that important. After all, from their bases a **light blue** color had begun to spread throughout her hair. Before long they'd consumed the woman's mane in its entirety, but it forced the length to grow and grow until it hung, disheveled, past her plump Draph ass behind her.

"Haaah...?" A hot exhale escaped **Lamretta's** lips as her short but supple body swayed from side to side. She was *extremely* drunk, and



she couldn't make sense of where she was. All of the rooms in the ship looked the same, so she was confusing it for her own (*technically, she wasn't wrong*). But she also felt lonely. She was a lonely drunk. **"Ish... Ish gonna find her!"**

Noting the box of chocolates left open on the bed, she scooped some up and put them in the front pocket of the

blue sweater of Gran's she was still wearing, before suddenly bolting off somewhere with a supposed purpose.

Clarisse had something of an afterglow to her as she rested her chin upon her arms, sitting at the desk in her room. She'd successfully given Gran the chocolates, and he'd accepted them! Even though he hadn't exactly returned any feelings at that moment, there was still White Day! She was just over the moon that she'd managed to gift them in the first place!

The night was late, and she'd already changed into her pink, flannel, button-up pajamas. She didn't plan on going anywhere, and she didn't plan on entertaining any company. But sometimes unexpected encounters occurred, as was the case when her door was flung open. **"YOUSH! WHY ARE YA JUSHT SITTING THERE!?"**

“H-Huh!? Miss Lamretta!?” Jumping up from her seat, Clarisse twirled around to catch the Draph before she could fall over. The alchemist was not overly familiar with the alcoholic nun, but she did know *of* her. And right now she had a bunch of questions – namely, why was she wearing Gran’s sweater? That seemed to be the *only* thing she was wearing.

Lamretta fell into Clarisse’s arm, but in the process reached into the front pouch of the blue hoodie she was wearing and, with a speck of trouble, shoved a single chocolate into Clarisse’s mouth. **“Yoush too!”** It was the last thing she said before passing out onto the floor, laying on her back as she snored loudly. It was a little indecent, since the hoodie had lifted a bit and Clarisse could see her, well, *you know*.

“...!?” The girl had been so surprised to have something shoved into her mouth that she’d bitten down without thinking. She’d been fairly sure that was one of the chocolates she made, but the taste of liqueur that filled her mouth more or less confirmed it. She swallowed. How had Lamretta gotten that!? Had Gran given the sweets away? Had her work been for naught? **“What...? Why...?”**

Why did she suddenly feel so *dizzy*?

It was different from what Gran had experienced in the beginning of his transformation. She didn’t feel intoxicated in the least – not that Clarisse would know, as she hadn’t really *been* drunk before. **“I can’t believe this happened again.”** It had been more like a fog that had clouded her mind, and before she realized it, she was looking down at Lamretta with a familiarity she just hadn’t possessed before. Why did she, all of a sudden, feel like she knew this Draph more intimately than anyone else?

Where had this desire to nurture come from?

They were personality traits bleeding in before any major physical differences reared themselves, but it was only a matter of time. One needn’t look any farther than the alchemist’s hair to see that much. Lines of *silver* were dancing among their typical ginger. At first, they were numbered in the few, but it didn’t take long for this color to multiply, consuming more and more of her mane until her head was completely aglow with this more radiant color.

On the other hand, the same color found its way into the irises of her eyes. This silver was extremely reflective and shone bright among Clarisse’s wide eyes. And yet, those eyes closed a little without intent. Their shapes had been forced to narrow, not suggestive of a change in anything other than general facial structure, something that became

more apparent as the lines of her lips became better defined, and her nose took on a sharper hook. Most notably were her risen cheekbones, which had contributed to her tightened eye shapes more than anything.

“H-Huh!? What...!? Why can’t I hear!?” Clarisse hadn’t really recognized any of the changes thus far, but she certainly couldn’t avoid noticing the fact that she’d just gone deaf – particularly not with Lamretta snoring up a storm on the ground below. She wasn’t even sure if she were speaking during this time since she couldn’t hear. But sound *did* return after another passing moment, more sensitive than ever.

She just wasn’t perceiving these sounds through where she should have. Hands immediately rose to the top of her head and grabbed onto a pair of fuzzy things. **“Are these my ears...?”** Her fingertips rubbed them, and it made the girl quiver for it just felt *very* pleasurable. Although not even her fingers looked right. They were more drawn out in length, and the nails? They sported a very professional manicure and were done up with a light blue paint. Clarisse had never been one to treat her nails like this. **“They’re like an Erune’s...?”** Saying it aloud, hearing her utter this phrase stunned her momentarily. Something didn’t line up internally. **“Wait, have I not *always* been an Erune? Such a strange thing to say...”**

The girl hadn’t realized it really, but she looked to be the spitting image of an Erune that was a fellow crewmate, albeit one she was not overly familiar with. She bore an exact resemblance to Korwa when it came to general aesthetic, it was just her age that was seemingly in need of correction. But that correction did come on promptly.

“Ngh... Why is everything so *tight*?” A discomfort forced her to look down at the pink pajamas she was wearing, and for some reason she wondered *‘Now why am I wearing such a gaudy bedtime ensemble?’* before she dwelt on the growing feeling that she had somehow outgrown this outfit.

Clarisse was supposed to be young still, and so she was only five feet in height even though the boots she normally wore *did* make her appear taller. Now, though? She was barreling towards a much more significant five foot eight, the growth of limbs seeing her pajama top stick to her flesh and ride up her belly and arms. The growth was substantial enough that, one by one, all of the buttons on the front popped off, and before long the seems of the top were bursting around her swelling size.

“What is...!? How is this...!?” She groaned through the tightness, her voice deepening substantially. Pants slid down her legs, for they had caught on her ankles and a pair of swelling thighs and cheeks knocked them free of her widened waist. Her curves in general became much

more pronounced, with breasts meatier and perkier than ever, and the alabaster skin of her thighs glistening under the dim light of her cabin.



The growth inevitably waned once she reached her intended height though, which left an Erune woman clad in the scraps of a pair of pajamas meant for a teen, exposed skin shining with sweat from the temporary panic that had beset her. Yet, when all was said and done? *Korwa* could not understand why her appearance was so disheveled. **“What happened to me...?”**

“And what, exactly, am I supposed to do with you?” A smarmy smile across her lips, *Korwa* looked down at the unconscious *Lamretta* with disbelief as if any concern about her own situation had just fluttered away. To present herself so thoroughly, and in the captain’s sweater at that... But then again, she was not sure how she’d ended up in these torn clothes of hers. Surely, they had been extremely fashionable before her body had busted them at the seams?

Korwa wasn’t intoxicated though. Rather, she could recognize that this was not her room and wondered how she’d gotten there. She’d only turned her attention to the bed for a moment though, thinking of laying *Lamretta* down there, when the *Draph* pounced the Erune from behind and they both fell *onto* the bed. The fall, paired with *Lamretta*’s body rubbing up against her own, tore up the attire that had hardly clung to *Korwa*’s body even further, and the shorter of the two women had thought it fitting, in her drunken stupor, to tear what was left from her while she mounted the Erune’s back. **“Might I help you, *Lamretta*? Based on your behavior, I’m assuming...?”**

Sex. The two were drinking buddies, but they also had a casual sex life. The both of them were into women just as they were men, they had found something of a sexual relief partner in the other. Or perhaps the feelings transcended more than that, but they had yet to discuss such a thing. **“Another man rejected meeee! *Korwa*! So, you know...!”**

Korwa wriggled under the *Draph*’s weight, eventually turning herself onto her back so that she could look at *Lamretta*’s face. **“...Fine. But I**

wish you'd realize that there's someone willing to be with you right in front of you. Stop drinking so much, and maybe you would.”

“**Huh?**”

“**Nothing... Let's just start.**”