

# SHOES MAKE THE LADY II.

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“...Lyria, I don’t think I’ve ever even seen you wear shoes before.”**

**“Hahaha... You don’t wear them very often yourself, do you Sara?”**

It was rare for Lyria and Sara to meet alone aboard the Grandcypher, and honestly? It had been little more than a coincidence that they had found one another. Or at least it had *seemed* that way. But both of them had appeared on the deck early that morning carrying identical boxes – packages that they had woken up and found in front of their respective doors aboard the ship. The two had been walking around looking for someone to help them because honestly? They were more than a little confused.

To begin with the Grandcypher always processed and delivered new mail around lunchtime. It had been around seven in the morning when they had found their packages. The boxes in question had also been addressed to them but there was no return address or name. Had someone else on the ship dropped them off to their doors overnight? Were they gifts from their fellow crew members?

But even then that didn’t really make a whole lot of sense because of the *contents* of the boxes that they had received. They had each received pink sneakers for running and the two seldom wore footwear in the first place. Even if they *did* make a habit of wearing shoes there was a more fundamental issue with the sneakers they’d been given. In both cases they were *multiple* sizes too large. Shoes designed for adult women, not the young girls that they were.

And so they had gotten talking on the deck. **“Maybe we should talk to danchou...? Oh, Katalina and Volenna-san might know something too! Maybe these weren’t meant for us? Or perhaps the wrong items ended up in the boxes? Hmm...”** Lyria had a few suggestions that were all simple and contained just the right amount of caution. But understandably neither girl was all *that* worried about it. Receiving shoes that were too big didn’t exactly put them in any *danger*.

Eventually they parted ways so that Lyria could speak to Katalina and so that Sara could speak with Volenna. Their intentions were to share what they learned with each other and the captain after the fact. Worst case? They could probably put out an announcement to figure out who had sent the packages! That way whoever was *supposed* to receive the shoes would end up with them!

...Though the shoes were already *right* where they were supposed to be.

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**“Katalina? Oh, maybe she already left?”** Lyria had permission to enter Katalina’s cabin whenever she wanted because they were so close. The knight wanted to make sure that the Girl in Blue could make contact with her easily, especially when the ship had a bad habit of receiving uninvited guests at times. But stepping into that room and closing the door behind her, Lyria found it vacant.

Each cabin had an attached bathroom and so she had walked in just to make sure Katalina wasn’t inside of it, the package with the hot pink sneakers still in her grasp as she did so. **“Maybe she’s off training?”** The bathroom was vacant too! That was fine though, Lyria knew the spaces that the knight frequented.

While intent on setting off to find Katalina though? Something led her astray. Everything just went *blank* for what felt like only a second. Yet when her consciousness returned to her two things had changed. The first? She was no longer holding the package. The second? The oversized, hot pink runners that had been *inside* were on her feet. **“Wh-What!?”**

They were obviously much too large for her, just like she’d assumed.

**“Huh? What... happened?”** Lyria *was* understandably confused. She had blacked out so wouldn't she have fallen over? Yet she was both upright and wearing something she hadn't been before. Although perhaps 'wearing' was a strong word considering she could have stepped out of them with ease if she had tried. *She didn't*. Not seeing any harm, she lingered in the hot pink sneakers for what was likely a moment too long. A moment long enough for the magic to begin to work.

She *immediately* noticed that something was off considering what this magic had affected first. Namely? **“Eh? Wait a second... Was Katalina's bed always so... low? And her nightside table?”** The Girl in Blue was certain they had been higher because of her point of view, seeing as she was so short, but... What if she *wasn't* so short? The thought flickered in the back of her mind just in time for her to recognize a related realization. Her dress felt *really* tight!

**“Am... Am I getting bigger!?”** Her blue eyes flickered down to examine her own body, immediately finding that the floor was notably farther away when looking straight down than it had been before. She noticed in the middle of the growing process, and quickly came to several other realizations. Like how it wasn't limited to her height alone based on how little room there was within her gown.

The golden emblem that Lyria wore over her chest was forced off as a side effect of this, falling to the ground with a clank. Not only did her torso grow broader while growing taller, giving her widened shoulders that continuously better suited her taller stature. Yet she wasn't fixated on any of that so much as she was her *chest*. The girl had always been flat chested, and yet B-cup breasts now pushed up against the white cloth and even poked out from the sides. **“I'm...? I have...?”**

As her lifted dress skirt revealed, it wasn't *just* her chest that had risen with maturity. Her butt was also fuller and perkier, hips pushed wider to accommodate both its mass and several inches of thickness that were likewise applied to her thighs; all forcing her panties to dig into her flesh. And yet... The tension that should have been in her chest and butt alike? The tightness of youth? It wasn't there. There was a *very* subtle sag to it with a cause that was evident in Lyria's face.

She still looked *like* Lyria, but she also looked middle aged. Probably around the age of forty or so. **“I'm older!?”** Even the sound of her voice held a more mature coo while still retaining its original sound. **“I-I need to go and find Katalina!”** One of the sneakers was lifted as she went to take a step. If they hadn't fit her before, then they fit her *perfectly* now.

Ultimately she stopped shy of leaving the room though. Something deep down hung her up, and it wasn't any acknowledgement on her part that the room she was in had begun to look different. *Modern*. Rather? She was hung up on thoughts about Katalina. "***She really is a pretty woman, isn't she? And so fit... Yum— Wh-What am I saying!?***" Lyria had even licked her lips! She'd never had thoughts like that about Katalina before! She was like her big sister!

*But how can she be my big sis? I'm older than her. And she's single!*

Did she find Katalina attractive? She wanted to *date* her? But she'd never felt that way about anyone before! But now that she was *older*, hm... Any thoughts about leaving the room had been drowned out by this off-topic pivot to thoughts of her sexuality and sudden attraction in the knight. It was the perfect distraction to keep her from taking notice of what *else* was happening to her body. Evidently just becoming a middle aged woman *wasn't* enough.

Lyria had already been bursting out of the (basically) child-sized clothes that she was wearing, golden bangles having been forced off during her initial growth. But the subtle sound of her dress *tearing* in multiple places slowly filled the silence of the woman's thinking. The fabric couldn't hold her belly, which her skirt was already attempting to cover. Her tummy was adopting additional weight quickly, giving it a chubby bulge that escaped through the tears both in the front and at the sides.

This weight gain was universal though. Her thighs jiggled as mass saw them bloat, and excess bled into her ass as well. Bigger and bigger these regions became, ultimately leaving her hips no choice but to widen to accommodate. It eventually (and inevitably) reached that point that the band of her underwear snapped and fell off, revealing her full, flabby rump as well as a woman's pussy decorated with thick, dark brown pubes on top of them.

*...Dark brown?*

***"Ara ara! I suppose any beautiful woman would do though!"*** Her discomfort and increasing nudity *were* noted, but Lyria didn't seem to address them. Not even the pressure that built beneath her dress' remnants as her B-cup bosom began to swell larger was immediately acknowledged – but it didn't take long for it to be impossible for her not to look down. "***My tits!?***"

They *exploded* through what remained of her old outfit, mass doubling several times over a short period of time so that she was constantly lurching forward while attempting to adjust to their new weight. Nipples stretched larger than her eyes as they hung there, breasts each larger

than her head both naturally and because she was a little chubby for a woman of her age.

*Wait, what's wrong with my tits? They've always been this big! They're my greatest charm point. Even onee-chan is jealous!* How silly it had been of her to overreact to being naked! ...Or that was how her brain was processing things now. Her room was almost completely different now, a bedroom unlike Katalina's. But she couldn't even *remember* Katalina now.

Her body was also in its final wave of change. The dark brown that permeated through her pubes soon surfaced midst hair that had once been long and blue. But it shortened substantially as its color darkened so that it hung just past her shoulders. Lyria's facial structure became a little rounder, lips puffy enough to match her very puffy and erotically designed body. But her *eyes* changed the most. Irises turned a pinkish brown, yet the shapes narrowed into those of a Japanese woman. Which made perfect sense considering the changes to her mind that had been made known here and there.

Without thinking, the woman navigated to a nearby dresser and pulled out a new outfit. White yoga pants that stuck to her thick legs in a way that showed off a little cameltoe over fitting panties, and a hot pink sports bra that erect nipples poked right through. She'd put it all on *over* her shoes, as well as a pink scrunchie to tie up her hair.

At the very least? The fit of *Ririka Sasaki's* shoes were no longer an issue. Not only did they fit properly but they were *extremely* comfortable! Which they better have been since she had *just* bought them so that she could go jogging with her little sister. "**I guess she'll be here soon.**" The older woman spared a glance to her reflection in the mirror of her bedroom, nestled in her small Japanese home. "**Not that I needed a reminder about why I'm doing this.**" She'd always been blessed with good looks. She was pretty, had big tits and a nice ass. But Ririka was in her early forties now. She was getting a little pudgy around her belly, which could be seen lipping over her yoga pants.





**“I neeeeed to get in shape though! There are more and more single hot mommies around these days!”** Unlike her happily married sibling, Ririka was single. Well... she was *divorced*. She used to fool around with people a lot having been something of a party girl, but these days? Well she was still flirty and overconfident, but she had also come out as a lesbian. She wasn't getting any younger and had yet to meet the right lady!

That destined lady just *had* to be out there, and getting slimmer was her ticket to meeting her!

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**“Volenna... Where would Volenna be around this time?”** The knight that functioned as Sara's guardian was an earlier riser than even Sara herself, and her early morning schedule wasn't always the same. It was possible that she was off training with Katalina (which would have made it very convenient if Lyria had ended up being there too). She had checked several places to no avail. Volenna wasn't eating breakfast or helping clean up.

And so the redheaded child ended up back on the deck. **“No one is up here either...”** It *was* a little chilly since they were flying to their next destination and it would take a while longer for them to arrive. It wasn't that surprising that no one else would be risking their comfort just for a view of the clouds they could get almost anywhere.

Just as she decided to go back down beneath the deck to search elsewhere though? Sara blacked out. I must not have been for long because she came to while still standing, but... the box she was carrying was gone? And the shoes were on her feet!? They *definitely* did not fit her, but that had been obvious to her from the start.

**“Um...?”** She was naturally just as confused as Lyria was elsewhere on the ship in that moment, and just like Lyria her body began to undergo changes *because* of those shoes. They didn't occur in the exact same order though, and it was much more subtle from Sara's point of view in the beginning stages of this transformation.

Take the girl's *hair* as the most obvious early difference. Her reddish orange locks had always been long and beautiful, but both of those

descriptors came to apply less and less until they didn't apply *at all*. Starting from her roots her hair *darkened* towards black, stripped of any of its vibrancy – and this bled all of the way down to her tips. Which wasn't all that hard to do because her hair's length was regressing, pulling into a *very* straight bob with bangs swept to the right. Of course her headband slid *right* off.

Her face was a little easier to see with this shorter cut, which in turn helped demonstrate a very pointed change in her *race*. A resemblance to Ririka grew as eyelids pinched into more almond-like shapes and her cheeks took on a new roundness with denser lips. She appeared pointedly Japanese, but while she did resemble Ririka? She might as well have been her daughter since Sara's age had remained the same.

**“Never mind that, where is *Banri-chan*?”** Thinking once more about Volenna instead of her shoes, she couldn't help be filled with *pride*? Why? But Sara was already very confused, thinking and speaking in a different language that suited her body's new race. It didn't even strike her that she'd referred to her guardian with a different name, nor the fact that her affections felt different. Not like a child thinking about her mother.

The opposite.

In her mind she *was* the mother, something that became truer and truer over the next minute or so. Her body *finally* began to grow in a manner similar to Lyria's own transformation, with limbs significantly expanding along with her torso so that her height barreled up in between the five and six foot mark. She was ultimately left even *taller* than Ririka by a couple of inches, her expanded body having torn through her dress horizontally so that flesh was poking out here and there.

But her shoes now fit! They were sitting comfortably upon a sidewalk... part of the slowly changing setting midst which the girl – *woman* – stood. Because with her body taller and wider now, it was *very* clear that she was older. Likely a woman in her mid-to-late thirties if her complexion and facial structure was to be believed. Her lips were significantly fuller in thickness now, and her rounded face was *still* round but you could tell by her cheek bones that she had aged.

**“My, my, what am I...?”** Her voice was certainly deeper, and her attention had finally lingered downward to acknowledge her state of dress. While older, her figure hadn't grown *significantly* at first. But as her mentalscape continued to shift into that of a middle aged women, so too did the rest of her body attempt to catch up. A thickness had already seized her torso, waistline thickening while keeping its inward curves

and her tummy bulging with a softness... that wasn't quite *as* bad as Ririka's. In fact there was *some* muscle underneath the fat that had formed. "*...Oh!?*"

She chirped at the sight *and* the feeling of her tits growing near instantaneously. What little of her old and ornate dress that had clung to her body was practically blown off by the force of her chest ballooning, weight bouncing and jiggling as puffy nipples stood erect while exposed to the air. Upon tits that were as big as her head, those nipples seemed a little damaged.

*That's not surprising... I only just stopped breastfeeding my youngest recently.*

Her youngest? She had kids? How many? Sara's brow furrowed while navigating her memories, distracting her from the sensation of her ass and thighs experiencing a bloating similar to her boobs. Her rump shredded through what remained of her old underwear, cheeks in a perfect heart shape that transitioned seamlessly into thick but vaguely muscular thighs. She *did* resemble Ririka strongly, but she was taller and slightly less bodacious in figure. ...Just slightly though.

While she *had* worried about her outfit (or lack thereof) for a moment, she didn't need to worry about walking naked down her Tokyo street much longer. A pink sports bra wrapped itself around her chest and black yoga pants showed off the thickness of her booty and legs. It was a little embarrassing, but she didn't care. *I'm a married woman after all! I won't be flustered by a stranger!*

There was a spring to *Sachie Ito's* step as she turned off the sidewalk and climbed the stairs up to Ririka's front door, though she stopped to check a message that had popped up on her phone suddenly. "*Aww...*" The oldest of her three children had sent a picture of them at the theme park with their father. Doremi was such a good girl, and then there was Kimiko and Banri her two younger daughters. Of course she couldn't have known that they were actually Djeeta, Katalina, and Volenna all having been transformed into her children.

**"I hope nee-san is ready, it was *her* idea to start jogging together!"** The thirty-eight year old rang the doorbell with a manicured finger. Just the walk over had led to her becoming incredibly sweaty. With three kids to take care of she didn't exactly have the time to





exercise regularly, but she also knew that her older sister had been feeling a little down lately so she had made the time.

Sachie was in better shape than her sister, but she had also been considered the 'plainer' of the two sisters growing up even though she had a *great* figure of her own. It didn't bother her these days, not when she was happily married and an equally happy mother. She just hoped that Ririka could find the same happiness she had. But in a typical Ririka fashion...

Sachie had just received a text about not wanting to go from Ririka.

**“Oh no you don't, nee-san! You always do this! This is why you haven't found a girl!”** She barged into her sister's home while screaming, body jiggling as she stormed up the nearby stairs. She had bought brand new shoes and yoga pants for this!

**“You're going jogging whether you want to or not! Don't you want to catch a wife!?”**