

# TRIPLE DESTINIES

## BIG STORY #24

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I’m seriously gonna die if this keeps up. I don’t even have the energy for my voice training today!”**

Apollo Justice was *tired*. How could he not be? He had been more than a little overworked over in Khura’in – so much so that he had jumped at the chance to take a month long vacation when offered. And he couldn’t imagine a better place *to* take that vacation than back home surrounded by family and friends. And yet only a week *into* that vacation and he had already been roped into helping with a murder case with Athena. Typical for the Wright Anything Agency at this point.

**“At least its only another day or two and then Athena said she wouldn’t ask me for any other favors...”** It was taking a toll on *her* too, apparently. Maya Fey was set to arrive later that night on a plane herself, and apparently Phoenix had been running around to pick things up – with Pearl Fey coming from Kurain Village the next morning. Maybe that was why there was a blue magatama sitting on the nightside table of the guest room he was using back at the Anything Agency. **“Is that supposed to be a decoration, or...?”**

In the end it wasn’t that big of a deal. If he remembered to ask the next time he saw Wright then he would, but he was focused on just taking a shower and then hitting the hay. **“Oh, right. Athena’s staying here tonight too, isn’t she?”** And Trucy had her own room. Apparently she’d just gotten back from a show. But there was only one shower and it *sounded* like it was already being used.

And so he loosened his tie and headed over to his travel bag instead. **“Sometimes I wish I was young again. Not that I’m *that* old,**

**but adulting is pretty exhausting.**” It almost felt like an understatement to say that. “**Huh?**” No sooner than he’d said thought, though? A flash of light in the corner of the room had turned his attention towards it. Or at least he’d *thought* he’d seen a flash of light. There was nothing over there that could have even lit up. “**Probably just a trick of my eyes from working during my vacation...**”



Unless the *magatama* had suddenly illuminated the room! And *that* didn’t sound very likely!

Or did it? The *magatama* wasn’t *actually* there because Wright had put it there and, in fact, if asked he wouldn’t have even known what Apollo was talking about. To begin with it was the *magatama* that belonged to a certain spirit medium who *should* have been in Kurain Village in that moment. But she had *actually disappeared*. Not that anyone had realized. And soon? It would be as if she had never disappeared in the first place. Just not in the same location she had disappeared from.

But how was that possible? “**Crap! Did I come down with a cold? I really don’t feel great all of a sudden!**” Well that was an answer that Apollo would be able to answer shortly. If he even retained any awareness of what was about to happen to him, that is.

And the glimmering *magatama* beside his bed would do its utmost to make sure that he *didn’t*.

There wasn’t very much of a delay before its effects began to take hold, in fact. Apollo was *still* in his suit, but it had been tailored to the proper fit of his body – muscles and all. And so the first visual differences emerged once that suit began to seem rather *loose*. His sleeves seemed to be too wide for his arms and his pant legs were waving vaguely. Even the waistline region of his vest seemed strangely *absent* beneath, almost like that waistline had pinched in a few inches.

While moving about? This vacancy could certainly be *felt*. But Apollo himself didn’t address it for some reason. In fact, he didn’t even address a far more shocking and apparent change that occurred moments later beyond a “**Hm?**”. That ‘shocking and apparent change’ was one that affected his height, and his 5’5” stature crept downward at an alarming speed.

Inches were shed from his person, rendering arms and legs shorted and his narrowed torso more compressed. But there was also the less obvious changes that came with a sharp drop in height. The man’s broad fingers

thinned and shortened, nails left trimmed but in a proper sense, and when it came to his feet they became so much more miniature that he stepped out of his loafers unintentionally.

By the time Apollo's height had finished dropping he'd lost *almost* a full foot of height. Things had evened out at around 4'6", a height that felt more appropriate for a *child* more than anything. Yet there was still a subtle hint of maturity to the man's face that suggested he was *not* one despite still looking younger. There was something of a mismatch here because he looked as short as he had as a child, and yet his face? It was closer to when he was around the age of *eighteen* or so.

**“Actually I’m starting to feel a *little better!*”** That feeling of illness that had washed over the lawyer so suddenly soon found itself waning, but why had his voice cracked so magnificently in the end there? It had been a sharp shift to the soft and feminine, although examining his face a little more closely perhaps it didn't seem as out of place as it had initially. Namely because everything was *rounding* and *softening* around a complexion that was becoming a touch paler from head to toe.

The browns of Apollo's eyes softened in tone a touch, but their colors were made more obvious because those eyes had also enlarged into bigger circular shapes that took up more of his face. As if to compensate for this his nose shrunk into a button shape, but above a smoother and shorter jaw his lips appeared to perk up in shape as well. This was the fact of a young woman, and a young woman that Apollo Justice *knew* at that.

But who that person was wasn't quite obvious until his hair softened in its brown and grew out past his shoulders in the back. Bangs didn't remain spiked and were instead styled to completely frame a big and bare forehead. He'd always been called 'Herr Forehead' by a certain prosecutor and somehow this felt even more fitting... aside from the fact that he resembled a young lady of different descent. **“I wonder if Mr. Nick is...? Mr. Nick? Did I call him that? But uh...?”** No, that sounded right to *her*, didn't it?

The maiden seemed to wriggle in place a moment as it happened. Her sex had promptly shifted to match how she identified amidst her new memories, as a girl. Once her biological sex had shifted so that she had a vagina and a womb, the places you might expect filled out in kind. Just... *not* excessively. Her thighs and ass might have perked up, and she might have developed breasts, but none of it was particularly impressive. Just enough for the curves to show beneath a suit that was *way* too big for her now.

At least until that suit was changed by the same magic that had affected her body. Before long she was wearing a white and purple kimono with a dark purple obi tied around her waist. There were sandals as well, and her hair was tied up into two loops behind her. by a matching hair tie.

**“Hm? When did I arrive at Mr. Nick’s?”** From the perspective of *Pearl Fey*, she had just suddenly arrived in the guest bedroom at the Wright Anything Agency. She had stayed over plenty of times in the past and so she naturally recognized it. Just as she recognized the small bag on the floor nearby. It was the travel bag that she brought with her whenever she left Kurain Village – containing multiple copies of the robes she was presently wearing. **“Huh? Did I take my magatama off? Oh!”**



Fortunately she found it on the nightstand table, bound to the pearl necklace that it was always attached to. Though it *hadn't* been on a necklace *before* her transformation had begun. **“I guess I must have caught an earlier train? Yeah... Yeah, that makes sense!”** The short eighteen year old did her best to rationalize her situation. If she was at Mr. Nick’s then she wasn’t in any danger! But the fact that there was a big gap in her memory *was* troubling.

In the end, however? She just shrugged her shoulders.

**“Oh well! I’ll just turn in for the evening! Maybe I’ll remember when I wake up?”**



**“Isn’t this one of those magatama thingies? I know Mr. Wright was excited about Maya coming to visit, but in the *bathroom*?”** Athena Cykes had been holding an auburn-colored magatama when she put it down beside the sink in the bathroom, her body still *very* moist and *very* naked seeing as she had just stepped out of the shower. Something that had been much needed after a day in court that had been exceptionally stressful. But then again that was *most* days in court.

She couldn’t recall seeing that magatama when she had come in and stripped, but she must have just missed it, right? **“Well he is a little awkward when it comes to stuff like that. He should’ve just asked me if he needed a hand decorating the place!”** Being a young yet experienced maiden herself, she

would have known *just* the things to spread around the place to spruce things up! **“Then again, it isn’t like I know about Kura’in culture... I’d like to though!”**

After mostly drying herself off with a towel, she reached to the spot on the floor where she *thought* she had put her pajamas. **“H-Hey!? Where did they go!?”** She hadn’t noticed the magatama beside the sink flashing a moment. The moment she had suggested she’d like to know more about the culture that it came from, in fact.

Athena felt disgruntled about her missing clothes, but would that agitation be enough to do something like, say, *change her hair color*? *Obviously* not, that wasn’t something that was supposed to happen in the first place. But the magic held within the magatama *was* able to do just that.

Since she’d just stepped out of the shower? Her more *eccentric* hairstyle had yet to reshape into its usual form. All of her brown hair was hanging flat and loose from her head and that made it simpler to see what had taken hold of it. A *raven black* darkness that had begun at the very tips of her mane and had begun to gradually travel up towards her scalp. It was a trip that was *very* long in the back, because the nineteen year old’s hair reached past her knees. *Normally*, anyways.

As the darkness reached nearer and nearer to the lawyer’s scalp, the excess that hung to those knees appeared to receive an upwards tug. It inched to just beneath her rump instead, and the hair that even still touched her ass took an even chop to its tips so that every strand was the exact same length. It would be impossible for Athena to style her hair how she generally did now because her bangs were just as evenly cut and the hair that framed the sides of her head now reached down to her breasts.

Breasts that, well... **“Huh? I felt like a little *BYOM* for a second there...”** That peculiar choice of a descriptive word aside, the young woman wasn’t even exactly *wrong*. She *had* felt something happen with her chest, but since she was standing naked in the bathroom there wasn’t anything to measure them against aside from her own memory. Those were changing as her body did, so they weren’t exactly reliable. But Athena’s breasts? They *had* grown an additional cup size and even featured a brand new beauty mark on the inside of the leftmost tit.

She glared at her own bosom childishly as if she was expecting something *else* to happen despite not even recognizing what had clearly occurred in the first place. **“Well I guess it isn’t fitting for someone of *my position* to be staring at her own boobs like this...”** Her



position? A *defense attorney*? That didn't really sound like the sort of position she had been thinking of at the time.

Not that it really seemed to matter. So fixated on her chest in that moment, the sensation of her hips swinging several inches wider flew entirely under the woman's radar. As well as both of her thighs *and* her ass filling with added weight, giving her body a shapelier look when those enlarged breasts were considered as well. It all made Athena seem a little *older*?

Which felt odd for a moment because she was *slightly* compressed. It was nowhere near as dire as what Apollo had suffered through, but the woman *had* become shorter. Two inches had been lost, dropping her from 5'4" to 5'2" and while not substantially so this departure of height left those curves to seem even *more* enticing. But did getting shorter mean that she was getting *younger* like had been the case with Apollo?

Not quite. "**Oh! I'm really hungry. I wonder if Nick is around to treat?**" As she rambled on about things she normally wouldn't, referring to Phoenix in a way that she never had, her voice sounded a touch deeper. But it better suited a face that seemed more *mature*? She looked pointedly older, like a woman around the age of *twenty eight* rather than a girl in the tail end of her teens. But more than that? The shape of that face changed to be rounder and was adorned with both a longer nose and plumper lips. As a dark silvery brown found her gaze, eyelids even shifted until they were sharper in the corners.

It would be impossible to identify her as Athena now.

**"H-HUH!?** Well... I must have just showered, right? I'm still damp, especially my hair, but... This is Nick's place, isn't it? What happened to my flight?" *Maya Fey* was shocked to 'suddenly' find herself in the office of the man she had been planning on flying back to visit that night. Shouldn't she have actually been on her flight at that very moment?

She spied her magatama necklace by the sink, and her clothes neatly folded up on the floor. "**I can kind of remember getting in? And deciding to shower? Maybe I'm just jetlagged!**" It was so easy for Maya to convince herself of a reasonable explanation – even one that wasn't *actually* reasonable on its head. There were too many holes in what her brain had concocted to explain things away. "**Ooor... Maybe I just need a burger break!**"



Pearlie is here, right? She'll walk up to the usual joint with me!"

Some things *never* changed, really.

"Maybe we could even hit up Eldoon's Noodles for dessert!"

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Trucy Wright had been hoping that Apollo and Athena had been getting on okay. She had *wanted* to help them with their case in court that day, but her daddy had asked her to help him run around to pick up food and amenities since the Feys would be visiting *on top* of Apollo already staying at the office. And then she'd had a show in the evening, so things hadn't really worked out in a way where she could go with them.

Upon returning to her room that night, though? "**Snackoos? Did we buy some of these earlier?**" A bag of a *very* popular treat had been sitting on her bed where she hadn't left them. "**Did daddy leave those there? Hm... When was the last time I even had a Snackoo, actually?**" Even if she *had* been curious about it, she'd eaten at the restaurant after her show and so she wasn't at all hungry.

"I've never really understood *why* that detective loves them so much, but they *are* pretty good." Thinking back to that woman detective, Trucy couldn't recall if she'd ever seen her *without* a bag of Snackoos. She remembered them being a tasty treat, but were they worth being that obsessed about? As if to answer her question though, a flash of light from the bag's direction prompted her to look that way. "**Huh?**" Evidently that Snackoo bag had been imbued with an energy similar to the magatamas.

The seventeen year old *thought* she had seen something for just a second, but maybe it was just a trick of her imagination? But if they were dealing in magic tricks then there was a much more *staggering* one to be addressed that unfolded just moments later. Because Trucy *literally* staggered back. "**Uhm...**" The girl herself wasn't certain, but did her bedroom seem *smaller* somehow? And her clothes... *tighter*?

*Both* were true. In terms of magic tricks she had unknowingly pulled off 'THE AMAZING GROWING TEENAGER', but was it really *that*

amazing? She'd only grown *three inches*, bouncing up from 5'0' to 5'3" and while that didn't sound particularly substantial on paper, it was still enough to lift her knees from her boots and the base of her dress up so that you could see the base of her plain, white panties. Her hands and feet were *also* slightly larger, making it relieving that she had already taken off her gloves when she'd gotten into her room.

**“Maybe I’m just seeing things. *Analytically speaking* nothing has really changed!”** Now, anyone that knew the magician knew that she was *not* one for analytics. Her profession was the type that relied on slights of hand and perceived witchcraft, but at the same time she couldn't imagine *real* magic existing in this world. But strangely she was beginning to see her own magic tricks not as acts of whimsy but instead as processes to be scientifically taken apart.

With her body a little taller, you could see in Trucy's face that her age wasn't what it had once been. That face's shape had stretched *longer* to give it a much more oval shape, and wider and thicker lips stretched over her chin. A sharper nose sat dead in the center, whereas her blue eyes inherited a slightly more greenish tone beneath lengthened lashes within widened shapes. She didn't really look like Trucy Wright. But she also looked like a woman in her *late twenties*, around the age of *twenty seven* or so.

Those changed eyes blinked and were turned downward at the gown she was wearing. **“*Something up with my clothes?*”** The dress felt tighter around her chest and hips. It wasn't a realization that was unwarranted by any capacity because her figure *had* swelled to match up more with her perceived age. Her almost non-existent breasts had swollen out into perky *C-cups* that now peeked out over the low neckline of the strapless gown, while the bulk of their mass was compressed within and lifting up her dress higher. **“*And hey, are those Snackoos on the bed!?*”**

No, no. She had to *focus!* But focus on *what?*

Apparently *not* on the slithering length of brown hair that fell past her shoulders.

This ultimately gave a front row seat to the accumulation of mass around widened hips. Her thighs swelled meatier, expanding about four inches and pushing out the skirt's sides; whereas her ass took on a full firmness that wasn't *astounding*, but it was certainly fuller and perkier than it had ever been. Seeing as she'd *been* seventeen it hadn't seemed like Trucy was on track to develop much of a figure in her adulthood. But becoming a *different woman altogether* seemingly had saved her from that fate.



In a flash the woman's outfit changed much like Pearl's had after her own transformation had completed. She was left in a green, button up vest ovetop a white dress shirt with a pink tie wrapped around her collar. A lab coat rested over her shoulders and arms, she had tight auburn pants and black-heeled shoes. And while her brown hair was now tied into a messy ponytail? She also seemed to be accessorized with a pair of white glasses with hot pink lenses.

*Ema Skye* couldn't hold herself back any longer. One or two Snackoos just wouldn't do. She was stuffing *handfuls* of the snack into her maw as she looked around the room with disinterest. "**Where the heck am I?**" For being a detective of great renown at this point, the lab coat wearing brunette didn't seem to be especially interested in her surroundings. She was content just eating. It helped calm her down, but it also distracted her.

Without much of a thought otherwise, she wandered out of the bedroom, through a hall, and into the main lobby of— "**Oh! This is the Wright Anything Agency, isn't it? Well I know Mr. Wright wouldn't kidnap me, so it's probably fine.**" Ema shrugged and shoved another helping of Snackoos into her mouth, the loud crunching noise filling the otherwise quiet space since Maya and Pearl were in the rooms behind her.

She didn't bother to hang around, either. "**It's late and I wanna hit the hay. Bit of a trip to my apartment from here too. Ugh.**" And so she set off, taking her leave down towards the bus stop that she knew was nearby. Just missing Maya and Pearl's departure down to the nearby burger joint. "**Man, I need to stop zoning out and walking places without thinking.**"

Since when did she even *do* that?

