

+1 MAKES FOUR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hm... What should I do today?”

It hadn't been very long since the Nameless had first landed on Amphoreus. And by 'landed on', it was more like the car containing the Trailblazer, Caelus, and Dan Heng, had suffered a near fatal crash landing after one of the Titans had seen it fit to shoot their care right out of the sky. Well, it had been a more fatal crash than Caelus even realized, but Dan Heng hadn't told him that just yet.

While things had been messy when they had first arrived, at least for the time being it seemed as if everything had calmed down a little. The City of Okhema wasn't in any imminent danger, and it seemed that Dan Heng and himself had finally earned the trust of the leader of the Chrysos Heirs, Aglaea. But that left him with a lot of free time.

Not that this was necessarily a *bad* thing. Being able to explore Okhema as he pleased was a good experience. It helped him understand their culture better, especially when he was able to observe the Chrysos Heirs themselves going about their daily lives. Walking through the market, he had already witnessed Castorice trying to bargain with a shopkeeper (and poorly at that), while Phainon had worriedly intervened to make sure she wasn't taken advantage of.

Caelus had considered striking up a conversation, but the two of them seemed pretty busy and he didn't want to interrupt them. So, he carried on until he was *out* of Okhema's market. Just when he wasn't sure *where* to go next? A familiar voice cried out to him. **“Hiya Little Gray! I didn't expect to see you out here! Are you taking in Okhema's sights?”** It was a girl's voice that had cried out from in front

of him, but the young man didn't *immediately* see her. Likely because he had to look *down*, where a head full of fiery red hair met his golden gaze.

Well, he'd known who it was based on her voice alone. **"Oh, hello Lady Tribbie."** He knew well enough already that this small girl with red hair, wings, and pointy ears wasn't as much of a child as she seemed. He had heard legends of the story of Tribios and how she had fragmented herself into an almost endless number of smaller bodies what seemed to have been eons ago. Though, through the years, that number had only dwindled down to three: Tribbie, Trinnon, and Trianne.

The girl beaming up at him from below with her tiny fists balled up on her hips was the first of the three. She seemed to act as the organizing force of the trio and was the one that he normally found at Aglaea's side. The three could share their vision, so while only one of them was in front of the Trailblazer at that time? They could have all been watching. **"I might head back to my room, actually. I think Dan Heng wanted to train together this afternoon."**

He hadn't said anything especially exciting, so he jumped a little when Tribbie clapped. **"That's okay, Little Gray! We actually wanted to give you something! Here!"** She held out a small, wrapped box while continuing to smile. **"But don't open it until you're completely alone, okay!? It's a surprise!"** An odd request, but one Caelus had agreed to at the time before the two parted ways.



When he inevitably returned to the room he was sharing with Dan Heng about thirty minutes later, Caelus was surprised to find the room completely empty. **"Is he still in the baths? I guess it isn't even lunchtime yet."** The Trailblazer was *early* if anything. But wasn't this a good opportunity? Tribbie *had* told him to open his gift when he was alone, and seeing as he was planning on spending the afternoon with Dan Heng, that was probably his best chance to do so.

He didn't really know what to expect as he undid the ribbon. The box was pretty light, and when he'd shaken it nothing had really rattled around. That all made sense once he pulled the top off and peeked inside, however. "**A doll?**" Inside was a small, soft-looking, homemade doll that's resemblance couldn't be denied. It looked like Tribbie? No, more like the quieter Trinnon with its messy hair and flower crown.

Unlike Trinnon, though? Her eyes weren't covered by a blindfold.

"Did they make this themselves? The craftsmanship is pretty good..." Somehow that didn't surprise him considering how long they had supposedly lived, though. It was probably *more* than enough time to pick up some arts and crafts skills if they didn't have some already. He gave it a thorough look over and then placed it on his bed. He'd have to thank her later, but for now—?

Caelus *had* turned his back to the doll to walk away, namely because he was going to see if Dan Heng was in the baths like he had assumed. But even with that back turned, he couldn't ignore the bright, pure light white that shone upon his back. It *tingled*, and he turned to face the sight of that *doll* as the light's point of origin. He had to shield his eyes to see, but that tingling sensation spread over the *front* of his body too.

"What the—!?"

No sooner than the moment his entire body began to feel this way did the light flicker off, leaving the young man to stand there absolutely *stunned* at what had just befallen him. "**That was certainly... odd.**" And that was the polite way of putting it. Since it wasn't glowing anymore, he was able to freely scrutinize the doll from afar with his golden eyes, almost *worried* about the prospect of approaching it until he knew what had just happened. This was in part because he'd noticed an immediate issue with his body aside from the tingling.

Caelus felt *heavier*? Maybe that wasn't the right word for it. His *body* hadn't become heavier at all. It was a weight he couldn't exactly place, because what was causing that feeling was something he couldn't have fathomed happening. And that was... *because the Stellaron had been removed from his body*. This would *normally* lead to his body being unable to maintain its form, and yet it persisted. Just... not without any clear differences.

"Should *we* message Lady Tribbie about this? ...We? I meant 'I'." *That* had certainly been unusual, but evidently not unusual enough for him to question it harder than he did. In the moment, it was easy enough to just play it off as a slip of the tongue. But *only* because he had yet to notice what was happening to his *body*. Like, for example, his

eyes. Without the Stellaron's power embedded within his core, their golden colors were washed away by a splash of purple that bled into a steely blue gradient at the bottom instead. Was that Caelus' natural eye color? No, because that would imply that the natural state of his irises left them white and expanded into clover shapes. It wasn't, but he did know *people* who had eyes like those.

Incidentally, the people that he knew with those eyes had elf ears. Which, surely not coincidentally, began to force their way out from behind the silver hair on the young man's head. No, maybe that wasn't even *exactly* correct. Some of that hair *was* silver *still*, but there was a familiar bright red mixed in with it too. It jumped from strand to strand, slowly dyeing not only the hair from his scalp but thinning eyebrows as well. Not that you could *see* those eyebrows, for the reddened hair grew. Not so long that even grew past his chin, but it did grow into a messier bowlcut-adjacent design.

"Huh? Wait..." It was actually his hair that finally tipped Caelus off that something was amiss. Namely the fact that his bangs had grown down to cover the top halves of his eyes. **"Why is *our* hair this long? Why is it *red*!?"** He wasn't stupid. He was able to realize that there was something *right* in front of him with the exact same shade of red in it's hair. **"...The doll? Is the doll doing something to *us*?"** He could already gleam as much, of course.

But it became undeniable as his knees buckled and *she* let out a groan that wasn't *pained*, but it also didn't suggest she was comfortable either. **"*Our junk*!?"** The woman's voice sounded significantly higher now, like having her cock and balls shrivel up and push *into* her new pussy had forced her vocal chords to shift in the process. **"*We're a girl...? We...? W-Wait. Why are we speaking like this? We sound like... Tribbie*!?"** Tribbie, Trianne, and Trinnon as well. They all referred to themselves in the plural because they all stemmed from Tribios.

The hair, her changed sex, the way she was speaking... She could put two and two together. Even as an expression of concerned conclusion spread across her facial features, her face itself was becoming representative not only of her changed sex, but of her changing identity as well. Her cheeks swelled rounder and her lips plumper, while on the other hand? Her nose became a touch smaller. There was a roundness to her eyes that couldn't be denied too, especially with how longer lashes fluttered across them.

Caelus's face *looked* like one of the Tribbies now, albeit one that was an adult. Odd that she still looked more childlike than the real Tribios even if her current face was supposed to resemble an adult Tribbie in any way, but that was also true of the *figure* that she eventually developed as

well. “**Ah!?**” She could feel her height slipping away, and with everything that had happened thus far she had expected to immediately drop down to the size of a child.

But she stopped just shy of the five foot mark for the time being. “**Only this small?**” It would have almost been *relieving* had that been the case, but it was more like an *intermission* than anything. An intermission so that her figure could properly shift beneath her clothes, beginning with a narrowing of her waist and a fattening of her thighs and butt so that they were clearly defined as being the plumper aspects of a woman’s body. Her chest wasn’t spared from this either, but with how big her clothes were even though she wasn’t *extremely* small? You couldn’t make out that a pair of perky B-cups had sprouted there.

“**Ah! We were joking...**” Caelus’s reaction was oddly reserved when the shrinking suddenly *resumed* without any warning. She was having a hard time reacting very strongly, likely because her personality was mellowing out to the point that she wouldn’t react too strongly to much of *anything* ever again. “**This is inconvenient...**” Those were the only words that she could muster while her hands were swallowed by her sleeves, and her pants slipped from her hips, belt and all, to become a pile of cloth that she couldn’t wade out of as her limbs became increasingly stubby.

Her already youthful face looked more and more like an honest to goodness child’s as her height dipped below the four foot five mark, and the curves that the child had only *just* developed were stolen from her. Her chest became flat, and while her thighs remained pudgy compared to everything else? That fat was more akin to what you would expect from a child’s body – just like a tummy that rounded and even protruded ever so slightly because her body was so short that nothing had evened out into a proper adult human shape.

She was practically *drowning* in her clothes now; only 4’ tall total. Stubby fingers grasped against cloth hopelessly to try and wrestle herself free. “**Let us out...**” But she was ruffling around so much inside that she didn’t really notice how the back of her shirt was pushing out, courtesy of the growth of a pair of small, cute silver wings from beneath her shoulder blades. “**Oh. This works, we guess.**”

Her comment was aimed at a golden light that suddenly consumed all of her old outfit. In an instant it disappeared, but not without leaving her small body dressed in something else. The very same white shirt and jacket combo that all of the Tribbies wore, right down to her cute little boots and bare thighs. A white flower crown rested atop her head, though her eyes were completely exposed... or what *could* be exposed with such long bangs.

“Uu... We don’t feel so good...” It took the small, red-headed girl a moment to regain her footing after a wave of nausea brought her to sway in place with her head in her hands. **“Did that really just happen to us? We... We look like a fragment of Tribios!”** She really did. Her appearance was almost as if the doll she had been given from Tribbie had come to life, with her appearance being so similar to Trinnon’s yet having her eyes completely exposed. She had no problems with her vision, and her hair might have been a little messier, but otherwise...



It went deeper than that, though. She could *tell* what had happened to herself. She *knew* she had been the Trailblazer, and that was something she *wouldn’t* forget under any circumstance. But... her name. Her eyes went wide when she realized she couldn’t remember what her previous name had even *been*. She spoke, hoping it would come out naturally, but... **“Our name is Trillie! E-Eh...?”**

Trillie looked around with confusion. That *wasn’t* her name. But it was also *her name*. As long as she didn’t forget about being the Trailblazer it may have been inconvenient, but... at least it wasn’t the absolute worst case scenario? **“But what do we do now? How do we... Ah!?”** A flood of information entered her head instantly. It was as if she was looking through another set of eyes? And she could hear a voice.

TRILLIE? ARE WE MEETING IN THE GARDEN?

That was Tribbie’s voice, wasn’t it? This was a good chance for her to ask if she’d done this to her on purpose! All she had to do was ask! **“Y-Yes! We’ll meet you there shortly!”** But she *didn’t* ask. *Why did we say that instead!?* Was she unable to say anything that would reveal who she’d been? Had reality changed so that Tribbie didn’t even think her existence was strange? That... probably didn’t bode well for her chances to change back, did it?

Unsure of how else to do, but feeling a strong duty as a Chrysos Heir to meet up with the others, Trillie’s tiny wings flapped and her little body lifted off the ground so that she could zip through the balcony of the room that was now *only* being used by Dan Heng. Leaving a doll that looked *a little different* behind. **“We should think about what to do next and play along for now...”** But she would never find the words to explain who she had once been, and even if she could?

No one knew who Caelus *was* anymore.