

ACCORDANT AFFECTION

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes? Being a Granblue Fantasy player was a real pain in the ass.

This was the vague underlying sentiment that loomed over the discussion that Joseph and Axel were having over Discord that evening. It was a discussion that the two were having in the wake of completing the most recent event, Night Pareidolia. It was an exciting new addition to the in-game event series that continued the Accordant storyline, but that in of itself was part of the problem.

It had been *well* over a year since they had released the entry before, and there was no guarantee that they would release the next entry within the year to follow! Considering the series' penchant for ending these events on cliffhangers, with the fates of many of the characters unknown, and you had a natural recipe for frustration. Specifically when it pertained to their favorite characters in the event, Cupitan and Tristette.

The two Accordant girls were childhood friends and, at this point, *undeniably* star-crossed lovers. Their passions for each other were plain to see, and they had culminated in a shared kiss between the two during the prior event. If there was any doubt to be cast towards their feelings? It was *definitely* due to their *tumultuous* relationship as things stood. What with Tristette desiring that Cupitan kill her and all.

“I just wish we knew what happened to them at the end of the story.” It was a desire that Joseph had not only expressed to himself aloud, but had typed into the Discord chat at the time. He couldn't have fathomed in a million years that expressing something so *normal* would

lead to the consequences that it did moments later. Beginning with a sudden change of scenery.

It took a little longer than it probably *should* have for Joseph to realize something was amiss. He'd gotten up from his computer to go to the bathroom, and when he returned? He naturally passed through her bedroom door. The *issue* was that, when he passed through that threshold? What awaited him on the other side was *not* the room he had been expecting. **"This... isn't my room."**

He was more or less pointing out the obvious. The room didn't look like it belonged in his house at *all*. It was a small, wooden cabin with a simple bed and nightside table, with a window that suggested it was *much* later in the evening than it had been when he'd gotten up. There was nothing *modern* about this space, either. No computer, no phones, but there *was* a creeping familiarity.

"Isn't this what the cabins on the *Grandcypher* look like?"

But that *couldn't* be the case, obviously. The Grandcypher was a location within Granblue Fantasy. Within a *video game*! It didn't exist in real life, and so there was no way he could be standing in anything other than an enthusiastically made re-creation, right? Though, that still didn't explain *how* or *why* he had ended up there. **"I'd say I should try and get out of here, but..."** If someone had *brought* him there, then couldn't they be dangerous?

On a subtler level, a part of him might have *wanted* to stay there. That was a feeling that the man didn't even bother to question, even though there was a reasonable enough cause for him to do so. But in the meantime? Things had begun to take a strange turn with his *body* of all things. And it all began with a *shine*. One that glossed over the dull colors of his irises and elevated their color into a glistening pastel green that really stood out against his olive complexion.

But Joseph's eyes also weren't *alone* in that regard. It was a phenomenon that additionally affected the color of his short hair, though it certainly wasn't very uniform in its execution. Because his dark strands all paled not to one specific color, but to a base of pinkish silver with layers of blue, green, and yellow making this hair look more like a *rainbow* than anything. Even his brows and pubes inherited the same base, pinkish silver. But he was hardly in a position to notice any of this so long as his hair didn't *grow*. Which it didn't. *Yet*.

"*But if I leave I might miss her...* Huh? *Her*? Am I supposed to be meeting someone here?" The thought made him raise a pink

eyebrow. That didn't make any sense considering he still wasn't 100% sure *where* he was, and he definitely hadn't spoken to anyone between being at home and being *there*. Yet, in the meantime? More of the man's colors began to change. His brighter eyes and hair had definitely stood out against his darker, olive skin, but the point was that this wasn't really an issue for much longer. His olive complexion paled considerably.

To the point that he was basically unrecognizable with this palette swap along.

While most of what had happened to the man thus far was more or less difficult to notice unless he took the time to look at his own body, those moments had finally come to an end. "**Hm?**" Even Joseph wasn't so ignorant that he couldn't notice a sensation that vaguely felt like his skin was tightening? The little excess weight to his body had been sapped away, and the skin that had wrapped around that weight no longer needed to be as stretched.

More importantly, though? This sensation prompted him to *finally* look down, revealing to him that — "**I'm *white*!?**" — that his skin had changed color. His bright eyes went wide at the unfamiliar sight of his arm, which wasn't only pale, it was *hairless* too. Most of his body had become shaved, leaving his skin to look softer, smoother, and blemish free. From the skin of someone *much* younger. Of course, the crack in his voice that had rung out at that moment was probably worth a little scrutiny too.

"**Oof!**" Now that he was aware that something was wrong not only with his surroundings, but with his *body* too, everything he noticed afterwards felt all the more alarming at first. Joseph groaned and gasped when it felt like someone had gripped the sides of his waist and pushed *in*, forcing them to narrow several inches as his posture was forcibly shortened by a flaring of his hips and a natural buckling of his knees. Not even his shoulders were spared from the compression.

Clothing malfunction was an unavoidable symptom of what had happened to the man so far, and it was a problem that would only become more apparent with time. For now? His shirt was a little loose, and his pants were gripping his widened hips a little tighter than he probably would have liked. "**What is *happening* to *me*!? What would *she* think if she *saw* me like *this*!?**" Again with the mysterious 'she', but his voice cracks were also occurring far more often.

As worried as he had become, he was still missing *some* of what had happened thus far, and what was in the process of occurring. His hands, for example, slimmed until were small and dainty, and the feet within

his socks were much more delicate in kind due to smaller toes and a gentler arching set of heels. But as his voice cracked more in a way that made him sound increasingly maidenly?

Joseph's face had been slowly shifting to fit the image the sound of his voice alone had begun to elicit. As it became less of a 'voice crack' and more of 'his new tone of voice', his face slowly rounded in its overall shape. This was accomplished with slightly fuller cheeks and bigger, rounder eyes with lengthened lashes. His nose shrunk until it was cute, and his thin lips pouted up in their shape and size until he looked far more like a young woman, though of what age? It felt difficult to discern.

“Wait... but wouldn't I want her to see me like this?” The man still wasn't even certain *who* he was talking about, but saying that just felt right. He made a cute, contemplative expression as his rainbow hair poured out behind him. It tickled his shoulders and fell *far* past them, stretching their rainbow gradient until the style reached the backs of his knees – even passing pubes that had become short and neat. On the other hand? What happened *beneath* those pubes, well... **“Ah!?”**

A *lot* transpired in quick succession. It felt like his dick was spasming, but it didn't really feel *bad*? With his pants in the way, he also couldn't really make out what was actually happening. But with each spasm? His dick became a little smaller. Though, the gradual loss of his junk's mass somehow led to other regions growing larger in tandem. All of the regions where you'd expect there to be more on a *woman's* body, anyways.

With each twitch of his cock? Weight gathered elsewhere. It saw the girth of his thighs expand, stretching out the legs of his pants and threatening to crush what was presently shrinking (so he was lucky in the sense that it was). Another area that expanded was his *rump*. The cheeks of his ass inflated, the crack between his porcelain cheeks deepening as the growth bubbled considerably. By this juncture? There was almost *nothing* in between his legs.

But with the final push that pulled what remained *down* into *her* new slit? Weight *exploded* elsewhere. And 'exploded' was still understating just how immense the growth was. **“HWAH!?”** Joseph definitely couldn't stifle her cry as the front of her shirt lifted *significantly* in a matter of seconds and she stumbled forward from what was clearly an abundance of mass upon her *chest*. The *M-cups* had developed rapidly, with nipples that were bigger than her *eyes*, but they didn't actually feel that burdensome once she adjusted her posture.

In fact, were they really out of place at all? “**What... happened?**” Was it because her sex had changed? That life as a man... to her, she couldn’t remember a thing about it. And she didn’t question a sudden, sharp height drop from nearly six feet to a mere 5’3”. This was how she *remembered* things being as a *seventeen year old* girl. In a flash, she was even dressed up in a familiar white top with black sleeves underneath a matching, collared sweater, black, pleated skirt, and a plethora of belts.

Small, brown shoes were worn over red socks, and with her skirt so short? You could see her bare legs and thick thighs clearly. She was accessorized out the wazoo, too, with red ribbons tying her rainbow hair into twin tails, a holly-shaped hair ornament, green and red straps, and a plethora of belts and pouches around her waist. At the very least, by this point?

She didn’t exactly feel *confused* anymore.

“**Mmn! What’s taking Ris so long!?**” *Cupitan* clearly wasn’t exhibiting much in the way of patience in that moment. Her transformation had concluded with this new form, but it didn’t register as particularly ‘new’ to her! It was the body she’d always had, and her memories reflected that. If anything, she was pouting as she stared at the door to *her* cabin, pouting all the while like an immature child. Something she *clearly* wasn’t. Seventeen or not, no actual child had a bust size *that* large. Not even a Draph!



In a twisted way, Joseph’s wish had been granted. He’d desired to know what happened to Cupitan and, by extension, Tristette. Not only was she now a Cupitan that had lived through the events of Night Pareidolia, but the ‘ending’ that came after had been put into motion not only according to his desires, but the desires of the *other* party that had been drawn into this mess. “**Ris better hurry up! I’m cold!**” She wanted to embrace her! Preferably in bed!

...Then was that other party...?

SPLAT!

The sound of the pudding cup that I'd grabbed from my fridge hitting the floor, along with the ding of the spoon doing the same, were the only sounds that echoed down the long, wooden hallway. After saying my piece to Joseph over DMs, I'd gone to my kitchen to grab an early evening snack, but when I passed into what should have been a familiar hallway on the way back to my room? The hallway that awaited me had been anything but. It was *way* too long, for one, and lined with over ten doors that must have gone into smaller rooms.

On top of that, the floor felt vaguely *unstable*. Like I was on a boat, maybe? “**Uh...?**” There was a lot to process, so I moved to do the most obvious thing in that situation: I reached down to pick up the stuff that I had dropped. Or at least I *would* have if not for the fact that when I crouched down, *nothing* was there. “**Huh!?**” Where had it gone? I shot up and looked behind me, finding that the view on the other side of the doorway I'd walked through *didn't* display my kitchen on the other side, either.

Just what was going on!?

I stumbled back while standing up again, my balance compromised by... *something*. I looked around in a panic at first with nothing else to guide my gaze, unaware of what had *actually* happened until I felt the weight of my pants and boxers slide right off my hips. “**What the—!?**” What greeted me was certainly *alarming*. But was it necessarily *bad*? After all, I was now standing there dressed *only* in an extremely baggy shirt, because all of my body's extra weight (and there had been a lot of it) was gone! “**I'm thin? I don't understand how, but it's not necessarily... a bad... thing?**”

It only took me a second to come to the conclusion that *maybe* I'd spoken a little *too* soon. By the time I had managed to stand up straight again, I had to raise a brow at my shirt once more. At first, its base had just *barely* covered my dick. But I could feel that base now creeping down my thighs... and the hallway I was standing in was looking *bigger* and *bigger*. “**HAH!?**” Worried I was at risk of falling again, I threw my hands out to the sides as my height *plummeted*. I normally stood at almost six feet, but before long? The shirt was down to my *knees*.

I was 4'9” at most!

“Ugh. Why the hell am I so short!?” It wasn’t like me to get so verbally *irate*, but I couldn’t seem to keep it in. Why did my voice sound so much higher, too!? Well, *as* my body had shrunk, it was as if my biological clock had been rewound in tandem. It wasn’t like I had the face of an adult man slapped on an incredibly short body now (and that was probably for the best). Instead? My face was smaller, rounder, and the features upon it gradually became more and more *effeminate*.

In many ways it was similar to what Joseph had experienced. Fuller lips, a smaller nose, bigger eyes – but while this face was shaped to look more and more like a young girl’s, likely around the age of *seventeen* or so, it didn’t look a lick like Cupitan’s. My lips were too upturned, my nose too sharp, and my eyes? They narrowed into a perpetual glare as *crimson* took the place of their original color. It was a sharper face all around despite its roundness, and the scowl I couldn’t erase from my lips certainly didn’t help things.

From there on, you could *probably* anticipate how things were going to go. **“Pfft! Pfft! Pfffffft!”** Though *I* was much too distracted trying to blow my bangs out of my eyes? I wasn’t really thinking about how they even *reached* that far, considering I normally kept my hair pretty short. Nonetheless, what was practically a mop of *silver* hair now matted wildly as far down as my shoulders in the back, whereas my bangs chaotically reached my nose in places in the front. **“Ugh, stupid hair!”**

If it wasn’t already apparent, my mental state had succumbed to the powers that were altering my body much sooner than *Cupi*— I mean Joseph’s – had. Things that probably *should* have been obvious weren’t registering in any meaningful way. I ended up groaning again at most as my hips were pushed wider and my knees buckled, and I didn’t even bat an eyelash as my thinned thighs became plumper, but certainly not as plump as *a certain human’s*.

“Hm!?” Still, even with my mind so muddled, I couldn’t exactly *ignore* a sex change. My dick and balls folding up and into a new slit wasn’t exactly a *normal* feeling, but I also didn’t question my new *womanhood* after the fact, either. My changed sex simply amplified the pace at which the rest of my body changed, though. My butt perked up immediately, lifting the oversized shirt it was clad in just below a pinched in waist. **“That was weird...”**

Why the hell am I even lingering in the hall? The thought *did* cross my mind. I had a destination in mind, right? So, gradually, I walked forward, slowly adjusting my posture for a reason that escaped me. My torso just kept leaning forward, so I had to pull my back straight again every so often. Was that really how far gone I’d become? Because the *answer* was plain as day: the issue was the size of my *chest*.

It wasn't much of a twist at this point. Everything above *and* below my upper torso was that of a teenaged girl now. But was it a *human* teenaged girl's form? Doubtful, since my rounded ears had pulled out into cow-like triangles at the side of my head, with a pair of curved, brown horns emerging above them. Still, it was the swell upon my chest that was affecting my posture overall. Naturally pale skin stretched around a pair of orbs that quickly grew so big that 'balls' might have been a better descriptor for them comparatively. I found myself adjusting my posture one final time as they bounced with a weighty heft, now roughly *H-cups* relative to my height.

Those tits had lifted my shirt enough that the base reached my lower thighs again, but it didn't *really* matter. "**Huh!?**" A flash of light stunned me for a second, and within that light I was redressed. Into a black jacket vest with a series of vibrantly colored patches sewn onto it, worn with detached jacket sleeves and above a torn, black skirt. My right leg had a black legging with a crimson design that reached under my skirt, with a puffy sleeve affixed around its base, but the left legging only reached my thigh and was held in place by belts.

I was otherwise wearing a pair of matching heels, fingerless black gloves, and a mask with a toothy mouth of fangs designed on it covering my mouth and nose. My ears were even pierced to allow black-hooped earrings to puncture through them. It was a wild but fashionable style. And that suited me just fine.

"Ugh. This is all a pain in the ass..." Considering my tone (and what of it!?) you'd probably think I was super pissed off about suddenly being turned into a grumpy, teenaged Draph girl. After all, I was short as hell and my tits were *huge*, not to mention my horns had felt *stupidly* heavy at first! But I'd gotten more or less used to it. I was *Tristette* after all, and the burdens of my body were things I'd just adjusted to as I'd gotten older. It *really* bothered me that Cupitan had somehow surpassed me in the cup size department despite being a *human* though.



Did I lose the damned Draph woman genetics lottery or something!?

Even though I was groaning up a storm, I was checking over my clothes as I walked with a specific door in mind. I could pretend I didn't care about her until I was blue in the face, but it didn't really fucking matter if I was getting so uppity about how I looked in front of her, did it? **"Looks fine, I guess... I don't get why we need to share a room though... Tch."**

I stood outside the door numbered with the one I'd been told, and placed my hand around the doorknob. With a sigh, I turned it and stepped through to what was basically my worst nightmare. **"RIS! FINALLY!"** The full weight of a girl that was practically a head taller than me colliding with me once I stepped through practically winded me, and the fact that I was smothered by her huge rack as she hugged me close certainly didn't help!

My cheeks burned red as I struggled against her grasp to no avail. As much as I told myself I *didn't* want this? She smelled... *nice*. Cupitan was... *warm*. So, I ultimately let her have her fill of the hug. Not because I liked it or anything! **"Yeah, whatever... I'm here. I still can't believe you convinced me to join you on this shitty ship."** How had she even managed to do it? It was odd... I *knew* it had happened, but I couldn't remember the events that had surrounded that moment clearly.

"Hehehe!" Cupitan giggled. *Annoying*. I *wanted* to think it was annoying, but it was kind of endearing. After all of these years apart, and even after being *enemies*, she hadn't really changed all that much. Maybe she was still the same— **"Now come on, let's go to bed together!"** Much to my surprise, she let down the embrace but grabbed my hand, leading me towards a bed that only seemed to be *barely* big enough for the two of us.

"W-Wait!?"

Never mind! Had she become *way* bolder!?