

CURSE OF THE COWKINI

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Did I *grab* the correct one? I wish Catura had just gone *with* me...”

It was late at night and the air was cold. The temperature was relatively *unsurprising*, seeing as there was still snow on the ground. It was still the day after New Year’s, and so the crew of the Grandcypher were all still spending their time on the island where the Divine Generals were stationed. The plan was to leave the next morning, but in the meantime? A group of them were staying the night at an inn in the small town nearby.

Djeeta, the Grandcypher’s captain, had snuck out late at the behest of one of these Divine Generals. Catura, the Divine Ox, was too tied up in meetings with her fellow Generals that night. Well, she called it a ‘meeting’, but it sounded like a *party* from how she’d heard it described. It left her too preoccupied to retrieve something from the shrine that she’d been tasked with handling, and since they were leaving first thing in the morning...

Well, she’d called in a *huge* favor with the captain! It *was* a little late, but Djeeta was always happy to oblige when a crewmate required something from her! It wasn’t like she needed to sneak in or anything. She had permission! She’d just walked in and grabbed what had been described: a cow idol. The problem at the time was that on the shelf that had been described to her? There were *three* idols – and she only had permission to take one.

She’d ultimately elected to take the one that looked the *most* like a cow. They were all relatively humanoid, and this one had a very *curvaceous*

design. But it also had a cow's head, so it had to be the right one? Right? So, she stuffed it into her bag and had made it all the way to inn lobby, where she— **"Oof!?"**



"I suppose I can cut our dear captain a little bit of slack!" A few minutes later, the alchemist, Cagliostro, was standing alone. It was just moments ago that Djeeta had sped into the lobby and bumped into her. She had been carrying a bag, from which an odd-looking idol had fallen out. She'd apologized profusely when Cagliostro picked up the item and returned it to her, but nothing had happened to the alchemist's cute little body in the end! As the saying went: no harm, no foul!

She'd likely expected no one else to be up at such a late hour anyways. Accidents happened! Still, there was something about the encounter that *was* bothering her. The girl had only handled the idol briefly, but now that a few minutes had passed? There was a strange warmth radiating from the hands that *had* touched it. There wasn't anything else she could really blame, so the idol and the sensation *had* to be related. But why?

"Should I warn her? ...I suppose I have no substantial proof just yet. Maybe that feeling warrants returning to the ship early?" So that she could use her lab to check for signs of foul play. The warmth, Cagliostro supposed, could have been the result of an allergic reaction. But her intuition was telling her otherwise, and unfortunately? That intuition couldn't have predicted just how little time she had to figure things out.

Actually, she didn't have *any* time at all. The alchemist hadn't even been given a full thirty seconds to think about potential causes before she began to feel and see that something about her body had become very *abnormal*. **"...Eh?"** The girl had designed her current body with an ideal, maximized cuteness in mind. She had lived with many appearances over the course of her long life, but *this* one was her favorite. She knew everything about it, and so even if something was slightly off? She would have immediately recognized as much.

Well, it wouldn't have taken that much familiarity with her own body to recognize that she was *growing upwards*. The limbs and spine of her adorably petite body were *stretching*, steadily lifting her eye level higher and higher. **"Ugh. Altering my form against my will? Did you think I wouldn't have a means of preventing this from happening? I just need to... Erm..."** Alarming? Cagliostro couldn't seem to recall *how* to activate that measure.

Her height had already sailed up and over the five foot mark, clearly disregarding the overall fit of her dress in the meantime. The top segment was hoisted up from her hips to reveal her belly, and that gap only widened as she continued to grow beyond the height she had already gained. Her leggings were pulled down to her knees, and her skirt barely tickled the peaks of her thighs by the time that height peaked at 5'4".

But this process was *further* complicated by the fact that she hadn't only grown *up*. Her shoulders and hips widened, the latter far more than the former, lifting the sides of her skirt so you could see her underwear and tearing her sleeves clean off her shoulders. **"I need to stop this...!"** Cagliostro lamented through grit teeth, burdened by the discomfort of it all. But while her outfit now made her look more indecent? At the very least, she didn't seem as young as she had.

That was a problem for an alchemist that treasured the cuteness of youth, though. The only reason she'd yet to freak out was because it hadn't become *too* dire yet. It was mostly only obvious in her *face*, where her lips had swelled, and her nose had slightly grown. Age had been applied lightly, making her look more like a woman around the age of twenty. And yet, she still looked *like* Cagliostro. Something that would be taken for granted soon enough.

The woman immediately zeroed in on something else entirely. Her skin felt unusually *tight* all of a sudden. Something that only ever happened on bodies that— **"Crud!?"** She had definitely *meant* to curse in that moment when she brought a hand before her eyes, but a baser instinct kept her words PG-13. *Dirty words are better used downstairs.* The sight of her fingers revealed that feeling of tightness. Not only were those fingers drier, but the skin was *cracked* and her digits bonier than they should have been. Her hands looked like they belonged to a woman that was *older* than a young adult.

More like those of a woman in her *forties*!? **"H-How old am I!?"** It had affected *more* than just her hands. The skin of her face had suffered similar drawbacks, but the reason for her skin feeling tighter wasn't exactly *universal*. Take her exposed tummy, for example. The skin there tightened because her stomach swelled with weight. A belly bump

emerged with a fatty jiggle, extended several inches over her pelvis while stretch marks were etched around its base. It had clearly been stretched significantly in the past, and aside from being utterly obese? The only thing that could do that would be... *pregnancy*.

“**A-Am I fat now, too!? But the boys love it... B-Boys!?**” Older and heavier was the last thing Cagliostro wanted to be, and yet her subconscious seemed to try and ease her concerns by filling her mind with thoughts of *men*. *Hot men, cute men. I love it when the ogle me. I love sucking their cocks or giving them tit jobs. The faces they make are just so cu—* “**The heck!?**” What was she *thinking!*? The last thing she was supposed to be was interested in sexual activity! *I need to stop this with alche... alchi... alcheroni?*

Making matters worse, these thoughts had *aroused* her loins. Her small chest ached, as did her thighs and butt...? Wait, why would *those* areas ache too? It was a question that didn’t need to be pondered for an especially long period of time. The sound of fabric *tearing* loudly filled the lobby, with tatters falling from flesh that had absolutely *exploded* with an *excessive* amount of mass in a matter of seconds. The woman’s body lurched forward because, honestly, what else was it supposed to do?

The woman’s panties were flossed deeply into the crack of her ass cheeks as the heft of her butt *erupted*, forcing her already widened hips to grow an additional *six* inches that snapped the waistband of her underwear. The cloth peeled away on the front, showing a pube of wild, messy, *blue* pubes above a clearly worn pussy, but it remained pinched in the back due to her wedgie. This weight was so abundant that it pooled in her thighs too, increasing their sizes so much that they *still* rubbed against each other between widened hips, each one as wide as her broadened *waist*.

And if *this* sounded like a lot of weight? “**Oh!?**” It was hardly *anything* compared to what became of her tits. They’d once been A-cups because Cagliostro didn’t like dealing with the weight of a larger bosom, but she’d received that and *then some*. The cloth of her top wouldn’t have been able to bear even *one* of these tits. An immense amount of weight gathered into each breast, forcing the skin to surge and her nipples to grow so large that her areola became bigger than her eyes. It only made sense that the cloth of her upper body was torn to shreds, because by the time she managed to stand up straight again?

A pair of bare, *M-cup* tits bounced heavily, somewhat lax due to how *old* the woman had become.

“I wonder if I should get a reduction done? Maybe they’re getting too big for this old body to handle...?” The woman wondered to herself despite the subtler voice in the back of her head that something was *wrong*. As her irises were stained red and her lips swelled even *thicker* between chubbier cheeks, the last of the memories of her past life faded so that she could adjust to this new reality. One where her hair on top of her head became the same, vibrant blue as her pubes – while shortening into a neat bob that curled in towards her chin.

And one where she was dressed in a cow print bikini with sleeves, thigh highs, and an eared headband. None of which did much to hide how *sexy* she was.

And she wouldn’t have had it any other way!

“My, oh my. It’s certainly been a slow night, hasn’t it? With all the festivities going on, it isn’t *that* surprising though!” The forty-five year old woman that was dressed in nothing more than a cow print bikini and headband fussed about the inn lobby, straightening out pillows on the chairs and organizing papers. *Cindy Moo* was now living in a completely different reality than Cagliostro had, and she was simply acting out the role she had been given with not only her memories, but reality *itself* adjust.



Her memories were no longer those of an alchemist that had modified her body to be as young and cute as possible without being a hindrance. Instead, she was a middle aged *mother*. A human with no exceptional talents aside from knowing how to service a man. With a body as excessive and suggestive as hers was, then was it really that surprising that she had developed these skills. **“There we go! Let’s check downstairs!”**

The slightest sway of Cindy’s body led to her huge rack and slightly pudgy gut to jiggle as she approached a door in the inn room lobby that *hadn’t* been there before. It was a new addition meant to fit the new reality. It led down to a *brothel* that she had set up in conjunction with the inn owner to please their customers. It was a shame the inn was just hosting some skyfarers that night, though. As the woman walked down

the stairs and into the basement, a thought unnaturally crossed her mind.

“Wasn’t there supposed to be an alchemist or something with that group?”



Djeeta had been utterly oblivious as to what had been going on downstairs and what Cagliostro’s ultimate fate had become. She had just returned to her inn room, where she unpacked the idol and put it on her nightside table – where it was *supposed* to remain until the next morning when she gave it to Catura. It was odd that Djeeta hadn’t been affected by its curse when she had abducted the idol in the first place, but that was only because the relic would only activate *once* it was removed from the shrine.

The curse was of the *anti-theft* sort. To make sure that it wouldn’t be removed from the village.

“Huh?” And so, when Djeeta had received it from Cagliostro after it fell out of her bag, *that* was when the curse had been initiated. And her handling of it for longer when she placed it on the nightstand only enhanced its speed. It eventually became so apparent that her hands – and by extension her entire body – were so warm that she had no choice but to take notice. And of course? By then it was *already* too late for her.

The first thing that the captain noticed was that it felt kind of *chilly*? Where had that breeze come from all of a— **“HUH!?”** All she had to do to find an answer was *look down*, and what she found was that she was *naked!*? No, that wasn’t *quite* right, but she definitely *felt* like she was. All she was wearing was a bikini with... cow print? It definitely didn’t fit her properly, because the cups were hanging down to her belly. Her breasts were fully exposed, and the bikini bottom had clearly been tied to fit a pair of wider hips with how it slipped down one leg. There were also sleeves and thigh highs... and she hadn’t even noticed her headband with horns and ears.

“Wh-Why am I wearing this!?” The slightest of movements made her aware of a *ringing* sound too. From a tiny cow bell that was fastened to a black choker around her neck. Was this someone’s magic? Where had her dress gone? At least she had spare clothes in her bag, and this

had all happened in the privacy of her room, but it was *still* embarrassing! Though, it became even *more* embarrassing before long. Just as embarrassing as it was confusing. “**Huh?**” Because slowly but surely...

Her body began to lean forward because it felt *heavier*. Unlike Cagliostro, she didn't gain weight around her belly. But she *did* gain it in her chest, and with all of the same vigor as the alchemist had. There was clearly a reason why the bikini cups had been so comically large, and it was because her breasts had been expected to *fill* that comically large bikini top. “**W-Wait a second!?**”

How else was Djeeta *supposed* to react to this? The sight of one's own bosom growing before her very eyes was *shockingly unbelievable*, after all. Her nipples grew erect from the stimulation, something that was highlighted as those nipples became puffier – inevitably becoming comparable to her eyes, and then *larger*, in size. But if her nipples were *huge*, then the tits they were affixed to became *massive*.

Veins were etched more plainly into them because of the needed blood flow to maintain what had already grown *well* past a pair of D-cups. E-cups, F-cups... These all passed in a blink, her back muscles quickly strengthening to accommodate their mass. One trend that emerged was that despite their size, these tits were much *perkier* than Cindy's... even though they matched their *M-cup* sizes by the time they finally filled the cups. “**My titties are soooo huge!? Like, why am I talking like this!? I sound like a total dummy!**”

A fixation on one problem was replaced by another. All of a sudden? Djeeta sounded so *vapid*, and while her intellect hadn't been affected *just* yet, she just couldn't stop talking like an airhead. There was something else about her voice in general, too. It sounded a little... *lighter*? But the captain didn't realize that this had actually occurred in tandem with sweeping changes to her *face*. Her age wasn't *actually* altered at all, she remained a young adult.

But little by little? She had begun to look more like *Cindy Moo*; just not *identical*. The red of her eyes and the general puffiness of her lips was similar, but Djeeta's face was pulled a little longer, was thinner, and her eyes were sharper in design. Rather than look like a younger version of that blue haired woman? She looked like she only shared in her genetics. Like, say, a *daughter*?

Making this all the more apparent, that same blue seeped into the roots of the woman's hair and extended to the tips of each strand. Before long, that blue hair lengthened all the way down to the center of her back. “**Like, why would I not sound like a dummy though? I'm not**

really the smartest... Mom always wanted me to get into the family business!” The what? What mom? What did that even entail? *Sucking and fucking, duh!* But that just didn’t *sound* right to her, even though it was technically not incorrect?

Though, she’d still been hung up on the way she was talking? The captain hadn’t been thinking about how wildly large her tits had become all of a sudden anymore? Not only *wasn’t* she, but she hadn’t even registered that her lower body had succumbed to a similar ‘correction’. Her hips widened a handful of inches first and foremost, preparing for the fat that pooled into a pair of thighs and the cheeks of her ass. It all thickened in a way that eventually hoisted the bikini bottom up so that it rested properly on her hips, but it definitely wasn’t as excessive as *her mom’s*. Maybe when she became middle aged herself?

Her transformation could have ended there, and no one would have been able to recognize her as Djeeta. After all, even her pubic hair, while now trimmed, had taken the same bright blue as her hair. And yet? There was still one final adjustment to make. The woman stumbled upon the floorboards of the inn from a sudden imbalance. **“Whoa!?”** One brought about by her *height*. She sprung up from an average height for a woman to about 5’8”. It was a pretty sizable jump, but it didn’t make her curves seem any less ridiculous because they were just so abundant.

By the time she found her footing again? Everything just *made sense*.

“Oh, like, here you are~!” The moment the fog on *Dahlia Moo’s* mind finally lifted, her red eyes zeroed in on the idol resting on the nightstand table. The young woman was built similarly to her *mother*, Cindy, but she was naturally *much* more youthful overall. Not to mention taller and fitter! Considering her build, it was only natural that she would become the perfect prostitute candidate to work at *Moo’s the Boss*, the brothel that her mother ran in the bottom of the inn, once she turned eighteen.

It had been three years since, and she’d learned a *lot* about pleasuring men; including just how much she *loved* to do it. It was kind of a bummer that things were so slow that night, but at least she’d been sent off on a side quest! **“Why’d someone even stash the Moodity Idol up here,**



anyways? So weird!" As she could recall, the idol was a village heirloom that had been donated to their brothel as a protection charm!

Well, in reality it was more like the idol had altered reality so that it wouldn't be removed from the village, now treating the brothel as its new 'shrine' instead. Evidently, whoever had cursed it had a really sick sense of humor. ...Or maybe they had just been incredibly horny? Either way, the twenty one year old scooped up the idol and exited the unoccupied inn room, where she planned on taking it 'back' down to the basement. It was odd, though...

Wasn't a super yummy captain supposed to be staying here? Where'd they go!?

The next morning, the other crew members that had been staying at the inn awoke to a confusing realization. Neither Djeeta nor Cagliostro could be accounted for. Evidently, reality had been altered to accommodate the new existences of Cindy and Dahlia, but not to remove who they had once been from history. Which would ultimately lead to a thorough investigation of the inn by everyone else who was staying there.

...But hopefully no one else touched the idol during that process!