

# MATCHING VIBES

## COMMISSION STORY

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It became time to sort through things; a task that certainly wasn't for *everyone*. Yukari Takeba knew that it could be difficult to muster the resolve to work through a time consuming task. How many times had she put off cleaning her dorm room in the past for that *exact* reason? The teenaged girl could definitely be meticulous when the situation called for it, but even *she* had her reasons to put things off now and again.

In *this* particular case, the items that the girl had to sort through were a little *sensitive*. She didn't like to think of the things that SEES had found in the Labyrinth of Time as 'spoils', because that sounded far too positive for an experience that had been exceptionally traumatic for everyone, but that was more or less the best way to describe them. Everyone's wounds had been laid bare, her own included, and while the experience had allowed them all to move on after the loss of their leader...

Well, you couldn't erase pain. You could only push past it. If an emotional wound was deep enough, *no one* would want to do anything that might reopen it.

**"That won't do, Yukari. Let's think of something happier. Happier! Like Mitsuru-senpai!"** Mitsuru had actually brought Yukari a great deal of happiness recently. Even though they had started off on the wrong foot, they'd gradually been growing closer. *So* close, in fact, that Yukari's cheeks were now a little pinker just *thinking* about her senpai. She was dropping by the dorm soon to *help* Yukari, actually.

But the girl was planning on doing a little more than just spending time with her. Sort of. Maybe. Perhaps. **“Do I really want to go through with this?”** She’d been thinking of taking the next step and *asking Mitsuru out*, but she also wasn’t sure how *well* that would go. She was still weighing the positives and negatives as she grabbed one of the items she was sorting in the dorm lobby: a blue crystal. They hadn’t been able to figure out what it was for. **“I’m nowhere near as royal as she is, and it’s not like *that’s* going to change.”**

The crystal began to glow.



**“EH!?”** The next thing Yukari knew, she *wasn’t* in the dormitory that SEES had been using at all. She was standing, instead, on a deck... overlooking a *sea of clouds!*? It was like something out of a video game! Something that was *extremely* hard to imagine being reality. **“I’ve... I’ve gotta be dreaming, right? Did I pass out while sorting through stuff? Oh no, what if senpai sees me drooling in my sleep!?”** Of all the concerns that she *could* have had in that moment, was that really the best one?

If not for the handrails in front of her, she probably would have fallen right off! The only light provided was the light of the moon, with a starry night sky lit up above her. It was *beautiful*. **“So, is this supposed to be like a ship?”** It was a *really* big ship, if so. She must have been standing at the front of the deck based on how the clouds were moving, while behind her? There was a towering building of wood. This wasn’t *just* a ship. People must have been living and doing commerce there! **“What a weird thing to dream up...”**

What she was still assuming to be a dream, however, was *not*. And she hadn’t realized the blue gem she’d been holding was now affixed to her collarbone.

Despite being out in the cool evening air, Yukari could help but fan her face with one of her hands. She felt kind of *warm*? Like she was outside on a hot summer’s day – even though that couldn’t be further from the case. She was beginning to *sweat*, too. **“Why is it so hot out here?”** It *wasn’t*, though. The temperature outside was completely normal. It was her own body that was burning up.

Though, it was much more than that. You could see as much visually. The browns of her irises had *ignited*, but not with a color you'd associate with heat nor ignition. Maybe *extreme* heat, for those eyes began to glow with the sort of bright *blue* that you might associate with blue flames. It was the same color as the gemstone above her chest, though that color was only evident for a few seconds. Her eyes suddenly slammed shut and *didn't* open again. Had Yukari not noticed it? Not really, because her vision hadn't actually been disturbed.

She could somehow still perceive the world around her just fine.

Her body didn't actually get any cooler, but she was gradually becoming more tolerant towards its heat. A feat that probably wouldn't have been possible if she was remaining *human*. But then again, humans didn't usually have glowing blue eyes, did they? They *didn't*, nor did they have bright blue eyebrows, either. "*Hm?*" Her voice sounded a touch deeper for a second there. And only as her subconscious reacted subtly to a stronger heat upon those eyebrows. Blue eyebrows... *that had caught flame*.

It actually wasn't something as straightforward as her eyebrows catching fire. If that was the case, then the flames would have burned out. But these flames were *already* abnormal. They were the same blue as her eyes. And they didn't burn her eyebrows away – they *replaced them*. This flickering blue remained in place as a permanent fixture upon a face that had slowly been moving away from any semblance of familiarity when it came to Yukari's identity.

**"Huh? Shouldn't I be trying to *figure* out what's *up* with this dream?"** Did it have something to do with why her voice was cracking? Yukari herself didn't realize it, but her own mind had actually been compromised. There was no other way to explain away why she hadn't noticed how her eyes remained shut, nor the flames burning above them. The stronger this distortion of her memories and identity became, the less like herself she appeared.

The rest of her head's features demonstrated this well. The thinner lips that she possessed as a teenager swelled as if they'd been stung by a bee, which in turn made them seem as if they belonged to an older woman. But, then again, her *entire* face had begun to trend in that direction. Her closed eyes seemed to be longer, her nose larger, and her face's shape was fuller around her chin but narrower around her cheeks. It all cave off the impression of a woman in her *twenties* rather than her teens and leaning closer to the end of that age range than the beginning at that.

One's hair was naturally a part of their head, and it wasn't spared from the force that was seemingly assimilating the woman *into* this world

either. Its swept shoulder length began to fall out behind her while simultaneously thickening in quality. It fanned out to the sides in elegant waves, but a new color soon seized these strands. A darker blue than the flames of her eyes, one that bordered purple. It dyed her mane from her roots down to near the tips, but those tips brightened to a lighter shade devoid of any purplish hue.

Strangest of all, the hair on the sides of her head was pulled up into a pair of buns that then caught flame with the same bright blue as her eyebrows.

For how *bizarre* the changes Yukari had undergone thus far, they had been surprisingly unintrusive. She didn't seem to acknowledge them at all, but things happening to one's head were actually rather subtle compared to if, say, her body had *grown*. "*Hm?*" And so, she hummed inquisitively once more. This time because she could feel something was wrong. Her uniform felt very *tight* all of a sudden. "*Is something wrong with my attire?*"

She probably should have been asking herself if something was wrong with her *voice* or *how* she was speaking alongside that question, but the fit of her outfit really did stand out. The explanation for this sensation couldn't have been any more straightforward, it was just that the woman herself seemed to be incapable of noticing. Her clothing wasn't getting smaller, after all.

So, it *had* to be the other way around – and that was basically the truth. Normally 5'3", everything from Yukari's arms to her legs, to even her spine were all lengthening. She was springing up like a weed after an early morning's rain, and this natural brought about issues with a uniform that had been designed to be worn by a girl of her previous height. Her skirt now covered next to nothing when it came to her thighs, and her pink cardigan and blouse had been lifted to barely tease her bellybutton.

This all made sense now that she stood at 5'10" instead.

"*Is something wrong?*" While the woman raised an eyebrow, the eye beneath it still didn't even open a little bit. Her recognition of her changes were eventually drowned out by acceptance and misdirection courtesy of new *memories*. A life in high school faded from her thoughts as a life traveling at another woman's side took root. A life that was *much* longer than the one she had lived, which in turn spoke in slight to how she appeared older.

Though, on the *subject* of that age? She had a more mature face and had grown significantly taller already. These *were* indicators that the woman

was older, but the most *crucial* aspects of this enhanced age still hadn't shown themselves. Well, that was an 'issue' that was about to be addressed. The woman found herself delicately tugging at her undersized uniform without thinking much about the *why*. Even growing taller, the tightness of her garments hadn't been stifling. But they were *becoming* stifling.

When it came to her skirt, for example, the sides were pushed up not only courtesy of the expanding gait of her hips, but because her ass and thighs were bloating at the same time. Both thighs touched up against each other beneath a pair of panties that were now *flossed* between the cheeks of Yukari's ass, due to how peach-like her ass' shape now appeared.

But, even then, this expansion wasn't *only* isolated to her ass. The buttons of her blouse beneath her cardigan were now straining and, eventually, the top three of them unhooked. The clasp of her bra had tensed, and the straps were digging into her back too. It was almost like her breasts were *growing*? And their flesh *did* burgeon, with swollen nipples leading the charge. The straps of the bra never snapped, but only because the hook broke first so that her *D-cups* could breathe beneath layers of clothing that were doing it no favors.

Every problem had a solution. Yukari's was just a little... *explosive*. All of a sudden? Her body was engulfed in an explosion of bright blue flames that erupted from the gemstone upon her breast. What she was wearing was *completely* incinerated, and when those flames cleared? The woman was dressed in a blue dress with a long, purple skirt and a translucent, black microdress underneath that showed off her cleavage and navel. A golden belt rested across her hips, but it wasn't as evident as her new boots and sleeves.

Namely because they were composed of her *own*, bright blue flames.

As the strongest blade of the Empire, it was only fitting that *Brighid* carry herself with all of the regal grace of a princess, even if that wasn't necessarily her title. As she saw it, she had to hold herself to a standard befitting of her Driver (and partner). That was why her mannerisms had become so delicate through her transformation. A transformation that



the Blade herself had no recollection of experiencing. “**Hm...**” The glowing blue gem upon her chest finally dulled, signaling the end of the catalyst’s effects.

At least for now.

“**Why did I decide to go for an evening stroll aboard the Argentum Trade Guild again?**” While she couldn’t remember her transformation, it seemed she couldn’t remember... a number of things. At least regarding her *recent* memories. The fact that she was out on the trade guild’s deck so late at night meant she had decided to go for a walk, but she couldn’t even imagine why she had left to do so without her Driver. “**I suppose I should return. I shouldn’t keep Morag waiting.**” Especially when she knew that they had a busy day the next morning.

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“**I... seem to be having a hard time comprehending what is happening here.**” Mitsuru Kirijo couldn’t really make sense of what had just happened to her. She had entered the dorm through the front door to greet Yukari, when there had suddenly been a blast of blue light that had forced her to look away. When her vision finally cleared and she was able to check on her kouhai, however? She wasn’t in the dorm at all.

She had found herself in a rustic looking bedroom? No, based on the vibes she wanted to assume that it was probably the room of an *inn*. There was one of those cards on the inside of the doorknob that you’d put out if you didn’t want to be disturbed. Aside from that, there was a queen sized bed and a window that gazed over a sea... *of clouds*? “**...This isn’t the Dark Hour.**” Those were the only circumstances under which she could even *imagine* seeing such a sight. Oh well. It would all make sense to her soon enough.

Though it didn’t unfold in quite the same way that it did for Yukari.

There was no consistent order between what had affected Yukari when, and what would affect Mitsuri when. Case in point? Mitsuri *immediately* became aware of the fact that something was off about her *height*. “**Hm? Was the bed that low before...?**” She had to make sure wasn’t seeing things. She had only been in the room for a few minutes *if* that, but she was pretty certain that all of the furniture had been closer to her eye level.

Throw in the realization that her shirt had suddenly become untucked from her waist-high skirt and could *no longer reach it*, and she was able to draw the correct conclusion. “**Am I taller!?**” Rather, was she *continuously* growing taller? That was very much the truth of it. Despite the fact that Mitsuru had already been taller than Yukari, she shot up like a weed. To the *identical* height of 5’10”, in fact. By that point? Her sleeves only reached just past her elbows, and her knees had lifted out of her boots.

The discomfort caused by enlarged feet within those boots made it clear that she hadn’t merely grown *taller*, though.

“**No. How could I grow taller? That sounds like a childish fantasy.**” The woman had *just* acknowledged that she was growing, but by the time this growth had ceased she was already dismissing it as an impossibility. Her personality and memories were already conforming to the identity of an individual who lived in this world. She *already* spoke with a deep, stiff voice, but now that voice sounded even deeper, and she was speaking even more matter-of-factly.

In the meantime, the red of Mitsuru’s long hair had been compromised. Strands had been darkening to *black*. It began with one, then jumped to another, and another. It would gradually replace *all* of her hair, seeing it straighten in the process. The length *did* regress several inches, while her bangs move to uncover her left eye and instead swung to the right *over* her nose in a thin bunch. And the revealed eye? It had been robbed of its red in favor of an ashen color. An ashen color that replicated itself in her right eye as well.

The woman’s expression somehow seemed more... *serious*. Even though her lips had thinner, and had been stripped of their lipstick, there was now a slight scowl to her resting expression as change affected that face overall. Her ashen eyes widened until they no longer appeared Japanese, the angle of her nose sharpened, and her cheeks widened until she had a completely different facial profile. One that looked older, around Brigid’s perceived age.

But while Mitsuru benefited from appearing older than she had been, the benefits stopped there. She didn’t receive a more bombastic figure like Yukari ultimately did as Brigid. In fact? The *opposite* was more or less true instead. The cups of her bra weren’t given the opportunity to strain. Instead? The ultimately ended up sitting much more *loosely*. “**Hm?**” The woman herself appeared to notice that she had left a cup size but ended up staring at her white shirt and the red ribbon tied around her collar instead. “**Why am I wearing this?**”

It didn't suit her style at all. Nor did having her hair down.

Fortunately, once her butt compacted several inches and her thighs thinned in slight in kind, she was presented with an alternative outfit that suited her new sensibilities. While Brighid was not present, those same flames consumed the uniform that she had worn as a teenaged girl. It stripped her entirely, until her taller but thinner body was completely nude for a second. That second was enough to glimpse how her muscles were tensing with strength, giving her a more muscular build.

But the flames swirled and *converged* upon her body, hardening into a uniform that felt much more familiar to her new. Predominantly colored with a blue that bordered black, it had puffy pant legs and a matching, caped jacket that was etched with white and red, with a white, button-up breast. Gold accessorized it with boots, a belt, and even armor on her left shoulder. The same colors could be seen on a raised hair that her hair had been pulled up and tucked into in a bun.

**“...Where did Brighid get off to?”**

Rather than spare a thought for herself, *Morag* was instead wondering about her Blade. She was ready for retire for the night, and as a couple they often shared the bed. She was like the prince to Brighid's princess, or at least that was how the people saw the Driver – Blade duo. Even though it was just a *reputation*, it really wasn't all that off the mark in the grand scheme of things.

She peered through the window, now noticing a small figure on the deck whose blue flames flickered in the evening breeze. **“There she is. It seems like she's returning.”** It was rare for the Blade to set off on her own like that, and Morag had been wondering if perhaps something was wrong. As she removed her hat and loosened her jacket, she supposed that probably wasn't the case. The two were always so forward with one another.



**“And what are you making *that* expression for, Morag?”** The Driver had glanced away from the window for a single moment, and in that time the Blade had basically *teleported* into the room. It didn't surprise her at all, really. Someone like Rex probably would have

pooped his pants. It was just convenient that her Blade could recall herself so suddenly at a moment's notice. **“Don’t tell me you missed me?”**

Brigid approached the other woman from behind and draped her arms over Morag’s shoulders. Her bosom was pressed against her chest, which was much narrower than you’d expect. This *provocation* only made Morag, who understood its meaning, smirk. **“Is this your way of inviting me, Brigid? We do have the room – and the bed – all to ourselves. It isn’t like you to be so playful about it.”**

**“Hmhm... What’s wrong with a girl being a little playful now and again?”**

It must have been Yukari’s desire to be with Mitsuru rubbing off on her new role.