

GUNSMITH ITCH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh!? Is that really the end!?”

After waiting a *very* long time for a second season, Panty & Stocking with Garterbelt had finally been given a sequel in the form of... well, a sequel anime with the exact same title, just with *NEW* in front of the rest of it. It wasn't the most creative title, but then again it was still better than simply calling it *Panty & Stocking with Garterbelt S2*. It had featured everything that I liked about the original season and much more, like new enemies and characters.

But fate giveth and fate then taketh away. The show had only been renewed for a short, single season; one measly cour before it was finally taken away. And the last episode in that cour had *finally* aired. That wasn't to say that the last episode was disappointing in any way. It was actually *perfect*. But that just made the fact that it was the last one all the more tragic, even though it ended in a way that suggested a season 3 was possibly in the cards.

The fact that the show had been left with some loose ends added to that possibility, which did leave me with some additional hope that we'd get that sequel. **“Damn, and we didn't really get to learn all that much about the Gunsmith Bitch, huh?”** Interesting name aside, the Gunsmith Bitch was a new character that they had added in season 2. She played the part of a regular, dorky student in Daten City, but she really *was* just 'playing' that role.

Her true identity was that of an underwear weapons dealer that could provide the show's protagonists with weapons created from panties and stockings... for a cost. She was also *extremely* eccentric. She *looked* cool

as hell, but she did have some extremely interesting kinks. I don't think I'd ever seen a woman *masturbate with a gun* in a show before. And I probably wouldn't again for a while now that the show was over. **"I wanted to learn more about her... Oh well."**

I CAN GRANT THAT WISH!

"I didn't even make a— HUH!?" I wasn't sure where that voice had even *come* from. There hadn't been anyone else in my room, and if I'd *known* about someone capable of speaking telepathically? Well, obviously I'd had those memories erased and could no longer recall. Any specific concern that I felt towards the voice was quickly replaced about the concerns regarding my *surroundings*. I was sitting on a canopy bed with the veil drawn, my legs still swung over the sides.

It was vaguely familiar, and considering what I had been thinking about just before... **"Is this the Gunsmith Bitch's store? There's no way, right?"** I could remember the scene that showed her store-slash-home pretty vividly thanks to the whole sex-with-a-gun scene, and after pushing out from behind the pink curtain and standing up... Well, the small table, huge TV and speaker system, and even bigger *mess* all supported my theory.

It really *was* messy. Was it even healthy to not clean up to *that* extent? The room's odor *wasn't* great. **"Wait, that voice said they were going to 'grant my wish', right? Was it by sending me into some sort of weird replication of her room? Is that how they thought I could 'learn more about her'?"** I was talking about it so casually like the fact that I'd *suddenly been teleported* there wasn't a completely bonkers reality that I'd been subjected to in the first place. It was all just a little difficult to comprehend, all things considered.

"I should probably figure out where I *am*?" I couldn't be that far from home, right? Or maybe I was having some sort of weird dream? It *felt* pretty real. Either way, I wouldn't be able to tell where I was without checking outside, and I *really* doubted that wherever this was, that it was in a *real life* Daten City. There *were* two doors, one of which presumably led out into the rest of the apartment while one likely led into an adjoining bathroom.

But I didn't *know* which was which, and both pathways were a little *perilous*. The garbage had been somewhat cleaned up around the canopy bed, but it was pretty thick with takeout containers and the like. I probably wouldn't be able to reach either of them without stepping in *something*, and the thought of doing so grossed me out. **"It'd probably**

be pretty bad if I stayed in here inhaling these *fucking* fumes though. *Shit.*”

I didn't really think too much about the fact that I had chosen to curse twice in relatively quick succession, even though I wasn't the type of guy to just use those words arbitrarily... *unless* I was pissed off at a video game. They just left my lips as if I was speaking casually. And that trend would only continue. “**This isn't a *fucking* dream, right. God *fucking* damnit...**” In fact, why would me speaking that way be weird in any way?

This is the way fucking everyone talks around this shithole city! Not that I care so long as business is good!

...Business?

It wasn't like I had any *fucking* business— Erm, excuse me, any business in the city to speak of. I still didn't even know *where* this ‘city’ was. I didn't know if I was even *in* a city... right? But I felt strangely *certain* of it. Like unusually so, considering my lack of overall wisdom considering the circumstances. I pondered it, forgetting about how *filthy* my surroundings were for a short time, and I *certainly* didn't pay any mind to things that I just *couldn't* see.

My *eyes*, namely. A shimmering purple had begun to dot itself amidst the usual colors of my irises. While only a few speckles at first, more and more of them emerged, eventually overtaking their original coloring *entirely* as my black irises expanded... before dots of white began to push out from the center. My eyes appeared bizarre as a result. Almost *ethereal*, and yet at the same time? *Feminine*, as their shapes narrowed and my eyelashes fluttered a touch longer.

There wasn't a mirror in that messy shop-slash-bedroom space, and since I was standing in the middle of the room now, I was much too far away from potentially reflective surfaces to see such a change. “*Shit... What the fuck!?*” But not all of the changes were quite so *discreet*, as I demonstrated by keeling forward while continuing to swear – thanks to some *goddamned* discomfort that spread from my stomach. A stomach cramp? Was I about to *shit* myself? It definitely *felt* like it.

But in an attempt to soothe it, I'd pressed both hands against my stomach bulge while I leaned forward. Usually, I could help alleviate my digestive discomfort with a bit of pressure and massage, and yet upon beginning to do so? I quickly came to realize that the source of my problems *wasn't* digestive at all. “*...Huh?*” Because the hands that were pressing against my belly? They kept *moving*, almost like they were

pushing *deeper* into a belly I was accustomed to being distended several inches.

But I stood up straight and not only *lifted* my shirt but pulled it right over my head before tossing it on the bed. “**What the *fuuuuuck!*?**” It hadn’t been a trick of my imagination at all; my belly was *flatter*? No, it was half its usual size and *still* flattening, while the other fat deposits across my body followed suit and any unnecessary body hair shortened away. Even the stretchmarks in my tummy faded, eventually leaving me with a belly that wasn’t just thin, it was *toned*? I could see the muscles etched into my gut – something that was true of my arms and legs, too.

“**What kind of *whack shit* is this, *man!*?**” How could I possibly just be *fucking* thin!? Then again, how did I end up teleporting to *my* apartment in the first place!? None of it made any sense! But it was weird though. Being able to see my... dick...? Wait, was it always that *small*? I wasn’t exactly *hung*, but I was pretty sure I had a little more then... *Wait, why the fuck would I even have a cock in the first place? I’m a Bitch, not a Bastard!*

Seemingly true to what I was beginning to believe, that bulge that I then had a clear view of became less of a *bulge* and more of *recess*. I’d been correct that it looked smaller, and from then on it didn’t really take any time at all for it to shrivel up into *nothing*, allowing a slit to open up instead beneath a now non-existent bush of pubes. Did I even *fucking* landscape? I must’ve, right? Else there would have been a *hairy-ass* bush down there!

Needless to say, the problems there were also *mental*. What was once different now felt *correct*, and honestly? The more I changed, the better I *felt*. Having a *pussy* and turning into a *chick* left me feeling *horny as fuck* too – and that feeling only grew as my nipples expanded both in size *and* sensitivity. They puffed up, but so too did the flesh beneath them. The hell were tits made of? Fat? Yeah, that. It quickly slipped and built under my nipples, causing newly developed breasts to jiggle and bounce without a shirt to hide them. I even found myself playing with them absent-mindedly as they approached their *D-cup* sizes.

“***Mm... Fuck yeah!***” It *did* feel really good. My loins felt warm and my mind began to wander, which only made it easy as *hell* for more changes to settle in without acknowledgement. My voice was already higher and a *little* more nasally than normal, making me sound like the young woman my *face* continued to resemble beyond just my eyes. My nose shortened and my nostrils flared, while my lips became *very* thick upon a thinned, shorter face. I looked like a young woman no older than *nineteen*.

But the shapes of my facial features suggested something else about my genetics had changes. It didn't become clearer until the color of my skin began to *darken*. It evenly tanned – no, was calling that a *tan* even the right word? My skin's melanin truly *was* darkening, and it ended up as a *coffee brown* with my palms a touch lighter and my nipples and pussy a little darker. I was *African American*, and that was reflected in my memories. I'd always been a *Black chick*.

I managed to calm my arousal, at least briefly. “**Wait, I need to fucking focus! I was doing something... Or was I looking for something? The fuck was it?**” I couldn't fucking remember? Either way, it was at this point that my personality finally completed changing. I was kicking the garbage on the ground without a care in the goddamned world. Partially unintentionally, because my body's balance was off both from the size of my new tits *and* because I was slowly *shrinking*. I'd been almost six feet before, but before long I was *5'4”* at most, with dainty, slender fingers and rounder heels.

My pants might have slipped from my hips when I'd initially lost weight if not for my belt, but while my height regressed? It was given a little extra aide from my *hips* as they bunched up around my ankles more and more. Those hips flew out nearly *four* additional inches, and oddly? My waistline pinched in about three inches themselves. It gave my body, which was clearly that of a young woman, its proper shape.

That said... that shape still had to be built upon. My thighs had felt a little ticklish, so I gave one of them a light slap subconsciously to try and shock that feeling away. All doing so accomplished was a soft jiggle that became all the more intense thanks to those thighs fattening, coffee-colored skin stretching around them until the touched between my pussy even *with* my gait widened. A similar story became true of my *ass*. It didn't become quite as pronounced as my *tits* did, but the bubbled heart shape that developed was impressive. Impressive enough that I didn't have any *fucking* issue with leaving it hanging out.

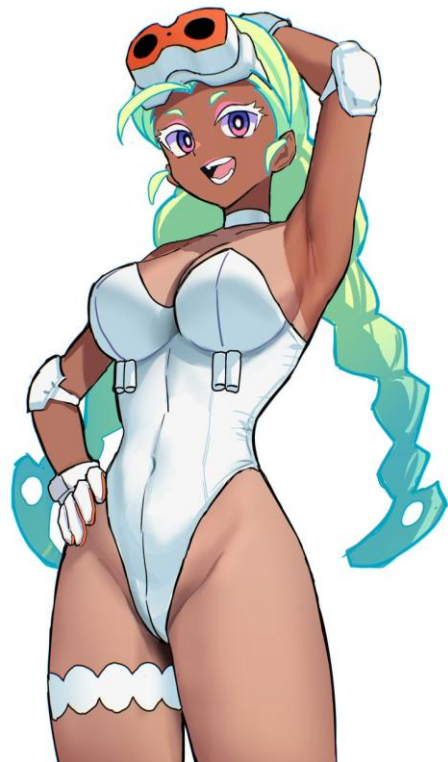
It felt so damn good when people stared!

I was getting a little *wound up* again. *Fuck*. It wasn't like I was that starved for time to masturbate, right? I'd soon be given that chance, but not before my hair, which had remained relatively unchanged up until the bitter end, was finally compromised. Black or not, my hair color didn't darken. In fact, it became brighter in the sense that it eventually developed a color that was humanly *impossible*. A light chartreuse possessed hairs that became naturally coarser and curlier, and that color turned to a light blue gradient as it *lengthened*.

And it lengthened *significantly*, spilling down past my thighs into a bright and curly mess... briefly. A change in my general attire was applied seconds later, pulling that hair into two thick, braided twin tails while a pair of white goggles pulled most of my bangs back aside from one strand. My exposed eyebrows were now the same color too, as were my *lashes* for some reason. When it came to my clothes, it had all happened in a *flash*. I was wearing a white leotard overtop a light layer of white that made everything but my arms and face seem like they were naturally lighter. I was also wearing elbow pads, gloves, boots, and a singular white strap around my right thigh.

And outfit that's both comfortable and fashionable, bitch!

“**NGGGGH! HAH!**” I had no goddamn idea why my body felt so *stiff*, but it sure did make that big stretch feel all the better. My perky tits lifted when I stretched, and when I let my hands fall back down to my sides they bounced within the cups of my leotard. I didn't really have an audience anyways, but when I was presenting as the *Gunsmith Bitch*, I didn't really give a sideways fuck who saw what. I wouldn't have been dressed in that skimpy leotard with the translucent white layer underneath if I didn't, especially since it let basically *anyone* see a sizable helping of my huge ass.



I kind of preferred walking around in my geek disguise, though. I acted like a total *dork* and doing it *totally* turned me on.

That was something I wouldn't have even known if not for the fact that I *was* me. “**But damn, I'm feeling pretty horny.**” I couldn't remember transforming into this hotass bitch. I didn't have any reason to think I'd ever been someone else, even. But the process of transforming in the first place had left my body *pretty* fucking aroused.

A *normal* woman would have gone looking for a dildo, but me? I stomped through all the trash on the floor without a care for sanitation in the world towards a drawer where they should have been something else that I could masturbate with. A fucking top of the line handgun, baby! “**Aw fuck! Where did I put it?**” It *should* have been in there, but the drawer was notably empty.

“Ugh. Did I leave it in the Pants Dimension?” That was the place where I did all of my *work*. I manufactured angelic weapons from panties, stockings, and all sorts of related undergarments. If it didn’t *sound* like a very profitable business? Well, you should have seen how much I was charging those stupid angel sisters! **“Fuuuuuuck. Fine!”** I made it sound like *going there* was a big pain in the ass, but I was being a little overdramatic.

All it took was a clap of my hands to create a spiraling portal of black and white that I stepped through, instantly transporting me to my pocket dimension production center. It was a *lot* cleaner there than in my store was, that’s for sure. But once I had skipped over to the production console and picked up the *very* sexy handgun sitting on top of it, well... I *wasn’t* going back to the store.

So, there was *going* to be a mess on the floor in a second. It just wouldn’t be made of garbage.

It’d be a *lot* stickier.